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Presented to Mary S. Dodd
by her Brother
W. L. Dodd

Clay Bank July 1845

Painted by F. Taylor

Engraved by A.L. Dick

THE YOUNG CHIEF'S FIRST RIDE

VIEW OF BALTIMORE.

THE

LADIES' COMPANION;

A MONTHLY

MAGAZINE

EMBRACING

EVERY DEPARTMENT OF LITERATURE,

—EMBELLISHED WITH—

ORIGINAL ENGRAVINGS, AND MUSIC

ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO FORTE, HARP AND GUITAR.

VOLUME XV.

NEW-YORK:

WILLIAM W. SNOWDEN.

1841.

263075
JUN 1 1908

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FIRST MEETING.
SONG OF THE MAY ROSE.

FASHIONS.

SUMMER FASHIONS.
AUGUST FASHIONS.
SEPTEMBER FASHIONS.
FALL FASHIONS.

THE LADIES' COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, MAY, 1841.

THE YOUNG CHIEF'S FIRST RIDE.

Young scion of honor—fair child of a race,
Whose sires, from the records of Old Albyn trace
Their lineage, their birthright, their fame and their power,
Since first on their hills, the heath waved its flower.
Thou drop from the fount of a true highland heart,
Whose current from honor did never depart—
Thou sapling that's sprung from a firm mountain pine:
Round thy form may the halo of liberty shine,
Untarnished thy honor—unsullied thy truth—
A shield of the helpless—dispenser of ruth.

Ay, smile in thy innocence, beautiful child!
The ruddiest rose of thy own native wild,
Is pale to thy cheek—and the lily must bow
To the stainless and beautiful plane of thy brow;
Not brighter the light of the star in the sky,
Than the blue flashing glance of thy young eagle eye,
Not the flower of the furze in the zephyr's caress,
Can match with the hue of thy golden rich tress,
As proudly thou amblest o'er mountain and dale,
Thou gallant young Donald, true son of the Gael!

The fond vassal gazes—his locks snowy white—
On the son of his chieftain with pride and delight,
And craves from his God that yet his old eyes
May behold his young master to manhood arise;
Like that sire, may his heart cling aye to his clan,
The fearless in battle—in mercy a man,
And never, oh, never, his highland soul bend,
To the rule of the Saxon, or law of their land,
But proudly and bravely in liberty rove,
The lord of the mountain, of forest and grove.

The bloodhound, with instinct, regards the blithe boy,
And silently joins in his innocent joy,
And the stout shaggy courser is prancing with pride,
As he shared in the mirth of *the chieftain's first ride*,
While his little rough guardians and mates of his play,
Are barking and bounding before him away.
Their voices have startled the deer from his lair,
And the eagle is screaming aloft in the air.
Oh! group of affection—life's picture all bright—
Youth, Age, dumb fidelity—soul-stirring sight.

Oh! blest be thy parents, my bonnie young flower,
Thou rose-bud of beauty—the pride of their bower;
May the dew of their love, and the light of their eye,
Cause thy leaves to expand in liberty's sky,
And like thy own thistle on crag, vale, or wold,
Be thy courage as stern, and thy bearing as bold;
May the deeds of thy sire nerve thy heart and thy hand,
To guard and to cherish thy dear native land,
And sooner the *coronach* swell for thy death,
Than to live in the taint of tyranny's breath. R. H.

Original.

THE UPROOTED ELM.

BY HANNAH F. GOULD.

Alas! alas, my good old tree!
A fatal change is past on thee;
And now thy aged form I see
All helpless, lying low!
The rending tempest, in his flight,
'Mid darkness of the wintry night,
Hath struck thee, passing in his might,
And felled thee at a blow.

And never more the blooming spring,
Shall, to thy boughs rich verdure bring,
Or her gay birds, to flit and sing
Where their first plumage grew!
For thou, so long, so fondly made
My eye's delight—my summer shade,
Here, as a lifeless king, art laid
In state, for all to view.

Thy noble trunk and reverend head,
Defined on that cold, snow-white bed;
And those old arms so lowly spread,
Thy hopelessness declare.
Thy roots, in earth concealed so long—
That struck so deep, with hold so strong,
Upturned with many a broken prong,
Are quivering high in air.

But yester-eve, I saw thee stand,
With lofty front—with aspect grand,
Where thou hadst braved the ruthless hand
Of time, and spread, and towered,
And stood the rain, the hail, the blast,
'Till more than hundred years had passed,
To fall so suddenly at last,
For ever overpowered!

Yet while I sadly ponder o'er
What now thou art, and wast before,
Though sighs should rise, and tears should pour
Like summer winds and rain,
Not all the sighs and drops of grief,
Can bring to thee one bud or leaf;
Thou liest so like a stricken chief,
By one swift arrow slain.

But may'st thou prove an emblem true,
Of what the spoiler's hand shall do
With one who, pensive, here would view
A shadowy type in thee!
Let not the conqueror piecemeal slay,
With power by power, in slow decay;
But strike, and all in ashes lay!
Farewell, my good old Tree.

Original.

ALICE COPLEY.

A TALE OF QUEEN MARY'S TIME.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

In the recess of a large gothic window in her favorite apartment, stood Mary, the first female Sovereign of England. Above and around her, towered the turrets of Windsor Castle, and below, as far as the eye could reach, stretched the royal park, garbed magnificently in its wealth of summer leaves. Here and there, beneath clumps of stately trees, might be seen companies of spotted deer, gazing about through the leafy glades of the park, or lying idly on the rich greensward, with their delicate hoofs gathered underneath them, and their graceful heads now and then lifted to the rustling sound of the leaves, or to the leap of a neighboring herd as it frolicked among the thicket, or bounded across the majestic avenue of oaks which, even to this day, intercept the Windsor Park as with a rampart of heaving foliage. Beautiful, cool and quiet was the scene; a pure heart would have been made better by gazing upon it, kindled up, as it was, with the arrowy gold of a summer twilight. But Mary, who might have dwelt upon it all but as a lovely fragment of the great kingdom which owned her its mistress, stood discontented and restless, gazing earnestly toward the avenue of oaks, as if anxious for the appearance of some desired object. Her narrow forehead was contracted with an iron frown, and her thin lips were compressed, 'till the feminine curve which, at times, formed the redeeming feature of her harsh face, was lost in a cold and rigid expression of deliberate malice. There was anger in her small grey eyes, and in the heavy brows lowering darkly above them —not the indignation of a bold, generous spirit, excited to wrath, but the dull, malignant sullenness of a bad heart and a narrow intellect, aroused to jealousy of the Spanish husband, who was alike the object of her childish fondness, and her country's hate. For more than an hour she had been gazing down upon the park, her face changing and working with evil passions. The light shed through the upper part of the window, which was gorgeously stained with the precious dies of past ages, fell over her person as if filtered through vases filled with mingled wine and molten gold. The heavy jewels which studded her stomacher, and flashed over the small withered hands, folded, and yet working restlessly on her bosom, gave back each subdued ray as if touched with hidden fire, and she stood in the blazonry of her queenly state, gazing earnestly down upon the avenue, her face changing with wrathful passions, 'till she seemed more like a spirit in the torment of a material flame, than the sovereign lady of a great kingdom, or a wife waiting the approach of her husband.

The light was dying amid the armorial bearings of her family, carved in the dark oaken frame-work over the window, and fell more dimly through the stained glass, when her anxious watch was rewarded by the appearance of a tall form, wearing a Spanish cap and feather, and shrouded in a sad-colored cloak, which came somewhat hurriedly from the densely piled shadows of the avenue. He passed through a private gateway, used only by the royal inmates of the castle, and ascended to a terrace just beneath the window where Mary was standing. Something like an expression of pleasure brightened the Queen's face, but the haughty personage passed on to his own apartments without casting one glance toward the window where she was standing. Again her brow became heavy with frowns, and with a fretful exclamation she turned from the window. After pacing the room unquietly for a time, she suddenly paused before a mirror set in a heavy frame-work of ebony, embossed with silver and pearl, which Philip had brought her, as a marriage gift, from the continent. Mary glanced anxiously at the worn features reflected therein, and again her brow was clouded with renewed discontent. Not all the light of her queenly jewels, or the gleam of the velvet robe, falling in rich drapery about her person, could, even to her partial judgment, conceal the ravages which time and an evil temper had made on her features. With an impatient gesture she snatched at the band of rubies woven in the dark, lustreless hair which, according to the fashion of the time, was drawn sheer back from her meager face, and knotted on the crown of her ill-formed head.

"Out upon the tyring wench!" she muttered, angrily twisting one end of the string on which the gems were threaded, round her finger, and striving rudely to unbraid it, "out upon the wench—we have marked her wiles—ay—ay, she would win the eyes of our princely consort from his liege lady, to her milky features. By our lady, she had better see to her behavior, or her stay in this our castle, may chance to be more brief than she dreams of." Again she began to pace the room, muttering fiercely as she walked. "This morning it was, when she shook her knotted ringlets loose in his presence, that he might see their wealth and brightness. We marked it all—the kindling of his eyes, and the crimson blush with which she strove to cast the blame on her diamond bodkin, which, forsooth was all too frail for her abundant tresses. By the mass! at this rate our royal crown would soon prove too light for her brazen forehead." Again Mary paused before the mirror. "It is easily guessed why our locks are sit in this guise, and why she is so chary of the gold powder which we have provided at such cost," she said. "She would not that the grey tinge which, of late, has fallen on our head like a mildew, methinks, should be concealed by its lustre. This comes of lifting a wench to a place of trust about our person. Philip would have it so—oh, 'tis well—'tis very well contrived; we see it all, now, and will be wary. Let her but lift her eyes to his face, or blush beneath his gaze again as she did this morning —let her prove careless in the adornment of our person, even to the twisting of a hair awry and she may chance to be cared for; our trusty servant, Romer, has planted stakes and kindled faggots for more dainty limbs than her's, ere now."

Thus muttering her evil thoughts, as it were, to the lowering image reflected from the mirror plate, Mary, in

awkwardly striving to arrange her hair, only entangled it more completely among the rubies, and brushed off the powder, the scant portion of which, already excited her anger, with the point lace which hung profusely from the sleeves of her robe.

"We must summon her at last," she exclaimed, angrily dropping her hands from their fruitless efforts. "Yet it irks our very heart to feel her dainty fingers working about our person, as if they had been bred to gentle service from her girlhood. The daughter of our retainer—the—ha! Yonder she comes through the private postern. It is well—*he* came thence but a moment since. It is *very* well!"

In the working of her evil jealousy, Mary had forsaken the mirror, and with dishevelled hair and disturbed features, hurried to the window just as a fair young girl, wrapped in a summer mantle, with the hood partially drawn over her face, passed out of the park from the direction whence the cavalier had come. She came through the postern, and ascending the terrace, hurried forward as one under some strong excitement. As she raised her eyes to the casement where Mary was standing, a flush of crimson started like lightning to her face—a small white hand was nervously put forth from the folds of her mantle, and its hood drawn hastily forward so as entirely to conceal her features. Mary snatched the golden bird-call suspended over her bosom by a heavy chain, with a force that ground the rough gold against her neck, and blew three sharp notes, which sounded through the apartment like the cry of an angry falcon. Some few moments she waited, and then again the call was repeated louder and more sharply than at first. Scarcely had the sound died away, when the rich, massive tapestry which hung over the walls of the room like a cloud of woven foliage, was flung back at the farther extremity, revealing an open door and an oratory beyond.

In a recess opposite the door, a small lamp of filagree silver shed its light over hangings of sable velvet, and amid their folds tiny stars of the same chaste metal, gleamed out with a pure and subdued brightness. Beneath the lamp was a hassock fringed and spotted in like manner, and within its clear pearly light stood a pedestal and cross of polished ebony, to which an image of our Saviour, exquisite in its proportions, and in the shade of meek suffering betrayed by the bent head and the relaxed limbs, was suspended. There was something thrillingly solemn in the gentle light which fell as if from the heart of a great pearl, over that image of divine suffering—something tranquil and heavenly in the mingled gloom and light of the little place. It was all in painful contrast to the picture of fierce passion betrayed by the woman at whose call it had been revealed. Her eyes were bent eagerly—not on the holy quiet of that spot which should have been a place of prayer, but on the form of a pale man in a priest's gown and cowl, who had drawn aside the tapestry, and with a soft, noiseless step, glided a few paces into the room. There, with his hands crossed, and folded within the loose sleeves of his gown, he stood meekly gazing on the floor as if waiting to learn why he had been thus peremptorily summoned from his devotions.

"What would'st thou with me, daughter?" he said, at last, as the Queen came toward him, lifting his large black eyes to her lowering face a moment, and then casting them down again as if to conceal the smothered energies that lay beaming in their depths, like lightning pent up in the folds of a thunder-cloud. "Speak, daughter, why art thou thus disturbed?"

"Father," said the Queen, clasping her hands almost fiercely, and bending her eyes upon his composed features, "father, dost thou bear in mind that some days ago when we knelt at the confessional, poor sinful mortals that we are—dost thou remember our suspicions touching Alice Copley, the baker's daughter, whom, to gratify our consort's wish, was advanced to a station near our person?"

Mary paused as if expecting some answer, but the priest merely bent his head, and as if exasperated by his silence, she went on in a voice which gradually concentrated itself in a tone of uncontrollable passion—her high reverence for the priesthood, seemed lost in a flood of bitter and vindictive feelings.

"Even now," she said, laying her hand on his folded arms in the energy of her language; "even now our eyes saw the pal-pert wench, as she came stealthily from the park in the very footsteps of King Philip. Through our private postern she came, and up on the terrace beneath our very window. She would have concealed her face, but it was in vain; our suspicion would have penetrated through her disguise, though she had been cased in iron."

"If I mistake not," said the priest, in a voice whose cold calm tones fell softly upon the air after her vindictive accents, "if I mistake not, daughter, the maiden passed me but now in the corridor leading to King Philip's apartment. A fair creature to look upon—is she not? with soft, sinful eyes, and lips that it beseemeth not a son of the church to think upon."

"From Philip's apartment—from the King's chamber?" almost shrieked the Queen; "and has it already come to this? Here, in our own royal castle, do they lonely have passages. Thy counsel, holy father—teach us how to rid our palace of this graceless minion, and the first honor in Mary's gift is thine!"

What counsel would the Queen of England ask—is she not all powerful in her own realm? she has but to command, and the maiden is driven from her presence," said the priest, quietly.

"Ay, that she might return within the town, or go up to London, where Philip could seek her at his will—nay, father, she must be more silently cared for. We dare not wreak our just vengeance on the minion without his assent. It was but yesterday, good father—but yesterday, that for crossing his will in a thing of lightest moment, he threatened to return to Spain, and leave us here to the solitary government of our realm. We dare not act as beseemeth a free Queen and a wronged wife, so think thou for us, holy father. Hath the law or the church no power to crush her without our seeming interposition?"

"What proof have we that the fair maiden may not have descended to the park for other purposes than to give his highness a meeting?" inquired the priest calmly lifting his eyes to the Queen's face. "A court, ecclesiastical or civil, will require evidence of guilt, or proofs of heresy, before they can act in a matter which—but that it appertains to thy peace of mind, daughter, might be deemed of slight moment."

"Of slight moment—ha! Is it a slight thing that their liege queen is shackled down like a common serf in her father's castle—that her crown and sceptre are but baubles, which her husband wields to the silent advancement of his own power and vices. It irks us to say this of him, but to thee, holy father, it should not be concealed. Though we brought a kingdom in dower to Prince Philip, he hath ever paid more gentle court to the ladies about our person, than to our royal self, his wife, and England's Queen, though we be. And as for this Alice Copley—this milk-faced menial whose attendance he has forced upon us, his soft glances and tender words are scarce withheld from her even in our very presence. He seldom seeks our chamber, save at times when she is sure to be in attendance, and then sits hours together, with his eyes fixed on her as she moves about, and his voice often so stern to us, softens and becomes humble whenever he addresses her."

"But the maiden—how does she bear herself under this weight of princely admiration?" said the priest.

"How, but as a low-born creature, like her, might be expected to receive the homage of a man so brave in his beauty, and withal so princely in his bearing. At first she smiled, and cast down her eyes timidly when his were dwelling upon them; then she began to blush and turn her head away in seeming anger; it was *but* seeming, and, of late, we have often seen a cold, scornful smile upon her lips when his eyes have dwelt long and steadily upon her, as if she knew her power to be so well founded, that she dared to brave the eagle, glance for glance. She never blushes now, so shameless has she become, nor does she cast down her eyes as was her former wont, but returns his gaze with a clear unwavering eye, as if there were no guile, or, perchance, too much in her heart. Proudly we have seen her return his courteous greetings—ay, as if *she* had been his Queen, and felt all the high dignity at her heart, while his proud eye has sunk abashed beneath the influence of that strange proud smile which curls her lips ever and anon, as if she were born and bred to palaces and power. Is not this some proof of guilt, father."

"Of *his*, perchance," muttered the priest, levelling his eyes again to the floor. The words were very low, and no ear but that of a jealous, angry woman, could have caught their meaning, but Mary answered eagerly and with a burst of fierce indignation.

"Of his, and not of hers? Think ye, holy father, that Prince Philip could sue in vain to any woman, and of all others, to a poor adventuress—he, the most stately and graceful cavalier of old Spain?"

The least possible indication of a smile passed over the thin lips of the priest, but it was concealed by the position of his bent head, and Mary went on.

"Tell us, father," she said, in a voice of mingled wrath and entreaty, "is there nothing in all this, which, if cunningly used, may work the minion's downfall, and ourself escape Philip's censure? Rid us of this plague, and thy advancement is certain."

The priest stood pondering for the space of a minute, with his eyes bent on the floor, and his hands still folded and motionless. Mary was silent, but fixed a keen gaze on his still and marble-like features, as if she hoped to gather something of what was passing within, from the expression of a face that had been schooled in every lineament to the rigidity of stone. There was a strange contrast in the passionate eagerness betrayed in her features, and the cold, deathly composure of his, and yet that pale, intellectual face, was one over which passions fierce and terrible must, sooner or later, have kindled. Nothing but the power of a strong mind had frozen it to the expression which it bore; his meekness was that of a tamed lion, not of a humble Christian.

"Daughter," he said, at length, raising his eyes slowly to her face, "without the sanction of the Queen, openly and fearlessly expressed, there is no court in England would dare to interfere with one it was King Philip's pleasure to protect; but the church, that hath a power which none may gainsay. Is the maiden firm in our holy faith—does she acknowledge the actual presence? Methinks I have heard it whispered among the servitors in the household, that the man, Copley, her father, hath demurred somewhat of late. It shall be inquired into. May it please your grace to send this light maiden to my private oratory? I will question her on the points of doctrine most disputed in this sinful kingdom. Meantime rest in peace, daughter; it were strange if power lay not within the church to protect the Queen from a menial's presence."

"We will send her, good father, but see to it that she is questioned closely," exclaimed Mary, her small eyes lighting up with serpent-like malice.

"Fear not; she shall be duly pressed on all disputed points; if she falter or swerve but in the sounding of a word—"

"Plant thou a stake for *her*," interrupted Mary, eagerly. "Thy Queen hath little power with the holy pontiff, if a cardinal's hat be not the recompense of such service. As an earnest of our future bounty, meantime, take thou the forfeit living, now left vacant by the late execution in Heathfield."

A faint gleam shot athwart the priest's high forehead as he bent his head, but before his face was lifted to a level with the Queen's, it was again expressionless as that of a statue.

"Rest content, daughter," he said, blandly; "send the maiden to our oratory, and fear nothing."

"But be wary that Philip suspect not of our connivance," said Mary, apprehensively; "be cautious as a serpent, father—strike sure, or not at all."

"Fear not my zeal in your highness' cause," said the priest, and, with a cold inclination of the head, he turned away, glided noiselessly across the oaken floor, and disappeared through a private door leading from the Queen's oratory.

Mary stood gazing after him 'till the tapestry fell together with a rushing sound; then she lifted the bird-call to her lips as if about to blow a summons, but dropped it slowly from her hand as if forgetful of her intention. For several minutes she paced slowly up and down the apartment, now dusky with the purple gloom of twilight. A bitter smile, full of malicious triumph, gleamed in her eye, and curled her thin lips, which was painful to look upon. At length she again lifted the bird-call, and blowing a clear, deliberate summons, sat down by a massive table of polished oak, and leaning her head upon it, seemed lost in tracing the quaint devices inlaid over its surface, with gold and ivory, by some foreign artisan. She sat several moments, pondering, as it seemed, on the rare workmanship beneath her gaze, when the tapestry, opposite that through which the priest had entered, was slowly parted as if by some reluctant hand, and a beautiful girl presented herself in the opening.

Mary, without changing the position of her head, turned her eyes with a quick glance toward the intruder, and dropped them to the table again, and remained apparently unconscious of her presence. The girl was young, fair, and exceedingly pale, but this seemed the result of agitation, rather than a fault of nature, for, around her soft blue eyes a slight rose tinge was perceptibly fading away, as if she had been recently weeping, and her features were of that oval and exquisite proportion which usually bear upon their surface the most delicate and beautiful bloom in nature. Her dress, though unadorned, was rich in its material, and partook somewhat of the Spanish fashion, a costume which Mary had partially introduced among her attendants, more from a wish to gratify the imperious Philip, than from a love for the dress which she might be supposed to have inherited from her mother; her long golden hair was swept entirely back from her forehead, and confined at the back of her head in a heavy knot. A golden bodkin, headed by a single diamond of exceeding brilliancy, the only jewel about her fair person, was thrust through this rich mass of hair, and two or three long silken ringlets, escaped therefrom, one of which lay like a wave of spun gold on the round white shoulder, now more than commonly exposed, as it seemed, by some recent and neglected derangement of her dress.

The Queen still seemed unconscious of her presence, and after standing for a moment holding back the tapestry with her small fair hand, the beautful girl withdrew her grasp, and allowed its heavy folds to sweep together again. Then moving across the room, she knelt timidly down at Mary's feet.

"Did your grace summon me?" she inquired, after remaining unnoticed in her humble but graceful position for an unwonted length of time.

There was something low, rich, and gentle in that young creature's voice, that would have thrilled any heart, less hard than the Queen's, with a touch of affection. It was anxious, but very sweet, and her beautiful lips trembled like the leaves of a south sea rose stirred by the wind. Even then there was a tremor in her frame, as if she were striving to subdue some hidden feelings of fear or sorrow.

"Ay, we required thy attendance some half hour ago, but thou wast roaming, forsooth—whither, minion—whither hast been?" said the Queen, turning sharply, and fixing her eyes on the round white shoulder which we have spoken of as more than ordinarily exposed. Her thin lips became white as she gazed, and starting up, she made a motion as if she would have spurned the girl from her feet, but with an effort of unusual self-command, she sat down again, and with her eyes still fixed on the distressed young creature, awaited her reply.

"I did but step to—to the park," said the poor girl, shuddering all over again, as with some painful recollection.

"And who was thy companion, girl, and whence is it that thy robe is broken loose, and rent thus from thy shoulder. Tell us why it is that thou appearest before thy Sovereign in the guise of a ranting gipsy woman?"

Alice Copley looked down upon her exposed shoulder, and, with a painful blush, drew the edge of her robe over it, but the materials which formed it, had, in truth, been torn, as if by some violent hand, for they were both firm and new, and she could not, with all her effort, properly arrange it. A fiendish smile curled the Queen's lips as she witnessed her distressing embarrassment. That wicked smile at length gave way to a torrent of fierce and unwomanly invective. "We know it all—all, minion, *all*—up, graceless, up from our feet, lest we forget that we are a Queen, and spurn thee hence. Out upon thee heretic and cast-away!"

The young girl started to her feet, and stood before the enraged Queen, her pale lips trembling, her hands clasped, and her large blue eyes surcharged with astonishment and terror. Mary glared upon her with one foot advanced, and her withered hand clenched as if really tempted to commit the violence she threatened, when the only door not concealed by the hangings on the wall, was quietly opened, and a dark-faced Spanish boy entered with a reserved air, which did not seem to arise from boyish awkwardness or timidity; he addressed a few words to the Queen in his native language.

When the door closed after the boy, Mary turned away from her shrinking attendant and walked hurriedly up and down the room, as if striving to calm her purturbation. As she passed the window her face pale and distorted with passion gleamed upon her from its surface. She paused, put back the hair which her own rude hand had dishevelled, and seemed striving to smooth her brow and force her lips to a more gentle expression. At last she turned again to Alice Copley, where she stood pale and terrified in the dim light, and in a more subdued voice than she had yet used, bade her bring candles, that her person might be adorned for the visit which Philip's page had thus unseasonably announced.

Alice went forth, and soon returned bearing a taper in her hand. As its gleam fell upon her white face, even Mary was startled with its expression. It was stern and calm, as with the indignation of a pure heart unjustly

trampled to the dust,—a still, settled show of strength, which sometimes springs to life in the young heart beneath the pressure of circumstance, creating a thorough transfiguration of character. It was an expression that made the mean spirited Mary cower with a fear she could not understand. A dread that her ill-treated attendant might expose her violence to Philip, and thereby drive him entirely from her, gradually crept to her heart, and her manner was almost abject as she spoke to her again.

"We overlook thy fault this once, though in sooth such negligence deserves a more severe reprimand even than we almost take shame to ourself that we have given. Now, girl, see that our head gear be fitly arranged for the presence of our stately consort, we would not that he should find us in this guise."

Mary seated herself, and Alice without speaking a word or bending her head in acknowledgment of this relenting mood, went to a small dressing closet, brought forth the implements of her mistress' toilet, and with a firm hand and steady composure, wreathed the ruby braid afresh amid her hair, shook the required gold tinge over it, and when her task was finished, stepped back to the window recess, where she stood in all the outward humility befitting her station, with folded arms and eyes cast to the floor, from the mere force of habit, but her brow seemed broader and her figure more erect than it had ever done before, and there was a stern tranquillity about her face which shed a strange light over it as if the thought and expression of age had for the present time mingled with the spirit of her youth.

Again Mary became restless. Visits from her more youthful husband had of late become rare, and consequently highly desired events in her existence. Like all tyrants, when once forced to succumb to a more powerful or less scrupulous spirit than their own, she was undignified in her love and abject in her fear of Philip; to gratify his ambition, his bigotry, and his hate of the English, she hesitated at no act of cruelty or oppression, nay, would have crucified her whole nation. In return he hated and dispised a nature so much like his own, that, as in a distorted mirror, he only saw his true shadow there more hideously given back, from the warped and narrow medium through which it was reflected. With more intellect than Mary, he could detect and condemn faults in her, while pride, vanity, and ambition flung their drapery over like evils in his own heart, shutting out all knowledge of their enormity from himself, and all charity for those he detected in her.

For more than half an hour Mary had been impatiently expecting the promised visit. With fretful and broken expressions of discontent at its delay, she moved about the room—paused to listen at the door—passed into the oratory and back again without aim or motive, and at length threw herself petulently into a chair, and began to slip the great pearl beads of a rosary, which she had impatiently snatched from its cushion, eagerly through her fingers; like a wayward child, striving to quiet its own petulent temper with a familiar motion of the hands.

At last there was a slight bustle without. Mary held the rosary motionless in her hands, with a single pearl suspended between her thumb and finger, and listened. The door opened, and with a constrained air, but with a tread imperious and haughty as that of an eastern monarch visiting his slave, Prince Philip entered the apartment. He did not even lift the plumed cap from his brow 'till he had advanced some paces into the room, and even then it seemed more in compliment to the pale girl who stood in the window recess, rather than from any respect to his consort.

It was true, Alice Copley's eyes neither wavered nor drooped beneath his glance, though all the confidence of a king and the fire of his southern climate burned in their black depths. She returned his glance with a cold quiet dignity, that sent the blood to his swarthy forehead, and then quietly dropped her eyes to the floor again.

Mary had started from her chair, and in defiance of all etiquette, walked forward to greet him; but, when she marked his demeanor, and saw that the look of her menial had a power to send the color to his temples, she stopped short, her own face grew red with scarcely suppressed rage, and in a voice that trembled with passion, spite of her effort at self-control, she bade Alice return to her own apartment.

Philip seemed about to make some objection, but while he stood hesitating and somewhat confused, Alice moved hastily from the window, lifted the tapestry, and disappeared.

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When Alice Copley left the Queen's chamber, she went directly to her own apartment, and flinging herself in a chair, buried her face in her hands and wept long and passionately.

"He must not know of this—he must not see me thus," she murmured, removing her hands from her burning and wet cheeks, and trying to stifle her tears. "Oh! that I should live to be so insulted, and yet be compelled to keep it secret."

It was long before the poor girl could calm her ruffled feelings, but at last she arose, threw aside her robe with a gesture of abhorrence and replacing it with another, again resumed the light mantle which she had flung off on leaving the park. Drawing the hood over her face, she descended again to the terrace, and gliding cautiously along, sprang like a frightened fawn down the shadowy side of the oak avenue. It was a lovely night. A few tranquil stars were beaming in the sky, and the moonlight lay in a pearly mist amid the huge old trees and flickered through their boughs 'till the dense shadows which they threw on the rich sward, were broken as with a network of quivering silver. Everything was still as death within the park, and the echoes of her own light footsteps almost startled the young girl as she passed along. She stopped suddenly, gathered the mantle over her face with a shudder, and looked timidly about. The sound of a light footfall, seemingly not her own, had startled her. Her eyes flashed from beneath their covering with wild terror, and she listened breathless with apprehension, and with one small foot advanced for flight, should her fears prove real. Not even a breath of wind was stirring, and everything was perfectly tranquil in the park. Alice

was not easily convinced that the sound was a delusion, she peered among the dim trunks of the trees, up into the branches, and cast her startled eyes eagerly along the line of moonlight that paved the avenue as with flags of glittering silver. No living thing was in sight, and drawing a deep breath, she moved forward again, muttering—"It was a deer perchance, or it may be a vulture whetting his beak against a tree bough. Methinks the ugly birds should know by whose hands their banquets are so well spread, for they haunt this spot more than ever." With these words she moved swiftly along, but scarcely had she advanced a dozen paces when a slender, dark form glided from behind a tree, and followed after with footsteps so quick and noiseless that they seemed but beating time with her own. No misstep again aroused the young creature's fears, though more than once the figure came out into the moonlight 'till the long black plumes in his cap gleamed and flaunted out like the wing of a flying bird. At length Alice left the avenue, and passed beneath the trees towards a small body of water, which lay alone and tranquil, partly in shadow and partly breaking in glittering ripples beneath the quiet moon, bright and lovely as if a fragment of the blue heavens had nestled itself into the green bosom of our earth. At that time, the beautiful Virginia water was only a broken and picturesque little pond, haunted by herons, cranes, and various other wild birds. It was a sweet neglected spot. Thickets in full flower entangled the banks, and isolated clumps of trees flung their irregular shadows almost to the centre of the pond. A small grassy promontory crested by a single clump of trees, shot some twenty paces into the glittering waters, as Alice caught sight of it, she quickened her pace, but scarcely had her shadow broken the moonlight on its broadest part, when a young man came eagerly from beneath the trees and flinging his arm round her waist, drew her, panting and breathless, within their shelter.

"I feared you would be gone," she said, modestly withdrawing herself from his arm, "but where is my father, surely he would not leave me to meet you here, alone and at night?"

"And wherefore not?" said the youth, smiling and drawing her again to his side. "Think you that the walls of Queen Mary's castle yonder are a better safeguard than the green trees or the blue skies of heaven? Is there a place on the broad earth where Alice Copley would not be safe with her affianced husband?"

"Nay, Huntly, nay," said Alice, laying her small hand on his arm, and looking with her large earnest eyes into his face; "in sooth I did not mean that, but I was terrified and sorely beset. Twice have I striven to reach you to-night, and both times have my footsteps been watched and my progress hitherward prevented. Even now, as I came down the avenue, methought some person was pursuing me. Should it be so, and information be carried to the Queen that I am here, at night, and thus, who will vouch for my pure intent, who could be found with boldness to stand before the cruel lady and say a word in defence of her despised and hated tyring woman?"

"Do not fear, Alice," said Huntly, evidently convinced that, had she been observed, her apprehensions were all too just, "it must have been your father whose footsteps startled you, he was weary with waiting and so went forward toward the castle. Either himself or your own overwrought fears frightened you. But tell me, sweet one, who was it that dogged your footsteps at nightfall? Said you not that you were driven back from the path?"

Alice knowing the indignation that her answer would bring forth, in the solitude of her chamber had determined to remain silent on what had befallen her, but to a pure heart there is something of sacrilege in withholding even a thought from a beloved object. Alice felt the blood burning painfully over her face, and her tongue faltered in giving the required information. But she did speak, and her answer, though uttered almost in a whisper, fell upon the young man's heart like sparks of fire.

"This moment tell me the evesdropper's name!" exclaimed the youth.

"It was King Philip!" replied Alice, in a low voice.

"King Philip!" repeated the youth in a stern indignant voice, which contrasted strongly with the tremulous tones in which she had spoken. "King Philip of Spain! what had the insolent papist to do with thy movements, Alice? Did he speak or seek to prevent your free passage hither?"

Alice could scarcely answer, her pure heart was so oppressed with shame. She drew close to her affianced husband and buried her burning face on his shoulder as she spoke—

"He did but repeat what he has said many times before in the galleries of the castle, on the terrace, and even in the apartments of his own queen, when I have fled thither for security. But to-night he spoke of his wicked love more boldly than ever; by force he detained me, and strove to poison my ears with his vile passion. Nay," added the poor girl, bursting into tears of bitter shame, "he even seized me violently and would have polluted my lips with his loathsome kisses."

"Had you no dagger wherewith to strike the wretch dead?" exclaimed Huntly, through his silent wrath, stamping his foot violently on the earth.

"Alas," replied the weeping girl, "I had but my own strength, but that was sufficient. I broke from his rude hold and fled to the castle, yet did he follow me even to the presence of his royal wife. In the first heat of my indignation, I had resolved to fling myself before the Queen's feet and tell her how dreadful was the persecution I received from that bold man. I knelt at her feet, and would have poured forth my whole heart had she looked upon me or cast one ray of womanly pity into her face, but even as I knelt, with my very heart ready to burst with thoughts of the slight that had been put upon me, her cold dark eyes fell on my disordered dress. I had not marked it before, but my robe was rent and many of the folds torn away. I could have died beneath that bitter sneer, but when words still more bitter broke from her harsh lips, I scorned to defend myself. Humbled, insulted, and unprotected as I was, I could not have taken aught of favor from that unqueenly woman. There and then to the royal chamber did King Philip pursue me. I could no longer brook his wicked eyes

and audacious bearing, so at last I betook me to my chamber and fled hither, but never was a poor bird broken loose from his cage so terrified and so anxious to creep away to some safe shelter."

While Alice was speaking, Huntly stood silently before her, his face becoming paler each moment and his teeth set resolutely together, but his frame shook with an effort to suppress the fierce anger struggling within, and more than once he wrung the little hand still enlocked in his, 'till the young girl could scarcely forbear crying out with the pain. When she ceased speaking, he suddenly dropped her hand, folding his arms strode to the point of the promontory thrice before he uttered a word. At length he went up to Alice once more, and taking her hand, strove to appear composed, but his face looked unnaturally stern, his eyes gleamed strongly and his pale lips trembled as he spoke—

"Fear him not, my Alice, fear him not," he said, in the deep constrained tones of intense passion. "There is vengeance in store for this unkingly outrage, and such vengeance—"

"Vengeance is mine, and I will repay it saith the Lord!"

These words of holy writ were uttered in a clear, deep voice, that broke over the tranquil air like the sound of a trumpet, their solemnity fell like a rebuke from heaven on the angry passions of the young man. Alice clasped her hands and sprang eagerly toward the speaker. He was a broad, square, firmly-set man, of some forty years of age, but so healthy and staid in his appearance, that he might have been supposed much younger than he really was. He was dressed plainly in a suit of sad colored stuff, and a black velvet bonnet, approaching the form of a skull cap, sat on his massive head. He was a plain, unpretending man, with no higher station than overseer in the Queen's household, yet as he stood there with the broad moonlight full on his face, few persons could have passed him without an undefined feeling of respect.

"What is it, Master Huntly that so excites thy anger?" inquired Copley, after laying both hands on his daughter's bright hair, and silently blessing her. "We do not come to this spot in the still night to talk of vengeance on our fellow men."

The youth stood for a moment abashed before his friend, and Alice, with the quick sensitiveness of her woman's nature, drew close to her father and laying a hand on either shoulder, looked pleadingly in his face.

"Do not chide him, father," she said, "the fault was all mine. I had been telling him of that which chafed his high spirit—that which should not have escaped my own bosom."

"And why should this vile outrage be kept secret?" exclaimed the youth, again firing up with indignation. "Why should we remain passive when all the rights and delicacies of womanhood are trampled under foot by a Queen who has forgotten that she is herself a woman. Are we to sit supinely by and witness a foreign prince, a haughty Spaniard insult an honest maiden with his licentious love. I tell you, Master Copley, not three hours ago King Philip has dared to lay his dastard hand on your own pure daughter!"

Copley started, and a shadow passed over his face. Alice felt the start and flung herself on his bosom as if to prevent all farther outbreak of feeling, with her own clinging arms. Her apprehension was needless. John Copley merely unclasped her arms from his neck and looking earnestly into her face, demanded to know what had happened from her lips, justly deeming Huntly too much excited for reasonable detail.

Alice, though still much agitated, briefly related the events of the evening. Copley did not speak for several minutes after she had finished, but quietly putting her still farther from him, folded his arms, and while his forehead was heavily contracted, stood pondering, with his eyes fixed on the earth.

"Was I wrong to speak of vengeance after coming to a knowledge of this vile insult?" said the youth, at last reading a portion of his own spirit in the father's face. Copley lifted his head and replied as one holding a strong power over passions which had been furiously excited.

"Ay, wrong and selfish," he said. "Vengeance is a fearful thing—leave it in the hands of God. We have eaten of the Queen's bread, and have submitted to worship the great God of Heaven privately, as thieves going forth to do evil. We have seen this poor land deluged with Christian blood, and scorched with the ashes of just men, without once lifting up our voices against the iniquity of her leaders. The lash has now fallen upon our own backs, but shall we therefore cry aloud for these slight wrongs, when a whole nation is suffering evils greater than have befallen us?"

There was reason in what the good man said, and reproach was implied both in word and tone. Huntly felt that his own impulses had been less pure and upright than those that actuated his clear-sighted friend. When he answered, it was in a different tone to that he had hitherto used.

"But if *we* must even yet bear the chains of bond servants, let us at least secure this gentle maiden from farther insult, by removing her to a place of safety," he said.

"Is there any roof which can so properly shelter her as that which covers her father and betrothed husband?" said Copley.

"And if King Philip—" added the youth bitterly.

"Where is the castle so strong or the hut so lonely that the King may not enter it at will?" replied Copley.

"But how can we protect her, how within the very net of the fowler? What can a gentleman and a powerless secretary avail against the sinful devices of one propped up in kingly power?"

"A maiden's best protection lies in her own pure integrity. While the vicious and the weak fall beneath temptation, the pure and lofty of heart struggle with it, as Jacob wrestled with the angel, to come forth wiser and stronger than before. King Philip is rich in a power to do evil, but above him is the King of kings, one who tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb. I have no fear of my daughter."

Alice drew close to her father, and once more wound her arms about him—her lips trembled with generous

emotion, and her eyes glistened with tears. Copley bent down, put the ringlets back from that fair brow, laid his broad palm upon it, and lifting his face to the star set heavens, uttered a solemn and heart-thrilling prayer for her safety. It was a touching scene, for the heart of that untaught man was imbued as with the eloquence of angels. When the fervent amen was uttered, the secretary joined it in a voice which bespoke the more christian feelings that had taken possession of his spirit. Alice was too deeply affected for words, but her lips moved and her pure young heart went up burstingly with that eloquent prayer. There was another voice too—a low sobbing breath, as of some person struggling to suppress feelings already beyong control. It arose from behind the clump of trees where the dark figure we have mentioned, lay crouching in the shadow. His stifled sobs were perfectly audible and yet the group beyond were deeply occupied by their own thoughts, and the sound aroused no suspicion.

"We must not forget our errand hither," said Copley after his companions had become subdued to a more tranquil state. "Come hither, Master Huntly, and help me to lift the flag."

Huntly followed his friend a few paces into the park and removing a quantity of dry grass that lay heaped beneath a thicket of wild thorn, laid bare a small stone flag, which being removed, gave to view, a wooden box closely lined with double layers of surge. From this receptical Copley reverently lifted a ponderous bible, rudely bound and hasped with iron, which he bore to the promentory were Alice still remained. The secretary drew forth steel and flint and kindled a torch which he thrust into the sword beneath the oaks. They all sat down together on the matted roots that coiled among the grass, and Huntly opened the bible and began to read aloud, by the flashing and fitful light. It was a beautiful picture, those three persons grouped together beneath that dusky clump of trees. The torchlight shed a yellow and crimson glow amid the thick leaves, that shivered over their heads, just sufficiently to reveal the glossy dew and the dim shadows woven among them. A soft golden brilliancy fell slumbering upon the thick grass all around, in lovely contrast with the dense shadow and the calm holy moonbeams that lay upon the whole outward landscape. Sometimes, when the flame was swayed by the wind, a bright gleam would dart over the lake and die away again, like the flash of a golden arrow shooting into the bosom of the waters, and for one moment the quiet of the scene was disturbed by a deer which crept from its fragrant lair near the promentory and fixing its great black eyes on the strange group, plunged into the park, terrified by the sight of human beings in that solitary place. The secretary lifted his head for a moment at the noise, and then bowed over his book again. Alice started, looked timidly about, and creeping closer to her father's side, nestled her hand into his palm, and again became tranquilized by the deep solemn tones of her lover's voice. By degrees her sweet features became placid, serious, and almost holy in their expression, a smile lay upon her lips and her eyes filled with a strange spiritual light. She was gazing upon the secretary with an earnest, untroubled look, yet it was not the fine intellectual face of the young man, as he bent over the bible, pale with previous agitation and chastened by the shadow of subdued passions, that awoke the gentle beauty of her countenance. It was not the rich black hair that fell in masses over his shoulders, or the chiseled beauty of his high forehead, that rivited her gaze. The spirit that awoke hers was something higher, holier than a form of earthly beauty, perfect though it was. There was a holy fire kindling over those features, a depth of feeling and fervency of devotion breathing in his voice that awoke every pure feeling in the young enthusiast's heart, 'till its best strings vibrated to the sound of his voice with a kindred harmony. They knelt down together—those three persons—within the light of the waning torch, and there went up to heaven a voice so deep-toned, so solemn and earnest, that it seemed like the ponderous tones of an organ forcing its way through the arches of the upper air. The secretary bowed his face to the earth awe stricken by the ardent eloquence of that good man, his breath came thick and his spirit struggled like a bird to soar upward with the eagle flight of him that was pouring forth his strong soul at the feet of Jehovah. Calm and quiet, with closed eyes and her face uplifted trustingly to heaven, knelt the young girl by her father's side, like a timid dove, sheltered by the wing of an eagle; a sweet solemn trustfulness lay upon her heart, and though her spirit found no words, it mingled with those of her father, and went up to heaven not the less pure that it borrowed something from his strength.

"Three nights hence we will meet here again, my child," said John Copley as he and the Secretary returned from depositing the bible in its strange hiding-place.

"Our heavenly father grant it!" said Alice. "I know not how it is, father, but as you and Master Huntly were out among the trees yonder, a strong apprehension came over me—a feeling that henceforth these blessed hours of devotion would be denied to us."

"Fear not," said the Secretary, joining them, "it was but the anxiety of an overtasked spirit. But see, the moon is already sinking behind the hills. We must hasten, Master Copley, or the castle gates will be closed for the night."

Thus saying, the friends hurried from the spot which had been consecrated by so many holy feelings, and pursued their way toward the palace. Scarcely had they disappeared when the figure which had unseen haunted them, arose from the earth feebly and as one worn and exhausted by conflicting emotions. He stood for a moment with his arms folded, and his small dark face bent to the earth, then with a sudden start he sprang lightly forward, and was soon lost in the shadows of the park.

(To be continued.)

THERE is something captivating in spirit and intrepidity, to which we often yield as to a resistless power; nor can he reasonably expect the confidence of others who too apparently distrusts himself.—*Johnson.*

Original.

THE AGES OF GOLD AND IRON;

FROM AN AGRICULTURAL ORATION.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS.

The period, fancifully denominated the age of gold, was not one of simple fiction. It had its date and existence, without doubt, in the progress of every primitive nation. It was, unquestionably, that period when the great majority of mankind was engaged in agriculture—when there were no strifes of commercial enterprize—when the jealousies of trade provoked not to war, and its attractions seduced none from the paths of industry—before cunning had sapped the strength from manhood, and baseness had corrupted the soul of magnanimity! Agriculture, being expressly a divine institution, had the natural effect of subduing the passions of men, of regulating their appetites, promoting gentleness, harmony, and universal peace among them. The earth was enriched by judicious cultivation, and the population of the world was necessarily and proportionately increased:

> "Their harvests ever swell
> The sower's hopes: their trees o'erladen, scarce
> Their fruit sustain; no sickness thins the folds:
> The finny swarms of ocean crowd the shores,
> And all are rich and happy."*

The principles of agriculture were simple, exceedingly. That they might be made so, God, himself, was the great first planter.† He wrote its laws, visibly, in the brightest, and loveliest, and most intelligible characters, every where, upon the broad bosom of the liberal earth; in greenest leaves, in delicate fruits, in beguiling and balmy flowers! But he does not content himself with this alone. He bestows the heritage along with the example. He prepares the garden and the home, before he creates the being who is to possess them. He fills them with all those objects of sense and sentiment which are to supply his moral and physical necessities. Birds sing in the boughs above him, odors blossom in the air, and fruits and flowers cover the earth with a glory, to which that of Solomon, in all his magnificence, was vain and valueless. To His hand we owe these fair groves, these tall ranks of majestic trees, these deep forests, these broad plains covered with verdure, and these mighty arteries of flood and rivers, which wind among them, beautifying them with the loveliest inequalities, and irrigating them with seasonable fertilization. Thus did the Almighty Planter dedicate the great plantation to the uses of that various and wondrous family which was to follow. His home prepared—supplied with all resources, adorned with every variety of fruit and flower, and chequered with abundance, man is conducted within its pleasant limits, and ordained its cultivator under the very eye and sanction of Heaven. The angels of Heaven descend upon its hills, God, himself, appears within its vallies at noonday—its groves are instinct with life and purity, and the blessed stars rise at night above the celestial mountains, to keep watch over its consecrated interests.

* Cowper.—† Jo Milton,—the Jovran planter.

Its gorgeous forests, its broad savannahs, its levels of flood and prairie, are surrendered into the hands of the wondrously favored, the new-created heir of Heaven! The bird and the beast are made his tributaries, and taught to obey him. The fowl summons him at morning to his labors, and the evening chaunt of the nightbird warns him to repose. The ox submits his neck to the yoke—the horse moves at his bidding in the plough, and the toils of all are rendered sacred and successful by the gentle showers and the genial sunshine which descend from heaven, to ripen the grain in its season, and to make earth pleasant with its fruits.

The origin of agriculture being thus dignified, the art was pursued by the Grey Fathers of the infant earth! Its kings and princes drove the harrow, and dropped the grain, and danced, with songs of thanksgiving, around the harvest. Their exercises continued to ennoble it; and, for ages, the destinies of the world were happily committed to the hands of men, whose chief distinction lay in their superior use of the sickle and the ploughshare. These were the patriarchal ages. Toil, then, if a duty, was no less an unadulterated blessing. Nothing can exceed the sweetness and felicity with which the poets expatiate upon this happy period. They sang, in its praises, without qualification, that it gave health to the body, strength to the frame, energy to the will, and nobleness to the purpose—that it conduced temperance, pure desires, devout thought, and becoming patriotism—that it inspired happy feelings among the people, brought the young together in fruitful marriage, and blessed the eyes of the patriarchal fathers with glimpses of a third and fourth generation. These were the very days of Astræa—the days of peace, and sunshine, and innocent mirth—of a long life of youth, unembittered by disease—health to the last—and when Death drew nigh, his approach was gentle and kind, like that of some friendly attendant, who lets down the curtains around us, and soothes us to repose. The toils of the day, in this happy period, were begun and closed in music. The shepherds led their flocks over the mountains, to the delicious strains of flute and flageolet—drew them together by the same process when they wandered, and, with a like summons, compelled them to follow homeward at the approach of evening. But the Golden Age was of short duration only. The same sweet instrument, in course of time, became the agent of a sterner influence. That which had been the chosen voice of love, now spoke in louder language at the requisitions of hate! The herdsmen and shepherds, when they became warriors, went into battle,

> "In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood,
> Of flutes and soft recorders."

Hence the origin of martial music. The plaintive notes which had led the shepherds and their kine, and responded to their doubts and hopes, in melodious murmurs which betokened gentleness and peace, were now exchanged for those of angry warfare, wild passions, and insatiate ambition.

> "So violence
> Proceeded, and oppression, and sword law,
> Through all the plain."

The application of an agent, once so innocent, whose only language, hitherto, had been that of love, to the purposes of strife and aggression, betrays, of itself, how large and how sudden was the change which had taken place in the minds and condition of the people. But this belongs, seemingly, to the usual, if not the natural order of events. The age of Iron had succeeded to that of Gold. Sterner feelings and passions overthrew the simplicities which had hitherto characterized the primitive races of the earth; even as the stronger appetites and desires of the man overgrow and absorb those, more gentle and limited, which prevail in the bosom of the child. Change naturally follows in the paths of prosperity, and the very accumulation of wealth occasions new desires, and suggests new necessities. When men had so far advanced in art as to be enabled to tame and gather within their folds the wild herds of the plain and prairie, a portion of their numbers was necessarily withdrawn from the cultivation of the earth, and assigned the duties of herdsmen. These were required to contend with the yet unsubdued monsters of the wilderness —to grapple with the Asiatic tiger, the swarthy and fierce lion of the Numidian deserts, and to level their sharp arrows at the breast of the Caucasian vulture. The herdsman consequently became the hunter, and the use of arms brought with it a passion for their exercise. The world soon became filled with a class, of whom Nimrod, that mighty hunter before the Lord, is a sufficient sample. The transition was not difficult, from hunting the wild beast of the forest, to hunting MAN! and WAR became the next and natural employment of the hunter. It was not easy for men, who had been accustomed, for years, to rove at will, in pursuit of their prey, to fall back, after their final conquest of the common enemy, upon the peaceful and regular employments of agricultural life. The occupation was too tame, too wanting in those excitements, the desire for which had become habitual, in consequence of their employments; and they yearned for the licentious pleasures of their wild and warlike pastimes. They had tasted the sweets of power—they had acquired the appetite for blood—they felt their strength—knew the weakness of the peaceful and unsuspecting farmer, and they selected him as their victim. He was more profitable as a victim, and far less to be feared as an enemy, than the lion of Numidia. The grain was no sooner ripened, than the warlike tribes descended from the mountains to the plains, and gathered their harvests with the sword. Vainly did the farmer strive to defend his possessions. The savage, inured to arms, and delighting in his exercise, was necessarily triumphant. Butchery followed, and the devastated fields grew fat in the blood of those who could till them no longer. Who shall predict—or limit the penalties which flow from every departure from the impervious line of duty? These crimes—this fatality, were the inevitable result, accruing from the adoption, by the herdsman, as a trade and occupation, of one of the incidental necessities of his condition. The first ordinances of the Deity were forgotten. The decree of labor, pronounced by the Creator as a judgment, has ever been borne, except for the brief and blessed period described in the age of Gold, with discontent, by the creature. The herdsman gladly becomes the hunter—the hunter, the warrior—the warrior, the robber; and the peaceful farmer is sure to be the victim. Hence, the desertion of fields, the depopulation of countries, the desecration of altars, the famine, the slaughter and undiminished misery everywhere! In proportion as the pursuits of agriculture became insecure, the races of men decline! this is the unerring law of God's providence, and the unerring consequence of man's disobedience. It cannot well be otherwise; and with the decline of population, will be the equally certain decline of prosperity and happiness. Such has been the history of all the nations. With the lapse of the patriarchal ages, Asia, the first and loveliest garden of the earth, became a desert, or something worse —Africa, a land of howling cannibals, which it must long continue; and when, in the progress of pursuing centuries, Europe grew maddened with the perpetual and exhausting strifes between the despoiled and the spoiler, the providence of God vouchsafed America as a new Land of Promise, and of refuge to the fugitive. But in that new land—that seemingly virgin empire—what was the melancholy history? The colonists found a wilderness, but there was no peace. Even here the same bitter seed had been sown, and the same bitter fruits were gathered. The same inevitable fate had followed the same wilful disobedience of mankind. The departure from those holy laws which enjoined industry, and blessed with abundance, had produced, among the red men of the new world, the same profitless scenes of strife and carnage which had distinguished the career of the ancestral nations. It was the wretched boast of the American savage, that he was the conqueror of the country! that he had invaded a numerous and highly civilized people—that he had ravaged their fields—sacked and destroyed their walled places—and having consumed the common enemy, had, at length, in the absence of all other victims, turned the barbed edges of his thirsty tomahawk upon his own brother. But what was the history of the people thus destroyed? were they wise—were they virtuous? For what unhappy sins had the Deity delivered them into the power of their wild invaders? Had they become inert in the accumulation of superfluous wealth? Did they disregard the wholesome laws of their creation? Did famine enfeeble their energies; or, in the sweet peacefulness of a golden age, that disarmed every domestic enemy, did they become heedless of those dangers which might follow the sudden presence of a foreign one? Perhaps, if we might trace the tale of their fortunes to its source, it would not be unlike that of all the rest! There was strife among themselves, which facilitated the progress of the invader, and sharpened his arrows. Faction strove with faction for the treasures of the commonwealth, or—which is the same—for its control. Then perished the public liberties. Then labor became a mercenary, and changed his ploughshare for the deadly brand of battle. Then industry and art were dispossessed of their fruits, and so, dishonored; and the city grew rank and ready for any pollution. When its suburban fields flourished

no longer in smiling yellow beneath the mellowing signs of the autumnal heavens, its golden age was gone—gone for ever! Then was it only fitting that the mountain robber should descend to the harvest that was ready to his hands. So long as he heard from its busy streets the clink of the morning hammer, and beheld the keen scythe throughout the long hours of the autumnal day, so long did he tremble to encounter the muscular hands which grasped them. But when these tokens of sure strength and manly virtue were withdrawn, then did he know that the age of Iron was begun. Toil had given place to cunning and the barriers of moral and physical defence were all swept away.

The story is every where the same. It admits of no variation. The golden age is the age of agricultural pre-eminence. The nation whose sons shrink from the culture of its fields, will wither for long ages, under the imperial sway of Iron. It may put on a face of brass, but its legs will be made of clay. It may hide its lean cheeks, and all external signs of its misery, under the harlotry of art; but the rottenness of death will be all the while revelling upon its vitals, and a poisonous breath will go forth from its decay which will spread its loathsome taint along the shores of other and happier and unsuspecting nations!

Original.

TWO SONNETS.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH, M. D.

I.

Pleasure! what's that?—the heat to reason's ice;
A specious term in use, to banish vice.
Men seek this beldame, and she seems to them
Attired in purple, decked with many a gem,
And fair as day-dawn when the bright sun sips
The dewy nectar from each blossom's lips.
Fools! strip her of her mask—her face is old;
Tinsel is that your eyes mistook for gold;
Her velvet, serge, and false her colored gaws—
Pursue her not, or, if pursuing, pause.
Virtue may seem austere, but dim your eye,
If less than bliss within her face you spy.
Or, if you deem aught false within her train,
Weak, your perception, and your judgment vain.

II.

Well have I learned by bitter deeds, to deem
Not always men are candid when they seem,
Cowards oft courage, as a mantle, don;
Liars talk loud their matchless truth upon;
Those born ignobly, bear of birth no taint,
And sinners hide them in the name of saint.
Not so with holy nature, who is still,
As she has ever been, and ever will,
Governed by laws, by fixed, unchanging rules,
That mock the wise man's fathoming, and fool's,
She still the same external visage wears,
Or filled with sunny smiles, or dewy tears.
Her every beauty to thy touch is free,
Mistress, as well as mother, she to thee.

Original.

ANACREONTIC FAREWELL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CLINTON BRADSHAW," "HOWARD PINCKNEY,"

We'll drink to those who are drinking now,
Who of joys like ours are ever thinking,
Who fill the bowl with a laughing brow,
And thus are ever drinking, drinking:
Then dearest fill my cup for me,
And I will fill thy cup for thee,
Thus will we love and wine impart,
And pour their gladness in the heart.

We'll drink to those who are roving now,
From fair to fair, as we are roving,
Who give to each a passing bow;
And thus are ever loving, loving:
Dearest, etc.

Come, kiss me, while you brim the bowl,
Now, while its liquid joys are streaming—
We'll taste the grape's delicious soul,
And Love to Love is beaming, beaming.
Dearest, etc.

What's life? a desert's cheerless woe—
And we are pilgrims onward going,
And wine's the sparkling Fountain's flow,
To cheer us onward, flowing, flowing.
Dearest, etc.

And by that Fountain blooms a flower—
Woman! When our joys are cloying,
We'll bear our wine-cups to her bower,
And thus for aye be joying, joying:
Dearest, etc.

Fill deep, for it is early yet,
Be far away the thought of warning—
We saw the glorious day-god set,
And over the hill he's coming, coming:
Dearest, etc.

With the fair dawn I haste away,
To the far west my footsteps turning,
Where Freedom, like the shining day,
Wide o'er the land is burning, burning:
Dearest, etc.

Yet will I bear ye in my heart,
With every sense of gladness living,
With all that Friendship can impart,
And all that love is giving, giving:
Dearest, etc.

We've lit the lamp of love together,
And when, alas! it wanted trimming,
We've sought, like birds less murky weather,
The generous wine-cup brimming, brimming:
Dearest, etc.

We've met in many a festive hall,
And whispered low to beauty listening;
And sought in vain to tell of all
With which the eye was glistening, glistening:
Dearest, etc.

We joined our hearts in boyhood's glee,
When all the world seemed made for laughing,
And now, if parted we must be,
Why, brim the bowl, be quaffing, quaffing:
Then dearest fill my cup for me,
And I will fill thy cup for thee,
Thus will we love and wine impart,
And join their gladness in the heart. F. W. T.

Original.

A RARE PORTRAIT.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

It was not yet dusk, and the gayety of the careless hour of evening was at its height in the streets of Florence, along which two men might be seen passing, arm in arm, who took no part in the conversation of those near them, nor stopped for a moment to hear the music and songs with which at almost every corner minstrels were regaling the crowd. They were engaged in earnest discourse; and seemed now grave, now merry, as though their conversation was desultory rather than otherwise. The appearance of one of them would have struck any casual observer; not only were his face and figure handsome, but the rapidity and decision of his movements, the nobility of his features, and the fire in his flashing eyes, denoted the possessor of no ordinary talent. He was carelessly dressed, but moved with a free grace which any court gallant would have envied; in short it was Salvator Rosa, the eminent painter, poet, and improvisatore. His companion was Lorenzo Lippi, his intimate friend, faithful to him in spite of the reverses his own imprudence had occasioned.

They walked on some time in silence, when Salvator suddenly burst into a laugh.

"Ha, ha!" exclaimed he; "I cannot but laugh to think in what surprize and apprehension I left my worthy friends at Rome! As fast as post-horses would carry me, I went, and after figuring in disguise at the carnival and masque, invited each of them to meet me before midnight; entertained them sumptuously while they were railing at my prodigality, and off for Florence again before dawn. Not a soul of my Roman enemies knew of mine adventure, but 'tis all abroad before this. How they will fume with rage to think of being outwitted! Ha, ha!"

"You are a mad fellow, Salvator," said Lippi, "but there is no use in my rehearsing the lesson of prudence in your ears, when they have been so lately refreshed by the counsels of your friend, Minacci. I am one of those who trust you have a good heart under all your wild humors, that will appear in time, when you shall no longer be an exile from the city of your choice. But had you no compunctious feelings on visiting Rome?"

"I had no time for them, Lorenzo mio!" answered the painter, sighing however, in spite of himself. "Yet on one thing I am resolved; as I fled from Rome furtively and in disgrace, I will never return 'till I can show them all an equipage worthy of my splendid tastes; attire becoming a cavalier; servants in rich liveries, armed with silver hafted swords, etc., etc."

"There is not prospect of that at present, so far as I can see," observed his friend, with a smile.

"So says *la bella Lucretia!* But you shall both be proud of me yet. Do you know what spot I have fixed upon for my place of residence at Rome? It is on the Monte Pincio—the *Piazza della Trinitiá del Monte;* it commands, you remember, a magnificent view; the Capitol and Campus Martius, the groves of the Quirinal and Cupola of Saint Peter's, the ruined palaces of the Cæsars—the splendid villas—"

"Stop a moment," interrupted Lippi, laughing at his friend's castle-building, "and help me to consider where we are to get our supper to-night."

"True," cried the mortified Salvator, "we have need to look about us—for sooth to say, our appetites are none the worse for our artistical excursion this evening, and I have not a scrap of a drawing in my port-folio, worth a scudo, even if some generous Lanfranco could be found to purchase it."

It will be remembered that the genius of Salvator Rosa was first made known to the public by means of the Cavalier Lanfranco, who returning one day in his splendid equipage to his lodgings by *La Strada della Carita*, was struck by a picture of Hagar and her son, outside the shopdoor of a petty dealer in paintings. The artist was unknown; but the piece was marked "*Salvatoriello.*" Lanfranco immediately gave orders for all pictures bearing that name. Thus the painter obtained the first remuneration for his labors, though the first praise was reaped nearer home. Francanzani, his brother-in-law, used, on Salvator's return from excursions in the mountains to sketch, to rifle his port-folio; and not unpleasing to the ear of the young artist was approbation, even when expressed in the Neapolitan *patois* of his relative, who glancing by lamplight over his labors, would pat him smilingly over the head, and exclaim,—"*Fruscia, fruscia! Salvatoriello! che va buono!* (that is well done!)" plaudits remembered in after times, when the cupola of the Pantheon had rung with the admiration extorted by his genius!

Lippi protested also his present poverty, and was about devising a plan for obtaining a supper at the house of one of their friends, when Salvator said—

"No, we will be independent as long as we can. Our embarrassment is only for the present; to-morrow I may be rich. Come with me, meanwhile, to the house of Madonna Gaetano. She will entertain us—I warrant me!"

An *osteria*, or inn of considerable repute among the wits of Florence at that time, was kept by a dame of singular manners. The sign over her door indeed was enough to arrest the attention of the passer by: on it was simply inscribed, "*Al buon vino 'non bisoyna fruscia.*" And it was not only her racy orvietto that attracted to her inn the most distinguished men of Florence, and that caused it to be the resort of so many stranger cavaliers; her humor was as racy as her wine; and not a few came to lounge in her guest-room, for the pleasure of drawing her out, and of listening to her fluent and piquant discourse.

This dame though seventy years of age and hideously ugly, had conceived a romantic affection for Salvator Rosa; and on every occasion treated him to marks of regard that afforded no little amusement to his companions; for she was evidently not hopeless of a return. She gave the two friends however, a welcome much less warm than usual on their entrance into her osteria, this evening. Though it had been long since she had seen "her dear Salvator," she had few words to bestow on

him; while she poured forth in voluble and not unmusical Tuscan, her wit to the refreshment of a party of strangers, who were just finishing their supper. Salvator, nothing daunted, talked with his usual vivacity, rallied her on her coldness, and when the strangers were gone, requested her to prepare a meal for his friend and himself.

"Ay, it is well, *caro mio!*" cried the dame, "you come here, and order supper, and take up my time in serving you, just as if you meant to pay me well for it afterwards."

"And how know you but I do, Anna?" asked the painter.

"Madre! do I not know you for the spendthrift Salvator Rosa! Do I not know you owe more, ay, to me, than you will ever pay, unless I will take love for coin."

"I should never be in you debt, if you would do that, dame," said Rosa."

"So you would say every day in the year," answered the Tuscan dame, looking very sullen, "but when I asked you for an hour of that time of which you waste so much in dissipation, that time you think I have naught to do but throw away, marry, you will never listen to me. So good night, gentlemen."

Lippi joined his entreaties to those of his friend, laughing all the while at the odd faces she made; and she seemed at length to relent.

"On one condition," she said, "I will be still your friend; ay, and ever afterwards. It is, Salvator, that you paint my picture."

"Paint your picture?" ejaculated both the artists in a breath."

"Yes, my portrait. Why not? I wish, as well as others, to reach posterity by the hand of the greatest master of the age."

Notwithstanding the complacent smile with which the dame confessed her ambition, Lippi at first thought her in jest. She soon, however, convinced both of them of the sincerity of her desire; and teased and provoked by her pertinacity, Salvator exclaimed,—"Well, Madonna, I will paint you, but it shall be at one sitting; you must not move from your seat 'till I have finished the picture. But I cannot paint fasting, so let us have some supper first."

This was soon accomplished; the smoking viands were placed upon the table, and our artists did ample justice to them. When supper was over, and they both refreshed by an ample draught of wine, Rosa drew forth his implements of work, adjusted the lights, and the dame commenced her sitting. She was dressed in the most grotesque style, and Lippi had much to do to preserve his gravity; but Salvator never changed countenance, while he went on with his work The portrait was dashed off with the Master's usual spirit and rapidity; and Lorenzo, glancing at it frequently, pronounced it done to life. Scarcely could the vain and impatient hostess retain her seat. The darling wish of her heart was about to be gratified; and she resolved that every one of her acquaintance should have an opportunity of admiring it before the next day was over. But whenever she moved, a frown from the painter reminded her of her engagement to sit still.

At length Salvator rose from his chair, pronounced the sketch finished, and placed the picture in a convenient light to be seen. Never did miser spring to contemplate his treasure with more eagerness than the dame Gaetano. Never was surprize greater than hers. The portrait was indeed a faithful likeness; nay more, it was an *inveterate* likeness; not the truest mirror could have given back a more unadorned reflection of the furrowed face. But to the face the painter had added a long *beard!* and lo! mine hostess *al buon vino* figured as an ancient male pilgrim, a character to which her harsh features, weather-beaten complexion, and gray hair, admirably suited.

We cannot attempt to describe the rage, chagrin, and mortification of the disappointed dame, nor to repeat a tithe of the abuse, which in the strongest Tuscan billingsgate, she lavished upon Salvator Rosa and his friend. They precipitately made their escape, leaving Madonna Anna to wreak her vengeance on the picture. This however, she prudently spared, depositing it in the garret where no one would see it without her knowledge. Notwithstanding the mortification it had cost her, she never suffered it to be defaced or destroyed; and after her death, her heirs sold the picture at an immense sum.

Original.

A SCENE ON LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

A REALITY THAT ROMANCE VERY RARELY REACHES.

It is often stated as a discouragement to American writers of romance that this country is deficient in material; that it affords none of the baronial castles, supplied with the legendary lore that throws so much interest over the very ground on which they stand, and offer traditionary embellishment at every step you take in wandering about their precincts. To some extent the remark is true, and the man of imagination has found it so; but, it is not true, nevertheless, in all particulars, and it is our present purpose to prove by the actual exhibition a real scene, that the realities of well authenticated facts, in some instances at least, furnish materials for story far beyond the *fiction* that has given so much delight to the readers of romance, and so much wonderment to the admirers of the marvellous.

Our romance is "founded upon fact" literally so to speak, and if telling simple truth and detailing actual facts should rise above or fall below the imaginary horrors and *manufactured* "chivalry" of border times, and the "absorbing interests" of the taffety heroines of the Scotch school, there is no help for it that I can think of—unless it be in the Utilitarian notion, now prevailing to some extent, that a true story is as worthy of attention as a false one—especially if its incidents happen to be as interesting and as strange as those that are wrought into the semblance of reality by the overworked brains of the professional romancer.

If, therefore, it should so chance that my narrative and my descriptions savor somewhat of romance, and by mere force of their own extraordinary character, awaken

some interest in the reader, it is most humbly hoped and in some measure believed, that no body's lip will curl itself into contempt, merely because they happen to be *true*. If the subject is too recent for romance, and the names and dates which I shall be obliged to give in order that my readers may be enabled to believe in the *reality* of the scene described, I don't know of any better advice to give on the occasion, than this:—they must ante-date the occurrence, and *re-nominate* the actors in it. Instead of placing the period as I have been obliged to do out of regard to chronological accuracy and to a just consideration of "contemporaneous history," in the year and day mentioned, they must call it an occurrence of the 15th century, and grace the heroes and heroines "concerned in it," by such names of Norman origin, as are best deemed competent and appropriate. As a "Native American," I deem it all important to adhere more strictly to fact and be more literal as to names, than is considered either very necessary or very "nice" in such matters now-a-days. If I am too "statistical" and too precise, let the poets take up the matter on their own "hook," and the matter-of-fact men correct dates and "modify facts" in the most approved style of their vocation! It is only necessary for *me* to remain conscious of my own good intentions, and to tell the interlopers to—stand off.

The event intended to be commemorated in this short and certainly very unpretending modicum of history, took place on the 5th of September, 1819, and in relating the incidents connected with it, real names and real occurrences will be strictly adhered to.

It must be still fresh in the memory of those who do not choose to date their reminiscences more remote than the period alluded to, that the Steamboat Phœnix, commanded by Captain Sherman, one of the best and boldest of the steamer officers on the Lakes, and one of those in whom most confidence was placed as a man, a gentleman, and a sailor, left Burlington, Vt., for Saint John's, L. C., at that time. It was one of those glorious moonlight evenings which are found no where else in such brilliant perfection as on this continent, and it is not too much to say that the "queen of night" never shone elsewhere upon a lovelier scene than her rays fell upon and enlivened on this occasion.

Lake Champlain claims none of the olden associations which shed the wizard influences that make classic the romantic margins of Loch Lomond, Loch Tay, and Loch Katrine, of Scottish celebrity; but, it is inferior to neither of them in the beauty or the boldness of its shores, or in point of fact, in the traditionary riches of its lore. It has no castellated Baronial residences, and not many revolutionary ruins—though it is not entirely without *them*—but it is as bright in its moonlight landscape, and as glorious in the beauty of its wooded head-lands, as gorgeous in its mountain scenery, and as lovely in its lowland lawns, as the most *petted* water view that has ever aided the poet in his imagination or given hints to a prose writer to be poetical.

The night on which the unfortunate Phœnix left Burlington, with a large accession of passengers from that place for her voyage up the lake, was one of the most beautiful of the season, and one calculated of all others to add grandeur to the glorious scenery amidst which she wended her way. The moon-beams, while they seemed to convert the waves of the lake into a sheet of expanded silver, were playing among the verdant summits of the mountains that surrounded it, and seemed at every motion of the gallant vessel to give them new tints and new beauties. The green mountains of Vermont on one side and in the distance, seemed placed there on purpose to offer a more sublime back ground to the nearer beauties of the borders, near which the steamer was threading her firery course through the blue waters of the lake. On each side of the expanse the admiring passengers were equally gratified. Here was the moon tipping with silver the pinnacles of the *Camel-romp*, and there throwing peculiar beauties over the summit of the Man's-fated Mountain. Bald Ridge and White Fan glittered with new beauties, and seemed to partake of new romance in the exquisite loveliness of the panorama. The passengers were all on deck and in the midst of the admiration which such a scene was calculated to inspire, when one of those phenomena that so suddenly change the aspect on the lake, made its appearance, and drove the gazers all below.

The clouds gathered all at once in the west, and the whole horizon soon became enveloped in darkness. The overhanging clouds only brought with them intense cold, and a northwestern wind, without storm of other kind, and unaccompanied with aught else than the gloomy murkiness of an obscured atmosphere, and the chilliness of a September night.

The gallant boat was gliding gladsomely and swiftly through the waters. The quick rushing of the clouds together at a central point, and the agitation of the waves, consequent upon the increase of the wind, were all that were observable. The Captain, worn to weariness by the fatigues of several days and nights of unremitted care and labor in his calling, had retired to his berth, and was so sound asleep, that it was found difficult to arouse him, when Mr. John Howard, a passenger from Burlington, smelt fire. This gentleman, proverbial wherever he was known, for an unceasing vigilance of character, fully fortified his title to that character on this occasion. It was, as was always said of him, "impossible to catch him napping."

He found the boat on fire, and found too, that the flames had already made such progress below, that it was out of the question to check them. All that remained to be done, was for those on board, to escape as best they could. He immediately rushed through the cabins and gave the alarm. The fire had originated in the kitchen.

After Mr. H. had aroused the sleeping inmates of the cabins, the Captain was awakened, but so sound had been his slumbers, that even after he was first awoke, and sometime after the passengers were on deck in their night clothes, ready to save themselves if possible, by leaving the vessel, he still remained in his state-room, half asleep. He soon, however, was on deck, and nobly did he bear himself. Nothing could exceed the coolness and judgment which he manifested on the occasion.

The most prompt and energetic measures were immediately adopted for the extinguishment of the flames; but every effort was unavailing. The engineer and firemen were very soon driven from their stations by the angry elements that had now got the mastery.

The cry was now, of course, for the pilot to put the boat ashore, and that officer promptly attempted it, but, he had only time to head her for the land before the tiller ropes burnt off, and he himself obliged to leave the wheel-house, and rush among the crew. His feelings had been wrought up to such a pitch, that when he reached the sufferers in another part of the vessel, his reason had departed, and he appeared among them, a raving maniac! So complete was the prostration of his mind, that the last time he was seen, he was proposing to the Captain, for all hands to go on shore upon two small pieces of wood which he held in his hands, and which he declared would be a sufficient raft for every body to go to shore upon.

The scene now may be imagined, but it is quite impossible to describe it. There remained not the slightest hope of saving the vessel, and of course no vestige of chance for personal safety, by remaining on board. The prospect of reaching the shore in the small boats was very faint indeed, for besides the difficulty of launching them amidst the confusion that had now become general and almost uncontrollable, the wind had increased to an actual gale. The passengers were in the utmost terror. The Phœnix was utterly unmanageable, and well-grounded apprehensions were felt, that the larger quantity of combustible matter near the boilers and about the machinery, would check the proper supply of water, and thus very soon add to the other horrors of the scene, an explosion that would blow them all to fragments.

The two quarter-boats were of sufficient capacity to take the whole crew and passengers on board; but, how were they to be got into the water? How were those on board the burning steamer to get into the small-boats even if they could be launched?

It was, however, determined to attempt it, and the smallest of the boats was launched and brought alongside. Great efforts were made to prevent a rush, but, a rush took place, and in a moment as it were, twenty-two souls were on board, including the ladies. Mr. D. D. Howard,* an officer of the Phœnix, was the last that leaped into the launch, his father, Mr. J. Howard, at that moment, throwing on board a bag that contained a large sum of money which he was conveying from a bank in Burlington to Montreal. This boat put off with its passengers, and it was to the firm and indomitable courage and presence of mind of Col. Henry Thomas and Mr. Howard, that those on board were indebted for their lives. The boat could never have landed but for the skill and intrepidity of those two gentlemen. There are those now living in this city, in Boston, and in other parts of the United States, who will never forget the gratitude due to their manly and untiring efforts on this trying occasion.

The first boat had no sooner left the Phœnix than the other and larger one was launched. Captain Sherman was on the burning deck, directing and advising the crew and passengers; but his admonitions to avoid a rush were fruitless, a rush *was* made. Fifteen got on board, and though the boat was large enough to take all that remained on board the fated steamer, those who had got into the boat were fearful of swamping, and the engineer, one of the number, became frightened and cutting the fastning, the boat was soon out of hearing of the sufferers in the burning steamer. She made immediately for the first and smaller boat, and soon came up with her, when Messrs. Howard and Thomas, learning the fact, that the last boat had left a number on board the wreck, then burning furiously and running through the waves like a race horse on land, and that the Captain and Mr. John Howard were among the number, they made the strongest appeals to their fellow sufferers to go back and endeavor to save those perishing in the flames. Captain Burnham who was in the smaller boat, readily agreed to take command of her and to join in the attempt; but those on board the other boat were alarmed and impatient, and both boats were put towards Providence, an uninhabitated island in about the middle of the lake, here nearly twenty miles wide.

After Messrs. Thomas and Howard had succeeded in landing their charge, they immediately endeavored to induce volunteers to launch the boat and go in search of the wreck, in the hope of saving alive those who might still cling to her or of rescuing such of the sufferers as may have taken to the water; but not a soul save one would consent to run the risk of accompanying those brave men. Much indeed, was to be urged against so perilous and to all human appearances, so helpless an undertaking, for the boat had nearly filled before landing, and was only prevented from beating to pieces on the rocks by the hardy efforts of Colonel Thomas, who jumped overboard and stood up to his waist in the water for that purpose.

However, Howard and Thomas were not the men to give up in an emergency like this. They were determined to save the survivers if there were any human possibility of doing so. In making her way towards the wreck the small boat met the large one, and directed her where to land, and an agreement made at the same time, for both boats to go to the rescue of those left behind, and to do so in different directions.

The result was a very happy one, for the boats succeeded in picking up ten of the unfortunates, who had left the burning boat on tables, benches, planks, etc. Among the number was Captain Sherman and Mr. Howard, the elder. Neither of whom left the wreck 'till they saw the last person off, each provided with the best means of preserving life that it was in their power to find for them. Mr. Howard and a Mr. Harris had been in the water more than two hours, with scarcely a prospect of ultimately saving themselves. The two boats, after

* This officer is well known to every traveller, and especially to every one who values his comfort in travelling, as the gentlemanly and senior proprietor of HOWARD'S HOTEL in this city. A house that has already grown into a popularity as unprecedented as it is well deserved. Few men combine so many qualifications for the head of such an establishment, as Mr. Howard.

an indefatigable search of more than five hours, were unable to find any more of the victims, gave over their exertions. Six, out of the fifty persons on board the Phœnix, were never found.

The situation of the sufferers after landing on the island, was one of intense distress, and a moment's imagination can do more in depicting it, than any pen can hope to accomplish. The night was cold and dark in the extreme, a severe gale of wind blowing over the lake and the land. A large portion of the passengers were females of all ages, and many of them nursed in the lap of luxury and refinement; unused to aught but the tenderest nurture and the most delicate and assidious attentions of friends. Here they were, matron and maiden, old age and infancy, in the same common calamity; thrown ashore upon a bleak and desolate island in a wide waste of waters, without food, and almost without clothing; for few of them had time in escaping from the flames to provide themselves with any other apparel than the night garments in which they had retired to rest.

Here, were they fated to pass that dreary night, half perishing with cold, and their condition rendered still more awful not only by a contemplation of the perils that they had just escaped from, but by the appalling suspense still hanging over their own destiny; for they had no definite idea of the spot they were thrown upon, or any certainty as to their own ultimate safety. Whether they would be able to survive the sufferings of their situations—whether those left struggling with the waves would ever return, or whether succour would reach them from any quarter, were questions that they shuddered to put to each other, and which no individual dared scarcely to put to himself.

There were upon this lonely island, those who would have graced and given interest to the loftiest assemblage of beautiful women that was ever made the theme of the poet; there were congregated some of the loveliest of the land, and there seemed likely to be severed some of the tenderest ties that bind humanity to life! There mourned the mother over the children separated from her by the very boat that had enabled her to save her own life; and here was to be seen the maiden who had escaped death in her own person only to find a worse one in that sore stroke that had swept from her all that was dear to her on earth, and left her dead in the widowhood of her heart's best affections. Who can paint the agony of such a scene? What description can pretend to reach the reality of so much complication of woe? How much worse than death is the state of that young and lovely creature, who forgetful of her own destiny is shivering on the shore in the vain hope of descrying amidst the mad waves that beat upon the island, some signs that the gallant youth she had parted with upon the wreck might, by some improbable possibility, be saved. Look at that fair form bending in speechless agony over the sustaining shoulders of a husband, as she intently gazed upon the wild waters, in the fondly cherished hope of seeing a brother float ashore upon some fragment of the wreck! Can human endurance be called upon to sustain a more intense state of human suffering? There was a wildness of horror, an actual concurrence of aggregated miseries thrown upon the scene, such as have very rarely clustered upon the destiny of the distressed.

The time, the place and the circumstances combined to give peculiar intensity to the sufferings of this horrid night. The heavens were overhung with a darkness dense as the atmosphere of a dungeon, the angry bellowings of the broad waters, were, of themselves, terrific enough to blanch the cheek of the boldest, and amidst this gloomy grandeur of the situation, there was one feature in the scene, which none but those who looked upon it can ever have but very faint conceptions of. The fated boat herself, left to her own control and her own guidance, flying like a comet broke from its path through the heavens, was scudding through the surges of the lake, at a speed little less rapid than the career of that comet. Her head was in an opposite direction from the island, and as she travelled over the troubled waters, seemed like the phantom ship which affrights the descendants of those who murdered the crew of the "Old Palatine," upon the shores of Block Island.

She was flying from the sufferers as though appalled at the calamity that she had herself occasioned, and anxious to escape from the presence of her victims!

Her spars and rigging formed one continued sheet of living flame, and the black hull, pierced with cabin-lights through her whole length, was spouting fire and smoke from each opening, and seemed to the spectator like a line of battle ship, pouring uninterrupted broadsides into an enemy. No human spectacle ever presented greater grandeur, or accompanied the exhibition by more heart-rending associations. Even the tremendous conflict which terminated in the prostration of the red cross to the superior prowess of those who did battle under the starry striped banner of the Republic—a conflict that took place but a few years before, on these very waters, fell very far short of the terrific picturesqueness of this scene. Here McDonough had beaten down the proud emblem of England's boasted invincibility, and here the thunders of Yankee cannon had silenced the superior (superior only in number and weight of metal, not in the spirit with which the guns were worked,) fire of the British Naval Artillery; but, as a *spectacle*, the achievement could not be compared with the present scene.

But, I have dwelt too long upon this theme, and must hasten to a close. The sufferers all survived the horrors of the night on the island, and at almost the middle of the next day, boats were seen coming to their rescue from Burlington. The people of that village, with a feeling for which they always have, and always will, I trust, be proverbial, sent every assistance to the sufferers, took them off the island to their own hospitable homes, and furnished every comfort that kindness could suggest or ample means provide. The recognitions which took place as the succourers reached the island, would afford material for volumes of romance, and which may yet be used in proving, how much reality may sometimes exceed fiction. There met the mother with the son she thought burned to death in the wreck, or drowned beneath the waves of the lake—there flew the father to

the arms of his child given up for lost—there embraced again the husband with the wife of his bosom—that husband who was believed to have sunk to rise no more—and here again were united on earth the lone and lovely one with him she deemed gone from her for ever!

* * * * * *

We drop the curtain for the present. C. F. D.

Original.

THE LOST TRAVELLER.

BY ISAAC M'LELLAN, JR.

In this dreary forest lost!
Thick around the snows are tost,
Whirling as the whistling breeze
Rushes through these bending trees,
Whose rough branches frown around
Like dark spectres o'er the ground.
Fast the fleecy billowy heap
Gathers round me bleak and deep,
Heaving like the rolling main
Lashed by storms o'er its wide plain,
Pouring o'er the fisher's prow
Like this tempest o'er me now,
Fast the sunset's parting glow
Fades along the wreathed snow,
Fast the night is gathering black,
And no sign of human track
Can I in these deserts meet,
To direct my toiling feet.

Every hill is white with snow,
Deep the vales are heaped below,
Hidden is the well-known lake
And the brook whose waters take
Their clear route along the glen,
Mute and waveless mocks my ken,
Not a feature may I trace
Of the landscape's rigid face.
Long and loud the piping blast
Howls as it careereth past,
Like the wild wolf's famished pack
Yelling on its quarry's track.
Would that some blest starry beam
On my 'wildered sight would gleam,
Or some cottage lamp illume
This wide-spreading dusky gloom,
Or some glittering belfry show
Its white spire above the snow,
That the pathway might be traced
O'er the undistinguished waste.

Onward! though my reeling form
Scarce can struggle with the storm,
Onward—though my failing breath
Chills at the approach of death;
Onward—though my freezing heart
Tells me life must soon depart;
Onward still while warmth remains
In these dull and sluggish veins,
While there's life there still is hope,
Though in thickest gloom I grope.

Vain, all vain! no living sound
Cheers these savage glooms around.
No dear church-bell loud and clear
Echoes to my dying ear,
And no sheep-bell from the farm
Soothes my spirit with a balm.
Comes no foot-step of a friend,
Warning whither now I tend;
Comes no voice of wife to pour
Comfort on this anguished hour;
And no prattle of my child
Cheereth me across the wild,
While a drowsy trance doth roll
Fearfully upon my soul!

Darker, darker, falls the night!
Fainter, fainter fails my sight;
Colder, colder rolls my blood,
Scarcely pouring its chilled flood;
Weaker, weaker grows each limb,
Dizzily my eye-balls swim,
Deeper, deeper pile the snows,
And more fierce the tempest blows,
And beneath the moonless sky
Soon must I drop down to die.
But methought I saw a ray
From some cottage window stray,
On my sense a voice did fall
Louder than the whirlwind's call.
Joy! it was the blessed flame
From my own bright hearth that came.
Joy! it is the deep-mouthed roar
Of my watch-dog at the door.
Joy! the sheltering roof I gain,
Safe from wintry snow and rain.

Trim the lamp and trim the fire,
Let it kindle higher, higher—
Pile the generous faggots high,
Let them thaw me or I die—
Shake the snow so icy cold
From my stiffened mantle's fold;
Quickly let the spreading board,
Bend beneath the genial hoard,
Let the foaming tankard swim
With rich liquor to its brim,
Add the brown loaf to the ale
Ere this famished body fail,
Then upon the welcome bed
Be the downy covering spread,
That these limbs in slumber prest
May restore themselves in rest.

I CANNOT call riches better than the baggage of virtue; the Roman word is better, *impedimenta;* for as the baggage is to an army, so is riches to virtue; it cannot be spared nor left behind, but it hindereth the march; yea, and the care of it sometimes loseth or disturbeth the victory; of great riches there is no real use, except it be in the distribution; the rest is but conceit.—*Bacon.*

Original.

THE WILL; OR, LAW'S LABOR LOST.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

"In love, the Heavens themselves do guide the state,
Money buys lands, but wives are sold by fate."
SHAKSPEARE.

"FRANK! Frank Erldon! what in the world is the matter with you? I have been standing at your elbow these five minutes, and you don't seem to have heard a word that I have been saying."

"I beg your pardon, sister, I did not see you."

"No, nor do you seem to see any thing else: look, your segar has burned a hole in the paper lying on your knee, and I suppose you would not have discovered it until the fire had penetrated to the flesh."

Frank laughed, and tossing away his mouldering segar, said, "I was absorbed in thought, Mary, and forgot every thing."

"Pray what were you, thinking about, brother? were you pondering on the case of some suffering patient, or recalling the charms of the last new face in Broadway?"

"Neither, sister; the last new face is perfectly indifferent to me, and as for patients—Heaven help the mark—if it were not for my hospital duties, I believe I should forget my profession."

"Why, you certainly have had time enough since you wrote yourself down M. D., to have some experience in the art of killing *secundem artem*."

"Ah, my good sister, you know little of the struggles which men are compelled to make against evil fortune. Talk of hardships! why, the lot of a common laborer is luxury, compared to that of a young physician."

"How do you prove that, pray?"

"Very easily. The laborer *is* poor, and *seems* poor, while his daily toil procures him food, clothes and fire, which are all he wants; but a young physician—an intellectual and educated man, with refined tastes and habits, compelled to look and act the gentleman, even in the midst of actual want, and denied the privilege of cultivating his best affections because poverty is ever at his heels, is the most luckless wretch beneath the sun."

"What a sombre-tinted picture you have made, brother."

"I have drawn my tints from facts, Mary. People will not employ a young and unmarried doctor; they think wisdom is never to be found unaccompanied by wrinkles. No fashionable belle ever dreaded the first grey hair as much as I have watched and hoped for it."

"For shame, Frank; just look in that glass, if your eyes can penetrate the dust that lies upon it, and tell me if you would like to see streaks of silver mingling with those fine masses of black hair upon your temples."

Frank glanced towards the mirror, not without a slight feeling of gratified vanity, for he could not but be sensible that few finer persons were ever reflected from its shining surface. "After all," said he, with a half sigh, "What is the use of good looks, or talent, or industry? here have I been hiving up knowledge for years, and gathering a store of kindly affections since my boyhood, yet my knowledge is useless, and my affections only prey upon my own heart. I cannot obtain a lucrative practice as a physician, because I am too young. I cannot marry because I have no practice, and by the time old age has given me a diploma to kill or cure *ad libitum*, I shall have no love to bestow upon any one."

"A most lamentable tale, truly, brother; there is only one way that I can perceive to enliven it; you must marry a rich wife."

"This from *you*, Mary! from *you*, who refused one of the richest men in the community, to marry the object of your early attachment."

"I did not say you must marry a woman whom you did not love, Frank, for the sake of her wealth; are there no loveable women to be found among the rich? The pretty widow, for instance, with whom you were walking yesterday," said Mary, with an arch smile.

"For Heaven's sake, sister, do not speak of her: I can bear with your merry jests, on any subject but that."

"My dear brother, I would not, for the world, sport with your serious feelings; but why, if you love her, are you so unhappy? She must be fastidious indeed, if she cannot feel a reciprocal esteem for a man like Frank Erldon."

"Sit down beside me, Mary, and I will tell you all I know about her; you shall sympathize with me, and perhaps advise me. About six months since, I had just laid aside my books, and was drawing on my gloves for my usual walk, when the office door opened, and a head, covered with shaggy red hair was thrust in:—

'Is the docther home?' was asked in a rich brogue.

"Yes, what do you want?"

"Och, shure—he's jist fell, and lies for dead."

"An accident, I suppose."

"That's it, shure enough."

I looked at my neat dress, my light gloves, and my best beaver, and hesitated a moment, for I have had some little experience in mending broken bones and cracked pates. But the man was waiting, so notwithstanding my forebodings of an ugly job, and no fee, I followed him. "Has the man hurt his head?" I asked, still thinking it was some laborer who had fallen from a neighboring building.

"Och, thin, his head is jist gone intirely," was the luminous reply.

"Then there is not much use in my going," said I.

"What 'ud be ailing me to tell your honor a lie; it's his sinses I mane; his head's jist where it belongs, and that's on his shoulders, shure."

With a hearty laugh at the droll look, as well as the droll speech of the honest Irishman, I followed him to the door of a large house in the next street; and, much to my surprize, was ushered into a well-furnished drawing-room, where I beheld an old man stretched on a sofa, in all the stupor of apoplexy. To tell you the truth, Mary, I was not sorry to find myself the first doctor upon the ground, and I immediately adopted the most prompt measures for the relief of the patient. Don't look so alarmed; I am not going to give you the details of his treatment; it is enough to say that the old man at length gave some signs of returning animation. He was carried to bed, and, as I foresaw that death

would probably ensue, though several days of unconsciousness might intervene, I thought it advisable to divide the responsibility, by proposing to send for the family physician.

"We have none," exclaimed a sharp-voiced elderly woman, whom I concluded to be the old man's wife. "Mr. Brambleton was always afraid of doctors, and he never had a family doctor."

"Did you never get sick?" I asked in some surprize.

"Oh, yes, but we always sent to the druggists for a dose of medicine, and with that, and some *yerb tea*, we doctored ourselves."

I turned away to hide a smile as I replied, that in this case more powerful remedies were required, and, mentioning the name of a distinguished physician, I begged that he might be called in consultation.

"I should think you risked the loss of your patient by the *doctor*, if not by the disease," said Mary laughing.

"No sister, I knew my man; Dr. ——'s character for probity and high-mindedness, is so well established, that one may consult him, without expecting to be superceded by him. I am sorry I cannot pay the same honest tribute of respect to all the fraternity. However, Dr. —— came, approved of all I had done, and kindly left me the whole management of the case, only affording me the benefit of his advice. To be sure, there was little to be done, except to watch the disease, and seize any favorable change that might occur. Mr. Brambleton recovered his consciousness so far as to recognize persons around him, and the first evidence he gave of it, was to order the old lady out of his room. He refused to receive any thing except from the hands of a young and beautiful creature whom I had supposed to be his daughter, but whom, to my great surprize, I now learned was his *wife*. He was old enough to be her grandfather, Mary and as testy and choleric as you can imagine.

"He seemed fast recovering, when one day something occurred, which excited his anger against the old woman, his wife's mother. He flew into a violent passion; his rage actually choked his utterance, and in the midst of this excitement, he was seized with another apoplectic fit. He died in twelve hours after. Thus ended my duties towards him, but Mrs. Brambleton, young, sensitive and timid, was shocked and terrified at his sudden death. She was nervous and hysterical for several days, and it required some skill to soothe the excessive agitation of her system."

"You found her a dangerous patient, brother."

"I did, indeed, Mary, but not at that time. I had no disposition to fall in love with the widow beside the coffin of her husband. But I fear I have since seen her too often for my own peace; I have called upon her, frequently, under the plea of professional duty, but she needs no such care, for her health is as good as my own, and I shall now be compelled, in spite of myself, to cease my visits."

"What is there to hinder your visiting her, if you admire her, Frank?"

"Her wealth, Mary, and my poverty; I cannot bear to have my motives misinterpreted, and my best feelings misunderstood."

"Are you sure she is rich?"

"There is no doubt of it. The will has been opened, at least, I judge so, from the fact that my bill was paid a few weeks after the old man's death—and he is said to have been worth two hundred thousand dollars."

"But perhaps she does not inherit it."

"Alas! Mary, if she is rich I dare not offer her my heart, lest she should think me interested in my views; if she is not wealthy I must never breathe my love, for how could I bear to reduce her to poverty such as mine?"

"Come, come, Frank, don't give yourself up to despondency; if you love her, try to discover the nature of her feelings, and if you find your affection returned, then marry her; let people say what they will. The gossip of that many-tongued monster, whom we call the world, is little to be regarded. It called me a *fool* for preferring *love in a cottage*, and perhaps it will deem you a *knave* for finding *love in a palace;* but what need we care if we are happy in our own way. Remember the pretty song—

'Tom, if you love me, pray tell me so.'

How is she to give you any evidence of her feelings, if you are resolute in repressing your own?"

"How I wish I was rich!"

"And she poor, I suppose; a very kind wish, truly; I dare say the pretty widow would not thank you for it. Take my advice, Frank, if she is gentle and kind and warm-hearted, win her if you can. If *she marries you*, it must be for *love*, as it certainly can't be for *money*; and now, good bye; I wanted you to walk with me, but it is now too late, so I will leave you to your *brown study*."

"Ah," sighed Frank, as her cheerful face disappeared from his view; "if I could but find as true-hearted a creature as that dear sister of mine, I should have little fear for my future happiness. But I dare not tell her all my cares; I could not tell her that even while I believe the lovely Julia Brambleton might be won, I am restrained from the pursuit by the remembrance of her past life. Why did she marry that cross old man? How can so young and gentle a creature be mercenary and selfish? Yet would she have wedded age and ill temper, if she had not been both? Heigho! she is very beautiful; I wish I had never seen her. But I must not sit moping here; my health requires regular exercise, and I suppose Mrs. Brambleton thinks the same of herself, for I always meet her at this hour in Broadway. Heigho!" and so saying, the young doctor brushed his best broadcloth coat, dusted his shining boots, pulled his snowy wristbands *down*, and his immaculate collar *up*, grasped his slender little cane, and sallied forth.

As he had expected, he met Mrs. Brambleton, shrouded in the 'weeds of deepest woe.' She invited him to attend her home, one of her servants being ill with a cold, and she wished his medical skill exerted in her behalf. Of course Frank was delighted. He prescribed for the girl—complimented the old mother on her good looks, (N. B., she had a face like that of a Chinese lion,

or a Nankin jar,) and made himself so agreeable to the widow, that dinner was served before he thought of taking leave. But he was wise enough to decline the fair dame's invitation to remain and take a family dinner with them, for he had espied a warning glance in the old lady's eye, and a gathering cloud upon her brow, which, knowing her economical habits, he had tact enough to interpret into a presage of a meagre bill of fare.

The sickness of the domestic brought Frank Erldon to Mrs. Brambleton's house every day, and, as the housemaid had no greater objection to idleness and good nursing, than the doctor to a *tête-a-tête* with his charming mistress, several weeks elapsed before she became convalescent. During all this time, Frank had availed himself of his opportunities, and had made himself so agreeable to the young widow, that she learned to anticipate his daily visit as a pleasant interruption to the monotony of her secluded life. It was no wonder, therefore, that he became deeply fascinated with her loveliness. Beautiful and gentle, she appeared before him in all the bloom of early womanhood, for the sunshine of three and twenty summers had brought to perfection the graces of her person, while it ripened the fine qualities of her character. There was a degree of timid reserve in her manner, which seemed less the effect of her natural disposition, than the result of parental and conjugal restraint, but, as this gradually wore off, her cheerfulness of temper added another charm to her loveliness. But still she was a riddle to her young lover. He could not reconcile her frankness, her simplicity, her high-toned delicacy of feeling, with the fact of her *marriage*. There could be but one motive for her union with the peevish old man, whom she had so recently buried, and Frank knew not how to explain so mercenary an act, without doubting the truth and nobleness of her character. He could not unravel the mystery of these incongruities, and he felt that the subject was one which he ought not to contemplate, for what benefit should he derive from being able to believe her the most exalted of her sex, since in loving her, he must subject himself to the same imputation under which *she* now labored? "No," sighed he to himself, "if she be the angel which she seems, there is only so much the greater necessity for me to fly her presence. I cannot bear the jeers of the world, nor will I go through life dependant upon a wife for the very bread I eat. I will summon resolution enough to cease my dangerous visits, and learn to think of her only as one whose gentle beauty shed a momentary gleam of sunshine over my lonely life."

Alas! for the frailty of human nature, and the weakness of a lover's vow! In less than three hours after having made this wise resolution, he was at the side of the pretty widow, pacing that part of our beautiful Battery which has obtained the significant title of '*Declaration Avenue!*' The time, place and circumstance, were such as have proved irresistible temptations to many a prudent youth. The moonbeams, which shed a flood of light over the less sheltered walks, here fell in broken gleams through the thick foliage, diffusing a sort of tender twilight which has always been found a fitting time for lovers to breathe their vows, and for ladies to hear them. There was a soft melancholy in the blue eyes of the fair widow, which might be the shadow of past grief, but which seemed much more like present tenderness. Her heavy black veil was thrown aside, and her white forehead, her delicately-tinted cheek, her rosy mouth, had never appeared more lovely than when seen in that soft light. Frank felt his heart beating wildly at the touch of the small hand which rested on his arm, and, with the desperation of a man who finds himself on the brink of a precipice, without the strength to turn his steps aside, he yielded his whole soul up to the fascinations of the moment. Those words, which—however after life may fail to fulfil their promise—are never forgotten:—the words of earnest tenderness—the outpourings of a heart filled with passionate love—were uttered in the ear of his beautiful companion, and were answered by a look—a sigh—a broken murmur—which disclosed a volume of reciprocal affection.

That first delicious trance of youth! Who does not remember the moment when the voice of a dear one first breathed into the heart the exquisite music of a lover's vow? Who can forget the hour when the words never to be recalled—the burning words which told that the happiness of another was placed in our keeping—first fell upon the charmed ear? Who does not look back to that 'green spot on memory's waste' with pleasant tears? Happy, thrice happy they, who, from the sweet shelter of domestic bliss, can look upon it, not as the *oasis* of a desert, but as the 'fountain of delight'—the pure source of life-long happiness!

> "They loved, they were beloved:—said I not all
> In saying this?"

Alas! no: life is not poetry, and something more than love is necessary to actual existence, since Anacreon Moore—a very Solomon in such matters—has declared that "not e'en Love can live on flowers." They parted at the widow's door, and while she retired to enjoy, in solitude, the excitement of a *first* affection, her lover returned to his home to reflect upon the irrevocable vow which he had uttered, and to ponder on his future prospects. His joy at finding himself beloved, did not blind him to the consciousness of his precipitancy, and, while *she*, with a true woman's feeling, thought only of the *love*, *prudential calculations* were allowed to mingle their base alloy with the pure gold of *his* affections. Not that our friend, the doctor, was selfish or mercenary; far from it; but he dreaded the opinion of society—he feared to be considered interested in his views, and he was tortured by the thought that the beautiful widow would be accused of having *bought him* at the price for which she had formerly *sold herself*. A sleepless night was the result of his agitated feelings, and the morning found him a prey to both headache and heartache.

He was sitting sad and solitary in his office—feeling and looking more like a criminal than a successful lover, when a packet from his ladye-love was placed in his hands. Without heeding the other papers, he opened her letter.

"Do not come to me to-day," she wrote. "I am too much disquieted to see you, and I would have you to fully understand my feelings and my position, before we meet again. I was scarcely six years of age when my mother, (whom the death of my father had reduced to poverty,) obtained the situation of housekeeper to the late Mr. Brambleton. He was rich and eccentric, and pleased with my childish caresses, he determined to educate me as an adopted daughter. Of course my mother was rejoiced, and no pains were spared to inspire me with a lively sense of gratitude towards my benefactor. Peevish as he was to others, he was always gentle to me, and, as a child soon learns to love those from whom it receives daily kindness, I repaid all his bounties with sincere affection. I suppose I was the only living creature who *did* love him, and he was not insensible to the unusual gratification, for he certainly lavished upon me all the indulgence of a parent. What my mother's views were, at that time, I cannot pretend to determine; she probably expected that he would make me his heir, and therefore sought to establish between us the relation of parent and child; but as I grew older, her ideas on the subject underwent a great change. Mr. Brambleton's distant relatives began to clamor against my mother's artifices, and they did not hesitate to avow their intention to dispute any will which might be made in my favor. This excited my mother's apprehensions, and a scandalous rumor which was invented by the same persons, determined her to alter her plans. They dared to say that I was the natural daughter of Mr. Brambleton, and thus my mother's fame suffered from the kindness which had been lavished upon her child by a solitary old man. I will not detail the arts which were practiced upon him and upon me. His implacable hatred to his relations, his old-fashioned ideas of propriety, his dread of leaving a stain upon his spotless character, influenced him to adopt my mother's suggestions, and to make me *his wife*, in order to prove to the world that I was not *his child*. As for me, I was scarcely sixteen—inexperienced and ignorant, loving my mother and Mr. Brambleton better than the whole world beside—judge, then, how easily I was persuaded to adopt any course, which would rescue from obloquy, their good name. The very idea of the slander was agony to my pure mind, and it was with a feeling of romantic heroism, at which I could now smile, were it a less serious matter, that I consented to give my hand to my aged benefactor. I stood at the altar with a sense of self-devotion and self-sacrifice, worthy of the days of the old Romans, and fancied that by thus consecrating my life to gratitude, I was acting a similar part to the *nun*, who condemns herself to a cloister from mistaken piety. Do not smile at my folly, dear Frank; I wa sa romantic, novel-reading girl, full of enthusiastic feeling—can you wonder that I suffered myself to be thus misled?

"As I grew older I learned my error, and I found, by sad experience, that the marriage which I considered an example of heroic disinterestedness, appeared to the world a grossly necessary act. The pain which I endured from this knowledge, first awakened me from the idle dreams of visionary youth, to a consciousness of womanly duties. But my life was now embittered by the quarrels between my mother and my husband. She had expected to assume a different station in his household, and to be treated as his mother-in-law, while he was determined she should never be any other than his hired housekeeper; this, of course, led to perpetual disputes, in which I was obliged to preserve a perfect neutrality. I had purchased, at a heavy cost, the knowledge of my mother's mercenary spirit, and it was natural that I should distrust her counsels for the future. Mr. Brambleton, always prudent and watchful for my good, advised me, even as an anxious parent, and, of course, I was disposed to obey his wishes in preference to all others. A wearisome life has been mine during the last six years. I longed for quiet even if it were to be found no where but in the hovel of poverty, and I learned to realize the full force of the wise man's saying—'Better is a dinner of herbs, where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith.' During the last year of Mr. Brambleton's life, he seemed to distrust even me, for the ill-judged importunities of my mother respecting his *will*, had led him to doubt the sincerity of my affection. When he was so suddenly cut off by death, I did not, *(as you know,)* pretend to weep for him as if he had been the object of my passionate love; but I wept for him as a kind and indulgent parent. It was not until his will was opened, that I discovered how deeply suspicion had taken root in his mind.

"Frank, dear friend, will it disappoint you to learn that you have wooed one who, by loving you, has forfeited all her wealth? Do I not judge you aright, when I feel assured that it is my affection you seek, and not my fortune? If not, then are you this moment free. If you sought only the heiress of Mr. Brambleton's estate, then do I release you from your vows, for, the moment that I promise to become your wife, I cease to have any claim to that estate. The provisions of the will are such that I enjoy the whole income *during my widowhood*, with the privilege of bequeathing the principal to whom I will, at my death—*if I die a widow*; but if *I marry*, an annuity of one thousand dollars is all I shall receive, while the bulk of the fortune is directed to be then bestowed upon the heirs of a certain lady to whom Mr. Brambleton was attached in his youth, and from whom he was separated on account of his poverty. It is a queer will, but not more so than the testator."

"The devil!" exclaimed Frank, as he read thus far, "then I am in a pretty scrape! How the deuce am I to live on a thousand a year with a wife accustomed to spend more than that at the fancy shops?"

"Now, dear Frank, ponder well on what I have told you, and give me a candid expression of your feelings. I can cheerfully bear with poverty for your sake, but I will not increase the hardships of your lot. If you really love me, as I believe—and shall I add—as I hope you do, our course is plain."

"Yes, the course is plain enough," muttered Frank to himself. "We must either separate, or starve in each other's company—or—stay, there is one other alternative. We can pledge our faith to each other, and then wait for better times. But would it not be base and selfish to make that lovely creature waste the best years of her life in 'hope deferred?' Can I as a man of honor, enter into an engagement which I cannot fulfil for long years to come? No, no, dearest Julia, I will deal frankly with you—I will open my whole heart to you, and if you are willing to bide the time and share the fortune of a poor physician, we may yet be happy. But what's this," exclaimed he, as he picked up a paper which had dropped at his feet. It was inscribed—"Copy of the last Will and testament of Solomon Brambleton."

"What the deuce do I want with that?" thought Frank; "however, I may as well look at it. What a long-winded affair it is."

"I, Solomon Brambleton, of the city and county of ——, being of sound mind, etc., etc.,"

"Fudge!"

"Do give, devise, and bequeath, etc.,"

"Ah! here is the pith and marrow of the business."

"But in case the said Julia Brambleton should *marry a second time*, thereby *forgetting her duty to the husband of her youth, and a proper respect to his memory* then I do hereby authorize my said executors to pay to the said Julia, only the sum of one thousand dollars annually, during the term of her natural life. In the event of the second marriage of my said wife, I do give, devise, and bequeath all my estate, real and personal, (reserving only the sum of fifteen thousand dollars to be held in trust for the payment of the aforementioned annuity,) to Catharine Belford, formerly of Tiverton, in the county of Devon, England; and to her heir or heirs, wheresoever they may be found."

"What! can it be possible!" exclaimed the astounded Frank; he read on:

"In case no such heirs be found within ten years after such marriage of my said wife, then I give all my estate to be divided equally among my heirs-at-law. I wish them fully to understand, that I still hate them most cordially for reasons which they will remember, and I only give them this remote interest in my estate, in order to ensure full obedience to my wishes herein expressed, since their covetousness is my security that they will keep a watchful eye over the future conduct of my first named legatee."

Frank started up, flung the will to the ceiling, and caught it as it fell—tossed the widow's letter into the fire—snatched it out again, and begrimed his face with coal-smoke as he pressed the rescued epistle to his lips. In short he acted like a mad man for the next five minutes. What did it all mean? Was he crazed with disappointment? We shall see.

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Just one year after the death of Solomon Brambleton, Esq., a bridal party was assembled in the richly-furnished drawing-room which had never before been thrown open to guests since it had admitted the old gentleman's funeral train. The bride looked very beautiful in her embroidered satin robe and Brussels veil; and those skilled in such mysteries, did not fail to notice

that a band of diamonds occupied the place of the maiden wreath of orange-blossoms. Quiet, calm, and self-possessed, she assumed no girlish airs of bashfulness, but appeared gentle, dignified and womanly. Frank had never appeared to more advantage than when, with a flush of joy on his cheek, and a triumphant smile playing around his handsome mouth, he led his beautiful Julia into the room, in the full view of the whole assemblage.

Among the guests were two elderly gentlemen, cotemporaries of the late Mr. Brambleton, and executors of his whimsical will. "What a pity," exclaimed one, a jolly-visaged, good-humored old man, "what a pity that the widow should lose all this fine fortune for the sake of a young fellow's good looks. I only hope she has not bought her humor at too high a rate."

"It's no pity at all," growled his vinegar-faced companion; "one husband is enough for a woman, and if she will be fool enough to take another, she deserves to be punished. I mean to advertise to-morrow for the heirs of this Catharine Belford, whoever she is."

"What is the use of being in such a hurry about it?" said the other.

"Oh, because it is a troublesome business, and the sooner we get it off our hands, the sooner we shall get our *commissions* for managing the estate."

"Shall I save you the trouble of advertising, gentlemen?" said a voice behind them. Both turned in surprize, and beheld the handsome face of Frank Erldon. "Excuse me for having accidentally overheard your conversation, but I am thus enabled to spare you some inconvenience," said Frank, with a smile; "the heirs whom you seek are at this moment before you. Allow me to introduce you to my sister, Mary, and to inform you that she and your humble servant are the only living representatives of our maternal grandmother, Catharine Belford. The proofs of my assertion shall be laid before you to-morrow, and when you are fully satisfied of our identity, I can assure you, gentlemen, that your *commissions* shall be promptly and cheerfully paid."

"I don't believe a word of it," growled the cross old fellow.

"Ha, ha, ha!" shouted the other. "If this is not a hoax, it is a capital trick for cheating the ghost of a suspicious old husband. Does Mrs. Brambleton—does your wife, I mean, know all this?"

"To be sure she does; she was willing to forfeit her wealth for the sake of her lover, and she is now quite content to share the fortunes of her *husband's heir*. Nor must she be censured for obeying the impulses of a susceptible heart. Where there are no recollections of *past tenderness* to link the living with the dead, even *golden fetters* are not strong enough to bind the affections."

Brooklyn, L. I.

A MAN would do well to carry a pencil in his pocket, and write down the thoughts of the moment. Those that come unsought for, are commonly the most valuable, and should be secured, because they seldom return.—*Lord Bacon.*

Original.

THE FLOWER AND FLY.—A FABLE.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

"Far, far from me," the sunflower cried,
"Tho' glorious beauty crown my brow,
Far, far from me be selfish pride:
Yet this can I, with truth, avow,—
That orb, whose smile, I seek for aye,
Has lent my leaves his richest ray,
And not a bloom in all the bower,
Can match my stately, starry flower."

The gorgeous plant looked smiling round—
"What's this?"—beneath her, on the ground,
A quiet caterpillar crept,
On silken feet, that silent stept.

"Hence, abject thing!" she cried in ire,
"Nor trail, upon my robe of fire,
Your slimy folds;—vile worm, away!
A queen am I—the queen of day!"

With tranquil mien—without reply,
The simple worm went slowly by:
But, as his rising rings he drew,
That silly sunflower little knew
To what a guest her careless pride,
A moment's shelter had denied.

She deemed not, in that homely thing,
A winged blossom folded lay,
Whose form resplendent soon should spring,
To meet and mock the morning ray.

She noticed, as the days flew by her,
Once—twice it changed its strange attire.
At last it wove a silken string
Which, fastened to a friendly spray,
Formed, for the little worm, a swing;
And there it hung, as if in play.
"A new caprice!" the sunflower cried—
"Another coat is thrown aside."
She sees the torpid chrysalis:
"A living tomb! what trick is this?
Well, well! it does not me concern;
But this I'll say—when people turn
Thus suddenly, from all their kind,
There must be *something* in the wind.
I'd give my brightest leaf to peep
Behind that curtain but a minute;
I wonder—does the creature sleep?
I wonder—did he really spin it?"

And soon the silken pall was riven,
And forth a radiant being flew,
On wings that wore the hue of Heaven,
With stars of silver gleaming through.
He soared beyond the sunflower's ken,
But soon came beaming back again,
And fluttered, like a joyous sprite,
From bud to bloom his plumes of light.

The sunflower turned, bewitched, amazed,
And, on the brilliant stranger gazed.
False to her glittering god, that day,
For once, she quite forgot his ray;
While soft she wooed, with many a sigh,
The rover bright—the butterfly,
And spread, in vain, her robe of gold;
For still he shunned its shining fold;
But gaily, while he waved his wing,
He sang—(they are not apt to sing,
I know; but this, as you're aware,
Was not an every day affair.)

"Lady-flower!" he warbled,
When, alone and low,
You beheld me creeping,
Weary, feeble, slow—

Scorn was in your accent,
Pride was on your brow,
Why in tones so tender,
Plead you to me now?

Woven of the sunshine,
Rich in your attire;
Dew-drop jewels glisten;
On your robe of fire.

But there is a treasure,
Which, with all your art,
Lady-flower, you have not—
Honey in your heart!

Gems of glowing glory,
Beautiful array,
More of these, I need not,
While my pinions play;

But the precious nectar
Of the blossom fair,
'Tis for this I wander
Through the summer air.

Plead no more! you hold not
Balm for thirst like this:
Lowlier flowers offer
Sweeter, purer bliss.

On yon violet nestling,
While my wings I fold,
To your day-star, lady,
Spread your robe of gold!

MORAL.

Read—for the sunflower—"pride of place,"
That, in the blaze of wealth and fashion,
Complacent basks and lifts a face
Untouched by pity, grief or passion;
And let the caterpillar be
A poet poor to Fancy's eye,
That scarcely knows his spirit free
Yet feels resolved "to do or die."

Aweary of this world's neglect,
He, from the world, awhile, retires,
Content, secure in self-respect,
While hope, the secret taste inspires.

At length, refined by toil severe,
He plumes, for fame, his spirit-wing,
And Wealth illumes his proud career,
And Fashion votes him—"just the thing!"

While she—the scornful lady bright,
Who, when he *needed* some protection,
Reviled his shape and lowly plight,
Now begs his notice—his affection!

A soul is his, too pure and high,
To worship gold; he scorns her passion,
And bids her to her idol fly,
Her sun—the god of Wealth and Fashion.

While he will seek some maid, whose charm
Lies in her heart—a treasure holy;
Whose love is like the violet's balm,
To win the great, and bless the lowly.

So goes the world. In *humble* guise,
Altho' your *soul* be winged with light,
The worldling still, your claim denies—
"Dig, sweep, beg, starve! You'll never *write!*"

But once let fickle fortune pet you—
"*That* man's a genius;—pray present me!
Sir, I'm most happy to have met you:
I've read, *twice o'er* the book you sent me!"

Original.

THE NEWLY-BORN.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

In answer to its mother's prayer, behold the newly-born!
Fair as a star that shines amid the swathing mists of morn;
Sweet as a lily wet with dew before its leaves unclose,
Or as a little bud that clings beside the parent-rose.

My heart was happy when I heard the tidings of its birth—
Such sinless creatures surely are the seraphs of our earth;
They love, and are beloved, as if but lent us for awhile,
To shed around this lowly world a Heaven—reflected smile.

How peaceful when in sleep it lies! how merry when awake!
Now tranquil as a silent swan upon a silent lake;
Now fluttering like the restless birds—the birds that cannot sing,
But chirp their broken melodies into the ear of Spring.

Fond mother—fold the darling one all closely to thy breast,
Although it would not, if it could, desert so sweet a nest:
Unconscious of its joy, it sinks upon a couch as fair
And pure as are the upper clouds in the serener air.

In pictures which the master-hand of genius robes in light,
Soft as the dawn that trembles on the fading skirts of night—
To me most dear are not the grand and noble, but the mild—
I never tire in looking on Madonna and the child.

Types of the chaste, the calm, the good, the holy and the true,
The very blessedness of Heaven seems painted to my view:
And thus, fond mother, in my thoughts and dreams ye seem to me—
Thou and the newly-born delight, that God has given to thee!

Original.

THE ENGLISH FAMILY; OR, WHO ARE THEY?

A SKETCH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'LAFITTE,' 'THE QUADROONE,' ETC.

PART I.

It was in the sultry month of August, 1830, that I took passage in the steamer Napoleon, at New-York, on an excursion to 'Schooley's Mountains,' *via.* New-Brunswick, which, as every body knows, is a pleasant city on the Raritan, forty miles from the Metropolis. The day had been intensely hot in the streets, and the pavement of Broadway burned the feet of the thin-slipper'd lady that dared venture forth. But we had hardly cleared the shipping and got into the stream before a refreshing breeze from the sea cooled the brow and gave promise of a delightful trip. As soon as we were in motion down the harbor, I went to the upper-deck. What a scene of life, novelty and natural and artificial beauty met my eye! The river and bay were whitened with craft moving in all directions, with here and there a steamer dashing across their tracks leaving a long wake of snowy foam upon the blue water and a longer train of dark brown smoke streaming horizontally upon the air. Sail boats and row-boats dashed hither and thither like water-fowl, while in the midst of the moving scene, stately and immoveable as a war-like castle, was anchored a majestic ship of the line, seemingly monarch of the whole.

From this lively water-scene my eye ranged over the varied outline of wooded hills, towers, and precipitous heights that encompassed it. On the north were the Palisadoes—the grand gate-way of the lovely Hudson, which was lost beneath its rocky portals in a hazy, undulating outline of a faint blue tint that might be either the summits of the Highlands or masses of stationary clouds that had fashioned themselves, as they are wont to do of a summer's day, into mock hills. Then coming down with the western shore, the eye rests on Fort Lee, with its romantic delineation of cliff and towering rock; upon the picturesque and ever sylvan Weehawken, celebrated by Halleck's muse; upon Hoboken, the paradise of citizens; and, nearer still, upon the level shore of Jersey, showing a low line of green for many miles to the south, not unpleasingly relieving the bolder features of the scene. Turning round to the east, the vast metropolis, with its girdle of thickly woven masts lay before the eye, like a picture, over which the painter had thrown a soft, azure tint, neither haze nor yet smoke, but a transparent medium between the two. The heat had, also, made the whole atmosphere tremulous and visible, so that the outline of towers, turrets, and majestic edifices of stone and marble, was fluttering and motable as if an etherial sea of some subtle fluid, with trembling waves and a constant, rippling motion, was flowing and dancing over it. Like an *aqua marine*, (for we *must* compare it to something besides an emerald, inasmuch as its *emerald* green hue had been lightened by the dust and drought of summer, until the foliage and wood were of a pale sea-green,) like an aqua marine, then, worn on the forehead of beauty, the brilliant 'Battery' crowned the brow of the 'Mistress of the Seas,' her greatest ornament and pride.

The Heights of Brooklyn with their green terraces, numerous temple-like edifices and extensive lines of majestic porticos, mingled, more seaward, with groups of oaks, half-exposing, half-concealing white villas, with stretches of bright lawn, opening between them and the beach, met my view, eastward; while to the south, between this receding shore and the stately Highlands of 'Staten Island,' was a glorious vista to the open sea. Many ships and brigs with their canvass spread from deck to truck, to catch the afternoon breeze that came in with the tide, were at that moment entering the magnificent basin forming the bay and harbor of New-York; others, closer in, were approaching their anchoring ground with rapidly lessening sail. As the eye, loosing these among the thickly-moving craft, travelled beyond them, down the far-stretching Narrows, it met others at greater or less distances, standing portward with crowding sails, while outward-bound vessels, with zig-zag course and slower motion, were diminished in a series of distances to the eye, 'till they became white, shining specks upon the horizon. Far, very far off, where ocean met heaven, I could discern, with a small pocket-telescope, a single solitary barque, standing steadily to the northward, from some southern port. As I saw her moving past the inviting haven that extended its bosom to receive the lonely wanderer, with a oneness of purpose and a steadiness in the pursuit of its object that nothing could divert, I thought how beautifully it illustrated the course of human duty and perseverance 'mid the temptations, allurements, and thousand and one inviting inlets of luxury and repose, that, like this pleasant harbor to this ocean voyager, offer themselves on every side to allure man from his duty. His way is trackless too; but he has within his breast an unerring guide, which, if obeyed, as surely as the compass on board yonder solitary barque shall guide her over the ocean waste to her destined port, will direct him, when the voyage of life is done, to that haven of rest, where the life-worn voyager shall anchor for ever.

Our steamer held her onward course through the midst of this panorama, with just enough speed for objects to retire and fade from the eye and be succeeded by others before it could be wearied. Thus a constant succession of novelty was presented, and the observer was continually challenged to new scenes and to fresh admiration. As we entered the narrow channel that separates Staten Island from the Jersey shore, the quarantine ground, with its fleet of masts and hospital, were visible over the point to the east of the island, while on its western slope, within rifle-shot of our boat, was New-Brighton, a terrace of snowy colonaded hotels and country-houses, elaborately decorated with the fanciful wooden ornaments of architecture, which, of late years, has so singularly characterized the 'out-of-town houses' of citizens, to the utter perversion of taste and subversion of common sense. What is more absurd than a *wooden* Grecian temple! Yet, preserve us! genius of Strickland and Haviland! there are more than one thousand on as many *treeless* hills of our city's

suburbs. Some of the villas I thought in tolerable taste, but all of them were too *showy;* yet they agreeably relieved the eye as we passed, which otherwise would have rested only on the inhospitable aspect of the northern shoulder of the Island; while the gay groups, promenading or lounging in avenue, portico and observatory, bore testimony to the consideration in which New-Brighton was held as a place of summer sojourn. As we continued our way through the winding channel, the 'Sailor's Snug Harbor,' a handsome edifice of white marble, facing the water, and now and then a gingerbread villa, and here and there a substantial farm-house were all that attracted the eye for many miles on the island shore; while on the west side, save where the spires of Newark and Elizabethtown, visible inland, over a league of marsh and a league more of woodland beyond it, were all that gave any interest to the traveller; and finding nothing immediately in the narrow frith through which we were moving at the rate of fourteen miles an hour, save at intervals an oyster-boat with a single occupant engaged in his laborious toil, or a country sloop, laden with hay half-way to the mast-head, I began to look for entertainment on board.

An awning had been stretched above the promenade-deck and most of the passengers had by this time exchanged the confined air below, for the fresh breezes of the sea, which I had hitherto enjoyed alone. The mass of fellow passengers consisted of farmers and dairy women returning from the city with empty baskets, tubs, and pails, which they had carried thither in the morning, from farms forty miles distant, laden with rich butter, cheese, milk, fruits, vegetables, and other market esculents. The remainder consisted of two or three New-Brunswick merchants, who had been to the city to lay in a week's supply of muslins or groceries; a professor of Rutger's College and two or three students of the theological school; an Episcopal clergyman, a Jersey lawyer, a Philadelphia physician, and a few New-Yorkers who had country houses on our route, and were returning to them after a day's sojourn in the city. There were also the usual number of wives, daughters, maiden-aunts and grandmas, among which were two very beautiful girls, accompanied by a spectacled papa, who left the boat at Perth Amboy. Having cast my eyes over the various groups about me, and exchanged courtesies with several with whom I was acquainted, (having been a frequent traveller on this route,) I was not a little gratified on discovering, at the farther extremity of the boat, a group of familiar faces. I was simultaneously recognized, and a smile and a nod from the lovely mother of the lovely girls that surrounded her, brought me to their side. The party consisted of Mrs. E——, a lady of wealth and finished manners, and with revolutionary blood in her veins, but with very strong prejudices against nobodies—of her two daughters, nineteeen and twenty-one years of age—of her fashionable nephew, Renssalear Morris, who had a bachelor's lodge some where on the Hudson, and had an eye to his elder cousin, Clara, as its future mistress. I soon learned they were on their way to Schooley's Mountains, and thence to the Virginia Springs, being sated with Saratoga.

"Ah! poor Saratoga!" sighed Mrs. E——, "It's exclusiveness has departed. Time was, when nobody thought of going there who was not of good birth and family, or at least rich. But now, since rail-roads level all social barriers as level as themselves, and new *castes* have taken the places of the old families that instituted the *ancien regime*, all is changed. Any person that can command a dollar can reach Saratoga, and shopmen now close their shops of a Saturday night, and are off to the Springs for a Sabbath day's recreation. Ah, me! poor, dear, delightful Saratoga!" Mrs. E—— sighed, and fanned herself with an Indian fan.

"What protection has the White Sulphur?" I asked, smiling at the animated words of the fashionable mother.

"Its distance from the Metropolis. It is full three days journey by stage from Washington City."

"Stages are got to be very aristocratic since the introduction of rail-roads," said Morris, with a slight smiling glance at his aunt.

"Very, Renssalear," said she, without observing her gay nephew's manner.

Renssalear Morris did not regard his aunt's reply, for his attention and eye-glass were at the moment drawn to a small party that at that moment made their appearance on deck, and quietly took seats opposite. There was to one accustomed to the plain travelling costume of English people, nothing in their appearance to indicate their station in society. Americans dress most in travelling, the English least—and the former, accustomed to form a judgment of strangers' station and circumstances from their *costume du voyage*, often err in applying the same rule to foreigners. There was nothing peculiar in this party to distinguish it, save a remarkable plainness, which to Renssalear's eye was plainly studied. The party consisted of a lady apparently thirty-eight years of age, with a remarkably pleasing expression, and an air of ease and self-possession that showed her to be a lady. But she wore a *very* coarse straw bonnet, without any ornament, and a long green veil. Her travelling dress was a loose morning robe of checked gingham, but nicely fitting a fine bust, the outline of which, a plain green shawl with a red border, did not hide. She wore stout laced boots of calf-skin, (what American lady can forgive this?) and gloves, intended rather for service than to show the shape of the symmetrical hand it covered.

Mrs. E—— scanned her outward appearance and set her down as *nobody*. Renssalear also run his glass over her dress, and then settling it an instant on her face and figure, put her down in his mind as a lady—for he had travelled in England and on the Continent, and seen worse looking "nobodies" turn out to be very distinguished somebodies!

Besides this lady, was another younger and very beautiful female, evidently her daughter from the striking resemblance between them. She was dressed in a green silk spencer, of the fashion of last season, and a black skirt, with a little chip hat tied over her ears with a narrow ribbon. It became her decidedly, and what with her sylph-like figure, (relieved by a scarf,) her bright complexion and heavenly blue eyes, Renssalear Morris

thought she was one of the prettiest girls he had ever seen. She was not more than eighteen. But she too wore laced boots and thick gloves, and her whole wardrobe, chip hat and all, was not worth twenty francs—so Mrs. E—— set her down with her mother, while Renssalear was puzzled what to do. In the elder, beneath the plainness of her outward appearance, he felt confident he discerned the evidence of high breeding. The other was too young to show any decided character, though the balance was most favorable to the side on which he had placed the former—yet, he confessed she might be nothing more than a very beautiful milliner's apprentice. Clara and her sister set them down at once as "stage-people," not of the "aristocratic" but of the dramatic stage.

"It may be Augusta," said Clara, eyeing her with interest, after this idea had entered her mind.

"Augusta has eyes dark as midnight, and hers are celestial blue," answered Morris.

"What right have you to know, coz, of the hue of Augusta's eyes or even of this young woman's," said Clara, with a look brightened by a smile.

"Because, sweet Clara," he replied, whispering low, "in your own are united the gazelle-like softness of the one and the rich hues of the other."

"I think the mother the handsomest," said Clara, evasively, as if wishing to appear indifferent to his impassioned language.

"She has more manner and style, but less intrinsic beauty."

"*Manner* and *ton*, Renssalear!" repeated Mrs. E——.

"Certainly, aunt."

"They are very common people, I assure you, Morris, see how they dress!"

"I will bet my Newfoundland against Clara's lap-dog they are ladies," he answered, with animation.

"Are you not ashamed, nephew! I trust they are not going to Schooley's Mountains. If they are, you will soon try to have them attached to our party. See, they have no gentleman with them. Yes, there's a plain man just speaking to them. He is a gentleman, if you will, Morris," said Mrs. E——, with a slight sarcastic tone.

"His presence proves what I asserted, that they are ladies. He is their footman."

"He is not, Morris"

"He is, I assure you. See what a magnificent dog has followed him to the deck, and is now rubbing his nose affectionately in the young lady's hand. Hear, she calls him Nero! A noble dog can love none less noble. She is not only a lady, but on my honor! high-born, aunt. Look at that hand which she has ungloved to toy with Nero's shaggy mane! How perfect!"

"Renssalear, have done!" said Clara, half in playfulness, half in pique, tapping his arm with her own snowy hand. "You will fall in love with her next. Besides we have drawn their attention. Let us promenade."

Renssalear took her hand within his arm, and save that he did not fail to peep beneath the chip hat at every turn in his walk, devoted himself as assidiously to his fair cousin as an accepted lover well need to do. Mrs. E—— and her younger daughter, Isabel, sat together; the former in reserved silence, wondering within herself what so many odd-looking people as she beheld around could be doing away from home—the latter, watching with interest the sportive scene between the young stranger and the Newfoundland, who acknowledged her notice by a glance of wonderful intelligence and devoted affection. Her attention, however, was soon drawn to a fourth individual who joined the group. His strikingly elegant appearance drew also the attention of her friends. This personage was a singularly handsome young man, about twenty-two years of age. His person was tall and finely shaped, and dark brown hair of the softest texture fell long over the cape of a linen hunting-frock, which he wore over a plain coat, as a protection from the wear and tear and dust of travel. His features were of a noble cast, and though his boots were square at the toes, instead of pointed, and his hat was a very cheap brown straw, and though he wore no straps to his pantaloons, Isabel felt sure that he was a gentleman, and therefore the others were genteel—while Renssalear, who with Clara, stopped to interchange opinions with his aunt on this addition to the strange party, conceived that he was not—and began to have misgivings of the *caste* of the rest. Mrs. E—— and Clara, in the meanwhile, were more confirmed by it that the ladies belonged to the stage, and that the young gentleman was a fifth-rate tragedian, and the dog, the noble Newfoundland, a partner in the profession. Renssalear, at length, after observing them very closely, declared it to be his belief, that they were very respectable.

"They are either play-actors, or belong to the best families of the English nobility," he said, and dropping his glass from his eyes, he turned on his heel to pursue his walk with Clara.

Isabel stole her eyes frequently towards the young man, and her heart began to feel an interest in him which decided her as to his title to the highest rank her own wishes could confer upon him. At all events, he turned, as people involuntary will do, after being the unconscious object of steady gaze, and met her glance ere she could shield it by her long lashes. Isabel E—— was a very delicate and interesting girl—a fragile American beauty, such as one often sees on the younger side of twenty-one at watering-places, and who are missed the next season, and for ever! She was consumptive—but not less lovely. The expanded rose upon her cheek, had closed together its transparent leaves, (like some eastern flowers when fading,) 'till a single red spot, like a bright bud, alone remained. She was very lovely. Her mother hung over her with the tenderest affection, and anticipated every wish. She was now taking her to the White Sulphur Springs, believing, against hope, that the far famed virtues of those salubrious waters, would heal the disease which had no healing. The form of the fair girl was not wasted; but the fleshly tabernacle of her spirit seemed refined and etherialized by the invisible presence of the sister of sleep—as Death has been so truly and so poetically called. There was nothing to produce compassion in her touching

appearance, but every thing to excite interest. The young man met her drooping eyes and hectic cheek, and his fine face assumed a most tender expression, while tears came at once into his eyes. He bent down over his dog, and burying his face for a moment in his silky coat, rose, and without glancing again towards her, left the deck. Isabel saw his emotion, and divined the cause. Her heart responded to his sympathy. He understood her danger and she felt happy that she had the sympathy of one who had awakened such interest in her. She knew she was slowly and sweetly dying, and the thought of *his* sympathy in her last hour, filled her soul with peaceful rapture. That Isabel knew that she was dying, has just been said. All victims of the consumption, know this, though the contrary is believed. Death comes to them as it does to the fatal sleeper in the snow, on whom sleep steals insensibly, and who, though conscious of its approach and its danger, welcome its gentle and insidiuous advances, with a smile and pleasant thoughts.

Shortly afterwards the boat touched at Perth Amboy, to land passengers, and then entering the mouth of the Raritan, proceeded up that serpentine stream to New-Brunswick. At the landing the English party took a hackney-coach. The young man, (who was, no doubt, the brother of the maiden in the chip hat,) was about to enter it after he had handed in the ladies, when a shriek, mingled with the shouts of men restraining horses, made him look round. A pair of frightened coach-horses in backing, had struck the edge of the boat-plank on which Clara was heedlessly crossing, in front of Renssalear, on whose arm leaned his aunt, the fair consumptive being on mine, and pushing it from its support on the wharf, Clara was instantly launched into the river, between the boat and wharf. Isabel uttered a piercing cry, and but for my restraining arm, would have sprung overboard after her sister. Mrs. E—— fainted on Renssalear's arm. The young stranger was instantly at the pier-head, and the next instant, the young lady rose to the surface, supported on one side by him and the other by the *Newfoundland dog*, who held her up by a firm hold upon the sleeve of her travelling habit.

PART II.

"Good morning, dear Clara," said Renssalear Morris, entering the breakfast-room of the Mansion House, at New-Brunswick, and approaching his cousin. "I hope you took no cold from your immersion last evening."

"No, Renssalear. But for the gallant stranger, I should have been cold in death, this morning," she said, with mingled reproof and feeling.

"You do not censure me, surely, cousin? he said, with surprize, taking her hand, which she neither gave him nor took away. "Your mother was fainting—"

"And *I* was drowning," and she drew her hand from his and looked displeased.

"Clara!"

"Have you found him, as I requested you to do, and thanked him?"

"He no sooner placed you in my arms than dripping as he was, he got into his carriage, dog and all, and drove off. They stopped at no hotel in the city, and must have gone on."

"You did not *desire* to find him, Renssalear. You heard my warm expressions of gratitude to him, and the terms in which I spoke of him, and you are ashamed to meet him in my presence!".

"Cousin Clara."

"Yes, it is *cousin* Clara, and, Renssalear, let it ever be cousin Clara!

"Are you angry, Clara?"

"No, I am not angry."

"Then why this language?"

"I have changed my mind."

"Or *lost* it! What in heaven's the matter with you?" answered the young man, getting angry in his turn.

"That a young gentleman who can stand by and see a young lady to whom he is betrothed, drowning, and leave her safety to the gallantry of another, deserves to loose her confidence."

"And the gallant to have it. Be it so. Love that is so lightly transferred, is valueless to Renssalear Morris."

"I have not transferred it to any one. But I wish to be hereafter considered only as a cousin to you, Renssalear. A wife I can never be. You may possibly find one under some chip hat."

"Marry come up! Does the shoe pinch there, too? I thought you were angry yesterday."

"Leave me, Renssalear."

"Be it so. I assure you I shall not break my heart, and piously thank my good stars that you showed this sweet fickleness beforë you became my wife. It were better for my honor I lost you before, than after marriage. I shall make it a point to tell your husband, when you get him, to be careful never to let you fall overboard."

With these words, Renssalear Morris quited his fair cousin. She was a high-spirited girl, and loving her cousin very much, she was very jealous of him. She particularly disliked his ardent admiration for the stranger, and it was from a slight passage of words with him that led her to go on shore without his assistence, by which means she fell into the water. She was piqued and angry, and only intended to vent her feelings upon him, and after a lover's quarrel, make up again. But the cool manner in which he met her, really provoked her and now ended in a down-right quarrel, which had little prospect of being made up again.

"Well, he's gone and treats it all coolly. He'll be back within an hour to ask my pardon—but then he ought to have rescued me! I wish I knew who the young stranger was. I am sure he is not a low or an unworthy person. But I wont think of him—Renssalear will soon return. I was too harsh with him and would be willing if I was not afraid of his ridicule after, to go half way to make up!" At this moment the door opened. Renssalear himself entered.

"Cousin Clara—this is foolish, will you make up?"

How instantaneously her resolution changed.

"No, sir!" she replied, pride and love struggling for mastery, and the former getting it—for she feared to concede too much and thereby now lost all.

"I will kneel to you!"

"I will not. Kneel to your English beauty!"

"I will!" answered Renssalear, sternly and decidedly, rising to his feet. "You love me, Clara, I know you do. Every look tells it! I *did* love you! It will be punishment for you to see me at another's feet, I well know, even were you at the same time, another's. I will avenge myself and punish you as you deserve. That English girl *shall be my wife*, if man can win her! Good bye, *cousin!*"

He left the room and she burst into tears. Ere his footstep ceased to sound without, she had crossed the room with a hasty step—her hand was on the door-knob, and her lips parted to recal him. Suddenly her whole manner changed, and dashing her tears from her cheeks, she returned to her seat, saying haughtily—"Let him go! My heart shall break first!"

PART III.

Three weeks after the scene related in the last part of our sketch, the groups of gossippers and quidnuncs lounging on the galleries of the White Sulphur Springs, had their attention drawn to the arrival of a travelling barouche, containing three ladies and a gentleman. As they alighted, the inquiries ran round among the observers—"Who are they?"—"Where are they from?"

It was Mrs. E——, her three daughters, and Renssalear Morris. They had sojourned a few days at Schooley's Mountains, and then travelled leisurely towards Virginia. In the meanwhile they had not seen the English party, nor even (though Renssalear had been diligently seeking them) had they heard of them. During the interval of their touring he was civil and very *cousin*-like in his attentions to Clara, and she was silent and reserved. He thought much of the little chip hat, and she of her handsome deliverer; and each, in imagination, began to love the object so constantly in their thoughts. What began out of prejudice and spite, seemed really likely to end in serious passion, provided either were again thrown into the presence of the strangers. Isabel, the delicate, and sweet invalid, also dwelt tenderly upon the compassionate look she had received from the young man, and sighed as she remembered him. All then hoped to meet the strangers at the Springs, (for they had rumor of a party answering their description, that passed along a few days before them.) Mrs. E——, however, felt assured they were not sufficiently *genteel* to be there, and she earnestly hoped that she should not fall in with them, lest the young man should presume upon the service he had done Clara, to attach himself to her party.

The same evening, Renssalear was walking in one of the romantic paths that environ the Springs, with Isabel on his arm and Clara and her mother a short ways before them. At the extremity of a lane into which they had just turned, a large Newfoundland dog suddenly bounded from a copse, and approaching Clara, crouched at her feet. It was Nero! Before they could utter the exclamations of surprize that rose to their lips, the English party were before them. Their *outré* travelling costume was exchanged for the richest and most fashionable apparel—the chip hat had given place for a no less becoming pink hat, while for the laced boots were subsituted French slippers, displaying in both mother and daughter, as pretty feet as one would wish to see. The young gentleman's appearance, was, even in the fastidious Mrs. E——'s eyes, most fashionable and *distingué*.

"We knew you were not far off when Nero bounded into the path," said Renssalear, walking towards the young man, and offering his hand. "I have sought you to thank you, as I now do, in the name of my fair cousin, for the preservation of her life. Pray let me introduce you, that she may more gratefully thank you in person."

"Lord Henry Eldon," said the stranger, bowing, "this is my mother, Lady Eldon, and my sister, Lady Kate Eldon."

A brief sentence will close our hasty sketch. In six months afterwards, Isabel became *Lady Isabel Eldon*, (for love had worked a miracle upon her,) and Lady Kate Eldon became Mrs. Renssalear Morris. Clara—poor Clara, bids fair to be an old maid. Mrs. E——, with praiseworthy resolution, has determined henceforward, never to judge strangers by their travelling costumes—particularly English people. J. H. I.

Original.

THE WATER-LILY.

BY RUFUS DAWES.

THERE is a universal faith with men,
That flowers which come the harbingers of Spring,
The pride of Summer, or the jewelry
That Autumn hangs upon her faded charms,
Are but an alphabet which angels use,
To bear a mystic language to our souls.
Imagination therefore has been tasked,
(Since that is hidden from our outward sense)
With arbitrary symbols to work out
Flora's vocabulary: This is wrong,
There *is* a language, but its voice was lost
With the most ancient people—now, believe me,
First since the golden age, revealed to man.

The water-lily with its roots in earth,
Breaks through its crystal bed, and leaning down
Bends on the wave. The spiritual angels
See in it, then "*Humility in Truth*,"
For water corresponds to natural truth.
The lily, as it were, looks down and sees
The heavens reflected from the bright, smooth water;
And the celestial angels then see "*Faith*"
By correspondence. The whole Floral world
Is eloquent with voices such as these,
And they are truly uttered. Should I live,
I will unfold this language, that the young,
The beautiful, the innocent may trace
Their sweet affections in the blooming flowers,
And learn the reason why their heart's delight
Is moved and cherished by them.

Original.

VISIT OF THE CITY COUSINS.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

The house of the widow Mehitable Haynes was in the most retired part of a retired country town; it being situated at the extremity of a winding road which communicated with the main road at the distance of half a mile, and which, at some indefinite period, was intended to be carried through various fields and pastures, so as to meet another road at about the same distance. Pages would be insufficient for a minute description of the thrifty orchards, the rich pastures, the luxuriant meadows, the fruitful fields, and the fine woodlands composing the widow's farm, all of which were properly appreciated by her and the family; or of the quiet and beautiful scenery which met the eye on every hand, and which it never entered their heads either to praise or admire, if we except Olive Mervyn, an orphan and a grand daughter of Mrs. Haynes, who was now sixteen. Simon Haynes, the widow's son, who performed a great part of the labor done on the farm, himself, although he knew very well how to distinguish a good yoke of oxen, a first rate cow, or a fine flock of sheep, thought nothing of the two fine old elms that gracefully nodded their heads in the morning breeze, as they looked down upon the farm-house, or of the beauty of the cascade that gleamed in the sun like silver, as it fell down the side of a craggy rock, much less did he think of regarding the flowers, snowy as his own flock after the spring ablution, which grew in clusters on the margin of the brook, fed by the falling waters, and which supplied a pure and never-failing draught to oxen, cows and sheep. But Olive Mervyn thought of all these, and at the risk of being called a romp by her maiden aunt, Miss Patty Haynes, would often steal away to the fields to gather wild-flowers, or to the woods, where, seated on the gnarled roots of a giant oak, whence her eye could catch the gleam of the waterfall, she would dream away hours, listening to its music as it blended with the rustling of the green leaves, which, to her imagination, formed an almost spiritual accompaniment to the wild and varied strains of the mocking-bird, and the occasional gushes of song, which, rising from almost every tree, formed a rich and full chorus.

The widow Haynes, although more than sixty, was still in the enjoyment of unbroken health, which enabled her to perform the domestic duties of the household, with the assistance rendered by Olive, with the same order and neatness for which she was remarkable in her youthful days. It would probably be different now, but in those days of simplicity, the homespun copperas color and white gown, and the apron with warp of white and woof of blue, which she wore during the performance of her domestic labors, were considered as suitable and becoming; while, for an afternoon dress, a gown of the same material, only more recently from the loom, and a linen apron of blue and white check, were looked upon as sufficiently genteel. Mrs. Haynes, in every respect a pattern of order and neatness, was frank and cordial in her manners; Miss Patty, the daughter, verging hard upon forty, was preciseness personified—the neighbors called her very set—and Olive, the grand daughter, a most lovely creature, had a graceful negligence about her, excessively annoying to her aunt. As for Simon, he knew how to manage the farm admirably, could write and cipher equal to the schoolmaster, and liked to appear as smart as his companions, when he attended meeting on the Sabbath. He quietly submitted to wear his wide cotton collars starched sufficiently stiff to suit the taste of his sister, although he had, on more than one occasion, been made sensible that they were rather dangerous neighbors to his ears; this, however, she told him, was because he did not hold his head high enough, and he subsequently realized the most happy results from bearing in mind what she said. Yet, had it not been for Betsey Redstreake's black eyes, which had, of late, proved highly fascinating to him, it is probable that by the time the minister arrived at the tenth or twelfth division of his sermon, his head would have involuntarily sunk down in the attitude in which he had often, in spite of the stiff collars, experienced a kind of dreamy solace. Simon submitted with less docility to the infliction of the roll of pomatum, than the wide, stiff collars. His dark hair clustering in short curls round his brow, was, he knew, in Betsey Redstreake's eye one of his chief attractions, and when he saw Patty approaching with the pomatum, which she used so liberally as to take out the curl, making his hair resemble the quills of the "fretful porcupine," he generally made his escape, turning a deaf ear to her calls for him to stop, as she followed him with extended arms, ready to commence operating upon the noxious curls, should he choose to obey her call. Her lessons on gentility, too, were as good as thrown away upon him, for which reason, she had, for some time past, abandoned them, much to Simon's satisfaction. One day, however, when he had been toiling in the field from sunrise to noon, and had obeyed the sound of the tin trumpet, which summoned him to dinner with unusual alacrity, he perceived, after they had all seated themselves at table, by the prim expression of Patty's features, and the even more than customary stiffness of her attitude, that the spirit of gentility was strong within her. Simon said nothing, but speedily commenced doing justice to the nicely-prepared repast, especially to some fine green peas. Miss Patty, in the mean time, with much solemnity, conveyed a single pea to her mouth at a time, and the other food in proportionate quantities.

"Simon," said she, at length, with considerable sharpness, finding that her example was unheeded, "what do you suppose our cousins from Boston would say, to see you eat so?"

"I am unable to tell," replied Simon.

"Well, I know what they would say—they would say that you are no gentleman."

"Likely enough they would, and I never think of trying to be one, only on a Sunday or so."

"The more shame for you. Now you know, Simon, that William and Harriet are over to uncle Jacob's, and are coming over this afternoon, and I do wish that you

and Olive, too, would behave as if you had some bringing up."

"I mean to, Patty, and the way I shall do it, will be to treat them cordially, and make them welcome to the best there is in the house, and I know marm will do the same."

"To be sure I shall," said Mrs. Haynes, "for I shall be right down glad to see them. I always set as much by brother Jo, their father, as any brother I had, and though he went through college, he was just as free and sociable as if he had been brought up to farming, and I have no doubt but William and Harriet will be so too."

"I don't know as to that," said Miss Patty. "I expect they will be struck dumb with astonishment, when they find what ungenteel folks they have got amongst."

"Poh," said her mother," they have been over to Jacob's these two days, and they are no more genteel than Simon and Olive, or I, either, and they will, of course, expect us to appear pretty much as they do."

"They do as well as they know how," replied Patty, "but we have had a chance to learn better. I remember, though none of the rest appear to, how Miss Stiles behaved when she was here, five years ago. I have made her my pattern ever since, for she had been to Boston and staid a week, which gave her a good opportunity to learn city manners. Simon, you have no ambition, or you would try as hard as I do to appear well, and then you might aspire to the hand of cousin Harriet Parkman."

"It will do well enough for me to aspire to Bets Redstreake's hand."

"Why, Simon, she knows no more about gentility than a wild Indian."

"May be so, but she knows how to make butter and cheese, and can cook as good a meal as I wish to sit down to—she is equal to marm for that."

"Come," said Mrs. Haynes, rising from the table, "you have talked enough about gentility this time, and we had better be up and stirring, for, Patty, you know if they should come before we get our calico gowns on, you would feel awful ashamed. We have every thing nice for tea, except some drop-cakes, and I omitted making them on purpose, so as to have them hot from the oven."

All were duly arrayed in their calico gowns, and Olive, who had, with some difficulty, by the interference of her grandmother, escaped the pomatum, for her hair, like Simon's, had a propensity to curl, had, according to her aunt's directions, put on her silver thimble, one of baser metal answering the purpose on ordinary occasions, and seated herself with a piece of muslin in her hand, when two chaises were seen approaching.

"You may know that they are genteel," said Miss Patty, "for they have got a bellows-top chaise."

"Some of brother Jacob's folks are in the other chaise, I suppose," said Mrs. Haynes. "Olly, your eyes are young and sharp; can you see whether it is brother and his wife, or some of the young folks?"

"I believe," replied Olive, "it is Abner and Sally."

In a few minutes, the forward chaise, a clumsy, square-top vehicle, that nodded like the image of a Chinese mandarin at every step taken by the horse, stopped before the door, showing the occupants to be the same as Olive had conjectured.

"Now if Abner hasn't got on his best wine-colored coat, and Sally, her plumb-colored silk, and her best morocco shoes," said Miss Patty. "I almost wish I had put on my red and green striped Italian, and you, Simon, had better by half run and pull off that thin jacket, and put on your best full-cloth coat."

"I should look pretty much like a fool, dressed up in a woollen coat, thick as a board, this warm day, and I shall do no such thing," replied Simon, as he hastened out to assist William and Abner to unharness the horses.

In the mean time Mrs. Haynes received Harriet and Sally with much cordiality, and Miss Patty with equal formality. Harriet Parkman, a very agreeable looking girl, was soon on the most sociable terms with her aunt, and Olive, and as far as she was able, with her cousin Patty. William, who was two years older than his sister, had a countenance full of vivacity and expression, and a high white forehead shaded with the dark, curling hair which distinguished Simon and Olive. He conversed very affably with Simon and Abner, about the oxen, cows and sheep, the prospects for and against a good crop, and informed them respecting the Boston prices for the various articles of country produce, inwardly admiring all the while, the beautiful eyes of Olive, her clear, snowy brow, and her cheeks, which were like the sunny side of a peach.

"What a perfect little Hebe that girl is," said he to Simon, as he went with him and Abner to look at the fields of corn and potatoes.

"He—bee," murmured Simon to himself, struggling between a smile and an outright laugh—but instantly checking himself, he replied, "yes, Olive is as you say, a perfect bee, for she is generally as busy as one from morning to night. The only idle time that I knew her to spend, is on some uncommon pleasant day, when she will stroll away into the fields and woods to gather a parcel of flowers not worth the snap of your finger, and to hear the birds sing, as she says. But upon the whole, she is a right down smart girl—can spin and weave, and knows how to make complete drop-cakes."

Before they returned to the house, Miss Patty had ascertained from Harriet that steeple-crowned bonnets and picked-toed shoes were no longer fashionable in Boston, and had time to exhibit a fan that had been her grandmother's, on which were represented beaux in powdered wigs, and belles with hoops and marvellously high-heeled shoes, together with various hat-pins, with green and blue and white heads, of glass and porcelain, that her mother had worn in the days of her youth. She moreover informed Harriet, that she had succeeded, with great difficulty, in keeping Olive from running about in the fields and woods,

after she had done assisting her grand mother, long enough to learn her lace-stitch, stair-stitch, cross-stitch and pocket-book stitch, and that she knew a dozen more that she intended to learn her as opportunity presented. Olive unconsciously drew a long sigh at this announcement, but expressed no repugnance to complying with her aunt's determination. Soon afterwards she left the room to assist her grand mother to prepare for tea. In less than an hour they all sat down to a table, which might have been spread by Lady Bountiful herself, but the dough-nuts, sweet-cake, and the various kinds of pastry, which the good housewives of the town thought indispensable on occasions like the present, if they would escape the imputation of meanness, were scarcely tasted by Harriet and William, while Mrs. Haynes began secretly to regret that she had not provided a still more liberal supply of drop-cakes. This was indeed an article which she and Olive had always better luck at making than any body else, probably because they did not spare the eggs and cream, more than on account of the secret skill which was conceded to them by universal consent. Miss Patty, who expected to see them sit and cheat their appetites as she did her own —a kind of penance in which she imagined consisted the very quintessence of gentility, was, as she had expected them to be on a different account, struck dumb with astonishment to see them eat with a relish, which had, undoubtedly, been partly acquired by exercise and the pure country air. Simon did not fail to find an opportunity, when unobserved by the others, to hint to William that the drop-cakes had been made by Olive. As William and Harriet were going to remain all night, immediately after Abner and Sally took leave, Miss Patty took her mother aside, and held a long and solemn consultation upon the propriety of their all appearing in their calico gowns in the morning, a point upon which she had fully made up her mind before her cousins came, but upon which, now, since they had, in her opinion, shown themselves so little genteel, she wavered, exceedingly, between needlessly impairing the gloss of the garments, and her still lingering desire to appear becomingly attired.

"Well, now, Patty, you may do as you have a mind to," said her mother, "but as we don't have company very often, and especially from such a distance, I shall put on my calico gown in the morning, and so shall Olly. I am as fond of saving as anybody, on proper occasions, but I have no idea of trying to save the gloss on my gown, and lose the gloss of civility by the means."

Patty, who had a secret leaning to this decision, acquiesced more readily than she was accustomed to, upon a subject that was debatable. On returning to the "best room," and finding it vacant, she looked out of the window and beheld William and Harriet, Simon and Olive, in an adjoining orchard. William was bending down an apple-tree limb to give his sister and Olive a peep at the eggs contained in a robin's nest, which was half screened by a canopy of blossoms and green leaves. Simon, in the meantime, was waiting at a little distance with some impatience, to point out to them the beauties of a favorite cow, quietly grazing in an adjacent pasture.

"I guess Bets Redstreake wouldn't stand looking so long at a parcel of robin's eggs," said Simon, half audibly, "when she could, by taking half the pains, have a chance of seeing a cow like White-face, that, in the height of feed, will run a ten quart milk-pail over."

By the time Simon had finished his soliloquy, they were ready to attend to his praises, not only of White-face, but of Rose and Bug-horn, and the great red heifer. When Harriet and Olive returned, Miss Patty bridled her indignation with some difficulty, being strongly tempted to call them both romps. She concluded within herself, that although Harriet had always lived in Boston, which she had, heretofore, considered was enough of itself to make a lady of anybody, she could never have associated with people as genteel as Miss Stiles did while there; nor did she doubt the justness of her conclusion, 'till in answer to some very minute inquiries, Harriet described the mansion where they resided, the furniture contained in some of the apartments, and mentioned several persons of distinction, who were in the habit of visiting them.

The next day, soon after dinner, William and his sister took leave, delighted with the frankness and cordiality of their aunt, amused with the formality and preciseness of Patty, and pleased with the habits of thrift, good sense, good nature and rusticity of Simon. With Olive they were charmed. "She is a queen of graces," said Harriet, "a—"

"A Hebe," said William, interrupting her, and he then related Simon's laughable mistake.

The Boston belles, however charming and attractive they might have been, never had the power of blotting the sweet image of Olive Mervyn from his mind, and she, when she stole to the woods and seated herself at the foot of her favorite tree, often forgot to listen to the music of the birds from thinking of William Parkman.

The ensuing winter, one day about sunset, a horse and sleigh drove up to the door, and a young man springing lightly from the vehicle, threw a blanket over his horse.

"That is William Parkman's horse, I know," said Simon, and Olive was as quicksighted as he, in perceiving that the driver of the high-spirited animal was William Parkman himself.

"I wonder who it can be?" said Miss Patty, for she had none of the power attributed to Love, of penetrating disguises, and William's thick overcoat and fur cap were, to her, a most effectual one. The entrance of William put an end to her conjectures, though why he should have made them another visit so soon, awakened her surprize. The conversation which passed between him and Olive during his short sojourn, was never precisely ascertained, but she was certainly known, afterwards, to refuse an offer from the squire's son, and one

from the minister's son, and one from the doctor himself, who was a bachelor of about five and forty.

About two years after this, Mrs. Haynes took Simon aside the Monday before Thanksgiving, and told him, that, as there would be a great deal more cooking to do than common, he had better take the horse and sleigh, and go and get Betsey Redstreake to assist a little. Simon, with a knowing nod, proceeded to obey his mother's request, and she and Olive soon had a most active ally. Long rows of Thanksgiving pies were soon seen in every place convenient for their reception, but these, except on account of their numbers, excited little admiration, compared with a large plum-cake, frosted according to a recipe sent by Harriet Parkman. Miss Patty, who had a genius for dress-making, while the other females were thus engaged, was busily employed in altering her best silk gown according to a recent fashion.

"Simon, do run to the door," said Mrs. Haynes, the evening before Thanksgiving. "I certainly heard a sleigh stop."

Olive blushed deeply, stole a look at the glass to see if her curls were becomingly arranged, and Betsey Redstreake's black eyes gave a knowing sparkle.

"Go right in, William," Simon was heard to say without, "and don't stop to help take care of the horse, for I know, by this time, you would like to have the sight of a good fire," and the next moment William Parkman and his sister Harriet were added to the smiling and happy group within. Thanksgiving-day, the clergyman, instead of returning home after the close of the customary religious services, proceeded to the residence of the widow Haynes, and performed the ceremony which united William Parkman and Olive Mervyn for life.

Miss Patty, who never heartily forgave Olive for refusing the minister's son, to show that she did not countenance the present proceedings, never, for a moment, during the performance of the marriage ceremony, withdrew her eyes from an old tree that extended its leafless branches towards the window; but the present of a dove-colored silk shawl from William, and a pair of gloves of a corresponding color from Harriet, operated as an emollient upon her mind, and when the young married pair and their sister were about to take leave, she united with her mother and brother in inviting them to make them an early visit. The invitation was accepted a few months afterwards, on the occasion of Simon's marriage with Betsey Redstreake, who proved to be a good wife, and an exemplary daughter-in-law.

Wolfsboro', N. H.

PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE.

He that enlarges his curiosity after the works of nature, demonstrably multiplies the inlets to happiness; therefore we should cherish ardor in the pursuit of useful knowledge, and remember that a blighted spring makes a barren year, and that the vernal flowers, however beautiful and gay, are only intended by nature as preparatives to autumnal fruits.—*Johnson.*

Original.

TO A RAINBOW SEEN FROM A TOWN.

BY MARY ANN BROWNE.

Welcome thou beauteous messenger
Of peace and promise too!
Amidst the city's busy stir,
What wonders canst thou do!
A gush of heaven, where sordid earth
Seemed only to have sway,
Of purer light a sudden birth,
Upon a common day!

Welcome! my heart was sore with care,
My soul with earth was soiled;
In crowded mart and thoroughfare,
Long have I sorely toiled.
Thou comest! blessings in thy smile,
All fleeting though it be—
Thou brightly com'st to reconcile
My weary lot to me.

What blessed memories dost thou bring
Of hopes and days gone by,
When all my life was flowery spring,
And rainbow-like my sky.
When in thy blended hues I saw
A vision of delight,
And nought but happy dreams could draw
From thee, the pure and bright!

How glad thou mad'st my childish heart,
Traced on the rainy sky,
How watched I then the clouds depart,
And knew the sunshine nigh.
How, over hill and heathery plain,
I chased thy colors fair,
And felt a vague delicious pain,
To see thee melt in air!

What images thou wakenest now
Of early scenes and days—
How gleam'st thou o'er the mountain's brow,
Fringing its crowning haze;
How dost thou bathe the wild green wood,
In liquid gem-like light;
How dost the river's stately flood
Give back thy radiance bright!

The spirits of a thousand flowers,
The soul of every gem,
Essence of birds from eastern bowers,
Say, art thou formed from them?
Or in such regal pomp outspread,
With hues so splendid given;
Art thou the bridge that angels tread,
Between the earth and Heaven?

Oh, blessed art thou; graceful bow,
Who canst such pictures bring—
Oh, blessed thou, who makest flow
Each wild imagining—
But blessed most, that thou art yet
To smile o'er earth allowed,
To teach us God's own hand hath set
"This bow within the cloud."

Liverpool, England, 1841.

Original.

JOACHIM MURAT; OR, THE MUTINEERS.

FROM THE FRENCH.

BY ROBERT HAMILTON.

At Florence, at the Griffoni Palace, after the piano had ceased playing the delightful strains of Bellini, the intimate friends of the Countess Lipona would form themselves into little coteries, and with tale and anecdote beguile the hours, 'till the dawn of morning. There was an inexpressible charm about these midnight parties; the saloon was exactly as it had been during the concert and ball, but the dancers and singers had departed. The music lay scattered around upon the desks, the lights were waning in their sockets, and the orchestra was vacated. At such a time these little groups assembled, and so fascinating were they that no one ever thought of retiring 'till the rays of the sun were often struggling through the casements. The Countess, herself, was ever present at these assemblies, and among the last to retire. "Three hours sleep," she would say, "is for me sufficient, it is a habit I learned from my brother, the Emperor, and an excellent one it is." The company, it is almost needless to say, were too happy to follow any example which came from Napoleon, and in going from the palace, it frequently happened that the sun was illumining the colonade and burnishing the dome of San Spirito.

Sometimes the Countess would relate some charming anecdote, with that half Italian manner, which she never totally abandoned. The illustrious heroine had assisted in many of them herself, and she was, therefore, never destitute of material when she condescended to contribute her share to the circle of amusement. One night when we had drawn ourselves closer than usual around the chair of the Countess, the noble lady announced to us, that she had a tale of some interest to impart, and it was evident, from the working of her countenance and the calm and solemn tone of her voice, that it was one of sorrowful recollection. She respectfully solicited our silence, which having been obtained, she spoke as follows:

"At the time that Italy was under the dominion of France, a seditious spirit was manifested in one of the regiments then quartered in Leghorn. It was not an affair of a common nature, but marked with the most frightful and daring acts. The Emperor, when apprised of it, was wroth in the extreme, and determined to make a most summary and severe example to the deterring of future offenders. The execution of it he committed to my beloved husband, Joachim, and the orders which he received from Napoleon, were peremptory and terrible—no council of war was to be summoned, but immediate execution to take place.

Joachim, having arrived at Leghorn, summoned the regiment to appear before him in the square of the garrison, and announced the orders he had received from the Emperor, with his own determination that he should see them fully executed. His angry speech, his imperious gestures, his menaces, and above all, the terror of his name, soon quelled the rebellious spirit of the troops. They threw themselves upon their knees and in the most humble accents, supplicated for mercy. Joachim was moved, for he was himself kind and generous, but his orders were decisive, and disguising his emotion, he cried in a voice of anger—"Of every tenth man I shall make an example!"

As it may be conceived, the consternation was awful. The regiment was ordered back as prisoners to their barracks, to await the decimation, each soldier regarding himself already as one of the doomed. Many were the deputations sent to solicit pardon. Officers and men swore to sacrifice themselves in the very first battle under the eyes of the Emperor, if Murat would spare them the death of degradation. For a long time he was inflexible, at least in his appearance—but at last his commiseration was excited, and he sought to find an excuse for evading the orders of the Emperor—but in vain. The crime was one of the most dangerous, and to forgive it, even if he had been inclined, would have been setting a most injurious precedent to the whole army. After a severe struggle between his feelings and duty, he decided that three of the greatest mutineers should atone with their lives for the offence of the regiment. Three victims were accordingly selected, and conducted to prison, with the order, that their execution should take place early the following morning.

In the middle of the night, the jailor, in whose discretion and confidence Joachim could confide, was directed to bring the three soldiers to his presence. When they approached him they were bathed in tears, thinking, nò doubt, that their hour was come. Murat regarded them with pity, while he said—

'It is fit that you prepare yourselves for death, and by your meeting that death in a heroic manner you will, in the world's eye, wipe away the stigma of treason which now rests upon your regiment. If you have aught you wish to leave to your wives, children, or parents, I promise it shall be faithfully conveyed to them.'

The poor fellows could not reply—their grief stifled their utterance, and they fell in each others arms and wept aloud.

'Alas!' continued Murat, 'how proud and happy would they have been had you fallen in battle before the enemy—but thus, to die the death of the felon.—Unhappy men, farewell. I shall send you a priest to administer to you the comforts of religion. Let your last prayer be for France and to your God for pardon. You have nothing further to do with life—Farewell!'

The soldiers fell at the feet of Joachim, not to sue for mercy, but to implore his forgiveness before dying. The heart of Joachim was touched, it was granted—and the prisoners were on the eve of being conducted back to prison—when he ordered them again to approach him.

'Hearken!' said he to them. 'If I grant you life, will you promise to be brave and virtuous men for the future?'

The soldiers regarded him with astonishment for a few moments, then their faces met each other—but not a symptom of thankfulness or joy seemed to irradiate them. At length one of them replied—

'No, General, we are ready and willing to die. We have deserved death, and we bow to the justice of our sentence.'

'How!' cried Murat, 'if *I* am willing that you should live, wherefore should *you* wish to die? I have never yet given the order to fire against the enemy, and certainly I am not willing to give it against you who were my brethren in arms, my countrymen, even although you be guilty!' And Joachim wept like a very woman, and what brave man would not have done the same?

A deep silence ensued, while not an eye of the company was dry at the mention of her heroic spouse by the widowed Countess. After a pause, she continued—

'Hearken to me,' said Joachim. 'You are guilty, and deserving death, but you are willing to die for your crime, and that in my eyes is punishment enough.—We have been fellow-soldiers on the field of battle. I have seen and know your bravery. I respect it, and by your living you may yet serve me much. But to effect this with safety to yourselves and me, it is necessary that you be thought dead by the world—and especially by your own regiment. Listen. To-morrow, as night closes in, you will be conducted to the gate of Pise close to the glacis. The platoon who will execute judgment upon you, will be placed at twenty paces from your person. Unknown to them they shall receive a charge of blank cartridge, and as they discharge their muskets, you will fall as if dead. At that moment, your regiment will pass on the heights to behold the supposed fulfilment of your sentence, which the darkness of the night will the more easily enable us to accomplish. A man to whom I have given instructions, will then place you in a cart and convey you to the cemetery, where you will receive disguises as sailors, and a thousand francs each. From thence you will be conducted to a hotel, where you will remain in safety for some days, until an American vessel now in port for New Orleans, is ready for departure. Once in another land, you will be at liberty, and the world before you to live in, and I trust as honest men. For your families, fear nothing, I shall take care that they are provided for. Farewell! Be prudent and docile, and Heaven will prosper you.' The poor fellows could not reply, but falling at the feet of Joachim, bathed them with their tears.

All came to pass as Joachim had contrived—the severe example was thus given to the rebellious regiment, and the Emperor was pleased, and thanked my husband that he had acted so prudently in only sacrificing *three* human beings in place of the whole regiment. This generous *ruse* was always concealed from the Emperor, and saving myself and a few faithful friends, to whom Murat had entrusted the secret, it was never made known. Circumstances now render concealment no longer necessary, but believe me, this is a truth and not a fiction that I have told you."

After this narration, the noble lady, overcome by her feelings, retired to her apartment. The recital had imparted to the guests a mingled feeling of melancholy and love—melancholy for the remembrance of the gallant soldier, and love for his generosity of soul. Neither of us could speak, but as it were, instinctively cast our eyes upon a magnificent portrait, by Gros, representing Murat as King of Naples, on horseback, on the brink of the Neopolitan gulf. The sky and water were tinged with the light of Vesuvius, which was in the distance, sending forth his volcanic fires. It was a happy thought of the artist—Murat and Vesuvius, face to face—two volcanoes!

Months had vanished, and still the recollection of this little history clung to my memory with a vividness that was almost painful, when happening to be at Rome, chance threw me in the way of a friend, who had at one period lived in terms of the closest intimacy with the imperial family. To him I related the anecdote, when he furnished me with its sequel, and but that I know it to be based upon truth, I should be inclied to regard it little better than the dénouement of a romance or a drama. It is as follows:

On the precincts of a forest in the neighborhood of New Orleans, in the Autumn of 1830, a young hunter, knocked at the door of a beautiful farm cottage, to request shelter from a violent storm then raging. The door was opened by an aged female, who politely requesting him to enter, conducted him into a little parlor simply yet neatly furnished. Around the walls were displayed engravings and lithographic prints, principally representing the most famous victories of Napoleon. The young man beheld them with delight and emotion, as he exclaimed in the language of France—

"It would appear that my good star has conducted me to the dwelling of a countryman."

"Indeed!" said the female, "I rejoice to hear it—a real Frenchman?"

"Yes, madame, and a good Frenchman too, and if I guess rightly, I have also a parent here—in this very parlor."

The old woman looked surprized, while she replied, "My son sir, is in the garden. I will call him, I am certain he will be very glad to see a countryman."

"Is your son also French?" inquired the stranger.

"Ye—ye—yes, sir." This answer was given with a little hesitation, but recovering her composure, she added with more confidence—"He is a Frenchman by birth, but for many years has resided in this country, where, under the blessing of God, he has no cause to repent it. This dwelling, and the land around it, are his own. I am his mother—our industry has won for us independence and comfort, and we are content and happy." At this moment the master of the farm entered the apartment. "My son," said the mother, "here is a gentleman who requests our hospitality 'till the storm ceases—he is your countryman, a son of beloved France!"

The master of the farm saluted the stranger with a military air, and stammered forth a few words of civility. The figure of the young man seemed to recall some strong remembrance, for he was so much moved that he could only gaze with the most intense scrutiny

upon him. At length, after a pause, with painful diffidence, he said—

"Sir, you may think my behavior strange and the question I am about to ask as rude and suspicious—but your figure is like to one of whom I bear a grateful remembrance, and your face, that—pray excuse me—may I know your name?"

"My friend," replied the hunter, "that is the only question to which I cannot reply. It would be easy to deceive you by giving a false name—but I prefer rather to conceal mine than utter an untruth. He whose name I bear was never known to utter a lie, and never shall it be tarnished in my being. I am sincere in my answer—perhaps uncourteous. If you will grant me your hospitality, I shall feel grateful—if not, I am ready to quit your roof—"

"No, no!" exclaimed the master, "were the whole world mine, something tells me that it would be my duty to give it you," and his breast heaved heavily and the tears started into his eyes.

"This is singular," said the hunter. "Though I have refused to favor you with my name, doubtless you have no cause to conceal yours?" The master of the farm replied not. "It appears that *you* are *also* unwilling to reveal your name," added the hunter.

"You are right, sir," replied the master. "That which I bear in this country is not my real name, and to reveal it to you could be of no importance. Suffice it that I am known here by that of Claude Gerard."

"At least, sir, be assured that my son has no cause to blush for his name," said the mother. "There are reasons that—"

"It is all one to me," said the stranger. "I tell my name to none but whom I consider worthy of my confidence—and, as at this moment I believe you to be so. Know that I am Achille Murat, son of the King of Naples!"

Claude and his mother, as if stricken by a thunderbolt, fell prostrate before him. While the Prince, (who was then a citizen of the United States,) beholding them weep, could not comprehend the cause of their grief and singular behavior. For a long time neither Claude nor his mother could speak, but pointed to a portrait of Murat hanging against the wall, richly framed and encircled with a wreath of bays.

"Behold your glorious father—my General, my friend, my benefactor," said Claude. "It is to him I owe all—this home, these fields, happiness, *life!*"

"Your life?" responded the Prince. "What mean you?"

"I mean," cried Claude, "that your royal father was my preserver. It chanced that I was doomed to die, and the noble Murat saved me."

"On the field of honor?" asked Achille.

"No! on the field of dishonor! Two comrades and myself were, for the crime of mutiny, condemned to death. It was a rightful sentence, and its execution was confided to your noble father—but his heart was touched with mercy, and at the sacrifice of his duty, he preserved our lives,—furnished us with gold and the means of escape to America. My two comrades have since died, but under the blessing of God, I still live and prosper. To your generous father I owe all. I have toiled and my labor has been rewarded with affluence. My mother, who now stands before you, and who believed me dead, shortly after my arrival in America received from me a letter, which called her to the home and bosom of her son. You now behold us happy—rich. But, if the son of my benefactor requires it, my wealth, my life, all are at his service."

"I believe it, my honest friends. The generous Joachim!" cried Achille, his eyes suffused with tears at the sight of the friends of his father's mercy.

"He was ever generous!" said Claude, "no one ever appealed in vain to his mercy."

"True, true, but *he* appealed in vain to the mercy of others!" said Achille. "Father! thy son will yet revenge your death!" And he knelt in reverence before the picture of his parent.

"Amen!" ejaculated Claude and his mother, as they bent beside the son of their benefactor, and breathed in silence their prayer of gratitude to the God of Heaven!

Original.

THE CONQUEROR.

BY EPES SARGENT.

It was a battle field;
The work of death was done,
And, like a crimson shield,
Down sank the rayless sun.
The trumpet's blare, the shout,
The dread artillery's roar,
The carnage and the rout
Shook the red plain no more.

Surrounded by the dead,
Wherever strayed his eyes,
His gory steed his bed,
Young Harold strove to rise.
Vain was the effort—vain!
The death-wound in his side,
The ebbing blood—the pain,
Life's rallying power defied.

"And must I, then," he said,
"With all my dreams of fame,
Of hosts to conquest led,
Perish without a name!
Oh, for my mother's voice!
My home, my native sky!
And her, my fond heart's choice,
For whom in death I sigh!"

He ceased. A page, whose hair
Stream'd loosely on the breeze,
Sank wounded by him there;
It is herself he sees!
Death! thou can'st not appal!
Ambition! quit the field!
Love is the Conqueror—all
To woman's love must yield!

Original.

ZEKE DYER, AND ONE OF HIS YARNS.

A SHORT, BUT VERITABLE HISTORY.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

Ezekiel Dyer, or, as he was always familiarly called, Old Zeke, was a genuine sailor of the old school, delighting in long yarns, big quids of tobacco, and a glass of grog; not that Zeke was ever known to be "the worse for liquor;" no, no, he was a staunch advocate for temperance, in his own way, namely—that every man should take "jeest as much, and no more, than he can well bare; for you see," he would say, giving his duck, pantaloons an expressive hitch, and rolling his huge quid to a lodgement between his gums and cheek, that it might be no impediment to his tongue, "you see, some kind o' craft is built shoal, and carries little or nothing in the shape of cargo or ballast, while another 'll be deeper made, and carries a nation sight more: now, 'twould be redickilous to put as much cargo into the shoal concarn, as into the deeper—jeest so it is with a man's head: you'll see one that's clear'n upshot by one glass, and another that 'll keep stiff and above board with well nigh on to a quart." Here he gave his mug a complacent sip, and a wink to the by-standers, as much as to say, "you can make the application to suit yourselves."

I remember Old Zeke, when I was a child, as always being seated on a rude bench near to the "Ferry House," in a little village that bore the euphonious name of Perpooduck. Always in passing back and forth, I as much expected to see Old Zeke on the bench under the sign-post, as to see the sign. It would have been no less strange if Zeke had failed to regard us school children with a most comical cast of the mouth, intended for a smile, in which the under lip did service in the shape of a dam to hold back the supply of tobacco, and a most peculiar twinkle of his small red eye, intended as approval. I know I am describing a somewhat unattractive sort of personage, and yet Old Zeke was a universal favorite. Apparently the idlest man, in an idle and decoying village, he was, in fact, the busiest man there. Never were such long yarns as Old Zeke told! Lucky for him, that his lot fell where the people had little to do but listen. Then, not a mischievous boy in the full tide of successful experiment in his mad pranks, but would drop his head and desist, did the eye of Old Zeke fall upon him. The disobedient were subdued, and reformed, by the admonitions of the old man. A group of boys were always collected about him to listen to his stories; but, did a neighboring door open, and the shrill, prolonged scream of a matron, summon one of them home, Zeke would stop his narration, fix his eye upon the boy, and wait 'till he moved to go; often adding—"That's right, Bill," or Jack, as the case might be, "always mind your mother; a mother's curse, or a mother's sigh, is heavy lading, and always sure to carry down the ship;" then, perhaps, he would leave the tale unfinished to relate one more to the point.

Perpooduck stands directly opposite the flourishing little city of P., with its white houses, and many churches, its bustling quays and quiet streets, its hospitality and exclusiveness, its handsome women and talented men, and many more things, as the advertisements say, too numerous to mention. Well, Perpooduck, that is, eight or ten houses, the Ferry House, a fish-house, a decayed wharf, one shop, and a meeting-house, most forlornly perched upon the top of a bleak wasted hill, about a mile from the worshippers, and a a school house, which almost indecorously turns its back upon the opposite city, as if in contempt of its churches, school-houses, and indeed every thing appertaining thereto. Well, to start again, all this at one time was the great place, "the town;" it was first settled, the shipping was built there, sailed from there, and the fashionables lived there. But all this was years and years ago, for even the people of Perpooduck, unpromising as they might seem to be to make such an immense discovery, actually did perceive, after the rising and falling of the tide twice in every twenty-four hours, for about seventy years, that the water upon the opposite side was really more bold, and better adapted to the purposes of commerce, than that upon which they lived, where the flats, for something like a half a mile, are full of "honey-pots" and little breathing-holes for clams. Well, no sooner were these great discoveries made, than the fate of Perpooduck was sealed. From being "the town," she became only a miserable appendage to her more flourishing neighbor. Every thing went to decay. People looked askance at those who crossed the ferry, to know if they really were "Pooduckers," for thus was the term corrupted, or whether they were attached to the Fort, a military station at the entrance of the harbor. It was a sad time for the Pooducker's, for thus we may as well designate them.

This was the state of affairs at the time of our history, for history it is. Old Zeke had belonged to the place in its palmier days, when he had been mate to "as neat a ship as ever carried sail;" but times were changed, and Zeke changed with them. The shipping declined; one after another decaying from age, or perishing at sea, and Zeke, who never thought of sailing in a ship belonging to the obnoxious side of the harbor, was finally thrown out of employment, and became a village idler; tolerated by the matrons, a crony with the men, and the favorite of all the little lovers of sea-stories, and eaters of ginger-bread and candy.

Often might the old man be seen about the old fish-house, helping to turn the fish upon the flakes where they dried in the sun, or standing about the neglected ship-yard, where he had seen many a good ship upon the stocks, in days gone by. At such times, his rugged and good-natured face assumed a comical expression of sentiment as he looked round where the grass was springing amid chips of timber, and the rust lay heavily upon corroding bolts and chains. The sight was sure to lead him into a numeration of all the vessels he had there seen launched, their names, owners, and whole history, down to the final catastrophe of storm and

wreck. Happy the child who caught him in these moods, for Old Zeke would be sure to relate tales of peril and "hair-breadth escapes," well worth the hearing.

At one time there was an impulse given to business even in Pooduck, and a brig was actually reared upon the stocks. Great was the excitement every where in the village, but greatest of all, in the person of Old Zeke. It would seem as if the fire of his youth were renewed. He blew the smoke from his pipe with a brisker air, jerked his pantaloons twice as often, and even set his old tarpawling jauntingly upon his head. He would sit for hours upon a stick of timber, listening to the click-a-click of the workmen, as if the sound were the best of music, and so in fact it was to the old man, reviving the days of youth, and relieving the monotony of age.

It was a great day when the "Brig Lydia" was launched—great was the throng of people, and great the exultation of the Pooducker's. Old Zeke shook his head when she stuck in her course to the sea; but when she reached it, his hurrah, thrice repeated, was loud and long. Then came the rigging. Zeke was as much on the alert, as if the property had been his own, splicing ropes, uncoiling cables, and always joining the workmen in every song, whether in tune or out, for it would be a severe day when a sailor could'nt make his own tune. Well, the brig was rigged and went to sea, and Old Zeke again renewed his rounds, from the ferry-house to the fish-house, and thence to the ship-yard, where he would stand looking off upon the water with a sad and half vacant look. Then was the time for a story, and though Old Zeke would call us all sorts of land-lubber names when we gathered about him, yet there was always a twinkle of the eye, that showed it pleased him.

I must tell one of Old Zeke's last stories, because it was the one that made the deepest impression upon my mind; first premising, that Zeke was a firm believer in omens and presentiments, in mermaids and ghosts. As to that, so were most of his hearers, very few indeed of us having become so unfortunately wise as to lose the zest of a wild story by any unreasonable doubts as to its verity. So, then, we were all able to listen with staring eyes, "goose flesh," and hair crawling upon our heads.

OLD ZEKE'S YARN.

I was mate in the trim ship Morgianna, Richard Lee, commander. The Morgianna, was as nice a craft as ever dipped the water, but a doomed ship from the very first. She was owned by old ——, as big a rascal as ever escaped the halter. He cheated the workmen out of nigh about half their wages by his parlavering blarney, and that too, after keeping them on half allowance of grog. No good would come of it, and so in truth she stuck when going off the stocks, which was saying as plain as dumb thing could say, that she had'nt a long cruise to run. I was right loth to go in her, any way, but Richard Lee was to be Captain, and no sailor could refuse to sail under him. He was as true as steel, nobody ever knew him to flinch, let the case be what it might; and then, he carried an eye, that took the soul out of the toughest seaman, that ever opened a pair of clam-shells.

"Do sailors always have to open clams?" said Tommy D., who was on a visit from the country. We all laughed, and Zeke chucked him under the chin, and said—"Yes, when he opens his lips. But, as I was saying, Cap'n Lee had a terrible eye, full and black as a squall; but then he had a true sailor heart, did'nt climb into the ship through the cabin winders, but come regully up from the forecastle.

Well, we'd been cruising about the West Ingy Islands, exchanging freight and-so-forth, and on our return vyge, somewhere in latitude—"Oh, never mind the latitude, nor longitude neither," cried a dozen little shrill, sharp, eager voices, all in one breath. Well, well, we was somewhere in the Gulf-Stream. It was my watch on deck, and a pale young man, that went out for his health, because he writ poetry, and sot up nights makin faces at the moon, came and stuck himself down astern of me. I didn't like it jeest right, for I was thinkin of Sukey Bacon, and a nice gal she was. Howsomever, I tried to look civil, and said nothing. He had sat there about a half an hour, when I, tipping an eye all around the horizon, to keep a look-out for squalls, that are always keepin the deuce to pay in them seas, I see a brisk light off to the nor-east.

"What's the kick up off there," says I, sposin it to be some craft a-fire. With that the young man run down, and up comes Cap'n Lee, his great eyes lookin as if they was'nt never made to shut, no how."

"What have we here?" says he, seizing the speakin-trumpet and puttin it to his mouth, as if he feared nobody; for the thing was bearing down upon us, before a light wind, and we could see her spars, and sails, and her light rigging in the midst of the flame. Soon as she came in speakin distance, Cap'n Lee hailed her.

"Ship-a-hoy, Mr. Beelzebub; where are you from, where bound, and what's your cargo?"

My hair stood right on eend, and the strange sail came down upon us, and almost touched our stern. 'Twas an awful sight. I must say she'd a ben a nice model for a ship, barrin the pattern was made by old Nick himself; but every thing was so trim and easy, and she lay down to the water so handsome, that I was sure he must some time or other have been a sailor himself, to do the thing so handsomely. To be sure, where her hull touched the water, there was a terrible sizzlin. Well, down she came along side, and, sure enough, we could see Old Nick himself standing to the helm, like any Cap'n; and there, chained fast, with a red-hot chain, stood old ——, the owner of the Morgianna. He gin us a terrible look as he went by, and lifted up both hands in a way that was piteous to behold. But I really believe his mouth was sewed up, or he would have spoke.

Cap'n Lee laid his hand, solem-like, upon my shoulder. "Zeke," says he, "I believe Satan has got his due," and he took out the log-book, and sat down the circumstance, and the latitude and longitude, day of the month,

week, and hour of the night. Well, we had a rough time of it after this, squalls and gales; was blown off two or three times. After a time, we got in, and the first news we hearn was, that old —— was dead. Cap'n Lee looked at me, and I looked at him. We found out jeest the time the old sinner died, and sure enough, 'twas jeest the same hour and minnit that we saw him off there, aboard that blazin craft, smokin with brimstone.

So much for the story of Old Zeke. The old man got up and walked away, for the recital had wrought powerfully upon his own imagination, and we children stood huddled together with pale faces; and little Tommy D., had grasped my arm so tightly, as to leave black and blue spots for a long time afterwards. The rest of the stories connected with the Morgianna, must be deferred to another time.

Original.

VOICES OF HOME.

BY MRS. M. ST. LEON LOUD.

Voices of home! ye are on the breeze,
Ye are sighing soft through the budding trees;
Spring has come with a gentle reign,
And ye are sounding o'er hill and plain.
From a far green valley, ye come, ye come!
Speak to the wanderer, voices of home!
Tell me of those I shall see no more,
Of all I loved in the days of yore.
List! from the bank where the violet lies,
Where the honey-bee for his treasure flies—
A voice of home!
"The bowers thou hast twined are green and fair,
Thickly the blossoms are clustering there,
Wilt thou not come?
Sweet is the air with the breath of Spring,
Birds are abroad on a glancing wing;
Each wild strain from their joyous throats,
Like a bursting chorus of welcome notes,
Recalls thee home!"

Voices of home! would ye bear me back
To the scenes of my childhood's sunny track?
Would ye win me away from my chosen lot,
To pleasures the gay world knoweth not?
Tell me, oh! tell me, of that loved hearth,
Where cluster the joys and hopes of earth.
Speak of the home I shall see no more,
And of all I loved in the days of yore.
Hark! from the stream as it murmurs by,
In the sunlight making glad melody—
A voice of old!
"Green is the bank where thy young feet strayed,
Cool is the air in the willow shade,
And waves of gold
Are flashing bright in the noontide ray,
And music sounds where the fountains play;
Come! for the flowers and young birds are there,
The clear stream flows and thy home is fair,
As in days of old."

Voices of home! do ye mock my prayer?
Do the feet of my kindred still linger there?
And she whose love like a holy star,
Hath shone on my path in the world afar—
Are the eyes still bright that upon me smiled,
And prayeth she still for her absent child?
Brothers and sisters! oh! where are they,
Have they pass'd like me from that home away?
Again! as the wind the green leaves stirr'd,
The wail of a mournful voice was heard—
A household tone!
"I swept alone through the empty halls,
And waved the grass on the mouldering walls,
And the dark hearth-stone:
I moved the billow to mighty wrath,
As a tall ship sped on its ocean path;
And scattered the leaves from a pale white rose,
As I passed o'er the graves where the dead repose,
Alone! alone!

Voices of home! ye are gone! ye are gone!
Ye pass'd away in that last sad tone;
Call me no more for the home is dark,
Where I turn'd like a dove to its shelt'ring ark;
The flowers I nursed may in splendor vie,
With the rainbow hues of the Summer sky—
The joyful burst of the wild bird's song,
And the music of waters that glide along—
Though all that is glorious, all that is fair,
In the face of nature still dwelleth there,
It is home no more!
For the golden links of affection's chain,
By death's dark angel are broke in twain,
And the dream is o'er;
Voices of home! farewell, farewell!
Pass on in the midst of the loved to dwell;
A sweeter voice to my lonely heart,
Speaks of a home where kindred part,
No more, no more.

Original.

MAN.

FROM THE POLISH OF KROPINSKI.

BY W. G. HOWARD.

They reared him a monument gorgeous, sublime,
Which seemed to defy the convulsions of time;
And man thought that the terrible might of his hand,
The invasions of change and decay could withstand;
Then inflated with pride, he breathed the vain cry,
Oh! how noble, how *mighty*, how CHAINLESS am I!

At this moment, the clouds gathered darkly on high,
And the red lightnings gleamed from the depths of the sky;
The live thunder uttered its deep startling sound,
The proud monument tottered and fell to the ground:
Then terror's black pinions o'ershadowed the man,
(While the blood through his system more speedily ran;)
And extorted the bitter, the penitent cry,—
Oh! how little, how *little*, how LITTLE am I!

Original.

THE ROSE OF PLORA.

BY JAMES HOGG, THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

Oh, why has the rose o' Plora gane,
Frae her father's ha' at this eerie hour?
Slowly and sadly, and a' alane,
To gaze on the Tweed from the Fairy's bower,
The stainless dew, like diamond beads,
Is gemming her locks o' gowden sheen;
And the bonnie blue bell o' the emerant meads,
Is like the hue o' her twa bricht e'en.
And aye she looks on the swa'ing breast,
O' the chrystal Tweed as it rushes by;
And glints up to the starry west,
Like a babe that seeks its mother's eye.

And sweet as the summer wind that sips
The honey frae the clover rose;
Is the breath that comes frae her cherry lips,
Through pearls as pure as mountain snows,

A tinkling far on the air is heard,
Like a thousand bells o' silver sound;
And every flower on the mossy sward,
Is bowing and waving its head around,
While a rainbow spans the arch o' nicht,
In the mellow hues o' the soft moonlight,
Striped wi' bars o' changing dies,
Like morn and eve commingling skies.

Oh, weel kens young Phemie her lover is near,
When sic sweet strains salute her ear;
A lover that bears nae stain o' earth,
That never yet sprang frae mortal birth,
But was got in the realms o' the sun and sea,
Of the far far hame o' the fay countrie.
Now the owlet has left the auld grey oak;
An' the raven his neuk in the mossy rock,
And the lintie has left his whinny bush,
To sing wi' the lark and freckled thrush;
And the gled wi' the dove is wheeling aboon
The river's breast in the beams o' the moon,
And the bee wi his horn o' drowsy sound,
Is calling ilk fay to the greenwood's ground;
To meet their king in the Fairy bower,
Where he comes to greet his earthly flower.

The spray on the river's breast is belling
Like molten drops o' silver sheen;
And the strains o' a thousand harps are swelling,
From the viewless depths o' a land unseen.
Like wreaths of snow in the moonlight beaming,
The waves are parting on every side;
As a youth arrayed in glory's gleaming,
Forth on a milkwhite steed doth ride.

On his brow is placed a coral crown,
And a robe of leme around him glows;
And his skin is white as the thistle's down,
And his cheek is red as the rowan rose.
And the licht o' luve is in his e'e,
And the sound o' luve is on his tongue;
As fondly he clasps in fervency,
The rose o' Plora sweet and young.

Oh! bright and beauteous glowed each gem,
In heaven's cerulean diadem;
While the sickle moon it waxed amain,
'Till the night looked like the day again,
And the owl and the bat shrunk back dismayed,
To the hoary oak and the gloomy shade,
And the lark carcered on his dappled wing,
And high in the heaven's arch did sing,
Deeming it day, as the sprite and bride
Sank for aye in the chrystal tide.

Note.—The authenticity of the above poem, our readers may rely upon. "In the summer of 1830," says our correspondent, "along with the late John Mackay Wilson, author of 'Tales of the Border,' I had the pleasure of enjoying the society of the Ettrick Shepherd at his residence of Altrive Lake, for nearly two days. In the course of our conversation, I expressed a desire that he would favor me with a small testimony of my personal acquaintance with him, and hinting that it would be most agreeable in the form of a few poetical lines. To this he seemed averse, alleging as an excuse, '*that it was not at a' times that his muse would jingle.*' A young lady who was present, perceiving my disappointment, as a kind of palliative, told me that I was welcome to a copy of an *original poem* which the shepherd had contributed to her album. As a curiosity, I transcribed it, and which the poet kindly authenticated with his autograph."

Original.

THE PORTRAIT OF TWO SISTERS.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

Sweet sisters—blest the art that keeps
The form of grace, the brow of snow,
From Time's dark wing, that coldly sweeps
To blight those beauties while they glow;

But that which gives each charm its power,
The heart sincere—the thought refin'd—
The love that soothes affliction's hour—
The calm and holy light of mind—

These ask no limner's magic skill,
Nor shrink at adverse fortune's moan;
Through fading years they flourish still—
Sweet sisters, guard them as your own.

The above lines were suggested on seeing the portrait of two beautiful sisters, the daughters of Robert Walsh, Esq. of Philadelphia, at the studio of Mr. Healy, in Paris.

Paris, Dec. 1, 1840.

Original.

THE MOTHER'S OFFERING.

BY MISS A. D. WOODBRIDGE.

I.

Hannah, to Shiloh, brought her child,
The beautiful, the pure;
The weary way he had beguil'd
With many an artless lure,
Yet now she nerv'd herself to part—
Ah! *woman's strength is in her heart.*

II.

Once and again she fondly press'd
Her own, her cherish'd one;
With tearful eye, the babe she bless'd,
And then she felt 'twas done!
He was the Lord's! an off'ring fair,
The mother joy'd to leave him there.

Original.

LOVE'S SEASONS.

BY THE REV. J. H. CLINCH.

Love hath its seasons like the year,
As well defined as they;—
Its *Spring* is when, 'mid hope and fear,
The heart first owns its potent sway;
And from the ice of apathy,
Freed by the genial beam,
Feels its warm fancies bright and free,
Form into Love's young glowing dream.

Betrothal is Love's *summer tide*,
When all is green and gay,
When not a cloud of doubt may hide
The splendor or the warmth of day;
Then Love's strong sun is high in Heaven,
Intensely clear and bright,
And in his glance new grace is given
To Hope's rich flow'rets bathed in light.

Love's *Autumn* comes with holy prayer,
And mystic marriage ring,
When hopes fulfilled may richly bear
The fruits unknown to early spring;
And still while youth or health remain,
Love's harvest hour will last,
Filled with calm joy or pleasing pain,
And gratitude for blessings past.

Love's *Winter* comes, then snowy hairs
Their crown of glory form,
And at home's shrine the heart prepares
A refuge from life's outer storm;
And Love's pure atmosphere is bright
Albeit its heat be less,
And old affection in its light,
Is happy in past happiness.

Original.

TO THE EARTH.

BY F. S. JEWETT.

Great handiwork of the Eternal God!
Where dost thou swing—or where is thine abode?
Away through realms unknown, 'mong sister spheres,
On trackless void thy tireless being veers;
Yet as thou trav'lest o'er the fields of space,
Marked is thy course, and measured is thy race.
Borne swift and far, and plumed with wealth and fame,
One source was thine—thine is a single aim;
And on rough rocks, low peering from thy breast,
Thy age is notch'd—thy Maker's might expressed.

The same in ages past—the same to-day—
No thrall can gird thee, and no change can sway;
Save when in one great hour thou shalt expire,
And worlds shall shrivel o'er thy funeral pyre.
Smiling and frowning with the season's change,
One garb is thine through thy revolving range;
The dust now wrought to strength, is wrought in vain;
It falls to-morrow, and is dust again.
No change—no change, save that in man we see—
Thrones rise and totter—'tis the same to thee.

Vast as thou seem'st, and mighty as thou art,
Of great Creation thou art but a part—
A *little* part; yet, when we view thy seas,
Lifted by storms, or trembling in the breeze.
Or rest the eye where cloud-girt mountains frown,
Or, from their peaks, on bustling realms look down,
We shrink within as silently we feel
We there have view'd Creation's broadest seal:
But though with conscious weakness shrinks the soul,
That soul shall live and feel when seasons cease to roll.

Hartford, Con.

Original.

STANZAS.

How soon they are faded,
Those bright-tinted flowers!
Though with fondest care shaded,
In Beauty's gay bowers.

Like the hopes we oft cherish,
In youth's sunny day,
They spring up—to perish,
They bloom—to decay.

The wild-bird sings sweetly,
While borne through the sky,
Its Music, how fleetly
'Tis whisper'd—to die.

So the joys which rise gladly,
To nourish the heart,
Like echoes—fall sadly—
Like echoes—depart.

C. B.

Original.

HAIR.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

Hair is an eloquent emblem. It is the mother's pride to dress her child's rich locks; the lover's joy to gaze on the hair-locket of his mistress; the mourner's despair to see the ringlet stir as if in mockery of death, by the marble cheek of the departed. How the hue of hair is hallowed to the fancy! From the "glossy raven" to the "silver sable," from the "brown in the shadow, and gold in the sun," to blonde and silken thread, there is a vocabulary of hues appealing to each memory.

The beautiful economy of nature is signally displayed in the human hair. The most simple expedient in the animal frame, the meanest adjunct, as it were, to the figure, yet how effective!

> "Hyacinthine locks
> Round from his parted forelock manly hung
> Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad:
> She, as a veil, down to the slender waist,
> Her unadorned tresses wore,
> Disheveled, but in wanton ringlets wav'd,
> As the vine curls her tendrils, which implies
> Subjection, but required with gentle sway,
> And by her yielded, by him best received,
> Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,
> And sweet, reluctant, amorous delay.

In this passage, the blind bard of Paradise has interpreted the natural language of woman's hair before the artifices of fashion had curtailed its natural grace. Whoever has attentively perused one of the pictures of the old masters, where a female figure is therein represented, must have perceived, perhaps unconsciously, that the long, flexible ringlets conveyed an impression to the mind of dependence. The short, tight curls of a gladiatorial statue, on the contrary, give the idea of self-command and unyielding will. There is a poetical charm in the unshorn tresses of a beautiful woman, which Milton has not exaggerated. I have seldom received a more sad conviction of the bitterness of poverty, than was conveyed by the story of a lovely girl in one of the continental towns, who was obliged to sell her hair for bread. She was of humble parentage, but nature had adorned her head with the rarest perfection. Her luxuriant and glowing ringlets, constituted the pride of her heart. She rejoiced in this distinction as the redeeming point of her destiny. Often would a blush of pleasure suffuse her cheek as she caught a stranger's eye regarding them admiringly, when at her lowly toil. The homeliness of her gait, the poverty of her condition, were relieved by this native adornment. It is wonderful to what slight tokens the self-respect of poor mortals will cling, and how the very maintenance of virtue often depends upon some frail association. A strain of music, glimpses of a remembered countenance, a dream, a word, will often annihilate a vile intention, or unseal the fountain of the heart. A palm-tree in England drew tears from an Eastern wanderer, and the native wisdom of Jeanie Deans led her to make her first visit to the Duke of Argyle, arrayed in a plaid, knowing his honor's heart "would warm to the tartan." And thus to the simple-hearted maiden her rich and flowing hair was a crown of glory—the only circumstance that elevated her in her own estimation. And when the iron necessity of want came upon her, and she was a homeless orphan—when every thing had been parted with, and all appeals to compassion had failed, the spirit of the poor creature yielded to hunger, and she sold her hair. Before this sacrifice, she had resisted, with the heroism of innocence, the temptation to purchase food at the expense of honor. But when the wants of nature were appeased, and she went forth shorn of her cherished ornament, the consciousness of her loss induced despair, and she resigned herself hopelessly to a career of infamy.

Abundant hair is said to be indicative of strength, and fine hair, of susceptibility. In the hair are written the stern lessons of life. It falls away from the head of sickness, and the brows of the thoughtful. The bright lot of childhood is traced in its golden threads, the free buoyancy of youth is waked by its wild luxuriance; the throe of anguish, the touch of age, entwine it with a silver tissue; and intensity of spirit will there anticipate the snows of time. The hair of Columbus was white at thirty; and before that period, Shelley's dark waving curls were dashed with snow. In the account of the execution of the unfortunate Mary, the last touch of pathos is given to the scene when it is stated that as the executioner held up the severed head, it was perceived that the auburn locks were thickly strewed with grey.

Associations of sentiment attach strongly to the hair. Around it is wreathed the laurel garland of fame. Amid it tremble the flowers of a bridal. The Andalusian women always wear roses in their glossy black hair. The barbarous practice of scalping doubtless originated in a savage idea of desecrating the temple of the soul, as well as of gathering trophies of victory. The head is shaven by the monks in token of humility, and the stationary civilization of the Chinese is indicated by no custom more strikingly than that of wearing only a single forelock, the very acme of the unpicturesque. There were few more characteristic indications of a highly artificial state of society than the absurd style of dressing the head once so fashionable. Even at the present day, no part of female costume betrays individual taste more clearly than the style in which the hair is worn. To tear the hair is a true expression of despair, and the patriarchal ceremony of scattering ashes on the head, was the deepest sign of sorrow. How much the desolate grandeur of the scene on the heath, in Lear, is augmented by his "white flakes" that "challenge pity," and what a picture we have of Bassanio's love, when he says—

> "Her sunny locks
> Hang on her temples like a golden fleece,
> Which makes her seat at Belmont, Colchos strand,
> And many Jasons come in quest of her."

The women at the siege of Messina, wrought their hair into bow-strings for the archers, and on a similar occasion in the Spanish wars, the females of a small garrison bound their hair under the chin, to appear like

beard, and arranging themselves on the ramparts, induced the enemy to surrender.

Sampson's hair was singularly associated with his misfortunes, and the abundant locks of Absalom wrought the downfall of his pride. It is often a net to entrap the affections. The hair speaks the heart. Laura's flying tresses haunted Petrarch's fancy:

> "Qual Ninfa in fonti, in selve, mai qual Dea
> Chiome d' oro si fino a l'aura sciolse?"

It is the surviving memorial of our physical existence:

> "There seems a love in hair, though it be dead—
> It is the gentlest, yet the strongest thread
> Of our frail plant—a blossom from the tree,
> Surviving the proud trunk; as if it said,
> Patience and gentleness is power. In me
> Behold affectionate eternity."

D'Israeli paints Contarini Fleming, the creature of passion, after his wife's death, as clipping off her long tresses, twining them about his neck, and springing from a precipice. Miss Porter makes Helen Mar embroider into the banner of Wallace, the ensanguined hair of his murdered Marion. Goldsmith's coffin was opened to obtain some of his hair for a fair admirer, and there is a striking anecdote of a man who was prevented from declaring love to his friend's betrothed, by recognizing on the hand he had clasped, a ring, containing the hair of his rival. With what a pathetic expressiveness does the "Cenci" conclude:

Beatrice. "Give yourself no unnecessary pain,
My dear Lord Cardinal. Here, mother, tie
My girdle for me, and bind up this hair
In any simple knot; ay, that does well.
And yours, I see, is coming down. *How often*
Have we done this for one another! and now
We shall not do it any more. My hood!
We are quite ready. Well, 'tis very well."

The dialogue between King John and Constance, is very significant:—

King Philip. "Bind up those tresses. Oh, what love I note
In the fair multitude of those her hairs!
Where, but by chance, a silver dross hath fallen,
Even to that dross ten thousand wiry friends
Do glue themselves in sociable grief;
Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,
Sticking together in calamity."

Constance. "To England, if you will."

King Philip. "Bind up your hairs."

Constance. "Yes, that I will, and wherefore will I do it?
I tore them from their bonds; and cried aloud,
Oh, that these hands could so redeem my son,
As they have given these hairs their liberty!
But now I envy at their liberty,
And will again commit them to their bonds,
Because my poor child is a prisoner."

HABIT hath so vast a prevalence over the human mind, that there is scarcely any thing too strange or too strong to be asserted of it. The story of the miser, who, from long accustoming to cheat others, came at last to cheat himself, and with great delight and triumph, picked his own pocket of a guinea, to convey to his hoard, is not impossible or improbable. In like manner it fares with the practisers of deceit, who, from having long deceived their acquaintance, gain, at last, a power of deceiving themselves, and acquire that very opinion, however false, of their own abilities, excellencies, and virtues, into which they have, for years, perhaps, endeavored to betray their neighbors.

Original.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

BY MRS. EMELINE S. SMITH.

LOVE, in the heart of woman, is a paradox, a strange compound of contrarieties—a bright and beautiful hope, overshadowed by anxiety and fear—a sweet and thrilling delight, troubled by the keenest sorrow. It is a plant that springs up and attains perfection instantaneously, yet are its roots so deeply imbedded in the soil which nurtures it, that no blast of adversity can disfigure its foliage; no storms of passion mar its enduring beauty. It is a flower of the brightest hues and sweetest fragrance, which bursts into full and perfect loveliness at the very instant of budding! Its brilliant coloring never fades—its grateful perfume never passes away, and while the life blood is warm within the heart that cherishes it, that flower is never known to change. Its early companions, Hope and Happiness, may pass away for ever—life may grow dark with despair—Poverty, Pain, and Sorrow, may come and shed their blighting influence around it, still it remains unchanged. The cold breath of indifference and neglect may be the only airs that fan it, still it does not wither. The rude foot of insult and oppression may seek to destroy it, by trampling it to the earth, but it will rise again in its purity, and the wrongs it suffers be forgotten, in the remembrance of earlier years, and the soft and serene loveliness of its spring time will again return in its freshness, and bloom. It is a beautiful mystery. Who can comprehend it?

Original.

THE SABBATH BELL.

BY JOHN M'CABE.

'TIS sweet to hear the Sabbath bell,
Whose soft and silvery chime
Breaks on the ear with fall and swell,
Wafting our thoughts from time.
I love to hear its mellow strain,
Come floating up the dell;
While wending to that sacred fane,
Where chimes the Sabbath bell.

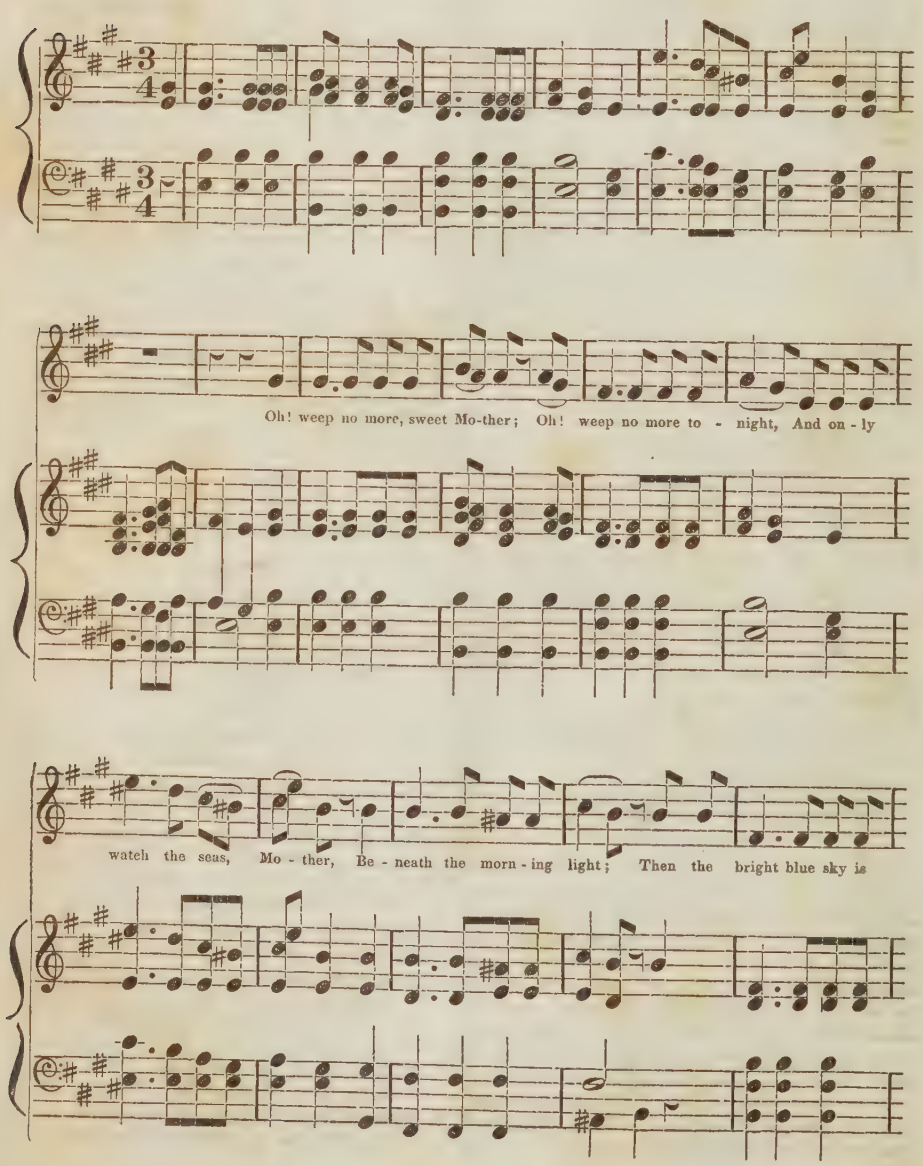
How memory mingles with that peal!
How hours of other years!
How sad the thoughts, that, pensive, steal
Along my trickling tears!
Thoughts, mournful to my bosom lone,
Yet those I would not quell;
For, soothing to my grief, that tone
Of thine, sweet Sabbath bell.

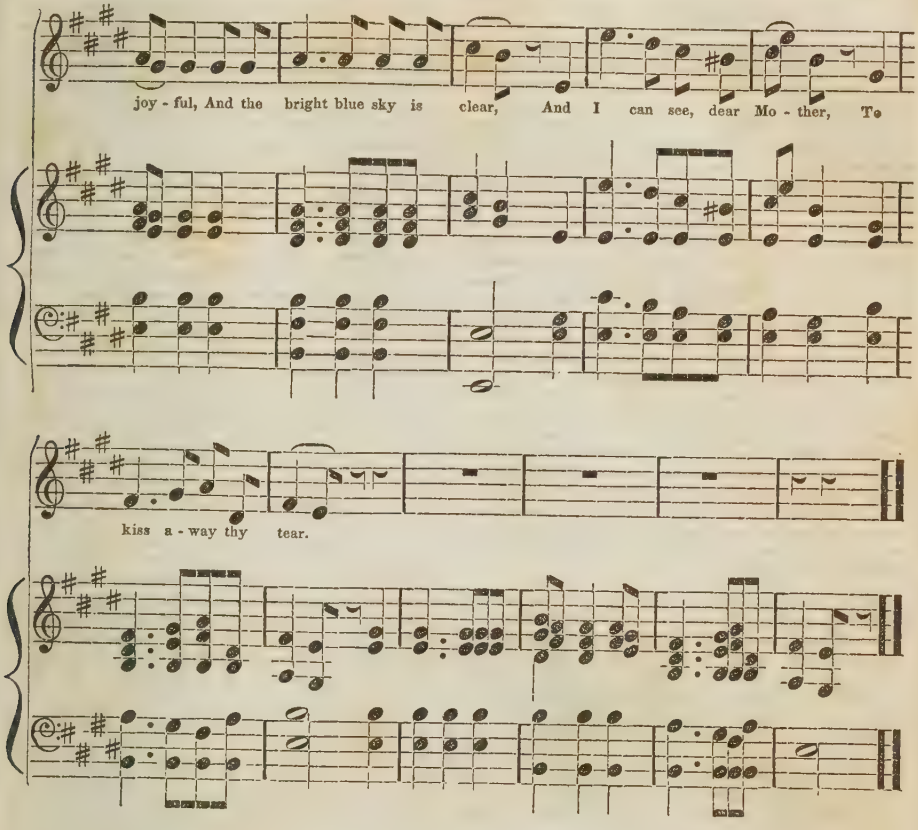
A few years more—the winds, so bland,
Will bid the young flowers wave;
Which, oh! perhaps some soft sweet hand,
Will plant around my grave!
I'll miss thy dear, familiar voice,
Which, ah! so oft could tell
My heart, though tempest-tost, "rejoice,"—
Thou dear, dear Sabbath bell!

OH! WEEP NO MORE, SWEET MOTHER.

A BALLAD.

THE POETRY WRITTEN BY L. E. L.—THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY ASAHEL ABBOT.


Oh! weep no more, sweet Mo-ther; Oh! weep no more to - night, And on - ly
watch the seas, Mo - ther, Be - neath the morn - ing light; Then the bright blue sky is



SECOND VERSE.

But now the wind goes wailing
O'er the dark and trackless deep,
And I know your grief, sweet Mother,
Though I only hear you weep.
My Father's ship will come, Mother,
In safety o'er the main;
When the grapes are dy'd with purple
He will be back again.

THIRD VERSE.

The buds were but in blossom
When he bade me watch them grow,
And now the large leaves, Mother,
Conceal their crimson glow.
He'll bring us shells and sea-weed,
And birds of shining wing;
But what are these, dear Mother?
It is himself he'll bring.

FOURTH VERSE.

Our beautiful Madonna
Will mark how you have wept,
The pray'rs of early morning,
The vigils you have kept:
She will guide the stately vessel,
Though the sea be dark and drear;
Another week of sunshine,
And Father will be here.

LITERARY REVIEW.

LIFE AND LAND OF BURNS, *by Allan Cunningham: J. & H. G. Langley.*—Various biographies of Burns have been given to the public, but we have ever considered them principally compilations, written more with a view to the trade of book-making, than from a love and sound knowledge of their subject. To be sure, Currie's biography is an elaborate work, and was undertaken from the laudable motive of benefitting the wife and children of the neglected bard, but however generous and praiseworthy his intentions, however elegant and correct his composition, still, a congeniality of poetical temperament is wanting in all its pages. Lockhart has proved himself, in many respects, competent to the task, but frequently displays a carelessness in research, and an ignorance of the domestic character of the poet. But, Allan Cunningham, "honest Allan," has sprung from the peasantry of Scotland. Like Burns, he has partaken of their loves, hopes, joys, and sorrows. He has looked upon the subject of his memoir, has lived in terms of intimacy with his family, and it may be truly said, that the "mantle of Burns has fallen upon him;" thus naturally qualified, he has produced the best biography of the poet which has yet appeared. In his labor he has been assisted by the accomplished bard of the "Pleasures of Hope," who has contributed several original communications, while the powerful writer, Carlyle, has given an admirable essay on the writings and genius of the poet. Such names are a strong proof of the excellence of the work, and warrant us in calling it the most authentic record and elucidation of the private and poetical character of Burns, that we have ever perused.

THE QUADROONE: *Harper & Brothers.*—An exciting and well told tale, the best which has yet come from the pen of this author. There is one female character in it, that of Azêlie, unsurpassed in its execution by any living author, if we may, perhaps, except the dramatic heroines of Knowles, a being of beauty and love, almost too fine for this every-day existence. To be sure, she is the creature of fancy, invested with the poetry of romance, and occasionally bordering upon incongruity, yet so beautifully has the author drawn her, so deeply has he interested us in her fate, that we forget this fault and regard her only with admiration. The other female characters bear the coloring of a skilful artist, especially that of Ozma, although it is but in many respects a counterpart of a former one in our author's writings. The male actors of the scene, are all too wild and extravagant in their natures and operation, and placed in circumstances so unnatural, that we are compelled to condemn the author for descending to such exaggeration, when he is so capable to the execution of better things. This, with an occasional inattention to the principles of composition, are the only faults to be found, and we point them out thus candidly, because we admire the genius and honor the ability of Professor Ingraham. He is yet a young writer, a wide field is before him, and if we opine not too greatly, he is destined to become one of the most popular novelists of America.

CORSE DE LEON: *Harper & Brothers.*—This will prove a most acceptable book to the lovers of James' writings, and where is the romance reader that is not. To say that it is equal to the generality of his former productions, would be untrue, as it so evidently bears the marks of book-making, displaying a hastiness of style and a deficiency of originality in the characters, that did we not know that the author was capable of the highest efforts of excellence, we would be inclined to pronounce it as the production of only a middling writer. From what the fault arises, is too apparent—his popularity is a guarantee for the success of whatever he may produce, and consequently he finds his interest in the fertility of his pen, without considering his reputation. Nevertheless, he always writes as no other living novelist can, a vigor, freshness, and reality appearing in all he touches, and ever combining some particular epoch in history with his plots, thereby rendering his writings as usefully instructive as they are delightfully amusing. We can truly say, that Corse de Leon will amply repay perusal.

STORIES FOR YOUNG PEOPLE, *by Miss Sedgwick: Harper & Brothers.*—This is another delightful little volume of moral stories, intended for the instruction and improvement of the young generation. Austere doctrines or prejudiced opinions are never to be found in the writings of this lady, as in those of Hannah Moore and some other authoresses. The inculcation of pure precepts, and the advancement of truth, morality, and religion, through the medium of a fascinating story, without regard to creed or sect, are what Miss Sedgwick invariably aims at, and that she is successful, the best proof is to be found in the extensive circulation of her works.

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF BRUCE, THE AFRICAN TRAVELLER: *Harper & Brothers.*—The name of Bruce is one of high standing in the annals of Scotland, both for heroic and adventurous achievements—first, in the hero of Bannockburn, and second, in the intrepid explorer of Abyssinia and the sources of the Nile. All the essence of the large work is judiciously condensed in the present volume, which will be found fraught with interest and information.

COMBE'S TOUR IN THE UNITED STATES: *Carey & Hart.*—If we may except De Tocqueville's Democracy, this is the most sound and able exposition of America and her institutions, which has ever proceeded from the pen of any foreign traveller. Mr. Combe writes from his own impressions of men and manners, biased by no national or political feelings, the spirit of philanthrophy pervades his pages, while truth, by him, is never forgotten. One, and indeed the most prominent feature in the work is his strenuous advocacy in the cause of phrenology, amounting to a feeling bordering almost upon enthusiasm, a science which he wishes to be inculcated and applied practically in regulating the elements of society. Though we do not agree with him in this philosophy, we however honor the talent and assiduity which he so sincerely exerts in its cause, and recommend these volumes as deserving of a place in every library.

SHORT PATENT SERMONS, *by Dow, Jr.: Laurence Labree.*—In a former number, we expressed our favorable opinion of these productions, which have lately appeared in the Sunday Mercury—and a continuation of them has since increased, if that were possible, our high esteem for the talent which is displayed in every passage of them by their author. Persons who are unacquainted with the nature of these sermons, from their singular title, might be induced to believe that they had for their aim, the ridicule of religion, but we can assure them that there is not a line but which savors of the purest doctrine and the soundest maxims, fit to be perused by the most fastidious of any sect or creed, without causing a feeling of repugnance in the heart, or a blush of shame on the cheek, of the most delicate—while the quaint, racy, and original phraseology which the author employs, is unsurpassed by any past or present writer. They are now publishing in successive numbers, so that they will make a couple of handsome volumes when completed. Sincerely do we advise every lover of chaste humor to become a possessor of them.

PATAPSCO, AND OTHER POEMS, *by Charles Soran: L. W. Ransom.*—The author of these poems possesses a natural and easy taste in composition, writing apparently from no studied rules, but guided solely from the impulse of feeling. We can safely reccommend them as infinitely superior to the general mass of such productions, which daily inundate the market.

CARLETON: *Lea & Blanchard.*—The main incidents of this novel are founded upon the Revolutionary war, and are certainly handled in a masterly manner. If this is the author's first attempt, we have a right to expect much from his future efforts.

VOICE TO THE MARRIED, *by John Walter Austin: J. & H. G. Langley.*—The author deserves the gratitude of his country for his excellent publication. It is a work which should find a place in every household. Many of its precepts are worthy of being "graven in letters of gold."

THEATRICALS.

The Drama is still below par—almost at any discount. The opera of Zampa, by Herold, has been brought forward at the Park by the principal singers lately attached to the National. As a musical composition, it is very unequal—at times startling you with its grandeur, at others relapsing into common-place strains. The character of the Brigand, by Mr. Manvers, was ill adapted to his musical talents, to say nothing of his acting. He appeared to be striving to do something which he was conscious he was incapable of, imparting to the spectator a feeling of painful anxiety for the result. Mr. Seguin was bold enough in the Lieutenant, and that is *all* we can say of his performance. Mrs. Seguin, who sustained the heroine, like Mr. Manvers, aimed at what she was not equal to. What is a great fault in this lady, and one too much the case in all singers, we can hardly comprehend a word of what she utters, from her indistinct enunciation, a fault which cannot, (if it can,) be too speedily amended. Miss Poole did the little she had to do, charmingly; in our estimation, her performance was the gem of the opera, and the applause she received was deservedly merited. The chorusses, by far the most efficient part of the music, were ably executed. At the Bowery, Mr. Hamblin has commenced his summer campaign, with an excellent dramatic and equestrian company, and tokens of his success have been given in highly respectable and numerous audiences. Wat Tyler, and the romantic spectacle of Ivanhoe, most splendidly produced, have been the leading features—the former introducing the manager in a new melo-dramatic character. The part of Effie by Mrs. Anderson, from the Boston theatres, was well performed; it is one of no great excellence, and consequently a fitting opportunity was not afforded for a developement of her powers; but, in the part of Rebecca, she at once established herself a mistress of her profession, and will prove a valuable acquisition to the theatre. Mr. Barry played with force and feeling, effecting more for the character than it deserved. But the most attractive of the entertainments, was the performance of the Swiss Brothers, a more delightful exhibition has never yet been presented in America, nor one better calculated to refine and improve the mind, displaying the most eminent models of ancient statuary, with a classical fidelity that leaves an impression almost equal to the beholding of the originals. No artist should neglect viewing them, and every parent would find his benefit in permitting his offspring to look upon these beautiful tableaux. They will excite a curiosity in the youthful mind, which will lead it to an inquiry calculated to lay open some of the most valuable stores of knowledge. At the Olympic, burlesque reigns supreme, and attracts full houses. The Chatham declines in neither popularity nor profit. Mr. Burton, of Philadelphia, has opened the National Opera House with the Naiad Queen, a drama combining all that is magnificent in spectacle—while the Franklin, now styled Little Drury, has fallen into the hands of Messieurs Hield and Gann, who have brought together a useful and talented company.

Native Actors abroad.—Mr. Oxley, the young American Tragedian, we are happy to learn from the Jamaica journals, has created quite a sensation by his admirable performance of Hamlet. From a long and elaborate article in the Kingston Daily Journal we extract the following—"As a performance we consider it the best ever presented to a Kingston audience. His walk, his entire self-possession, his commanding and truly characteristic appearance, his graceful and classic attitudes, commanded the admiration and elicited the unbounded applause of the assembled multitude. Mr. Oxley's conception and reading of the part were faultless. He certainly differs from Macready, Kemble, Vandenhoff, or Charles Kean, preserving the happy medium between the methodical, and somewhat prosing style of the three first, and extreme fervor and impetuosity of the latter, and the 'applauding that did applaud again' when the curtain fell, must have convinced Mr. Oxley that his standing is already appreciated, and that he will ever find our countrymen ready to greet him most warmly, both as an actor and a man."

EDITORS' TABLE.

The Death of the late President.—General Harrison, the patriot, the soldier, and the statesman, has paid the debt of nature. Called from his home by the universal acclamation of a people, (whither he had retired after fighting the battles of his country, like Cincinnatus of the Roman world,) to wield the helm in the council, as he did the sword in the field. A grateful nation had placed him on the highest pinnacle of honor and entwined the wreath of affection around his aged brows, when the angel of death came upon him, and he was gathered, in the fulness of years and virtue, to another and a better world. The words of a modern author in describing the character of a good and wise man, are truly applicable to our departed father. "No human being ever wore his faculties so meek, or performed great works with less consciousness of their greatness—his was a mighty spirit, unheedful of his might, and guided only by a patriotic love of his country's welfare. In another age, he will stand forth in the formost rank among the master spirits of his century; and be admitted to a place among the chosen of all centuries. His deeds, the memory of what he did and was, will rise afar off, like a towering land-mark in the solitude of the past, when distance shall have dwarfed into invisibility the lesser people that encompassed him and hid him from the near beholder." Peace to his ashes—honor to his name!

New Volume.—In an improved garb, fashioned expressly for the "Ladies' Companion," appears the present number, commencing the fifteenth volume; the work having now been in existence for seven successive years, the greatest part of which has embraced a period, unprecedented in the annals of our Constitution, for a prostration of business, and consequently most unpropitious to the cause of letters. To say that we have not been materially affected by such a fortuity, would be a vain boast, and an unfounded assertion; yet, nevertheless, we have found warm and willing hearts who have enabled us steadily to progress in our duties, and ultimately to achieve the proudest wish of our being, the establishing a journal of the highest literary character. At the commencement of the "Companion," the periodical press of America was entirely composed of publications which laid little or no claim to originality, being principally selections from foreign journals, while a fastidious censorship was carefully exerted against the efforts of our native writers, as if literary genius were incompatible with the American character. To be sure, a few bold and original spirits had won for themselves a high reputation, but singular to say, they had first to secure for their writings the stamp of foreign favor, before they were accepted by their countrymen. To reward literary labor, was an act comparatively unknown or seldom thought of in America, and the author who gave his time and talent to such a profession, was obliged to publish at his own risk, and find his reward in the jealous and niggardly praises of a few. Under this state of affairs, it was not, therefore, to be expected that men of genius would employ their faculties in a cause so hopeless, and especially in periodical composition, where they were only tolerated, and ever considered secondary to their foreign brethren—hence, to a great extent, the weak and unhealthy state of our Magazine literature. With this conviction, and a desire to cherish the latent genius of our country, we were first prompted to the publication of the "Companion," and how far our efforts have been crowned with success, the support of the public is the best criterion, while with honest pride we may aver that the establishing of our Magazine has created a total revolution in our periodical press, and advanced it to a standard of excellence, commensurate with that of any country. But for the pages of the "Companion," many of our most popular writers would have been left to wither in obscurity "and waste their sweetness on the desert air." But, by cheerfully receiving their contributions, kindly advising, and liberally remunerating their efforts, we have succeeded in bringing forward a host of writers that now can challenge competition with the most distinguished of the European press. For a proof of this, we need only refer our readers to our early numbers, where they will find that most of the American authors

who now enjoy a high renown, there made their first essays and acquired the first basis of their reputation. Our example was speedily followed by many contemporaries, and although we rather rejoice at, than deprecate their doing so, since it has proved so beneficial to the character of our country, yet we boldly claim the honor of having been the first who extended the hand of encouragement to *native genius*. Nor have our exertions been wanting in securing the services of many of the most popular English writers, at an expense which nothing but a desire to sustain the exalted character of the "Companion" at home and abroad, and a love for the fosterage of genius could have induced us to encounter. An enumeration of a few of the names of those who have adorned our pages, will best evince this fact—Longfellow, Ingraham, Simms, Thomas, Neal, Herbert, Mellen, Sargent, Benjamin, Daniels, Woodworth, Morris, Tuckerman, Street, Dawes, Pike, Hamilton, Mackenzie, of England, with Mesdames Sigourney, Embury, Ellet, Seba Smith, S. C. Hall, of England, Hofland, of England, Browne, of England, Stephens, Osgood, etc., etc., etc., a list that no other Magazine can present, and which stamps the "Companion" with the impress of excellence. Whilst it has ever been our study to render the literary portion of the work its prominent feature, we beg to call the attention of the community to the engravings which monthly adorn our pages, unsurpassed in execution by any similar periodical, and at the same time to claim respect for having been the first who introduced *original engravings* in a monthly publication. "In olden times," worn out plates of Annuals and other works, were deemed sufficient for the pages of a Magazine, and vaunted of as superior embellishments. To retrieve this stain upon the general character of Magazine illustrations, we resolved to hazard the experiment in furnishing *original engravings*, executed expressly for the "Companion." The result proved successful, laudation and reward from every quarter were bestowed upon us, 'till now we can challenge comparison with, if not superiority over the majority of the most expensive pictorial Annuals. Of the musical department of the work, it is conceded on all hands to be the most judicious and tasteful of that science which appears in any publication, while no other art, science, or adornment, congenial with the character of the work, will by us, be neglected in consequence of the expense attendant upon its procurement. These explanatory remarks we consider as appropriate, at the commencement of a new volume, inasmuch as many individuals who are anxious to encourage the genius of their native country, may be impressed with the claims the "Ladies' Companion," has upon their consideration and support.

Death of Richard Haughton, Esq.—It is with the most painful feelings that we record the demise of Richard Haughton, Esq., editor and proprietor of the Boston Atlas, one of the most unflinching advocates in the cause of our present political administration. For many months past he had been laboring under a broken constitution, greatly augmented by his assiduous devotion to the interests of his party, and at length, by the advice of his friends, was on the eve of departing in the Acadia for Europe, on Saturday, the 17th. ultimo, in the hope that a change of climate would restore him to his former state of health, when he was struck with apoplexy, and in a few hours breathed his last. "His age was but forty-two, and few men have devoted themselves with more zeal and judgment to our political revolution, than he—few men could have attracted to him the same number of zealous friends—few will be more lamented in their death. It is a most impressive admonition of the uncertainty of human hopes, and of the wisdom that would teach us to be always ready."

To Delinquent Subscribers.—As we find courtesy is altogether disregarded by certain individuals in arrears to the "Companion," we beg to assure them that unless our demands are speedily liquidated, we shall resort to the *severe but just method of giving their names to the world, on the cover of the magazine*. Our terms are so very liberal, that no one who is anxious to be honest, would seek to deprive us of our hard-earned dues.

The Apollo Association.—The exhibition of this year contains many works of excellence, and is, in every respect, equal to its predecessors; nevertheless, there is much room for improvement, many of the pictures being altogether unworthy of gracing the walls of an association which has for its object "the cultivation and diffusion of correct taste in the Fine Arts." We are aware that perfection is not to be found in any thing, and least of all perhaps, in the art of painting. Like the true poet, the painter must have originality of invention, working from inspiration and not guided or trammelled by rule or custom. There is no praise to be bestowed upon him who aims at nothing but being a copyist, and this is too much the case with our American painters. They do not *think* for themselves, they work under the feeling that nothing can be correct unless it is marked by a style of some foreign master, and as long as this feeling prevails, the artists of our country will never win for themselves that station among the Fine Arts which they are so anxious to attain. When we hear individuals talk of Italian subjects, skies, etc., as being the only proper objects for the pencil of the artist, we ever regard them as speaking about what they do not know, and consider their language only that of cant and ignorance. What country can boast of richer material than our own for the student? Where are there sunnier skies, or lovelier lakes, loftier mountains, grander forests, or nobler rivers? Why, they seem formed for the very nurture of the poet and the painter, and he is no son of genius who seeks for perfection in his art in other lands. We do not deny that much information and many useful hints may be acquired in perusing the works of the great masters, but let our artists depend first upon their own exertions for a name at home, before they seek for instruction in continental study. America has given to the modern world, some of the finest painters—witness West, Copley, Stuart, Allston, and others, all of whom evinced their talent first in their native land before they sought a reputation in a foreign one. We make these remarks in a general sense for the benefit of the art—as a false taste arising from a mistaken love for foreign painters, seems predominant among the works now exhibiting in the Apollo Association. Many of the artists are capable of the highest achievements, but altogether obscure their beauties by a servile imitation of the foreign school.

To Postmasters.—We regret at all times to express our censure at a dereliction of duty in our Post Office department. Of late, however, we have received innumerable complaints from various quarters respecting an inattention in the delivery of the 'Companion,' and even when delivered, that the numbers had been previously opened and perused, and in many cases, disgracefully mutilated, such as by extracting the plates and portions of the Magazine. We have refrained in noticing these injurious innovations upon our interests, until a recent act of this character has been so palpably forced upon our attention, that we are obliged to wave all leniency and mention the circumstance. An esteemed contributor in one of the Southern States, after an unusual delay, received the March number, torn and completely unfit for use, the engraving extracted, and every evidence of its having been perused. He accordingly informed us of the abuse of his property, and requested that we should forward a fresh number; his wish was complied with, but on its receipt to his astonishment and chagrin, he found the same disgraceful outrage had again been perpetrated. A repetition of this conduct has even extended to a third number, so that there appears to be no protection from the petty peculator. This is only *one* of the many outrages which daily come under our notice, and how to remedy the evil we know not; we hope, however, this notice will induce the postmasters to exert a stricter surveillance over their establishments, as with them alone must rest the evil.

We beg to call the attention of our readers to the beautiful poem in the present number from the pen of the late James Hogg, better known as the Ettrick Shepherd, and now for the first time published. It is characterized by all that wildness of imagination and felicitous expression for which his muse was so peculiar.

THE LADIES' COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, JUNE, 1841.

INDIAN FALLS.

In beholding the Hudson and its magnificent shores, the mind is apt to be so lost in admiration of them, that all other objects of nature are totally disregarded, and none more so than the many beautiful streams which pour their limpid treasures into this, one of the noblest of our rivers. It is only the pilgrim "with staff and shoon" who penetrates into the bosky dell and gloomy forest and tracing the course of these pellucid streamlets, can tell of the thousand delicious spots which lie secluded in beauty on their verdant banks; spots which have never met the eye of mortal, where the brightest offerings of summer are scattered profusely around, and where the genius of solitude whispers to the contemplative mind, here is the home of "innocence and peace." As you thread the mazes of the tinkling streamlet, now lost to view in some leafy thicket, where not a sunbeam can pierce the gloom, and not a sound is heard save your own footsteps crushing and crackling among the moss clad and withered branches, a strange and mysterious feeling takes possession of your being, and you unconsciously pause and wonder at the solitude of the scene. Proceeding a few paces farther, you behold the clear waters sparkling in the sunshine like flakes of silver, the banks are soft and verdurous, the wild flowers are springing and blushing in the light of heaven. The gold-bosomed bee with "drowsy hum" is flitting from petal to petal, the red bird is chattering from his "pendant bed" in the drooping willow, and the roguish squirrel is bounding from branch to branch and spray to spray. The dragon-fly in his mail of purple and gold, is darting among the osier, the reed and the water-lily, while the speckled trout springs from the streamlet at the gaudy insect of an hour's existence. But soon the fervid sunbeams warn you to seek a cooler retreat, and entering again some leafy covert, a low and sullen murmur falls upon the ear, like the hurtling of distant thunder. The waters sweep along at a swifter pace, crested with foam-bells, as if the overhanging trees had scattered their pearly blossoms on their glassy surface. Louder and louder grows the sound, 'till suddenly emerging from the thicket, you stand before the silver current, leaping and dashing over a rocky precipice into a basin of pure and delicious depth. Beautiful hues are now glancing in the sunbeams. The trees and shrubs which fringe its borders, are laden with gems, as if a myriad of diamonds had been crushed above them and the sparks had settled on the verdant spray. The deer is drinking at the lucid waters, and the heron wheeling above and mingling its scream with the roar of the torrent. The hawk and the eagle, scared from their eyries, soar aloft into the heavens, and wing their way to another and more secluded home. Such are a few of the beauties which will amply repay the pedestrian for a visit to Indian Falls, the subject of our engraving, one of the most delightful gems of sylvan solitude that the imagination can possibly picture, and, considering its proximity to New-York, we are astonished that it is not often made the object of the summer excursions of our citizens, affording as it does, the opportunity of blending the greater scenery of the Hudson with the smaller but not less lovely of this romantic and secluded stream.

E. H.

Original.

ON READING THE MEMOIR OF AN INTERESTING YOUNG MAN.*

BY LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

So early wise!—So early rais'd above
The versatile and vain!—
Bent o'er thy books,
In studious thought, methinks I see thee still,
Fir'd with that high ambition, which incites
The noble mind. Amid the charms of home,
I seem to hear thy voice, intent to swell
The tide of joy, cheering the loving heart
Of parent, or of friend, and pleas'd to make
Even the old house-dog happier.
Fields and streams
Spoke to thy soul, and every bounding pulse
Responded to their latent harmonies.
And thou didst shake thy superflux of bliss
With smile and liberal hand to all around—
Blessing the poor with bounty, and the sad
With words of comfort, and the little child
Filling with gladness.
But thou art not here—
Thou com'st not back.
And Faith, who looks beyond
The mists that canopy this vestibule,
Saith it is gain to those, who early 'scape
Error and woe, and every dire disease
Which earth's prosperity doth generate,
Too oft, in the pure soul.
Yet thou, whose flight
Was on so swift a wing, hast thou not rais'd
The hearts that lov'd thee, to a firmer hold
On Heaven? And when in radiant dreams thou com'st
So softly whispering of an angel's bliss
Which they may rise to share, seems not the world
And all its pleasures light, weigh'd with the hope
Of thine embrace, in that unclouded clime
Where there are no more tears?

*The only son of Joshua Bates, Esq., of London, whose early death was a source of agonizing grief to his affectionate friends—and whose accomplishments and virtues had awakened the most cheering hopes of future excellence.

Original.

THE MASKED BRIDE.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

"Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear."—*Romeo & Juliet.*

The level beams of the sun were sleeping on the bosom of the Rhine, which was blue and unruffled as the summer sky it mirrored, save that here and there, a long, scintillating line of light was merged in one of those sparkling expanses, where it seems as if thousands of winged diamonds were fluttering with a rapid, and ever changeful motion. Carlos Gonsalvo, a young Spanish gentleman, who had been refreshing himself at an inn, discernible in the distance, stood on the margin of the river, which in that place spread into an area of some magnitude, smooth and level, with his eyes fixed on a castellated tower, which rose from the verge of a bold precipice, and which, although on the same shore, was by an abrupt bend of the river brought nearly opposite to him. The tower, which had been built at a remote period, appeared singularly picturesque as it shot up against the ruddy western sky, and the young traveller felt an unaccountable, yet irrepressible desire to view it more nearly. A skiff, moored at a little distance, afforded him the means of gratifying his inclination, and in a few minutes, he was gliding lightly over the water. On arriving at the foot of the rock, he found that it was so high and steep as to be inaccessible. He spent considerable time in trying, if possible, to find some point where he might scale the precipice, but without success. The last vestige of day had now departed, and he was thinking of returning, when a light from the tower cast a bright gleam along the waters. On turning to see from what part of the building it proceeded, he found it came from an open lattice window, at which stood a young girl so beautiful, as to, at once, put to flight all thoughts of returning to the inn. She had the dark, lustrous eyes of the daughters of his own sunny land, but the "cheek of cream," glowing with a slight rose-tint, which gleamed through the rich mass of golden curls, that, secluded as she was in her lonely tower, she suffered to fall as graceful nature willed, must, so imagined the young Spaniard, have ripened beneath some sky less fervent. It was only for a moment that he had an opportunity to gaze at her, for, probably on account of observing his boat, she withdrew from the lattice. He lingered in the vain hope that he should obtain another glimpse of her, for more than half an hour, and then, slowly and reluctantly commenced propelling his boat towards the point whence he had started. Often did he look back to her window, from which, much to his chagrin, the light soon vanished. Once he thought that he saw the gleam of a snowy hand and arm, or of a white handkerchief waving at the lattice—but this must have been the illusion of an excited fancy, as no object could have been discernible through the gloom that rested so heavily upon that side of the tower.

All the intelligence that Gonsalvo was able to gather from the host of the inn concerning the tower, was, that it belonged to a Spanish nobleman, whose name he had forgotten, who inherited it in right of his wife, a German lady.

"But who are the living inhabitants?" said Gonsalvo, impatiently interrupting him, as he commenced relating a ghost story connected with the old tower—"that is, what ladies—what females inhabit it?"

"Why, there is old Maggy, the—"

"I care nothing about old Maggy—the lovely creature I saw there to-night, who is she?"

"Oh! you must mean Maggy's daughter, I think, but I never thought her anything more than common, and since she has got on the wrong side of forty—"

"The wrong side of forty? Why the lady I mean, must be on the right side of twenty."

The host shook his head as he replied—"Your eyes must have deceived you, sir, or it must have been the apparition of the young lady who was murdered more than a hundred years ago, by a cruel uncle, for the sake of obtaining her fortune."

Finding that he was unable to obtain the information he desired, his next care was to secure an apartment which commanded a view of the tower, and to his great delight, the lady's lattice was again brilliantly illuminated. The night was calm and beautiful, and so still, that the "floating whisper," heard only when all sounds of animated nature, and the lightest breeze even is hushed, and which fancy might deem the mingled breathings of the sleeping flowers, filled the air with its mysterious and dreamy melody. A light slumber stole over him, and the lady of the tower seemed hovering near, when a strain of delightful music

"Rose like a stream of rich, distilled perfume,
And stole upon the air."

Fortunately his apartment was on the first story, otherwise his limbs might have been endangered, for, feeling convinced that such entrancing music could proceed from no other place than the chamber of the lovely unknown, he sprang from the window, and with all the speed of which he was capable ran to the shore of the river. Here, owing to the sudden bend of the stream, and the projecture of the precipice on which the tower was situated, he was within a comparatively short distance of it, and could not only distinctly hear a female voice, which was accompanied by a guitar, but could without difficulty distinguish the words. A few strains closed the song that she was then singing, but after a short prelude on the instrument, her voice again came over the waters, singing the subjoined stanzas—

"The star of Love looks down,
And sees its own bright beam,
Deeply and softly mirrored
In the bosom of the stream;
And the stream though bright before
With a fuller radiance glows,
And sends forth glad, sweet music
As onward still it flows.

The star of Love has now,
Withdrawn its brilliant light,
And its cheering smile no longer
Makes the mournful river bright;

And its voice has now a tone
Of sadness in its flow:
Oh, star so softly radiant,
Why did'st thou cease to glow?

And there was one most fair,
Who lived in days gone by,
Hov'ring 'tween youth and childhood,
When Love's deceiving eye
Met hers—and flowers sprung up
And in her young heart bloomed—
Love turned away—the blossoms
To an early death were doomed."

It was well that the fair minstrel grew weary, as otherwise Gonsalvo might have spent the night by the river's brink, at the risk of endangering his health. After remaining a long time uncheered by a single additional note, he slowly returned to the inn.

The next morning before sunrise, he was in the boat, directing its course towards the tower—"For certainly," thought he, "she must be an early riser, as nothing but the balmy morning air could have produced that soft, rich bloom upon her cheek." He was not wrong in his conjecture, and the lady, who could not have anticipated seeing any person at so early an hour, soon after he had steered his boat under the shadow of an overhanging cliff, threw open the lattice and seated herself near it. Gonsalvo, who had now an opportunity to obtain a distinct view of her features, found her even more lovely than he had thought her the night preceeding. Though so well screened by the deep shadow of the cliff, an inadvertent plash of an oar betrayed his proximity, and she would have instantly withdrawn, had not an earnest and imploring gesture induced her to remain, as she imagined that he must have something of great importance to communicate. He rowed his boat under her window, where without raising his voice above its natural tone, she could distinguish what he said. He then, urged on by the impetuosity of the passion, which had already taken such deep root in his heart, after informing her of his name and rank, avowed his love, and entreated hers in return. Her varying complexion evinced considerable agitation as she listened to him, which he interpreted as a favorable omen.

"I have already heard of you many times," said she, when he had ceased speaking, "and I have likewise heard of what you appear to have forgotten, that you are betrothed to Theresa, daughter of the Marquis de Nevada."

The face of Gonsalvo became crimson, as he listened to these words, and it was some time before he replied. "I confess," he at length said, "that what you have heard is true, but when I consented to become thus entangled, in compliance with the earnest wishes of my father and hers, I knew nothing of love except its name."

"Have you ever seen the lady?"

"Never. Her mother having died in her infancy, she has always resided at a distance with an aunt, which has given my friends an opportunity to deceive me with respect to her person. Fortunately, about a week since, I fell in with a friend, who told me that which made me determine never to fulfil the engagement, even before I beheld you."

"Is what he told you a secret?" said the lady.

"By no means. As good fortune would have it, he happened to obtain a sight of my betrothed, whom he declares to be absolutely frightful. She is not only hunchbacked, but her features are hideous, and her skin yellow and shrivelled, which I suppose must have been occasioned by disease, as my father has often told me that she is not twenty."

The lady could not help laughing at this description, but almost instantly assuming a serious air, she solemnly assured him that she would never consent to be in any way instrumental to his breaking his engagement. It would be useless to repeat his many passionate appeals to her generosity, for although she would not deny that had they met under happier auspices, she might have listened to his suit, she told him that now it would be in vain to attempt seeing her again. She bade him adieu with emotion she could not disguise, and this was the only solace of poor Gonsalvo the subsequent week, during which, he became perfectly satisfied by his repeatedly baffled attempts to obtain another interview, that the resolution of the lady was not to be shaken.

"I might, at least," thought he, "have ascertained her name, and then should I be so fortunate as to get released from this hated engagement, I could write to her."

At length his impatience became insufferable, and he resolved one morning, even at the hazard of incurring the dipleasure of the unknown lady, to ride to the old tower and make some inquiry of the inhabitants respecting her. He was informed that she had taken her departure that very morning by break of day, in company with a gentleman, handsome and richly dressed, but not a word more could he learn, and he found to his vexation, that old Maggy, as well as her husband, could keep a secret. When he returned to the inn, a letter was handed him, which he found to be from his father. It requested him to hasten home, as the Marquis de Nevada had gone for his daughter, and it was thought best by his friends as well as hers, that the marriage should be immediately solemnized. As there was nothing now to attract him to the spot where he was, he commenced his journey without delay, though he felt determined never to fulfil his engagement. His father received him with the greatest joy. "You have," said he, the moment they were alone, "saved yourself from ruin, for the uncle of Theresa, who is a member of the Inquisition, having received a hint that you intended to elude the engagement with her, has already marked you for a victim."

"I am ready to meet his anger," replied the son. "I had rather suffer torture, and even death, than to do such violence to my affection as to marry his niece."

The following letter from Theresa caused him to alter his mind—

"I am aware, Gonsalvo, of the repugnance you feel relative to fulfilling the marriage contract existing between us, entered into several years ago by our parents, from pecuniary motives, and to which, at that time, we both consented. I moreover

know the cause of your unwillingness to fulfil it, being intimately acquainted with the lady of the tower, who wishes you to be informed that the sentiments she expressed to you during your interview with her, have undergone a change. By breaking the engagement with me, you cannot secure her. I understand that you have received an account of my personal defects which I hope, should we meet, you will find was exaggerated. If you can prevail on yourself to comply with the earnest wishes of our friends, that your feelings may not receive too great a shock at the moment of our meeting, I beg that you will consent for me to hide those features beneath a mask, which appeared so hideous to your friend, 'till after the performance of the marriage ceremony. Immediately after its conclusion, I give you my word, should it be your wish, to retire to a convent, to remain for life. Weigh well what I have written, and resolve not to brave the vengeance of my vindictive uncle.

THERESA."

Gonsalvo read and re-read this epistle, which was written in a very delicate, lady-like hand. He felt flattered by its tone of submission, which he contrasted with the unbending resolution of the lady of the tower, and he caught himself wondering whether she might not possibly prove a termagant. The threats of the uncle, likewise, had their proper weight in the turning scale. Before he slept, he despatched a note to Theresa, informing her of his readiness to fulfil the engagement upon the conditions she had named, and that his father had suggested, that as the marriage had already been considerably delayed, the ensuing day, if it met the approbation of her and her friends, would, in his opinion, be a proper time for it to take place. By the messenger who conveyed his note, an answer was returned that the lady and her friends would be in readiness to receive him and his retinue at the proposed time.

Early the following morning, Gonsalvo, attended by a numerous cavalcade, set out for the residence of the Marquis de Nevada, which displayed a style of magnificence suitable to his great wealth. They proceeded immediately to the family chapel. Gonsalvo recognized the bride by her mask, who was attired in a travelling dress, ready to step into the carriage in waiting, which was to convey her from the chapel to the convent, should it be the wish of the bridegroom. He was agreeably disappointed by perceiving, contrary to the description given by his friend, that far from being hunchbacked, her form was uncommonly fine. As his eyes wandered over the assemblage, they were arrested by a little hunchbacked woman, apparently upwards of forty, with a crooked nose, small black eyes, and a yellow shrivelled skin. So completely did she correspond with the description he had received of his intended bride, that he was resolved to inquire her name, but was prevented by being required to take his station before the altar. He was much agitated himself, but Theresa trembled so excessively, as to awaken his compassion, and he mentally determined that unless on removing her mask she disclosed a countenance still more repulsive than the little crook-nosed, yellow skinned female, who had kept her small black eyes fixed upon him, ever since he had been in the chapel, that he would not mention a word about her going to the convent.

The ceremony was concluded, the mask was removed, and the lovely lady of the tower stood before him. Gonsalvo, who had been fortifying his mind, so as to behold without recoiling, a countenance similar to that of the hunchbacked lady, with difficulty suppressed a cry of mingled surprize and joy. When he had recovered himself, he pointed to the little personage, who had for the last half hour attracted so much of his attention, and inquired who she was.

"Oh, that," said the bride, with an arch smile, "is Theresa de Nevada, my aunt!"

Original.

VISIONS OF THE HEART.

BY MISS A. D. WOODBRIDGE.

THE deep blue sky hath turn'd to gray,
And chilling is the wintry air;
The earth seems sad and drear to-day,
We look within—*'tis summer there!*

For in the heart, Love's altar flame
Is burning with a constant light,
And many a flower of heav'nly name,
Is putting forth its petals bright.

There Hope delights to plume her wing,
While Thought is whisp'ring—"Not too fast!
That flight will only serve, to bring
Another tribute to the Past."

Its records lie on Mem'ry's shrine,
Let's turn their pages back!
Ah! smiles and tears, are here the sign
To mark Time's fleeting track.

Fair groups are seen, and glances bright,
And now amid the throng,
Two youthful forms attract my sight,
And still my gaze prolong.

Their smile is lit by joyous youth,
And Peace is on each brow,
They clasp the golden chain of Truth—
What change is passing now?"

One droops—for Health has turn'd away—
Oh! may she soon return!
And give new vigor day by day,
'Till on that cheek, shall burn
The brightest tint of op'ning rose,
That fairest flower the spring-time knows.

One droops—the other comes to cheer
Each weary hour of pain,
To while away the thought of fear,
And wake Hope's magic strain.

Their hearts are true to early love,
Their Hope, their aim is one,
Their common Father dwells above,
And when this life is done,
With joy they'll "enter into rest,"
To dwell with God—for ever blest.

Original.

MEMOIRS OF MR. SAMUEL HILL.

"There's not a streamlet, not a rill
That echoes not to Samuel Hill!
His name is current every where;
And not a grog-shop, fast or fair
Has ever ope'd, but he was there!
He's with the deacon, in advance,
And leads the rustics in the dance;
Of first authority with dolts,
And always quartered with the colts,
And super-fatted native calves
That act as constant safety-valves
To patriot valor—always wont
For superiority to hunt;
And if it cannot find in fight
The summum bonum of its might,
It seeks its glory in the size
Of biggest pigs and cleanest sties—
In hugest pumpkins, greatest fools
Or new facilities in tools—
New essences obtained from sweat
Or vast improvements in poudrette!
And conscious of immortal glory
In these materials for story,
It rests contented in the fill
Which fame has furnished Sammy Hill.
He is our standard, fugleman and star,
In plenty, famine, peace and war.
If poor—we are as poor as he—
If rich, we reach to rivalry
With Sam himself, who rich or poor
By turns, is always bright or murkey,
To-day as lean as old Job's turkey,
To-morrow fattened to a boor!
The little, big, the weak and strong,
The feeble old and vigorous young,
Are all referred to Samuel Hill
For measure or for good or ill.
And very good or very bad,
Or very merry, very sad—
'Tis all the same, without a sham,
Each mother's son is just like Sam!"

Cape Cod Annual.

Your great men are God-sends to their biographers. It is no small matter for a small man to tack himself to the literary coat-tail of a great one, and it has not unfrequently happened that the mere writer of another man's life has made himself very nearly or quite as important a personage as his principal, and sometimes rather more so, for that matter. Was not this the case in a peculiar and very striking manner when Johnson undertook to write the lives of some of the minor British poets? Which came largest out of the enterprize, my friend, Colonel Stone or Matthias, when the latter undertook to live and make a knave and a numscull of himself, and the former undertook the task of writing his life and adventures? Why, the biographer came best out of the affair, to be sure; for though he *did* biographize a scamp, he made money by the operation, at least I hope he did, and not only immortalized a dirty and disgusting fanatic, but remained himself the same amiable and intelligent gentleman that he was before—even though he had meddled with obscene matters and handled unseemly instruments. These are instances in which the fabricators of other men's lives, have made themselves greater—or if you please, *rendered* greater than the *biographee;* and that too, notwithstanding the risk of growing less, by having to do with such matters.

Who ever would have heard or thought of Jemmy Boswell, if that educated dunce and nearly natural fool had not *attempted the life* of Old Ursa Major? It must be acknowledged that the memory of so solemn an ass as Boswell would hardly have survived the burial of his own body, if heaven for some inscrutible purpose of its own had not put it into his empty noddle to "take notes" and finally write out the life of Samuel Johnson.

It is this consciousness which has encouraged me in undertaking the task before me. It is this aspiration after immortality and this almost certain prospect of attaining it, that urges me to attempt the "empyrean height" of this great argument. Humble as my own name may be, if I can manage to identify it with the one which will grace these pages, there is no difficulty, I take it, in "travelling down to posterity," toll free. Of course I am nothing of myself, and my initials—(I don't intend to venture beyond my initials in your magazine, for fear of accidents,) will be as unintelligible to people a thousand or two years hence, as the first letters of a man's name upon a country tombstone or the *I. H. S.* on the wooden tablets in Potter's Field, to the varlet who knows nothing about Latin. I know very well that unless I can manage to write somebody's biography or murder the memory of some great man's name, I shall be as blank in society a half century hence as a dumb member of Congress.

It is my present purpose to provide a remedy against so remorseless a destiny by coupling my own virtues with the name of one of the immortals. I intend to live as long as he who has furnished me with a theme. If I *out*live him, so much the worse for himself, that is all. I don't know that I am called upon on the very threshold of my literary labors to stop and apologize for any possible advantage that I may obtain on the way. If I really do appear better with posterity than even the man I immortalize, it will doubtless be partly owing to my good luck, but principally to the superior genius I intend to display in my project! If this is not deemed sufficient, it will be my business to put the whole matter right in two or three posthumous pamphlets, which I will have published after I and my *subject* have "slept with our fathers." As one of our recent Presidents is said to have declared of a certain message to Congress—the deuce may take the present rantipole generation—I write, and propose hereafter to write, for posterity.

I look upon the foregoing as a tolerable specimen of modern introduction, and if my readers think so too, I shall proceed pretty soon to the matter in hand. Not, however, until I have placed myself *rectus in curia* in two or three other particulars, and a little further exemplified the frothy nonsense necessary to the concoction of a "pleasing biography" in modern times. A book would be no book, now-a-days, if it went directly to its object, and said no more than was called for by the occasion. Of course I have no idea of making myself singular.

In the first place, I beg leave to assure the reader that I am perfectly disinterested in this, my labor of love; that I have no private feelings or private objects to subserve—other than those I have alluded to—I am entirely pure in the premises; under the guidance of no prejudices and subjected to no sinister impulses! Upon my honor I am not. I am in no way related to the great man whose history I am about to commit to paper, nor have his friends offered any bribes

for my partiality. I ought to add that the French government has nothing to do with the publication, as was shrewdly suspected by Mr. Fennimore Cooper, when the critics like a set of icy-hearted vagabonds undertook to attack the immaculacy of his opinions. No, I am a free-born American, and disdain all such dirty interferences. My purpose I say is free, and my object perfectly etherial—that is, if I ever reach it; and that I hope to do in the course of a few paragraphs more.

* * * * * *

The reader will be kind enough to consider the foregoing stars as representing certain very sensible and pathetic paragraphs, which I doubt not would, with the help of an onion or two, have produced a whole *freshet* of tears from the reader, but which I have cut out, not only from benevolent motives towards the sensibilities of tender hearted people, but in order to come more speedily to my main subject. Here, reader we *are* with it!

Mr. Samuel Hill, whose good-natured, good-for nothingness soon brought him into such familiarity with his "constituents" that they never pretended to call him any thing but "Sam Hill," was a native of New-England. I never could learn certainly that he was born any where in particular, and of course, it cannot be expected of me to give his precise birth-place with the accuracy of some other biographers. There have been as many claimants to that honor as there were in the case of old Homer; but, as it seems rather unlikely that he was born in all the places designated, a great majority of the said claimants are very much in the predicament of about nineteen out of every twenty applicants for the same office under the new administration. It is quite clear, if Sam was really born at all, that he was born some where, and I deem it my duty, as that is a somewhat important item in the undertaking—the substratum, as it were, of the history I have in hand—to notice with some particularity, the various claims that have been set up in this behalf and to weigh their several merits and demerits with the impartiality that becomes a man of my gravity of pretension.

I have said that Mr. Hill was a native of New-England, and so he was; but as to the mooted pretensions of New-Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut, to that honor, I intend to be tolerably noncommittal, for the present, at least. Maine and Vermont are out of the question, for he was born before either of them.

I have canvassed the claims of the four States just mentioned as competitors, very carefully, and after many a weary night and day of sleepless investigation, I say boldly, with a proper sense of the responsibility assumed, and with full consciousness of the local wrath which awaits me, that I believe my hero first drew breath in Connecticut. Here I approach a point of great peril, and one which less resolute historians would avoid—I am obliged to encounter the very quicksands on which so many of my predecessors have gone to—Mr. David Jones' pantry; but I am equal to the emergency. What is a historian good for if he is afraid of the popular popgun? I intended when I commenced these memoirs not to care four-pence half-penny for my "contemporaries," and to set an example of indifference to the opinion of the "democracy," to all impartial historians in future. I *will* do it, and be hanged to 'em.

The perilous point to which I allude is obvious, I dare say, to every reader. Having determined that the hero should be born in Old Connecticut *Willy Nilly*, (the pure latinity for Nolens Volens,) every man, woman, and child, with half an eye can see that my great difficulty will be to reconcile the conflicting claims of the different towns and villages. Here *is* trouble and enough of it, I acknowledge; but dear reader, just place your right foot a little in advance of the left, cock your hat slightly towards the sinister side, put the dexter digit to your nose, and see how I will get out of it! It takes your experienced historiographer to come cleverly to the scratch. Most people would quail beneath the mighty influences that will be brought to bear upon me. Let them come on and see what *I* care for them.

I have got Mr. Hill into Connecticut at any rate, and before I get through with him—nay, before the varlet is fairly in breeches, it is more than probable that I shall identify his nativity with a particular county, and nobody need be surprized if I should make it pretty clearly appear that he made his first appearance within the limits of a township. I even have my eye upon a neighborhood!

Let us look a little into details. Barkhemsted folks believe Mr. Hill to have been born there, merely because wooden-dishes were first fabricated within the precincts. I put this down for nought, for Sam's noddle indicated no such origin. Wethersfield seems to be quite certain that a man of Sam's sensibilities must necessarily first have learned to weep among the onion patches of Piquaug. Hebron puts in her claim upon the principle of the pump; merely resting it upon the traditionary testimony as to his having frequently been subjected to involuntary ablution under the spout of that losel engine. Both these claims are inadmissible. First, because if Sam ever did shed a tear—of which there is not the slightest evidence—he always did it, I am bound to suppose, on his own hook, as the yankee sergeant fought the British at Yorktown. Secondly, Mr. Hill never was in Hebron or Hugh Peters would have mentioned him, as a much more promising prodigy than the crow-bar which floated like a mackerel cork at Niagara Falls. There are other evidences—nothing could ever be got out of Sam by *pumping*. These cases, therefore, are disposed of I take it.

Windham next bothers me with *her* pretensions. I shall make short work with this claim. "Col. Dyer and Elderkin too" may croak 'till they grow hoarse, without the least chance of making any impression upon me. Sam Hill would never have been born there if the offer had been made him. He was a man of too much sagacity to identify his destiny either with that frog-ridden town or with Old Colchester, another claimant

in the canvass. He was always an eschewer of New-England rum, and had especial abhorrence for molasses. How then, could he possibly have consented to be born in either of those places?

Lyme having brought forward proofs, as she thinks them, that our hero probably first appeared in the "North Quarter," or on "Pygan's Hill," I have only to say, that it is "no such thing."

Neither is there any thing more sound in the supposition that he was a native of Hardscrabble; and quite as little plausibility is there in the plea put in by the good people of Puckhungonock. I have the same remark for the denizens of Togwonk, and must be equally summary in deciding against the pretensions of Pettipaqug. He was neither born on Wigwam Rock or "The Great Flats." Swagotchy has urged claims that have staggered me for a moment, I confess; but a little research into the early annals of that interesting region has been sufficent to convince me that there are no good grounds for believing that he was either born there or "brought up" in Sunkepague.

There is, however, a little village not very far from several of these places, which adduces so many plausible proofs, and advances such a variety of very good reasons why he *ought* to have been born within its borders, that, without positively committing myself, I am bound to say, that I am very much inclined in its favor. I shall not give the name of this village, nor is it best, perhaps, to designate its "location" too clearly. It has had occasion to boast of several great men, and of course, is in no need of making itself more illustrious through the agency of *my* hero, and my pen. —— is immortal enough in having produced Elnathan Oxbow—in being the birth-place of the first plucker and planter of buttonwood staddles, of the age, and the most adroit snarer of partridges and pedlar of whortleberries "of this or any other country!"

Samuel, was undoubtedly either born here or some where else—always supposing as I have already hinted, he was born any where.

His parentage, or whether he had any, is a point almost as problematical as his birth-place. I have been unable to find the slightest clue to the name of his father, and even that of his mother, generally less difficult to trace in such cases as his, has not been without its difficulties.

Noah Beebe, a poet and philosopher of some repute in that country, supposes my hero's maternal parent to have been the celebrated *Hannah Hill*, who left so many descendants of the same name along the coast of Connecticut, that remain to this day famous for their good qualities, and who are only equalled in their savoury standing with the public by a family very nearly related to them—the Paugies, of Two-Tree Island.*

These matters, however, are not after all, of very especial importance, and having done my duty in hinting at them, I shall pursue the matter no farther. Wherever so distinguished a man was born, or whoever may have been his father and mother—nay, whether the latter ever "knew he was out," I do not consider at all necessary to know with exact certainty.

Sam Hill was a smart boy and very tractable in his learning, so far as the limited means of those early days afforded him any opportunity to "develope his genius." There was very little attention paid to the classics in those days in Sam's native village, nor indeed, were the rudimental branches very carefully looked after in his case. Even reading in Mr. Dilworth's valuable compend of elemental knowledge was entirely neglected, and our hero had arrived at the period whimsically called "years of discretion," before he reached that point in his education.

Genius, however, will break out, despite the disadvantages that attend a total ignorance of the alphabet, an original idea that I first caught in looking into the early history of young Hill. He didn't know B from a basket of turnips 'till he was past twenty, but he discovered a decided talent for chuck-farthing before he was five.

He had never learned even one of Dr. Watt's night prayers, 'till he was "of age," or made at that time so much progress in other earthly literature as to be able to understand that most sensible of lyric lullabys, "goosy, goosy gander;" and yet, the fellow had scarcely got out of his bib before he rifled his uncle's water-melon patch. He found it utterly impossible to count ten long after he had become an adept in some of the more abstruse rogueries of the neighborhood.

Some people are born with theories in their heads, and others are merely blessed with practical faculties. Our hero's cranium was innocent, from birth to death, of any thing in the shape of theory. His virtues were eminently practical in every particular. Disdaining all human learning, as great men will sometimes take it into their heads to do, all his earlier energies were directed to the natural promptings of nature, or, to speak more accurately, to instinct. There was an innate love of filth—a sort of intuitive aptitude for mischief, that soon settled the point in most men's minds, that Sam was born to be a man of *action*—that he was not one of Malvolio's men of might—not one of your distinguished citizens who was likely to have greatness forced upon him, but one who was *born* great!

I have already remarked that the sciences (that of reading among others) were entirely overlooked in his education. He made up, however, for that seeming deficiency by the strength of his own instincts and escaped from their consequences by the hardihood of his own head. Nature had provided him with a thickness of skull, that for a long time counteracted all the perils that seemed to await his utter want of brains—that is, the lack of the right *kind* of material in the upper story—and it is recorded as an evidence of the great sagacity of his mother, that she humorously remarked of him when he first ran away and nobody could tell where he had gone, that "Nought was never in danger." From the philosophy of this singularly felicitous observation, it will at once be perceived that my hero's genius

* A small sandy islet, so called from the fact that there is no such thing as a tree upon the premises. It is in Long-Island sound, and saving that there is nothing on it but plumb-bushes and rock-weed, it is a very picturesque spot.

was hereditary, at least on the maternal side. Few women of her station in society, could have hit upon so wise and so original a reflection. However, his biographer will be the last person on earth to set up any ancestral claims for him. If he cannot be made a great man without calling upon his mother, or even his grandmother, he may remain less than the least, to all eternity, for aught I care. There is no danger of him, however.

Perhaps it would be impossible to produce proof of precocious genius more striking than one exhibited by the subject of these memoirs in the very juvenescence, as it were, of his career of manhood. I have it from a manuscript diary of an old *maid*, who was familiar with the family, and an acute observer as well as a very careful chronicler of events in the history of this very eventful family. She says, in a letter addressed to a distinguished lady, residing at the time near Quaker Hill—

"I take my pen in hand to inform you that I am very well, and hope you are injoyin the same blessin. My little ones are al harty and helthy as pigs, so is our nabor's. Nothin purtickilar has happened, but I ort to write a word or two perhaps about that wunderfull child of *Miss Hill*.* Did you ever heer any thing like it? He is now seven yeers old, and his mother has never left of nursin him til last weak, and 'tis the oppinyan of al her friuds that he never would a left of any more than Deacon Jones' 10 year old caff, if Sam had n't learned to swear and chew tobacco."

There seems to be a general tradition that it was actually chewing tobacco which first weaned our hero from the maternal bosom! There is nothing, I take it, in ancient or modern history to compete with *this* portion of our hero's career. If there is, let it be produced!

* * * * * *

Asterisks again, and I feel warranted in using them; for there are certain passages a little too *luxuriant* for sober history, and they are omitted from prudential motives, as your cabinet ministers, omit the production of diplomatic documents. They may to be sure, be the only papers of the least earthly use, but are withheld because their seeing daylight would be "prejudicial to the public interests."

The stripling grew up and became a stout boy, rather "longer between joints" than most of his country compeers, to be sure, but equally lithe and awkward in the use of his rather elongated limbs.

Of course it was not in the nature of things for a young man of Sam's "capabilities" to live long in —— and not fall in love. He did so at any early period of his eventful life, and it grieves me to record some of the mishaps and misadventures which it brought upon him. "The course of true love never did run smooth"—at any rate it didn't in his case.

Sam was first smitten with the fair face and pug nose of Miss Barbara Waugs, a nice young lady living near him, and then smitten on the cheek by a blow from the clenched fist of that virtuous and accomplished virgin, which effectually knocked all his amatory partialities in the head.

He next courted a cousin of his, Miss Jerusha Juniper, who first favored his suit or pretended to do so, and then cut him most inhumanly for the village fifer. Mr. Hill took his mother's counsel on this occasion, and instead of demolishing the musician, as he at first swore in his wrath he would do, paid his addresses to a comely damsel who had previously met with a misfortune in business—having been jilted by a *merchant* in the city; or to make the matter more familiar, Polly Johnson's beau having become bankrupt in the business of selling grog upon credit, at his *store* on the "Beach," had broken off his engagement with her, and married the daughter of a wealthy smackman at Green's Harbor. Sam's suit in this case seemed likely to prosper, but all sublunary calculations, are uncertain. The truth is —luck is very little better than a Carolina negro's opinion of a white man—it is "mighty uncertain." Polly paddled out of her promises to Samuel, and married a pedlar from the "Green Woods."

He consoled himself in this affliction by offering his hand to the servant maid of a family in New-London, which he had been in the habit of supplying with peabrush, and but for one untoward circumstance this matter would have turned out happily for our hero. This circumstance consisted simply in being beaten out of the kitchen with a broom-stick the very first time that he "laid his love" before that amiable and estimable young lady. Of course, Sam being a young man of spirit, and withal, exceedingly apt at taking a hint, perceived at once that he was not so partially thought of in that quarter as he might be, and forebore to press matters any further.

Brighter times, however, were awaiting him, and it was not long after this uncomfortable era in his life, that he so distinguished himself, that it was out of the question for any mere mortal fair one to deny him any thing.

The reader will be pleased to consider the present point of my history as the 29th day of February, 17, and —I have forgotten what—and of course that it is a good time for a leap. Let us take it together. Mr. Samuel Hill is now twenty-one years of age, and notwithstanding the loss of some of those charms which belong exclusively to early youth, is very nearly or quite as interesting as he was when he went home from a baptist meeting at six years of age, and drowned his mother's cat in imitation of certain ceremonies he had seen on the occasion. He is now an "altered man" and fourth corporal of a militia company. He has added too, to his previous accomplishments, for he has learned to read "easy authors," and even gone far enough into erudition to be able with a very little difficulty to write his own name. Having a natural taste in the fine arts, he very soon after mastering the mysteries of "reading in three syllables," put himself under the tuition of an ancient professor of psalmody, and very rapidly rose to distinction in that sublime profession. So brilliant, indeed, was his progress, that in less than thirty lessons from his great *maestro*, Mr. Solomon Solafasol, Sam was sent for to take charge of the singing school at Little Crotchettown,

* The good people of Connecticut were never very particular in matters matrimonial. They generally spoke of married matrons as *Miss* so and so; and I am sorry to say they don't always make the proper distinction even now.

a village some miles from his residence, on the road to Stumpington.

Here our hero rose to the very summit of his earthly renown, and here he formed those associations and opened his eyes to those magnificent prospects of the future, which made him pretty much all that he ever was, and at the same time laid the foundation of those habits, which it grieves us to say, brought down upon him all the calamities which fate, or an irrepressible passion for eating and drinking, had ordained for his final discomfiture.

Caressed as he naturally was, and looked upon as he could not fail to be in so intelligent a community as that of Crotchettown, his celebrity extended itself amazingly, and it was but a very little while before he became as famous for his vocal, (or rather his nasal excellence, for Sam's melody was always most conspicuous through the nose,) in the neighboring parishes as he was in the very field of his first achievements, in psalm singing. Upper Schreechington, East Gruntingburgh, and the two "societies" in the Reverend Mr. Snuffleville's "circuit" were equally smitten with the unction of our hero's powers; even Mr. Straintext's congregation expressed a decided wish that "the distinguished Mr. Hill" might be invited to "extend his usefulness among the admiring people of *Brahamsville*; Deacon Guttural was particularly anxious, and old Swallowfrog, the time honored chorister of that vocal village, urged, with a voice that could hardly be excelled by catgut itself, the solemn duty of giving "the celebrated Mr. Hill" a call. Mumphegan was scarcely less clamorous, and the two rival neighborhoods of Wheezingham and Whistleville were equally vociferous for the honor of a visit from so supereminent a *nasalist*.

Sam remained perfectly noncommittal for a long time, and fearful of offending the factions that had undertaken to make themselves busy with his "great powers," he declared himself satisfied with his *location* at Little Crotchettown, and made known his determination to live and die in that immortal town. Public men, however, can no more maintain their own resolutions, than a public oyster. The one may make up his mind to be opened at no less popular place than at Downing's, in Broad street, and the other may resolve that he will speechify only at Tammany Hall, but it *may* become necessary to be broiled in the Bowery, and possibly the politician will find it most to his interest to hold forth at the Battery. The subject of these memoirs found himself under the necessity of yielding to circumstances. He was fairly obliged to be famous in more places than one, and was finally prevailed upon to give a "Concert of Sacred Music," in the "meeting house of the Rev. Mr. Snuffle at Porkington, in the adjoining village of Ragsausage. His success was complete, but like some other great men, he was unequal to his good fortune. In adding to the exhiliration of popular applause by a comfortable stimulus or two from the bar-room of the village inn, he took the cup of flip that does the mischief on all such occasions—that is to say the *last* one—and consequently was unable to preserve his perpendicularity. In a word, he was carted home excited. This may be considered the commencement of his downward destiny. His popularity still continued, to be sure, and he was equally the favorite of the musical and the military portions of the community, but, his greatness was evidently drawing to a close.

Having been chosen captain of the "Soul of Soldiery," a company of martialists who had adopted that title out of the mere modesty of their own souls, he had of course to undergo the fatigues, distresses, and dangers incident to "active service" in a draggle-tailed regiment of militia; and that bold body of the "national defence," having been suddenly summoned to supply a vacancy occasioned by the demise of Lieutenant Sweat, who had overheated himself in attempting to draw on his boots of a foggy forenoon in May, Captain Hill laid down his life precisely as a certain soldier would wish to die.

The muster of the company being a special one, it became the duty of the officers to "stand the shot"—that is, they were bound to "treat all around," and Sam, whose soul was nearly the size of a hogshead of "hard cider," planked his four-and-sixpence with the most praiseworthy nonchalance, that being his share in the extraordinary expenditures of the occasion. Sam was pluck to the back-bone, and disdained, as became him, the amount that was expected from him, but, discreet and prudent, as is the duty of all public men, it struck him as it has stricken a great many of his countrymen, that it was a matter of policy as well as patriotism, to "get his money's worth." Having the dinner to pay for, it would be foolish not to take at least his own share. He *did* take it, and as some of his contemporaries contend, rather more. At any rate, the boiled pig and pumpkin puddings killed him. He either over or under ate himself, and died as a military man should do—in the discharge of his duty!

* * * * * *

Thus departed this life, Mr. Samuel Hill—and thus went into oblivion one of the great men of the day. Oblivion did I say? Let us take that back, if you please, Mr. Reader. These pages, I apprehend, have taken care of this business. Sam *might* have gone to oblivion, sure enough, if I hadn't stood by him in the emergency. As it is, it would be pleasant enough to hear "one of the vulgar" venture to say any thing about the oblivion aforesaid. I wonder whether I wouldn't demolish him before he thought of such a thing!

CONCLUSION.

There is a moral in biography as well as in Esop's fables, and there is not only a moral, but there is, as it were, something more. In the present case, I shall let the moral pretty much alone. If the reader cant reach it by his own gumption, it is not exactly any of my business, that I know of. If there is not raw material enough for something moral or immoral in reflection on this history, I don't consider it any fault of mine. It is before you, ladies and gentlemen: help yourselves to such as you like best.

There is something to be added, however, and it is as well perhaps, for antiquarians to attend to it. Sam Hill

is as familiar to my fellow citizens of New-England, as Thanksgiving, and they are as well acquainted with that worthy, "by reputation," as they are with pumpkin pie or Parson Byles' sermons. His name is a household word from Rye to Passamaquaddy; but, they never knew 'till I told them, where he came from and what became of him; and to confess the truth, I don't know that they are much wiser now. It is very much to be lamented if they are not!

That the hero of these memoirs was a man "that take him all in all" possessed more attributes than "any body else in creation," is quite clear from all contemporaneous history; for no other individual was ever celebrated and sworn by for so great a diversity of opposite qualities. No true-blooded yankee ever had the toothache without ascribing to his ailment an intensity compared with my hero. His tooth aches "like Sam Hill." If a fellow is swift of foot, the New-Englanders are unanimous in the opinion that he "runs like Sam Hill," and if a cripple gets along leisurely in the world it is said of him at once that he limps like the same personage, and poor old Broom's cattle on the Colchester turnpike always had the name of being "slow as Sam Hill." "What the Sam Hill is the matter with you?" is a common expression, whenever any thing extraordinary is discernible in a man's deportment, and you "lie like Sam Hill," if a neighbor's word is distrusted. "True as Sam Hill" is equally in the mouths of those who would swear to the veracity of a favorite statement. A man is said to be as smart, and he is said to be as dull as "Sam Hill"—and if he is very bold or very timorous, "Sam Hill" is still the standard by which his good or bad qualities are measured. Of course, as I have already remarked, my hero must have been possessed of all sorts of qualities, and have been gifted with more versatility of powers than even the admirable Crichton himself. A word more, and I leave him and his historian to their fates. This biography will be looked upon in various lights by the reader. One class will call it "stupid as Sam Hill," and another will pronounce it "smart as Sam Hill." This latter body of citizens are very sensible people, and my heart warms to them like—SAM HILL. C. F. D.

Original.

THE IDEAL.

BY HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.

WHEN our young spirits were sent forth to brave
The untried sweep of Time's resistless wave,
Parental love creative wisdom swayed
And bade the shadow from our pathway fade;
One rose of Paradise in pity wreathed
Into our earthly coronal, and breathed
One deathless perfume o'er the spirit's birth
Ere it was ushered 'mid the sons of earth;
Bequeathed one talisman that there might be
A living germ of our high destiny,
Deeply enshrined in amaranthine bloom,
Each element to hallow and relume
Each pristine glory when the world-clouds dim
Should dull the echo of Creation's hymn;
A wing unwearied plumed in Heaven to bear
Life's stricken child above the realm of care,
Whose quivering beam invitingly should play
Through Time's cold vista kindled there to stay
The Present's whirling tide, and brave the sight
From Earth's poor exile to a home of light.

Mark its etherial essence floating by
Like the soft zephyrs of a southern sky,
To sanctify existence, silent trace
Its golden threads whose meshes interlace
The web of fate, and gracefully entwine
Its mystic folds with tracery divine!

Ah! who the heart's rich alchemy hath tried
In the world's shattered crucible, and sighed
One pure lament that feelings so profound,
So meek for angels, should be circled round
By hackneyed Custom—Slander's scorpion sting,
Time's wasting blight and Envy's vulture wing,
Presumption's brazen front, Gain's sordid mien,
Folly's weak glare and Falsehood's flimsy screen,—
And not uprisen from that thought of pain
Resolved such sorcery firmly to disdain,
The beautiful and true devoutly seek
With ever freshlier love and worship meek?
Though self-allied, how wilt thou keep the goal
If no ideal visions warm thy soul,
Transcending actual life's imposing sphere
Where leaves of freshest promise first grow sere,
And like the lamps of Heaven that burn unspent
While day's effulgence fills the firmament,
Glow all unseen until death's solemn night
Reveals at once their everlasting light?
'Tis Nature's vindication to decree
Her best gifts only unto those who flee
To her maternal breast with child-like trust,
And nobleness to spurn the gilded dust
Of human idols—Fashion's paltry strife,
Pride's tinsel trophies, all that takes from life
Its hues of morning, when all things real
Smiled to the undimmed eye in bright ideal.

Oh, what self-mockery is it to turn
From our own consciousness—life's mystic urn,
And wed ourselves to images of clay,
In their frail essence destined to decay,
When elements eternal inly live
Inspired though uninvoked, to give
The scope and line to being and to pour
Their inborn tints all outward prospects o'er,—
To be the pristine source and constant home
Of all true weal and sorrow, like the foam
Cresting the wave, in Ocean's ceaseless flow
To the broad surface mantling from below.

Perverse recipients of angelic powers,
We do not feel that all perennial flowers
Spring from a spirit-soil. Thoughts' subtle sway
And Feeling's inspiration and the play
Of Fancy's magic wand—'tis these give birth
To all the bliss and sadness of the earth;
And that high attribute that can array
Nature and mind with glory, and allay
The soul's deep thirst from that celestial spring
Which gushes where empyrean carols ring,—
The gift ideal—what were being shorn
Of its bright beams?—a day without a morn,
A rayless star, a harp to dirges strung,
A flowerless track—a destiny unsung!

Boston, 1841.

Original.

WILFULNESS; OR, THE WIFE'S TALE.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

"The thorns which I have reaped, are of the tree
I planted—they have torn me, and I bleed."—*Byron.*

Letter from Mrs. Ormeston to her friend, enclosing the manuscript.

"You, alone, my dear friend, have judged me correctly: you, alone, have been willing to believe that I might be influenced by proper motives, in pursuing a course of conduct which, to the world, has seemed eccentric and censurable: you, alone, have defended me from the heavy charges of parsimony, unkindness to my family, and a want of affection towards those nearest and dearest to me. When I retired to this humble village, people wondered that I should quit the gay world; when I commenced a system of rigid economy, they called it meanness, because I was supposed to be in possession of a large estate; when my husband sought his amusements elsewhere than in his own home, I was accused of having made that home an unhappy one; and, to crown the whole, when I devoted all the energies of my nature to the education of my children—when I strove to keep them from the contact of falsehood and vice by an anxious and severe watchfulness over their young hearts, the good natured world censured my rigid code of morals, and hinted at my cold-heartedness. You, alone, were my champion, although even you could not account for all my conduct; and therefore it is, that I now set myself to the task of combining the lights and shadows of my past life into one complete picture. I would have you to reserve it for the eye of affection only. I care little for the opinion of those who have so long misjudged me, but I would fain be fully understood, and, shall I add, appreciated by those whom I love. My sorrows have been many, but they were no unmerited punishment. Wilfulness has met its reward.

"Few persons ever entered upon the gay scenes of life under happier auspices than myself. The only daughter of a rich and respected merchant, highly educated, refined in my tastes, taught to believe that my person was far from being unattractive, and surrounded with every luxury that affection could devise, or wealth procure, I certainly possessed every advantage that could promise a brilliant career. Among the earliest of my acquaintances, was the handsome and fashionable Henry Ormeston. His fine person and prepossessing manners, his noble talents and cultivated mind, made him the object of admiration to all who came within the sphere of his fascinations. He soon distinguished me by the most marked attentions, and I was not insensible to the triumph of conquering such a heart; while the delicate homage which he paid to me, was the most subtle of all flattery to a refined and sensitive nature. I soon learned to consider him as first among his compeers, and my vivid imagination exalted him into a hero of goodness and genius. His tact in discovering character, enabled him to read mine with perfect ease, and he was not slow in availing himself of such knowledge, for, ere I was aware of the nature of my own feelings, I learned to love him with the most passionate devotion. Ignorant and inexperienced in the customs of the world, I saw no obstacles in the way of my happiness, and when he preferred his suit, I referred him to my father, with a full belief that our wishes needed but to be known, in order to receive parental sanction. I was soon undeceived. My father refused his consent to our union, and forbade me to hold any further intercourse with Mr. Ormeston.

"My whole soul rebelled against this harsh decree. I knew my lover was not rich, and I could imagine no other cause for my father's rejection of his suit. I therefore looked upon it as an act of gross injustice, and for this first instance of opposition to my will, I dared to accuse my good, kind father of *tyranny*. I shall never forget his grave and sad reproof.

"'It is not Mr. Ormeston's poverty, my daughter, said he, 'to which I object, for you will have wealth enough to enrich any one whom your heart may prefer, but I think him deficient in stability of character. He has no strength of principle, and in the day of temptation he will be found weak. This was the prominent trait in his father, and the son resembles him too much in person and manners, to allow a hope that he differs in other respects.'

"What did you know of his father?" I asked.

"'He was a man whom everybody *liked*, and nobody *esteemed*,' answered my father, 'an excellent boon-companion, one of those persons who are always *invited to dinner-parties*, but never chosen to *fulfil a trust*. It is for your own sake, my child, that I disapprove of young Ormeston, and remember that I have given you warning in time.'

"Perhaps this prohibition tended to increase my interest in the subject of it. I had been so much indulged, that I could not brook the least restraint, and I determined to judge for myself of the character of my suitor. But when a woman loves, and is beloved, there is little opportunity for the calm study of character. The very affection which actuates both, gives a degree of amiability to the temper and manners which often serves to disguise the real nature. Even if we see a few defects, we behold them in a softened light; and the contemplation of human nature in such circumstances, is like beholding a landscape in a Claude Lorraine glass, a *couleur de rose*, is diffused over every thing.

"Ormeston was tenderly attached to me, but he was not one to sacrifice his inclinations to the real welfare of another. He continued to visit me until my father, aroused to anger by his pertinacity, forbade him to enter the house. We then met in secret, and corresponded clandestinely, until, at length, carried away by the romance of my feelings, I made him a solemn promise never to give my hand to another. I mean not to dwell upon all the painful details of my life at that time. It is but too common a tale. Infatuated by my blind passion, I forgot my duty to the father who

had made me his idol, and while I cherished the affection which his prohibition had made criminal, I took no pains to conceal the ravages which disappointment was making with my cheerfulness and my health. In one thing only I refused to follow my lover's suggestions; I could not be persuaded to desert my parent in his old age, and by a clandestine marriage, to bring his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. But all his entreaties that I would resolutely conquer my foolish fancy, were unheeded. The more I was opposed, the more obstinately did I indulge my wayward humor; I tried to believe myself a martyr to domestic persecution, and imagined I was acting the part of a heroine, when, to others, I only seemed a disobedient child.

"At length, wearied out by my perseverance, and fearing for my health, which had suffered greatly during this strife of feeling, my father yielded a reluctant consent to my marriage with Ormeston.

"'Marry him, my child,' said he; 'since you will have it so, I forbid you no longer to become his wife, but ask me not to be present at the sacrifice. My house shall be open to receive you, but I will not, by my presence, sanction the ceremony which makes you a victim.'

"Will you believe, my friend, that these words, wrung from out my father's anguished heart, by fears for his daughter's life, were received by me as a sufficient warrant for my marriage? My romantic passion blinded me to every thing, and Ormeston, eager to avail himself of this advantage, urged a speedy union, lest my father should retract his unwilling promise. I was married—but never shall I forget the anguish of that day. My mother had long since slept in the silent tomb, but I had kind and dear relatives, and a father whom I tenderly loved, yet none of these friends of my childhood were around me when I stood at the altar to pledge my solemn vows. I listened to the awful question which demands that all impediments shall be made known, and my own heart rose up in testimony against me, for I was even then acting in disobedience to the command which bids a child to honor its parent. I received the congratulations of gay friends and acquaintances, but the well known voices which could alone awake the echoes of my heart—the voices of tenderness and affection mingled not with the mirthful tones of the giddy crowd, and then, when it was too late, I felt that perhaps I had purchased at too dear a rate the gratification of my own wayward will.

"Immediately after the ceremony, we left town, and during our absence, I received a letter from my father, stating, that the one half of his large double house had been refitted and newly furnished for my reception, and, that he expected that I should take up my abode there immediately upon my return. But he mentioned not the name of my husband, and in the first impulse of pride and anger, I exclaimed, 'Never will I live under his roof as a daughter, unless he receives my husband as a son.' To my great surprize, however, Henry did not seem to share my emotion on this subject. He soothed my irritated feelings—reasoned with me concerning my father's very natural dislike to the man who had robbed him of his daughter's affection—predicted a total change in my father's notions when he should know him better, and counselled me to accept the old gentleman's liberal offer, as he styled it. I cannot describe to you the pain which this *moderation* inflicted upon me. Had he indignantly rejected a proposition which seemed to make him a mere dependant upon his wife—had he refused to enter my father's door, unless received upon a proper footing, I should have loved him better than ever. But to my high-toned feelings, there was something of degradation in accepting bounties so grudgingly bestowed; and a suspicion, bitter as death—a doubt of my husband's nobleness of sentiment for a moment awoke within my bosom. I answered my father's letter affectionately, and begged him to receive my husband even as a child to his old age. His reply now lies before me.

"'My child,' he wrote, 'I cannot do what you ask; Henry Ormeston, in marrying you, has taken from me a daughter, but he cannot give me a son. No man of delicate honor would have wedded a rich heiress under the circumstances which attended his union with you. Had he been engaged in any business which could promise a future maintenance, or had he any profession, and my sole objection had been his poverty, some excuse might be found for him in the ardor of youthful feeling. But he well knew, that, if your father did not continue to provide for you, subsequent to your marriage, he had neither the means nor the industry to do it. He knew that I disapproved of his character and his condition, and he became your husband with a perfect understanding that he was either reducing you to poverty, or placing himself in a state of dependance. I do not choose to see my daughter want, and therefore the latter alternative must be adopted. My opinion of him is unchanged, and therefore I cannot welcome him with cordiality; he has entered my family against my will—he has taken advantage of a rich old man's love for his child, to secure himself a home; and he enters that home only because your happiness requires it. I mean not to quarrel with him; I believe he loves you, and I trust he will continue to cherish you as I have done. Time will show whether I have been right or wrong in my estimate of his character. If I have been wrong, I shall be happier in expiating my error than I can be in indulging it, but, at present, I must be allowed to follow the bent of my own will.'

"What did I not suffer while reading this cruel letter, so full of tenderness to me, so cutting in its scorn of my husband! But the pang was far greater with which I watched Henry while he read it. Flinging it down on the table with a careless laugh, he exclaimed, 'I see the old gentleman is a lineal descendant of "*hard-kopping Pete*"—a real copper-headed Dutchman.'

"What shall we do, Henry," was my first question.

"'Do, Marian? why, accept his offer, to be sure; we must return to his house, and wait for the time he talks about, to conquer his prejudices.'

"But how can I bear to see you treated with neglect, Henry?"

"'Oh, we'll arrange all that; you may be sure that

we shall not come to an open quarrel, and, as I am prepared for his coldness, it will not wound me.'

"How wretched did I feel that night! how soon had the illusion vanished from my eyes! how soon had I learned that my father was wise in his estimation of Henry's character! A feeling almost like contempt arose in my proud heart against him whom I had just sworn to honor, and I prayed most fervently to be preserved from the anguish of *ceasing to respect my husband.*

"With the shame if not the penitence of a prodigal, I returned to my father's house, and found that every thing had been arranged for my accommodation. The apartments designed for me, occupied half of the large mansion, and were furnished in a style of elegance better suited to my father's means than to my merit. I could not but hope that his prejudices against my husband would be softened, for I fancied that the fascinations against which I was not proof, could not but be powerful enough to avert a parent's displeasure. But my father had no intention of placing me in a position to suffer from conflicting duties. He informed me that his housekeeper had orders to obey me as mistress of the establishment, but that he had reserved to himself the exclusive right to his own apartments; that his meals would be served to him there at his usual hours, and that whenever I chose to preside at his table, I should be welcome, provided I *came alone.* He also placed at my disposal a handsome carriage and several horses, requesting me only to remember that *his own equipage* and servants were never to be used by any but himself, unless, indeed, *I* should be inclined to accompany him in his daily rides. In short, I found a line drawn between us, across which neither was hereafter to pass. Every thing was so arranged, that, while I could command all the comforts of a luxurious household, for my husband, as well as myself, yet the privileges of a child—the right of free access to a parent's presence, was only accorded to me, on condition that *he* was excluded. You will think my father wrong in this strange whim. It may be that he was—his conduct was certainly injudicious, since it offered a strong temptation to meanness in the object of his prejudice, without affording him any opportunity of overcoming the original feeling of dislike.

"The affection of my husband, his brilliancy in society, and the pride I felt in the admiration which he excited, reconciled me, in some measure, to the peculiarities of my situation. Determining to neglect no duty towards my father, I devised a plan by which I could divide my time between both those beloved relatives. By rising early, I could preside at my father's breakfast-table, and still be in time to take my seat with my husband at his later meal. Dinner was generally served to my father while I was engaged in receiving or paying visits, but I made it a point never to be absent from his tea-table. Always kind and affectionate, he seemed to appreciate my attentions, but on no account would he bestow any notice upon Mr. Ormeston. When they passed each other in the spacious hall, a silent bow was exchanged between them, for my father's old fashioned politeness would not allow him to omit an act of mere civility, yet not a word was ever uttered by either. And thus they lived in entire disunion but for the connecting link of my affection.

"It is impossible to describe what I suffered during all this time. Loving my father with sincerity, and regarding my husband with the deepest tenderness even after I had learned to doubt the purity of his morals, and the nobleness of his character, I was kept in a state of continual agitation, lest some open rupture should be the result of this coldness. Had Henry proved to be all my fancy had painted him, I should have been less disquieted; because I should then have had undoubting faith in the effects of time upon my father's stern temper. But, alas! I had learned that there were spots upon the sun of my existence—I had discovered the worm at the root of the stately tree which overshadowed me, and I no longer trusted that a better knowledge of Mr. Ormeston's character would disarm my parent's resentment. I will not tell you the petty incidents which taught me how entirely I had been blinded to the defects of my husband's disposition. It was not that I sought them out—God knows how willingly I would have deceived myself into the belief that they did not exist, but they forced themselves upon me through the medium of trifles which I could not thrust aside. I had naturally a proud and uncompromising sense of the dignity of human nature—integrity was a part of my being—a high-toned sense of honor had been my characteristic in childhood, and had I lived in the days of the old-world Paladins, I could not have been more fastidious in my notions of delicacy and firmness of principle. This refined sentiment of honor, this innate consciousness, which is to honesty what its perfume is to the rose—the very soul of its existence—my husband did not possess. He was honest and honorable according to the easy definition of the world, but he lacked that proud integrity which could resist the temptation of its own interests. I discovered this early in my married life, and his constant drains upon the purse which my father always kept well supplied, tended to confirm my doubts of his refined sense of honor. Had such bounties been bestowed upon *me* by one who scorned me, I would have begged my bread from door to door, ere I would have deigned to accept them. But Mr. Ormeston was content to pass through life in the least troublesome manner; and he accordingly occupied the stately mansion, drove the pampered horses, ordered the well paid servants, and drank the fine old wine of a man who despised him too much to exchange a word with him.

"Five years passed away in this manner, during which time I became the mother of three children. The eldest of these was a boy, named after my father, and to him he seemed to transfer the fulness of that affection which, since my marriage, I had never been able, entirely, to regain. I rejoiced at this growing fondness for my son, and hoped that the sweet boy might be a bond of union between us all, especially as my father did not hesitate to avow his intention of making him his

heir. This determination, however, was not very satisfactory to Mr. Ormeston, who had hoped that I should finally come into possession of the estate; but, with his usual careless good humor, he began to calculate the chances of benefit from this arrangement. Will you believe me when I tell you that, among other chances, he actually took into consideration the possibility of the *death of his child*—his first born son—which would, of course, under such a will, ensure him the property. Until that moment I had trusted much to his good feeling and affectionate temper, but when I heard him hint at the remote possibility of deriving benefit from such a calamity, I almost hated him. Yet I tried—oh, how anxiously I tried to forget it. I wanted, if possible, to retain my love and esteem for him to whom I was bound by indissoluble ties, and I sought to shut my eyes to his faults. The world looked on us as possessing every requisite for happiness. They blamed my father's severe temper, and considered his implacable resentment as the only cloud in our sunny sky; but they little knew that I had a far more serious cause of sorrow in the unstable principles of my husband. Fond of gaiety and dissipation of all kinds, he indulged his love for pleasure without restraint. The wine-cup, the turf and the gambling-table, all demanded a share of his time and money, and both were liberally bestowed. Yet was he ever kind and gentle to me; not a harsh word ever escaped his lips, and to all my remonstrances against the pernicious habits in which he indulged, he always replied with perfect good humor. Was I wrong in suspecting, (as I sometimes did,) that he would have been less tender, had the purse been in *his* hand, as well filled as it was in *mine?* Heaven only knows whether I wronged him, but when distrust creeps into the bower of wedded love, it leaves its poisonous taint over every flower in life.

"My father was taken ill, and, after lingering several weeks, he died. On his death-bed he admitted Henry to his presence, and as he bade him farewell, he added, 'I have summoned you, Mr. Ormeston, in order that you might not accuse me of carrying my resentment beyond the grave. Had you been less content with your condition as a dependant, I might have liked you better; had you refused to live under my roof upon the conditions which I prescribed, I should have known that I had wronged you in my first estimate of your character; but your conduct has shown me that you were quite satisfied with my terms, and, of course, I do not regret my past conduct.' I listened to these words with bitter tears, for I felt that if Henry had but obeyed the impulses of my indignant spirit, at the outset of our married life, he would never have been compelled to occupy so equivocal a station.

"When my father's will was opened, it was found that he had bequeathed to me an annuity of four thousand dollars during my life—to my two youngest children, two thousand dollars, per annum, while the bulk of the fortune, after deducting a few legacies to some old friends, was bestowed upon my eldest son, upon condition that as soon as he attained his seventh year, he should be sent to a boarding-school *in England*, and there allowed to remain until he had finished a collegiate course of education. In case of his death before he attained his majority, the estate was to remain in trust until my youngest child should be of age, when it was to be equally divided between them. I well understood the meaning of this will. It was designed to separate the heir of this fine estate from the evil example of his father, and, in the plenitude of his contempt for Mr. Ormeston, my father had thought that a disruption of the dearest ties of nature was preferable to exposing the boy to such influence. Thus I was called to make a *second* sacrifice—the result of the *first*, and, as I had given up my father for the sake of my lover, so I was now to resign my child to the care of strangers, in order to ensure his future welfare.

"Of course an immediate change in our mode of life was necessary. We had been in the habit of spending, at least, ten thousand a year, and my annuity, which was all we now had, certainly would not support such extravagance. This gave me little pain, for I had ceased to value the appliances of wealth, since I had learned they could not bring me happiness, but it galled the pride of my husband to the very quick. He could not endure the thought of living in a less ostentatious manner; he was not willing to resign the luxury of a carriage, and the pomp of a retinue of servants. But he was spared the mortification for the present. Our child had almost attained the age specified in the will for his removal to England, and as I was desirous of placing him in safe hands, we determined to accompany him, and to pass a few years in Europe. We accordingly left America about six months after my father's death, and of the detail of the next two years of my life, my dearest friends are ignorant.

"Our first care on our arrival in England, was to find a proper school for Charles. My heart bled at the thought of leaving him, but I knew that I should not obey the *spirit* of my father's will unless I separated him entirely from us. Having been unusually fortunate in our choice, we departed for Paris, in compliance with the wish of Mr. Ormeston, who seemed exceedingly desirous of enjoying the winter season in that gayest of cities. For my own part, I was perfectly indifferent as to my place of abode, so long as I could hear weekly from Charles, and as my other children were with me, I anticipated comfort if not happiness. But I soon found that I committed a sad mistake when I trusted one of his unstable character amid the labyrinths of Parisian vice. The freedom of French manners, the sceptical tone of philosophy then in vogue, and the prevalence of the fatal habit of gaming, to which Mr. Ormeston was already addicted, were too well suited to his temper and habits. He needed little persuasion to induce him to launch forth upon the treacherous sea of vicious pleasure, and all my suspicions of his laxity of morals were more than confirmed. But ill suited as we were, we never had those disputes and bickerings which often render the married state one of perpetual torment. Always kind and polite, Mr. Ormeston was considered a model of conjugal tenderness, and, as far as affectionate words and manners could make him so, he deserved

all praise; but he lacked that disinterested love which makes the happiness of its object its first care. He was warmly attached to me; indeed his natural disposition led him to look with kindness upon every one who did not absolutely offend him, but still, selfishness was the foundation of all his actions. Had I ceased to be his daily companion, and to minister to his daily comfort, all love for me would soon have faded from his mind, like a dream, for his temper was too indolent to feel any emotion very vividly. Yet his winning manners, his unruffled good humor, his kind-heartedness, made me love him tenderly, in despite of his unsteadiness of character. I would have given worlds to have been able to look up to him with respect as well as affection, but alas! I could not be blind to his want of sincerity, his *truckling* spirit, and his habitual vices; I could not deceive myself into the belief that he was a fit model for the imitation of our children.

"But I was destined to drink, to the very dregs, the cup which my own wilfulness had drugged. After a residence of nearly two years, we left Paris, but the precipitancy with which we quitted it, led me to suspect that something was wrong. I afterwards learned that some disgraceful transaction which occurred in one of those dens of vice, a gambling-house, had compelled Mr. Ormestom to seek safety in a rapid departure for his native land. We returned to New-York, and took lodgings at one of the fashionable hotels, while my husband was immediately surrounded by the companions of his former follies. His ostentatious style of living, together with his habits of play, soon involved him in debt, and I was now subject to the mortification of seeing him *dunned* again and again, by every tradesman whom he employed. My father had early instilled into my mind, a great horror of incurring *debt;* he looked upon it in its true light, as a species of *dishonesty;* 'it was supporting one's self,' he said, 'by levying contributions on others; it was making a show with the price of other people's industry.' Feeling thus sensitive on the subject, you may judge how I suffered from Mr. Ormeston's careless habit in this respect. He denied himself no luxury however costly, no pleasure however expensive, and, when importuned for payment by those who had trusted him, he put them off with fair promises, kind words, or some pleasing little attention, which converted his refusal to satisfy their demands, into a compliment.

"The last blow to my happiness at last came. I have lengthened out my story, even as a criminal prolongs the time afforded him to prepare for death, to defer as long as possible the narration of that final disgrace, the remembrance of which is fraught with mingled bitterness. I cannot enter into a minute detail of the affair; let it suffice to tell you, that a *note* of twenty thousand dollars, drawn by Mr. Ormeston, and bearing, as *endorser*, the name of one of the executors of my father's will, a man of known wealth and respectability, was discounted at a certain bank in New-York, and appropriated by my husband to the payment of a gambling debt. At the expiration of three months, when the note became due, a small sum was paid on account, and a *new note* for the balance was left in the bank; but before the time of payment came round a *second time*, the whole affair was discovered. *The name of the endorser was a forgery!* Do you ask who was the forger? It was he, who had ever been found too weak to resist temptation—even my unhappy husband!

"Let me do him the justice, however, to state that he certainly did not intend to rob either Mr. ——— or the bank. Driven to extremity by immense losses at play, he was induced to this method of raising the money, which he designed to pay *by instalments*, as the note came due; trusting that the gentleman whose name he had used, would know nothing of the transaction, and that, in the course of a year, the whole debt would be gradually cleared off. But some investigations which took place in the bank, led to the unravelment of the whole scheme, and he now stood in the light of a criminal, for, in the judgment of all who heard the disgraceful tale, he was guilty of that which ought to condemn him to a prison. Respect to the memory of my father, however, and a regard to my feelings, saved him from open shame. Mr. ——— agreed to assume the responsibility of the note, and take it out of the bank, upon condition of perfect secrecy being observed respecting the whole affair, while I repaid his kindness, as far as I could, by mortgaging my annuity to him, as a security for his future indemnification. This was the only mode that could be devised for the settlement of the debt, since the terms of the will rendered it impossible to alienate any part of my father's vast fortune from my eldest son. Mr. Ormeston, glad to escape disgrace on any terms, consented to retire into the country, and Mr. ——— agreed to pay us, out of my annuity, a thousand dollars per annum, the remainder being retained as a payment on account, of the large sum due him from my husband.

"Such were the conditions upon which we purchased the privilege of hiding our disgrace from the eyes of the world, and gladly did I quit a scene of so much disappointment and sorrow. But life had now lost its brightness for me. From the hour that I learned his guilt, there was no longer the charm of affection to blind me to the unstable principles of the man whom I had chosen to be the companion of my whole existence. There was something so unutterably degrading to me, in the thought of *fraud*—it was so mean and despicable a crime—that my proud heart revolted at the very thought. It was not only the want of morality—it was the *grovelling* nature of the act, which excited my contempt, and I could no longer love him whom I had learned to despise. I pitied him from my very soul, I sought to minister to his comfort in every way possible, but I no longer regarded him with the yearning tenderness of a loving heart. He avoided my presence—he seemed to shrink from my look—not because he feared reproach, for, God is my witness that no word of bitterness ever passed my lips on the subject; but because he could not brook the eye of one whose unspotted integrity was a daily reproof unto him. I strove to make him content with his altered condition, by sharing it unmurmuringly,

though I had been nursed in the lap of indulgence from infancy; but he could not overcome the painful sense of inferiority, which made him quail before me, and we gradually became more and more estranged. Strange position for two persons so closely connected! Without an unkind word having been exchanged between us—without an angry tone, or a reproachful look to extinguish love, it slowly faded from the hearts of both, like the vague image of a dream. He felt my very life to be a reproach to him. The precepts which I imparted to my children—the maxims of virtue and honor which, as a mother, I was bound to teach and to practice, were like so many stings and arrows to his wounded conscience. My presence was painful to him, for he could not forget that I had looked into the depths of his degraded nature. His habits of '*good fellowship*,' his pleasant manners, his graphic skill in story-telling, his comic songs, made him a great favorite in the little community where we now resided, while the calm tone of subdued sorrow, the reserve, born of betrayed affection, gave to my demeanor a gravity which was mistaken for coldness of heart. Some keen-sighted gossips had observed, that, when in my presence, Mr. Ormeston's careless and cheerful manner was exchanged for a restlessness, and apparent restraint. He told no merry tales, he entered into no boyish frolics when the sad eye of his wife was upon him, and this was attributed to my unkindness, my severity of temper, which clouded his sunny character. Alas! it was his own consciousness that hushed the song upon his lips, and checked the tide of mirth, when I was by his side. *I*, alone, knew of his disgrace.

"With regard to my children, I will not deny that I may have committed some errors of judgment, but how little can strangers know of the springs which govern our actions. I was severe in my ideas of discipline—rigid in my sense of duty, and it was with the inflexibility of a judge that I watched over the gradual development of passion and error in the hearts of my children. Why did I do this? Because they were of *his blood*—because I feared that *his* children, while they inherited his beauty and his talents, might also be the heirs of his unstable character. Let the tender affection of those dear, and, God be thanked! those *virtuous* children, prove to you, that, whatever the world might call it, my severity was not unkindness.

"Thus have I explained to you the cause of my apparent parsimony, and the groundlessness of the other charges which have been brought against me, by those who cannot look beneath the surface of life. A few years sufficed to pay the debt due to the kind Mr. ———; but others, many others, still remained to be satisfied, and I determined to continue the same course of life, until every farthing was punctually settled. I endeavored to surround my husband with such objects as might excite the fine powers of his mind, and induce him to substitute intellectual pleasures for the grosser enjoyment of the senses. Books in which he once delighted, painting in which he was not unskilled, music in which he was a proficient, were all brought around him in our humble and quiet home. But the poison of a vitiated taste had pervaded his noble intellect, and all mental pursuits had lost their charm. To ponder on the dangerous pages of Rousseau, or the vain sophisms of Voltaire, was the greatest task he could bring himself to undertake, while his skill as an artist and musician was wasted in political caricatures and political songs. Gradually he sunk lower and lower in the scale of being. He had begun life by *placing his happiness lower than himself*—he had commenced by degrading instead of elevating the dignity of his nature, and he now learned how much easier it is to descend than to regain the upward ascent. You know his subsequent fate: you know that the handsome and intellectual Henry Ormeston—the gifted, the amiable, the good-hearted—he who was once the object of admiration to women, and of imitation to men—sunk into the mere haunter of a village tavern.

"Have I told you enough of my trials? Would you hear how he gradually lost all sense of shame and self-respect? how he found in the depths of vice a *deeper still?* and how he finally died, with that most awful of all the weapons of death—*the drunkard's curse?*

"Time has shed its healing balm over many sorrows since then, but the lapse of years cannot bring to me forgetfulness. My children are now grown to adolescence—wealth and honor and goodness are theirs, and in their love I find my only earthly consolation. But I cannot forget the cruel yet merited sufferings of my youth. I say *merited* because they would never have fallen upon me had I not '*despised the counsel of my father.*' I followed the blind impulses of *my own will;* and, like all who *sow the wind, I reaped the whirlwind.*"

Original.

LOVE.

RUFUS DAWES.

True love is never passionate—it comes
Winged from too pure a source to work us woe.
Yet love, like all things beautiful and true,
Has found its counterfeit. There was a time
When in celestial garments it descended
A constant guest with man. Then man and wife
Were one indeed; for Heavenly love so wrought,
That, as the light and heat of the sun's rays
Make one for action, wisdom joined to it
In Heavenly marriage. In the golden age
Sung by the poets, love was all like that,
Such as the Prophet Milton told in verse,
When Paradise, in vision, threw its gates
Wide open to his sight, and mother Eve
Smiled on the first of bards. The time will come
When all that Milton sang will be fulfilled,
And Paradise regained; true love, once more,
Shall, with the Virgin, bend her flight to earth.
Virgil has sung of them in Pollio.
The Sibyls in their wondrous verse, have told
Their coming with the great Restorer's throne.
Strange! that from out the darkness of old Time,
Such light should break—and stranger still that men
Should not have pondered on these wondrous things.
Our age is, even now, would we behold,
Full of the promise, for celestial Love,
Hovering over, beckons to mankind,
And begs to be admitted.

Original.

THE GREEN HUNTSMAN;

OR, THE HAUNTED VILLA.

A CHRISTMAS LEGEND OF LOUISIANA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'LAFITTE,' 'THE QUADROONE,' ETC.

"Is it a true and honest tale, fair master?"
"Nay—I vouch not. I give it thee as I had it."

In the upper *faubourg* of New-Orleans and conspicuous from the river on which it fronts, stands a vast, square mansion, gray and ruinous through neglect rather than time. A few old moss-stained oaks of a century's growth, rear their majestic heads above its rank lawn, and the hedges and walls that once enclosed it are broken down or utterly destroyed. Every where are the marks of its having been, in a better day, the abode of affluence and aristocratic pride. Lonely, in dilapidated grandeur, stately and imposing even in its ruin, it has for years attracted the eye of the curious stranger as he sailed past it. But vainly does the traveller seek to learn from those about him, the history of the spot. All that he can ascertain is, that it is called "The Haunted Villa."

Less than half a mile above this dilapidated edifice on the estate adjacent also stands a mansion, which is no less striking for its beauty, adorned as it is with verandahs, porticos and latticed conservatories, and half-hid in the most luxuriant foliage, with well-appointed hedges of the rose-thorn interspersed with lemon, acacia and pomegranate trees enclosing a lawn of the softest green. It seemes the abode of taste, refinement and graceful affluence—the home of domestic bliss and social happiness. Never two mansions or grounds presented stranger or more remarkable contrasts, made still more striking by their juxtaposition.

At the latter villa on the evening of our story, there was held a Christmas festival, of a gayer and more brilliant description than usual, for it was a bridal night also—and the bride and bridegroom with the joyous train mingled merrily in the holiday festivities. The bride! How shall her matchless beauty be given to the eye of the reader! She was of stately stature, and graceful as the swan in her movements. Her eyes were dark, and burning with the light of love. There was an unfathomable well of feeling in their dangerous depths, and though they could occasionally flash fire and sparkle, their usual aspect was soft and timid as the gazelle's. She was called Ephèse, and men's eyes have seldom looked on a more beautiful woman, or a bridegroom's worshipping glance adored a fairer bride. She was wedded the night of our story, in the gorgeous rooms of the mansion just described. The owner of this mansion was a French gentleman, and had been a widower for many years. He called Ephèse his child. Some said she was his daughter, others that she was not. There was evidently a mystery about her. She was just eighteen the night of her bridal, which was as well both her birthday and wedding-day, a Christmas eve. The bridegroom was a rich young creole of Orleans, handsome, chivalrous and well-born, and every way worthy to wear so bright a jewel as Ephèse in his bosom.

It was a happy and merry night. All the youthful cavaliers for many leagues around were gathered there to grace the nuptials, and three score maidens, with the dark eye and raven hair of that sunny clime, presented their rival charms in the presence of the incomparable bride. In the wanton waltz and stately dance, amid never ceasing strains of ravishing music, and with the numerous scenes and changes of a bridal festival conjoined with a Christmas merry-making, the silvery hours flew swiftly on. Midnight at length approached, and the blushing bride, half-reluctant, half-consenting, was borne from the hall by a group of laughing virgins, to the nuptial chamber. At the instant the door closed behind her, the festive halls were strangely illuminated by a sudden light of a pale-green cast that out-shone the brilliant candelabra in the rooms and threw over every face the ghastly palor of death. At the same instant a loud, heavy, rumbling noise, like underground thunder, appalled every ear.

"Look! the Haunted Villa!" shouted several voices on the verandah.

In an instant the halls were deserted, and the verandah and lawn looking in the direction of the ruined mansion, were crowded with terrified gazers. Terrific spectacle! The whole interior of the ruin, towards which their eyes were turned, seemed to be on fire. Through every aperture of door and window and gaping crevice, the fire shone out as if from a furnace, with an intense glowing heat. Yet there ascended no smoke from it, nor could there be heard any sound of crackling flame. But what was most fearful was a tongue of green flame, which rising from the midst of the molten mass, flung itself, lapping and curling high into the air, like a serpent, and then contracted and coiled down upon the surface of the bed of fire, again to unfold and dart upward, and shed its baleful glare a wide league around. The most death-like silence pervaded the groups of banqueters as they looked upon this spectacle. To all the name of the Haunted Villa was familiar, and to every mind supernatural terror was associated with it. No one breathed. Expectation and alarm sat on every face. Gradually the intensity of the glowing interior lessened, and in a few minutes all became dark as before, save the tongue of flame which continued to curl and writhe above the central tower with fiercer strength. All at once it disappeared, like a lamp blown out, and in its place a small globe of green fire, that shone with a steady light, was alone visible upon the summit of the tower.

Awed and full of conjectures and trembling apprehensions, the company instantly broke up. In a few minutes, nearly all were on their way to their homes, anxious to place the widest distance between themselves and this spot of supernatural sounds and spectacles. Five or six young men alone remained in the deserted verandah. They were intimate friends of the bridegroom, who himself stood among them as they discoursed together on the event.

"Did you notice that it was just as the door closed behind the bride?" remarked Don Antonio Baradas, one of the group upon the colonnade.

"I did, signor," replied Eugene Brissot, with animation, "for my eye was following her departure, surrounded by her bridesmaids, and methought I had never seen woman so lovely, and I mourned so bright a star should set to every eye but Henride's."

"You all noticed it was just as she left the room, signors?" repeated young Don Antonio, looking round with a marked manner and speaking in a solemn tone.

"We did," all answered, "but has Ephèse any thing to do with—"

"Speak, Don Antonio! what evil threatens or is connected with my beloved bride?" demanded the young husband, earnestly grasping his friend's hand.

"Listen, signor," answered Don Antonio Baradas.

The young cavaliers, joined by one or two ladies, now grouped closer about the young Spaniard as he leaned gracefully against a column, his arms folded within his silk mantle across his breast. His attitude was striking and commanding. His age appeared not less than thirty, but care or deep and active thought had worn in his face strong lines, which, while they added to its intellect, took from his youth. He had been very handsome and was still striking for his manly appearance. His figure was tall and slender and finely shaped. His complexion was so dark as to approach a swarthy hue. His features were finely acquiline, and his large dark eyes beamed with the fire of intelligence. Sometimes there was in them a strangeness of expression terrible to look upon, while ere it could be commented on by those who observed it, passed away, instantly followed by the sweetest smile human lips ever wore. With the early history of Don Antonio, none were acquainted. He had come to New-Orleans on a Christmas eve, eight years before, a traveller and as the heir of a noble Cuban family. After a sojourn of a few weeks, he gave out that he had become so much pleased with the city as to determine to abide there permanently. His lodgings were magnificently furnished, and in his horses and equipage, he rivalled the wealthiest Creoles. He soon found friends, and the halls of the oldest and best families of the land were thrown open to him. He was admired for his wit, accomplishments, and manly graces, and every where courted for his wealth. Thus for seven years had Don Antonio lived among the hospitable and refined Orleanois. During all this while it was remarked that he never had drank wine nor spoken to a woman—though the loveliest in the world were alluring him with their smiles. Between him and Henride Claviere, the bridegroom, there had existed a long and close intimacy. He had now been invited to wait on him as a groomsman, but had singularly and strangely to his friend, declined, saying he could be present only as a guest.

"Listen, signor," he said, in an impressive manner, as his friends gathered around him, their curiosity aroused by the tone and emphasis of his words. "It is twenty-one minutes yet to midnight! There will be full time 'till twelve for me to speak. Patience, Henride! thy bride hath not been gone ten minutes and thou must wait for the cathedral bell to toll midnight ere thou leave us."

"The Cathedral bell! It was never heard this distance," exclaimed several.

"It will be heard here to-night, as if swinging within the dome of this hall," he answered, in a deep voice that with his words made each heart weigh heavier in the bosom against which it audibly throbbed. "Yonder mansion, my friends, was built by a Castilian noble, in whose veins flowed the best blood of Spain. His wealth was inexhaustible. He possessed also boundless ambition, and never did human life stand between him and his object. His passions were evil and indulged at any sacrifice. He lived solitary in a lonely castle amid the most fertile and lovely region of Castile. There he associated only with his gold, which he kept in coffers in his vaults, and with his horse and black hounds, with which he used to hunt every Christmas eve, from sunset to sunrise, in company, it is said, with the free spirits of the air, with whom, riding like the wind, they traversed the kingdom in its breadth and length ere the dawn. And what think you he hunted, my friends? A Castilian maid who should be both *perfectly beautiful and perfectly blind!*—for there is a tradition in Spain, that such a maiden shall become the mother of an Emperor who shall unite all the kingdoms of Europe into one Empire. But it was not for this he would possess this blind beauty. He was in person the ugliest and most hideous man in all Spain. Men looked upon him with disgust and women with fear. He wanted a wife and forsooth, one that was beautiful too, for next to his money and hounds he admired women. But no female could be found to marry him, so hideous was his visage, for all the gold in his coffers. He had heard of this tradition, and the idea of having a bride who should be perfectly beautiful and yet be blind, was highly gratifying to his vanity, for he could feast upon her charms while she would be ignorant of his ugliness."

"And why should he seek her by night?" demanded Don Antonio's listeners.

"It is said he had a talisman purchased by a mint of golden zecchino of Pius VI., by which he would be guided to the abode of such a maiden, who could be borne off, says the tradition, only at the midnight hour and while buried in deep sleep.

"At length, one Christmas eve, when this Castilian noble was thirty years of age, he sallied forth with hound and horse and horn to seek the blind and beautiful maiden for his bride. It was a few mintues before midnight, that the priests who were chaunting prayers in a monastery in the Pyrenees valley, heard the unusual sound of huntsmen and the hoarse bay of hounds approaching in full cry. The sounds came nearer and nearer, and grew louder and yet louder, and all at once the wide doors of the chapel were burst open, and this young Castilian noble rode in at top speed, followed by his pack, and galloped straight towards the altar. The horror-stricken priests seized the golden crucifix that stood upon it and held it up between the sacred place and the intruders, whom they believed to be the spirit

of the "Wicked Huntsman" of the Pyrenees, and no mortal man.

"Without heeding the priests or their crucifix, Don Rolando Osormo—for that was his name—leaped from his coal-black steed and passed through a small wicket that led into the cloisters of the nunnery. With a rapid step he traversed the corridor and stopped before a cell, the door of which was closed. It flew open at his touch. On a low couch, her features faintly visible by a lamp burning beside it, slept a nun of the most perfect symmetry of limbs and features. Don Rolando knelt beside her and lifted the lamp so as to obtain a more perfect view of her face. It was transcendantly lovely. He smiled with satisfaction, and lifting her in his arms, bore her forth into the corridor."

"How knew he that a maiden slept there?" asked one of the group.

"By the talisman on his whip, it is said."

"What was that, Don Antonio?"

"A lock of the Virgin Mary's hair braided in the snapper, says the legend. The pliant lash would straighten and point forward as he held it in his hand in the direction he should proceed. Its touch opened all barriers, and gave him ingress to the inmost closet of castle or cot. But the impious noble was soon to learn that he could not enter, even with such a talisman, a consecrated temple and bear off with impunity a bride of the church. His punishment, though long deferred, came. He returned into the chapel with his prize ere the terrified monks had recovered from their astonishment. Leaping upon his steed and followed by his hounds, he spurred down the echoing aisles again, and left the convent as the bell tolled midnight, the noise of his riding and the bay of his hounds breaking far and wide upon the stillness of the night, as he coursed homeward down the valley.

"Don Rolando soon reached his castle and laid his intended bride upon a gorgeous couch. Then sending for musicians, he placed them in a concealed alcove and bade them play the softest strains 'till she awoke."

"How was he certain that she was blind as well as beautiful, Don Antonio?" asked one of the group.

"He believed in the faithfulness of his talisman."

"And how could she be beautiful if she were blind, Don Antonio?" asked Eugene Brissot. "Methinks a lady's beauty lieth mostly in her eye."

"The tradition saith that the maiden in question is to be *perfectly beautiful* still *perfectly blind*. She must have, therefore, perfect eyes to the observer though useless to herself as instruments of vision."

"Poor lady," sighed the young cavalier.

"I prythee proceed with thy story, Signor Antonio," said the impatient bridegroom.

"It indeed becomes me to hasten, for the midnight hour is near at hand. Don Rolando having arrayed himself magnificently and perfumed himself with the costliest essences of Persia, stood concealed behind the curtains of her couch to witness her awaking. At length the music stole into her senses, and slowly she began to open her eyes and throw off the deep sleep that had weighed upon the fringed lids. Don Rolando watched her with the most intense interest. He trembled lest he should have been deceived—for, already he passionately loved her. She rose in her couch and gazed around. Her eyes were blue as heaven, large, liquid and full of love and feeling. But whether they had vision he was unable to determine. He was about to show himself to make the trial, but restrained the impulse and remained still concealed, feeling assured that a few moments would decide it. She looked around her upon the damask hangings that on all sides enveloped her couch, but there was no individual object about her to arrest and fix the eye. She now threw back her golden hair from her forehead, as if perfectly awake, and gazed around with intelligent surprize, too visibly depicted on her features and in the enlargement of her dilating eye to be mistaken. Don Rolando's heart began to sink within him. She looked each moment more bewildered and alarmed.

"'Holy Virgin, where am I?' she cried at length, in a voice which alarm had made most sweetly touching. 'These silken hangings—this heavenly music—this gorgeous chamber—' for she had now put aside the curtains. 'Whither have I been borne in my sleep? It were heaven did not yonder lattice with a view of the distant stars through, tell me I am yet on earth.'

"'She *sees*, and the talisman has played me false! Accursed be it and the head it grew upon!' muttered Don Rolando through his clenched teeth.

"He was about to rush forward and bury his dagger in her heart, for his vanity and pride would not allow him to permit her to see his features, inasmuch as he already loved her, and the thought of seeing her shudder at their ugliness was madness to him. He had rather slay her with his own hand. This he was about to do, when suddenly his arm was arrested by a light touch. He turned and beheld a low black figure, with a body no higher than his knees, with a prodigious head, in the brow of which was set a single eye of green flame like a shining emerald, and with hands and arms of supernatural length.

"'Avaunt, fiend!' he cried, starting back with horror and affright.

"'Fear me not, Don Rolando,' said the dwarf in a hoarse low tone. 'I know thy disappointment, ha, ha, ha! She has eyes brighter than stars.'

"'By heaven she hath! How know you my thoughts and purposes?' demanded he with surprize.

"'It matters not. I can aid thy purpose!'

"'How?'

"'Destroy her vision!'

"'*Thou*, hell-hound! would'st thou mar such glorious beauty? She shall die first by my own hand.'

"'I will not mar it. I will take away her sight nor lay hand upon her.'

"'Give me proof of it and thou shalt attempt it. I would give half my wealth could it be so. Give me proof.'

"The demon-dwarf fixed upon him his single eye for an instant with such a steady gaze, that Don Rolando's eyes were irresistibly riveted upon it as if fascinated. In vain he tried to take them off. They were no longer

subservient to his will. The demon's eye grew larger and larger, brighter and brighter each moment, 'till the light of it became painfully intense, and seemed to Don Rolando's eyes to fill the whole space before him and to pervade the whole room. By degrees it then faded away, lessening and growing dimmer and dimmer until it left the place to his vision dark as midnight.

"'Where art thou, fiend, that thou hast charmed me thus and left me in darkness?'

"'Ha, ha, ha! Don Rolando, dost thou find thyself in darkness?' said the dwarf, speaking from the self same spot where Don Rolando had last seen him.

"'Art thou here, demon? Who hath extinguished the lights?'

"'No lights are extinguished, Don Rolando. The darkness is in thine own vision. Thou art stone blind.'

"'Thou liest. Ho, lights, lights, knaves! bring lights!'

"'Thou mayest call for lights 'till they rival in brightness the sun, and thou shalt not see their brilliancy.'

"'Fiend, hast thou done this?'

"'With a single glance of my eye. I have given thee but the proof thou didst seek. Look upon me once more.'

"'I see thee not.'

"'Be patient and I will restore thy vision.' The demon then placed a finger upon each eyelid of Don Rolando, and pressing upon them asked him if he saw two golden rings.

"'I do,' answered Don Rolando.

"'Fix thy inward gaze upon them as steadily as but now you fixed your external gaze upon my eye.'

"Don Rolando with an effort did so and by degrees the golden rings enlarged until he seemed to be in a universe of roseate light. The dwarf then removed his fingers and he opened his eyes. All around him then seemed an atmosphere of pale light but no object was visible. Gradually the light assumed a delicate blue shade, and then a green color, and seemed to gather itself into a circle opposite to him. This circle gradually lessened in size and increased in brilliancy. He kept his eyes steadily upon it as if by a supernatural energy, until it diminished to a small orb. That orb was the *dwarf's eye*, whom he now beheld standing in his presence as before.

"'It is enough! Thou shalt make use of thy power,' said Don Rolando. 'She is on yonder couch.'

"'The terms are the souls of the children she may bring thee,' said the dwarf, without moving.

"Don Rolando started. He saw that his visitor was resolute. 'It is but a contingency at the best,' thought he. 'I consent,' he said hesitatingly.

"'Lay thy thumb and forefinger upon my eyelid and it shall be thy oath,' said the demon.

"Don Rolando did so. The dwarf then placed himself at the foot of the couch in shadow, so that his bright green eye alone was visible from it. It instantly arrested the maiden's eyes and her glance was fascinated. In a few moments her vision was for ever darkened.

"The demon departed as suddenly as he had appeared, and Don Rolando stood by the couch of the blind maiden. He watched her motions. Her gaze was vacant and her hands moved like one who is in the dark.

"'Alas, alas! whither am I borne? To what fate am I doomed? A moment since all was bright and gorgeous, and now all is dark as midnight. *Ay de mi!* Hapless vestal!'

"'Nay, sweet lady,' said Don Rolando, in a gentle tone, for though his visage was hideous his voice was soft and harmonious; 'you are brought from the damp cells of a cloister to the halls of luxury and affluence—to a noble castle that waits to hail you as its mistress, and to a true knight's home, who is ready to lay his heart and honor at your feet.'

"Thus and in like manner spoke Don Rolando. His soothing voice and tender speech at length won her ear, and she listened to him with pleasure. But the story of his wooing and nuptials, and of her submission to her blindness, for which she could not account, and which, be it mentioned here, did nothing mar her beauty, must be passed over. Years rolled by and Don Rolando had become the father of seven beautiful daughters, every one of whom had been born on a Christmas eve. He loved his lovely and sightless wife each succeeding year more and more. Blessings seemed to flow in upon him on every side. The only desire he now had, to complete his happiness, was for a son, that he might have him heir to his name and vast estates. But this wish he was never destined to see fulfilled.

"At length his eldest daughter reached her eighteenth year, and a neighboring young noble who had won her heart was to lead her to the altar on her birth-day eve. The bridal party were assembled, the rites were performed, and the hours of festivity flew on with joy and hope. The bride, who was scarcely less lovely than Henride's, was in the midst of a waltz, when the castle clock tolled twelve. Ere the last stroke had ceased vibrating upon the ears of the banqueters, there entered the hall a tall dark stranger, in a green velvet dress richly studded with emeralds. In his bonnet was a sable plume fastened by an emerald that glowed like fire, and at his belt was a hunting horn. His aspect was noble and his face intellectual. His entrance drew nearly all eyes upon him. But there was something about him that made Don Rolando's heart shrink with ominous foreboding. He strode across the hall to the spot where Don Rolando was seated, and said in a low tone—

"'Don Rolando, I have come for thy daughter.'

"Don Rolando started back and looked him in the face for an instant, and then with a shriek fell backward in the arms of his attendants.

"Leaving him, the stranger then approached the bride as she yet circled in the waltz, for while in its giddy mazes she had not yet noticed his entrance. He stood near her and sought to catch her eye. He succeeded! Instantly she stopped as if paralyzed, and then, without turning her glance aside from his steady gaze, approached him. He receded from her as she did so, still keeping upon her his riveted gaze, which seemed to fascinate her like a serpent's, for as he moved across the hall she followed him as if irresistibly drawn along solely by the

power of his eye. He now took his way through the hall in the direction of the outer gate of the castle, steadily looking back towards her over his shoulder, while like a hound she continued to follow, step for step. All arrayed in her bridal robes and sparkling with jewels, with a face like death's and eyes supernaturally dilated, she went on after him, looking neither to the right nor to the left. Poor maiden—without once removing his glance from her terrified eyes, the stranger passed out of the hall, descended the marble steps to the court below and crossed the court to the outer gate; and through hall, corridor, and court-yard, the charmed bride followed him, keeping the same distance behind until she disappeared after him through the portal. Of the guests all were at first paralyzed, and followed them at a distance, the boldest, nor even the bridegroom himself, having power to attempt her rescue. Slowly behind her they followed, with silent amazement and horror, 'till the ill-fated bride had disappeared through the gate when the spell that seemed to have bound all present was broken.

"'Ho! cavaliers and gentlemen! To the rescue!' was the universal cry.

"Ere they reached the gate they heard the receding footsteps of a horseman and the full cry of hounds as if a huntsman was scouring the country at the head of his pack. The sounds soon died away in a distant glen, and from that night forward nothing was ever heard of the bride that had been so strangely charmed away.

"The next day Don Rolando, who alone could unravel this mystery, sent ten thousand golden pistoles to the convent from whence he had abducted his wife nineteen years before, praying that masses might be nightly offered for his daughter's soul.

"Two years elapsed, and time, which heals all things, had in some degree thrown over this event its oblivious veil, when the second daughter, not less lovely than the eldest, attained her eighteenth year, and on her birth-night was led to the altar by a noble Arragonese cavalier. As before it was a night of mirth and festivity. Alas, for it! When the clock struck twelve, the bride was just entering her bridal chamber. On the threshold she looked back to receive Don Rolando's blessing when her eye encountered the fixed glance of the swart stranger. With a shudder she turned back from the very threshold of the bridal chamber and followed him at a short distance behind, through hall, court and corridor, to the outer gate of the castle. Again were heard, a moment afterwards, the huntsman and his hounds coursing up the glen, again the cavaliers present, 'till now spell bound, rushed forth to the rescue. But never from that time forward was there intelligence of the fate of the second daughter of Don Rolando Osormo.

"By a strange fatality the bridal night was always on the birthday night, which happened ever on Christmas eve, the anniversary of the night on which Don Rolando committed the sacrilege of abducting the novice."

"Doubtless Holy Church had something to do with his terrible punishment in the loss of his daughters," said Eugene Brissot.

Don Antonio Baradas smiled coldly and significantly and without replying continued—

"That these nupitals should be suffered to take place a second and a third time, after such a horrible consummation of them, is no less strange, than that the parties should be so little affected by circumstances that ought to have made a lasting impression on every mind. It would seem that Don Rolando and his friends and his daughters' wooers, were, one and all afflicted with a judicial blindness. A third, a fourth, and a fifth bridal took place, with two years interval between each, with precisely the same results—the nightly appearance, at the stroke of twelve, of the dark stranger—the fascination of the bride—her submissive following, and disappearance, with the retiring sound of horse and hounds winding up the glen. What is most remarkable connected with this affair, was, that at each visit of the dark stranger, the sightless mother recovered her vision during the time he was present, but immediately lost it on his departure. At the loss of her fifth daughter she died of a broken heart for her bereavements.

"At length Don Rolando roused himself at this series of judgments, and resolved to avert the fate of his two remaining daughters, one of whom was sixteen and the other and youngest of all but six years of age. For this purpose he secretly left his castle and his native land, and came hither, as if the wide sea were a wall between justice and the adjudged. He built yonder solitary and gloomy mansion, and defended its portals with iron gates. He consecrated every stone with holy water, and in every threshold sunk a silver cross. The two years elapsed as before, and strange infatuation, he suffered his daughter to be led to the altar on her eighteenth birthday. A wealthy and high-born young Creole had wooed and won her. Don Rolando gave his consent, believing the power he dreaded would not reach him here. He wished too, with a resistless curiosity, to relieve his mind by the trial. He incurred the risk, and *sacrificed his daughter!*"

"Did the green stranger appear?" asked every voice.

"True to the hour and stroke of midnight. The bride followed him from the drawing rooms and across the lawn, and a moment afterwards the sound of horse and horn resounded along the winding shore 'till lost in the dark cypress forests to the south. The guests fled from the fatal halls in terror. But none could afterwards tell the tale or describe the scene. A spell seemed to have been laid upon their memories. All was confused and indistinct when they would recall it, but the impression of a supernatural presence there on that night remained uneffaced. From that time the 'Haunted Villa' became the scene of mysteries no man could unravel. The morning after this supernatural event, M. Vergniaud, at present our noble host, was surprized at the entrance of Don Rolando leading in his youthful daughter, a beautiful child in her eighth year. To him Don Rolando consigned her, after telling him the strange story you have heard me relate. With him he left keys to coffers of gold in the vaults of his mansion, and then blessing his daughter, took his leave of her for ever! He is now, as a rigid and holy monk, doing penance day and night in the monastery

which he had so sacriligiously violated. Where is M Vergniaud? Methinks I have not seen him present among you."

A low groan now arrested every ear. A figure lay upon the ground in a kneeling posture—it was M. Vergniaud. He had fainted there at the first sight of the spectacle the Haunted Villa had presented. Ephèse had been to him as an own child. He felt that the curse had not departed from her race, and had fallen forward insensible, with a cry for mercy, mercy! for her on his lips. They lifted him up and laid him upon an ottoman. Those who assisted him were scarce more alive than himself. Don Antonio's tale had filled the soul of every one that listened to it with horror. Henride Claviere, the bridegroom, stood before Don Antonio like a statue of stone, and all eyes were fixed upon the young Spaniard in silence. They expected something they knew not what—but something that would harrow their senses and chill their blood. The connection of the fearful tale with the bride, was too plain to be mistaken.

"Let us save her or die with her, good Don Antonio," cried Eugene Brissot.

"Hark! it is twelve o'clock!" they cried, in the deep voice of fearful expectation.

"It is the Cathedral bell! The saints preserve us!" fell from every pallid lip.

At the last stroke Don Antonio cast aside his silken cloak from his tall figure and stood before them the Green Huntsman—the Swart Stranger of his tale. Without a word he left them, and entering the drawing room from the verandah, crossed it to the door through which Ephèse had gone with her bridesmaids. It opened ere he touched it. Passing on he traversed a suite of lighted rooms until he came to the door of the nuptial chamber. Disrobed of her rich bridal attire, Ephèse was standing among her bridesmaids in a *robe de chambre* and cap of snowy white, that made her look, if possible, still more lovely than ever. The door swung open and Don Antonio instantly fixed his eye upon hers and turned to leave the chamber. She clasped her hands together in agony, as if instinctively she knew her fate, and followed him. He did not keep his eyes upon her constantly, but strode forward without looking behind, as if satisfied she followed. Twice she stopped and stood still, wringing her hands supplicatingly. He had only to glance back over his shoulder, at such times, and she came crouching along close to his feet. Thus he led the ill-fated bride into the hall and forth upon the verandah. Here stood Henride—here stood Eugene Brissot and their friends. They beheld him advancing and saw him pass by close to the spot where they stood. They saw—oh, horror! oh, Heavenly pity! they saw too, the poor Ephèse following him—now stopping and wringing her snowy hands as he took his eyes from her, now as he turned and fixed them upon hers crouching and moving on mournfully in his fatal footsteps. Yet they could move neither hand nor foot to save her. Henride's eyes followed his bride with a glassy stare, and the brave Eugene Brissot seemed divested of every vital function and sense save the single sense of horror. Thrice she tried to turn and look upon her husband, but each time his eye arrested the movement of her head and drew her still on after him. From the verandah they traversed the lawn, reached the gate and passed through it. The next moment was heard the galloping of horse, the sound of hounds, and those on the verandah distinctly beheld the Green Huntsman riding like the wind in the direction of the Haunted Villa, bearing before him in his saddle the hapless victim bride. As he rode they saw his form change, (for he seemed to emit a horrid shining light that exhibited him as plainly as noon day to their vision) and assume the form of a hideous dwarf. On rode the demon and his victim, and on followed the pack of black hounds, baying in full cry. All at once the Haunted Villa became illuminated as before, with a red glare through window, portal and crevice, while again the writhing tongue of green flame lapped the air and shed a baleful light a league around.

The demon with his victim borne before him and followed by his whole sable pack, now turned into the lawn and rode towards the infernal mansion, at the wildest speed. Without pausing they all, rider, victim, horse and hound, dashed through the yawning portal and leaped into the midst of the glowing furnace. Shrieks and yells most piercing and appalling rent the air; the flames were suddenly extinguished, and in an instant darkness and terrible gloom shrouded the spot where a moment before seemed to yawn the sulphurous mouth of hell.

Such is the legend of the "Haunted Villa;" and such is the penalty of a parent's crime, which sooner or later Heaven will punish, even to making wicked spirits the instruments of its just vengeance. This will be more apparent when the end of the wicked Don Rolando is seen, which will be narrated in a subsequent legend.

J. H. I.

Original.

WHAT MAKES A FREEMAN?

What makes a freeman? is't the eye
Which flashes forth indignant fire
When stern oppression sweepeth by
And kindleth all the soul to ire?

What makes a freeman? clamoring loud
'Midst motley hosts of simple men,
To please the humor of the crowd,
And sink in low debauches then?

What makes a freeman? party strife,
With party hacks and party knaves,
To tread the lowest paths of life
With sycophants and hireling slaves?

No—God made man as man should be,
Not to hold empire o'er his kind,
But stamped a broad equality
On the whole universe of mind.

For him, it is enough that he,
Should rule his own wild nature well:
Fitter for him than hold the key
Of highest heaven or lowest hell. G. L. R.

Original.

ALICE COPLEY.*

A TALE OF QUEEN MARY'S TIME.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

CHAPTER II.

"Of higher birth he seemed, and better days—
Nor mark of vulgar toil that hand betrays;
So femininely white it might bespeak
Another sex, when matched with that smooth cheek,
But for his garb, and something in his gaze,
More high and wild than woman's eye, betrays
A latent fierceness, that far more became
His fiery climate, than his tender frame."

ALICE COPLEY received her father's blessing and her lover's whispered farewell on the terrace, and hastened with cautious footsteps to her chamber. Her mind had been overtasked during the day, and she began to disrobe herself wearily, and most anxious for a few hours of quiet rest. She had already drawn the slippers from her small feet, and loosened her robe, when a noise at the door startled her. She looked up, gathered the dress again hastily over her person, and, with difficulty, prevented a shriek of affright bursting from her lips. The door had been cautiously opened and closed again, and there, within her sleeping-chamber, late at night, stood the stripling page of King Philip, gazing earnestly on her as she prepared for rest.

That boy page had long been a subject of wonder and surmise in the court—a certain air of mystery for ever hung about him. He had been brought from Spain in the King's suite, a strange, reserved, and very beautiful creature, whose light duties were confined to the person of his master. His bearing was always reserved, and sometimes shrinking and modest as a very girl's, but occasionally he would meet the jeering speeches and curious eyes of the court gossips with freezing reserve, or, at rare intervals, with a curling lip, and an air of almost imperious scorn. He spoke no English, and therefore was allowed to linger about the person of his master in his hours of council, and to share his most private moments, a cherished favorite, whose gentle presence was always pleasant and safe. The most important secrets were discussed in his presence, and seldom did King Philip visit his Queen without first being announced, and afterwards attended by his handsome page. The conversation, both in his council and in these interviews with his wife, was always conducted in the language supposed to be unknown to the page, but, at times, when some act of cruelty or oppression were under discussion, the boy's round, smooth cheek, would blanch, and his lips become tremulous with unaccountable emotion, and more than once, when Queen Mary's doting fondness of her young husband had been over warmly expressed in his presence, Alice Copley had observed the red blood burn over his cheek, and fire flash to his large black eyes with a brilliancy painful to gaze upon. Yet all this was very strange, for the singular being seemed not only ignorant of her native language, but was averse even to an attempt at learning it.

* Continued from page 11.

Alice shrunk from the boy's glance, and drew behind the bed-drapery more in maiden bashfulness than from terror at his appearance; whatever his object might prove, she felt that little of harm could be apprehended from a creature so frail and delicate, that he appeared scarcely more than a mere child. There was neither saucy boldness nor confusion in his manner, but as the light fell on his small and exquisitely moulded features, she observed a subdued and gentle expression there very different to anything she had seen before. He had evidently been undergoing some unwonted physical emotion; his cheek was pale, the fire of his fine eyes was quenched, and the full red lips were slightly parted, not in a smile, but as if to allow free passage to the quick breath that came up from his panting bosom.

After her first confusion, Alice could but conjecture that late as it was, the Queen desired her attendance, and had sent that strange messenger to demand it. Drawing farther back, she hurriedly arranged her robe, and thrust her feet again into the slippers she had just taken off. With these imperfect preparations to obey the supposed summons, she stepped forward, and by a sign, informed the page that she was ready to follow him. Greatly to her astonishment, he went to the door cautiously, tried the bolt, and came back to where she was standing, pale and terrified at the action.

"Do not fear me, lady," said the boy, in sweet broken English, which fell upon her ear like some soft magic, "nay, do not pale thus; I would do thee good rather than harm," and grasping the resistless hand of the maiden in his slender fingers, he pressed it reverently to his lips.

Alice was perfectly bewildered. Who was the strange beautiful creature? why was he there intruding on her privacy at that time of night? why had he so long concealed a knowledge of her native tongue? She had heard him speak in his own language often, but his voice seemed singularly musical and flute-like, as he uttered these imperfect words of English; there was something feminine and helpless in it, that went to her heart.

"This is very strange, boy; why should you break upon my privacy thus. Leave me, I pray," faltered out the bewildered girl, withdrawing her hand, but gently, and as one reluctant to give pain.

"I cannot go," replied the page, respectfully. "I have much to say."

"Let it be to-morrow, by daylight, then; it befits not a maiden's honor that one of the other sex should be fastened in her chamber at this hour of the night."

An arch smile flashed over the boy's face, but he drew a little back, and folding his arms, seemed determining some subject in his mind. By degrees, the whole expression of his face changed; the finely-pencilled brows fell, and gradually knitted to a frown over his dark eyes, a sterner expression came about the mouth, and the small white fingers of his right hand beat nervously against the folded arm.

"I have been in thy company before, to-night, maiden," he said, at last, raising his eyes to her face.

"To-night," repeated Alice, faintly, for she remembered the footsteps that had startled her in the park.

"I see by that start, the little promontory down yonder—the bible, and thy two companions, are not yet passed from thy mind."

Alice did indeed start, and the color forsook her face. Quick as thought she saw her danger. The secret of her religion was made known. Her happiness, her life, nay, lives dearer than her own, were placed at the mercy of King Philip's favorite. For a moment, she was utterly overwhelmed by the magnitude of the threatened evil, but firmer thoughts came at length, and clasping her hands, she bowed her face, and murmured, "The will of God be done."

"I will do thee no harm," said the boy, earnestly.

Alice lifted her head, and looked eagerly in his face; there was sincerity and commiseration there—a look of honest sympathy that touchod her heart. Her eyes filled with tears, and with a grateful impulse she extended her hand.

"Not for my sake—oh, not all for mine, but for those loved better than myself, am I beholden to you, kind boy."

"Fear me not," was the reply. "I am no evesdropper, to pry into the hearts of my fellow men, and crucify them because they claim a right to worship God after their own fashion. I did not keep guard upon thy actions for this."

"Then wherefore were my footsteps followed so perseveringly?" said Alice, lifting her tearful eyes again to the boy's face, "I am but a humble maiden, exalted to a station beyond my wishes, yet save in the secret worship of a heart which must be free in its prayers, my actions are open as day."

"I heard the tale of King Philip's forward love, from thy own lips, as it was told to thy father, and yet have I listened to a different tale, one that said thou wast not altogether so chary of thy smiles to a royal lover, else had I not traced thy footsteps."

"And who has dared thus to slander an innocent maiden," said Alice, while the indignant crimson rushed over her face, and her soft eyes kindled with a proud light, "who has so belied me?"

"If there be falsehood, it comes from Queen Mary," replied the page.

"From the Queen?" exclaimed the indignant girl. "Nay, nay, she could not be so base; I will not believe it."

"A jealous woman is not likely to be over scrupulous in her sayings, nor easily deceived," muttered the page. Yet she knew not that other ears than the King's understood her words." The page uttered this sentence rather to himself than to the anxious creature that stood before him. It was evident that, young as he was, the Queen's unjust suspicions were mingling with the more generous impulses of his nature. After a moment, he again turned to the damsel.

"Something that concerns thy honor if not thy welfare, passed in the royal chamber, after thy departure this afternoon," he said. "King Philip desired the Queen to command thy return, and she being beside herself with jealous fury, and deeming me little better than a mute, violently upbraided him with infidelity to her love—challenged him with meeting thee stealthily in the park, and asserted that she, with her own eyes, had seen ye steal to the palace like thieves, through a private entrance, each coming from the same direction, and each with muffled face and cautious look."

Alice felt the searching eyes of that strange boy riveted keenly on her face, as he uttered this charge, for even *his* lips seemed to frame it as an accusation, but a sense of his suspicious scrutiny was lost in a feeling of outraged purity, which amounted to a degree of indignation, such as her young heart had never known before.

"And the King," she exclaimed—"what said he to this base slander?"

"*He did not deny it*," replied the page impressively, still maintaining his keen glance on her face.

Alice was scarcely aware of his scrutiny, but stood upright, her form dilating, and her cheek becoming pale with intense scorn, while her small white teeth glistened beneath the curling lips as she uttered the single word,

"Dastard!"

The page started at the sound of that word, uttered as it was with all the concentrated indignation of a heart so basely outraged; his eyes fairly showered fire, and thrusting a hand into his bosom, he half drew a poniard from its rest. A moment his small, white fingers clutched the jewelled haft, and then he thrust it slowly back with a smile of bitter meaning, and dashing his hand against his forehead, turned away muttering—

"Is it not true—holy virgin—is it not true? Why should my blood fire, and my limbs quiver at the word? Have I not *felt* all this, and buried the feeling deep, deep in the very core of my heart? oh"—the boy suddenly checked himself, burst into tears, and finished by a few passionate sentences uttered in Spanish. For the space of some three minutes he paced the room to and fro, making a strong effort to subdue himself. At length he again paused before the damsel, more composed, but he trembled much, and a bright tear glittered on each burning cheek. "Heed me not," he said, dashing the drops away, "there are times when the hidden fire will break forth, when I am sinfully violent and wayward."

Alice had scarcely heeded his passionate outbreak; her own gentle heart had been too cruelly aroused for thought of him, and he had uttered several rapid sentences before she was sufficiently composed to listen. The first words which she comprehended were, "Queen Mary believed me ignorant as I seemed, of her tongue; but I understood it all too well, and"—

"Then went forth to spy out the actions of a daughter who sought her only parent in the still night, that she might worship the high God unshackled. To track my footsteps, listen to my words, and then report them to your mistress, the Queen. Shame, boy! shame! it was an unworthy act."

"For the Queen—I—*I* an emissary of the Queen? By all the saints in Paradise, this is *too* much!" exclaimed the stripling, drawing his slight form proudly

up, and stamping his tiny foot with angry vehemence to the floor, "I could find in my heart to strike thee to the earth for the thought. I followed thee from my own free will, not doubting the truth of what I had heard. Not as a jackall spying prey for the lion, but to avenge my own wrong. Hadst thou gone forth as I then most truly believed, to meet King Philip, the blood which throbs so proudly in that heart, had long ere this, deluged the greensward where ye prayed!"

The boy thrust his hand again into his bosom, and Alice could see by the motion of his wrist, that his fingers were working about the dagger-haft, perhaps unconsciously, as he spoke. For a moment, thoughts of her own wrong were lost in wonder at his strange excitement.

"I will not believe so badly of you as these words impart," she said, with gentle dignity. "Even had I been the guilty thing they would believe me, why should it anger you, boy? To this murderous intent, a being so fair and soft spoken could never come; it was but an evil dream—put it away, lest harm come of it. Faithless to his Queen or not, why should you, a mere boy, take such terrible interest in the Spanish Prince, a man whom his best friends acknowledge to be devoid of all generous properties." The boy shook his head, and a strange sad smile came over his face.

"I cannot tell," he said; "it is all a deep mystery even to my own heart, which, at times, rebels against its unworthy homage. Yet he is my—my master," he added, in tones of deep tenderness. "He was kind to me once, very, very kind, and"—the stripling stopped short, for his voice seemed choked with some regretful memory; when he spoke again, his eyes were full of tears, and the sweet broken English in which his words were uttered, made them seem peculiarly touching.

"Maiden," he said, "can'st thou tell me why the mother who has many fair children, will cling so fondly to the weakest, or why her heart ever centres with most intense affection on the repulsive and wayward among her offspring. Account for this, and thou art answered."

"But this is woman's love, not that more staid duty which an attached servitor might feel for his master," said Alice at a loss to comprehend the reply.

"Woman's love—true, very true; but it is idle talking of these things; we have wandered from the subject—the Queen's accusation against thyself. I did believe her, and followed thee down the avenue to the brink of the water. There was a moment when my heart seemed on fire. When that dark youth sprang from the trees, I thought it was *him*, and—and I need not say what this hand was tempted to do. The dagger was uplifted, the moonbeams glittered on its blade; I heard his voice, and then crouched to the earth, terrified by my own wild thoughts. I listened to thy tale, and was almost convinced by it—drank in every word of that mysterious prayer, 'till my very spirit seemed going from me in tears. I scarce know what impulse brought me hither, but I was terrified lest these evil suspicions should again return to my bosom. They must never come back—never, never, or I may do fearful deeds. I would have no shadow of doubt. Swear to me that the story given thy father beneath the oak trees this night, was truth. That King Phillip's offer of love was rejected, and will ever be!"

The page spoke eagerly, and held up a small golden cross, that Alice might take the oath.

"It needs not," said the maiden, gently putting aside the cross with her hand, "I have spoken nothing but truth, yet will I not swear by that symbol."

Again the boy seemed ready to burst forth in a storm of passion, but there was something in the young girl's steadiness that checked him, and with quick transition of feeling, he entreated her almost with humility, to take the oath.

"Thou art trusting and open minded," he said, "and hast not learned to suspect as I have. Couldst thou know the torment of jealous doubt—the agony of a heart that has often been deceived, this small boon would not be denied to me."

Alice reflected for a moment, and stepping to her bed, drew from underneath the pillow a small ritual of the English church.

"I have no book more holy than this, which, next to the bible, is held sacred by our church," she said. "If this will content you, boy, I most solemnly swear that every word that I have uttered to you or others, regarding King Philip, this day, is true," and pressing her lips reverently on the crimson velvet binding of the ritual, Alice placed it again beneath her pillow.

"I thank thee, maiden, and am content," replied the page, following her movements with his eyes. "This regard for my scruples shall not go unrewarded; and now let me counsel where I would serve. Eyes as keen, and far more cruel than mine, are upon thee; go not speedily again to the lake, be not eager for the society of thy father, or of Master Huntly, the secretary."

"Alas!" interrupted Alice, "wherefore must a simple creature be thus beset? Why must the heart's pure worship be visited on me as a sin?"

"It is friendly counsel," replied the page. "Queen Mary but wishes an excuse for thy destruction; be wary of her, for she is a wicked woman!"

"I am sorely beset; which way shall I turn?" murmured the poor girl, and extending her hand to the page, she added mildly, "believe me, kind boy, I am much beholden for this service; now leave me alone, that I may seek strength of my Heavenly father."

"Farewell!" said the boy, respectfully pressing his lips again to her hand. "When we meet again, give no token of this interview. Thou art the first being that has ever heard me speak, save in my native tongue; the courtiers deem me indifferent to their meaning. They little know how apt an aching heart may become."

A sad smile played over the boy's face as he spoke, and drawing his plumed cap over his brows, he left the chamber courteously as he had entered it.

The moment Alice found herself alone, she sunk to her knees, covered her face with her hands, and wept like a child. As a Christian, she was grieved that for a moment resentful feelings had found place in her

heart; she was shocked to find so much of her naturally strong passions unsubdued, and to this feeling of penitence were added fears which her later conversation was calculated to excite. With all her acquired fortitude, she was but human—a fragile, delicate girl, and thoughts of what she might be called upon to endure, should her faith become known, almost overwhelmed her with dismay. Long and ardently did the weary girl pray for protection from evil, and power to act uprightly, should the worst befall her; and when, at last, her beautiful and innocent head rested on its pillow, she slept tranquilly, and as a child, reposing on its mother's bosom.

The great beauty of prayer is, that it gives an abiding strength to the heart, and while all earthly reliances fade away before adversity, like perfume from the flower, or dew from a tree branch, affords serenity and perpetual strength to the soul, equal to its utmost need.

When Alice awoke in the morning, it was with fearful and serene feelings. She knew that evil threatened her; that ere nightfall she might be numbered among the persecuted beings who were even then suffering imprisonment and death, rather than deny their Lord. But her young heart beat freely beneath the thought, and she went forth to her duties, when the usual hour of attendance on the Queen arrived, with a serene brow, and a step of tranquil dignity.

When Alice entered the apartment where Queen Mary usually spent her mornings, she hesitated at the door, and a slight color broke over her cheek, for King Philip was seated in the recess of an open window, while Charles, his favorite page, knelt on a cushion at his feet, and trifled with the strings of a lute. Never had Alice seen the stripling to such advantage. There was a lovely expression beaming over his youthful face, his large liquid eyes were uplifted to the gaze of his master—a rich color revelled in his cheeks and the low, soft notes of a Spanish air broke from his red lips like perfume from the heart of a cleft pomegranate. The morning was glorious with sunshine, and a light wind came up from its revels among the flowery nooks of the park, and sweeping through the open sashes, filled the antique and wainscotted apartment with its sweetness, 'till it was fragrant as a flower-garden in the prime of summer. It was beautiful to see the scented air trifling with the long black curls, and bathing the uplifted forehead of that kneeling page, while the master sat gazing idly upon his spirited loveliness. Queen Mary reclined in a chair, nearly watching them both, as if she could find it in her heart to be jealous of the soft music which drew the notice of that swarthy, Spanish bigot one moment from herself. Notwithstanding Philip's repeated insolence of the previous day, it was evident that he had effected a reconciliation with his narrow-minded consort, for her repulsive features wore as much good nature as they were capable of assuming, and that she had taken more than usual care in the adornment of her person, was apparent in the glittering and cumbrous richness of a dress by which she strove to conceal both the defects of nature, and the ravages of time. There was a gorgeous display of jewels in its arrangement, singularly out of keeping with the pure hour of morning, and when Alice Copley advanced with noiseless footsteps, and took her station behind the chair, her fresh, youthful face, profuse tresses, bound by a single riband, and her simple black silk dress, contrasted forcibly with the withered face and magnificent raiment of her mistress. Indeed, a more striking picture than the whole group afforded, could not well be imagined.

Mary did not observe the entrance of her attendant, and the King seemed equally unconscious, for the late quarrel with his royal consort had taught him to be more cautious in his admiration. The boy turned his eyes toward the door, and all at once there was a discord in his music. Suddenly he seemed to lose the beautiful air he had been singing, but after a moment of strong confusion, his rich voice gushed out in a light cheering ditty, and bending his face over the lute, he seemed absorbed in the sweet sounds it was giving forth. To the royal listeners, this rapid change seemed but a vagary of his wild genius, but to Alice, it had a deeper meaning. She watched the graceful bend of his head, saw the small and femininely white hand flying like a winged bird over the lute, 'till her pure heart grew heavy, and her eyes became eloquent with deep commiseration. The boy finished his air, swept back the curls that had fallen over his face, and that moment encountered and read Alice Copley's glance. A burning crimson rushed over his face, and with an air of displeasure and annoyance at being thus closely observed, he arose, and casting his lute down upon the cushion, drew back against the window casement, where he stood with folded arms, and eyes bent to the floor.

"Thou hast a dainty hand at the lute, fair master, and in sooth a sweet voice, too," said the Queen, moving graciously forward and extending a broad piece of gold to the page.

A slight but very scornful frown shot over the boy's face, and he seemed about to reject the proffered guerdon, but a glance from King Philip reproved the impulse, and he received the coin, though with scarcely concealed reluctance.

"We should chide your grace that this boy's rare skill in music has been so seldom used for our pastime," said Mary, leaning with sickly fondness over the King. In sooth, we have it in our heart to beg this gentle favorite, at your hands, for our private divertisement."

The spirited page started as if an adder had stung him; his brow contracted, one little foot beat nervously against the floor, and it was well for him that Queen Mary regarded not the burning glance which he lifted to her face.

"What say you, boy, to the Queen's gracious request?" said Philip, turning to the page, with a smile more arch, than usually visited his saturnine features.

"I am no spaniel to be transferred at will," he replied, indignantly, for the question had been put in his native tongue.

Philip seemed to apprehend a more violent outbreak of feeling, an occurrence he was so anxious to prevent,

that, for the first time, almost, in his life, he condescended to use flattery toward his exacting consort.

"Nay, sweetheart," he said, in English, "will not the faith and fond love of the master content you? In fair truth, I shall need the boy to soothe, with his music, those many hours of loneliness in which the cares of state take you from my company. Ask any thing but this, and it shall be granted."

"Nay, I will not press the matter, if this be your reason for refusing me," replied Mary, drawing nearer to the Prince, and with difficulty refraining from a caress, so completely was her credulity wrought upon.

Disgusted with this display of shallow hypocrisy and puerile fondness, Alice turned her eyes on the page, curious to observe what effect it had upon him. He stood by regarding the royal pair, not with haughty anger, as she had expected, but with quiet scorn, as if he deemed the scene altogether too contemptible for any show of deeper feeling.

Elated by the flattering language of her consort, Mary would fain have prolonged the pleasurable moments; but Philip had gained his object, and seemed little inclined to indulge her.

"Your grace forgets the presence of our attendants," he muttered coldly, drawing back his head to avoid the withered and jewelled hand which she had been twining fondly among his sable hair.

That moment Mary's eyes fell upon her waiter-woman. Instantly her whole demeanor changed: with a lowering brow she left the King, and swept across the room to her oratory. Scarcely had she disappeared, when the page darted to the window, and with a quick motion of his hand, the piece of gold was sent flashing to the terrace underneath.

"Would it were the Queen's self thus cast to the earth!" he muttered, in Spanish.

Philip both observed the action and heard the speech, but instead of chiding the froward stripling, he patted his burning cheek, and answered in the same language,

"With all my heart, child, so you but keep the crown and sceptre from going with her."

The boy turned petulently away, and for the moment Philip seemed to lose patience with him.

"Tush, tush," he said; "no more of this peevish folly. Methinks those cheeks are never without an angry flush upon them now; be wise; forbearance will not last for ever."

The boy made no answer, but tears gushed into his eyes, and he turned sorrowfully away. Philip looked on him earnestly for a moment, then approaching Alice, he greeted her with a careless compliment in English, and declared that the hopes of feasting his eyes on her beauty, had alone induced him to seek the Queen's apartment. The page stood within hearing of this heartless speech. He evidently strove to appear unconscious, but the color died tint by tint from his face, and though his eyes were still wet with tears, the drooping lids and long shadowy lashes could scarcely conceal the kindling fire underneath. The maiden observed this, and was pained by it. Drawing gently back, she bent her head in acknowledgement of the King's notice, and without answering him, moved forward, and took her station by the door of the oratory, trusting that the near vicinity of the Queen might prove a protection against farther annoyance. Philip did not venture to follow her, but as if to recompense himself for this forced self-denial, seated himself again in the window, and ordering the page to give him some music, remained leaning against the oaken wainscot, surveying the distant maiden at his leisure. This unknightly rudeness was lost on its object, for her attention was drawn towards the oratory, from whence came the low eager voice of the Queen, mingled now and then with the deep tone of a male speaker. The conversation was carried on in a foreign language, but more than once Alice distinctly heard her own name pronounced, both by Mary and her companion. Suddenly a strong apprehension fell upon the poor damsel's heart, she strove to conjecture why her humble name should be made the subject of conversation between Mary and her confessor, for no other person was ever admitted to the privacy of that little room. She remembered what the page had said to her on the previous night, and felt how true his prophecy of the Queen's vengeance was likely to prove; but with all these wild conjectures, she did not, for a moment, lose her fortitude. Philip at length became weary with his unrecompensed devotion to a being that so coldly received his homage, and fearing the return of his despised consort, arose and left the room. The page took up his lute, but lingered a little behind. As he passed the oratory, the Queen was speaking louder and more earnestly than she had done before. Alice could only understand that the tone of her voice was vindictive, but the boy comprehended better, and drawing close to the maiden, whispered—

"Be on thy guard; they are plotting thy destruction even now; hasten to thy chamber if books or papers that can do harm are left within it, for they are about to order a search for evidences of heresy."

Alice turned pale, but still retained a degree of composure, which surprized her strange friend. "Alas!" she said, "I cannot go, the Queen may return any moment, and mark my absence."

The generous boy snatched her hand, wrung it warmly, and without speaking a word, hurried from the room. Scarcely had the door closed after him, when Queen Mary re-entered from the oratory, and by many trifling devices, contrived to keep Alice by her side 'till a full hour had passed away. At last the harrassed young creature received permission to withdraw. As she was hurrying toward her chamber with a beating heart, and limbs trembling from protracted anxiety, she was met by one of the court servitors, who had orders to conduct her before Friar Joseph, the Queen's father confessor.

While the scene which we have described was going forward in Queen Mary's apartment Friar Huntly sat in friar Joseph's closet, engaged in copying a missal of rare beauty, which had been sent to the Sovereign of England from the Pope. It was a curious old book, richly bound in white vellum, embossed with gold, and clasped with a single jewel of immense price, but its chief value lay in the exquisite gems of art which it

contained. Each page bore on its snowy surface a legend or saintly history, wrought with consummate skill by some of the first masters of Rome. Every leaf burned with the poetry of an invention, as yet, scarcely known in England. Francis Huntly had studied the arts at Rome, when, in his early youth, he had accompanied his uncle and patron, the Cardinal Pole, to the Pontiff's court, and it was to gratify that good old prelate, that he plied his skill in copying the missal which Friar Joseph, the Queen's confessor, had solicited from his royal mistress for that purpose. A few months earlier, and Francis Huntly would have felt his blood thrill at the thoughts of such indulgence to his intense love for the beautiful, as the task afforded, but higher and holier feelings than even his restless genius could enkindle, had awoke in his heart during that interval, and his was "a divided duty." His new faith made the subject of the book hateful to him, and yet there were times when his whole being seemed absorbed in the beautiful creations it displayed—times when his hand would tremble with eager delight on the parchment—when hours and hours would pass by, and he remain all unconscious of their progress. It was during one of these periods of intense mental exitement, that Friar Joseph, who had been writing at a table in his closet on the morning in question, arose, and with his usual noiseless step, passed through a door which led to the Queen's oratory, leaving the artist altogether unconscious of his absence. When the priest returned, Huntly had finished his task, and was gathering up his implements to depart. He had worked very diligently for months, that he might surprize his kind old patron with a copy of the book so much coveted, and now that it was complete, he was most eager to start for London, where the cardinal remained at his own house, striving, by his benevolent interposition, to mitigate the cruelties every day practised by the detested Bishop Bonner. When Friar Joseph saw that the youth was about to depart, he interposed, and requested a few moment's delay; he was about to interrogate a person suspected of a disaffection to the mother church, and required the presence of a witness who might take down the examination. Huntly would have excused himself, for he had little relish for the proposed task, but an unaccountable feeling that the investigation related to some one dear to himself, took possession of his mind, and he consented to remain. His heart was full of anxiety, but he sat down with apparent calmness, and began to sharpen a pen. After the space of some ten minutes, which appeared an age to the young secretary, the closet door opened, and Alice Copley entered. She was very pale, but her cheek flushed a little as she saw who was the Priest's companion.

"I was told that your reverence wished to speak with me," she said, mildly approaching the friar.

"Thou wast rightly informed, daughter," replied the priest in the low, cold, and yet strangely musical tones which he ever used both in seasons of joy and sorrow; and lifting his searching eyes to her face, he sat regarding her in silence for the space of a minute.

"It is whispered in the court—we hope with no shade of truth, daughter, that for some weeks back, thou hast neglected to attend mass, according to the Queen's gracious requirement, that thou hast absented thyself from the confessional, and otherwise neglected the spiritual duties of a good Catholic. In these disaffected times, it is meet that her gracious majesty should look well to the spiritual health of her household; therefore, in her loving kindness, she has commanded that thou who art so near her person, shalt be questioned touching those points in which we of the true church differ from those heretic subjects who style themselves reformers."

Here the priest paused, drew an ebony crucifix from his gown, and holding it toward her, continued—

"Kneel before the image, emblem of our blessed Saviour, which all of the true faith hold sacred, and while thine eyes are fixed on the emblem of His sufferings, answer with humility such questions as are needful to the establishment of thy faith."

Alice turned a shade paler, but mildly put away the cross, and answered with a degree of firmness that gave a simple dignity to her words.

"Morning and night will I kneel before *Him*, thy Creator and mine," she said, lifting her hand toward Heaven, "but I cannot bow myself down to a graven image."

The priest seemed in no way surprized by her answer, but quietly replaced the crucifix in the loose bosom of his gown, and spoke again coldly as before.

"By this contumacy, thou dost but give new strength to thine accusers," he said. "If thou wilt not bow down before the blessed emblem of our Saviour's death, answer the questions which I, as a true servant of the church, must propound even after thy own sinful fancy. Listen! dost thou believe in the supremacy of the Pope—that he is God's vicegerent under Heaven, and second to no earthly potentate?"

For the space of some three minutes, Alice clasped her hands and bowed her pale face upon her bosom; she seemed earnestly and with intense energy, struggling for power to meet that subtle man as befitted a mild follower of the new creed. The secretary leaned breathlessly forward, his face was pale, and he seemed scarcely less agitated than the maiden. After these few moments of painful silence, Alice lifted her head, unclasped her hands, and folding them meekly over her bosom, looked on the priest, and answered—

"It is useless to go farther in these questions," she said. "I acknowledge myself a humble believer in—"

"Alice, Alice, think what you are doing," exclaimed the secretary, starting forward. Alice started, and for a moment seemed as if she would have thrown herself on his bosom, and have clung there for protection, but this feminine weakness soon passed away, and turning again mildly to the priest, she said—

"I am a Protestant; do with me as you will."

"And I," said Francis Huntly, in a slow, determined voice, almost in solemn contrast with his late vehement exclamation, "I too am—"

"Peace, boy, peace," said the Friar, lifting his hand reprovingly. "Cardinal Pole is a good Catholic. I

have no memory for wild words such as his nephew was about to speak."

"And yet with thy subtle priestcraft thou wouldst entrap the life of a harmless maiden like this," said Huntly, taking the cold hand of the noble girl within his own, and turning sternly upon the priest, "shame on such cruel policy. I confess myself all that she is, and ye will not hear me, because I am the nephew of Queen Mary's favorite.

The priest seemed utterly regardless of the young man's rash speech, but turning to Alice, he said, "Daughter, get thee to thy chamber while I learn the Queen's pleasure, touching the best means of curing thy obstinate heresy, but attempt not again to approach the person of her grace."

Father Joseph was interrupted by the entrance of two persons who had been commissioned to search Alice's chamber; they came empty handed, and when the friar questioned them, reported that neither book nor paper was to be found, a reply that surprized the maiden not a little, for she had left the ritual beneath her pillow, and was well aware that many scraps of paper, on which she had transcribed passages of holy writ, were in the drawers of an oaken table which stood in the room.

Alice would have obeyed the priest's permission to leave the closet, but as she turned to go, her overwrought strength suddenly gave way, and she would have fallen but for the timely support of master Huntly, who bore her to the chair he had occupied, and strove, by every means in his power, to soothe her agitation. The priest dismissed the two persons who had interrupted him, looked earnestly on the youth as he bent over the feeble young creature whom his own cruelty had rendered so helpless, and cautiously opening the door again which led to the Queen's oratory, disappeared. Alice opened her eyes, and saw that she was alone with her betrothed husband—secretly betrothed, but not the less firmly. When called upon to act, she had done so fearlessly, yet she was but woman—a pure-hearted, gentle girl, with nothing but her own high principles to sustain her. Her bodily strength had already given way; then came a harrowing sense of the danger that threatened her—a yearning love of that life which she had held as nothing in the holy excitement of her heart, a few minutes before. She was alone with him she loved, perhaps, for the last time on earth. A keen sense of this truth came to her heart. She raised herself to his bosom, and clung there weeping in utter prostration of spirit.

Huntly strove to comfort her—said that she was so young, so beautiful, that even the sanguinary bishops who sat in judgment on the innocent could not find it in their hard hearts to condemn *her*. "Father Joseph might be merciful, nor reveal her confession to his mistress, or, if he did, she was a woman—a cruel, cold-hearted one, it was true, yet still a woman, and would not bring her to trial. But if the worst came, his uncle was a good man, and loved him dearly; he was all powerful with the Queen, and would intercede for her—there was nothing to fear—a week's imprisonment, perhaps, but that was little. So he ran on, earnestly striving to delude her and himself, with hopes that both felt to be unreal. They were still together, it might be an hour after the priest's departure, or a few minutes—the wretched take little heed of time—when there was a slight noise at the door. They started, for both supposed their persecutor was retiring to his closet. Huntly strained the maiden once more to his heart, kissed her—looked sorrowfully down into her sweet troubled face, and they parted. Yet they did not part then, for Alice went back once after she had passed the door, laid her trembling hand on Huntly's shoulder, and besought his forgiveness if she had ever, in her whole life, pained or angered him. She knew that such things had never been, and it was but a gentle, sorrowing device, by which she might look upon his face, and hear his voice once more, but when she saw tears in those eyes, and the strong grief that shook that frame, her heart smote her, and she went away.

Alice would fain have sought her father, but her limbs trembled, and she was strangely faint. She met a page on the way to her room, and entreated him to seek out her parent, and tell him that his child was ill, very ill, and wished to speak with him. The boy promised to go, but said he did not know where to seek for Master Copley, as he had not been in the castle since early in the morning, when he went through the Park with two strange looking men from London. Apprehension for the safety of her only parent was now added to other causes of fear. Yet the poor girl found strength to reach her chamber. Every thing was in confusion there. The curtains were knotted together, and flung over the high-posted bedstead; her ornaments lay scattered about the floor; drawers were open, and all the furniture was out of place. She sat down in a huge oaken chair by the window; the crimson cushions were displaced, and lay heaped at her feet, and before her stood the table where she had left a small manuscript book, and some loose papers. They were nowhere to be seen, but in their place lay a bunch of flowers, simple wild blossoms gathered, probably, from some green knoll in the Park, for dew yet glittered upon the violets, and the primroses were full of fragrance. Alice took the flowers, and a faint gleam came over her face, for they looked bright and cheering. It seemed as if an old friend had appeared in her desolate apartment. She sat a long time with the flowers in her hand, waiting the appearance of her father. At last she heard footsteps in the passage, and starting to her feet, stood breathlessly awaiting his approach. The door was flung rudely open, and two men, armed with strange weapons, such as she had never seen in the castle before, pushed into the room. The foremost laid his hand heavily on the shrinking girl's shoulder, while his companion held up a parchment, bearing the broad seal of England, and began to repeat its contents after the drawling fashion of one who had learned such fearful documents by heart.

Alice was by no means deficient in moral courage, but hers was a clinging feminine heart, and when its deep affections were stirred, as they had been on

parting with master Huntly, her physical strength would sometimes give way, though her Christian resolution remained firm as ever. While the constable was reading the warrant for her apprehension, all the gentle dignity of her nature returned. She mildly withdrew her arm from the rough hand which had grasped it, and inquired whither thy were about to conduct her.

"We did not come here to answer questions," said one of the men, roughly.

"Surely not, without being well paid for the trouble," rejoined the other, winking shrewdly at his companion, as he stooped down and transferred a small golden broach from the floor to his pocket.

Alice marked the theft, and her heart swelled, but she did not speak, though the jewel had been her mother's, and until that day—when those who searched the room flung it wantonly from its casket—a thing so sacred in her eyes, that it had been almost hoarded from the light.

"Come, mistress, bestir thyself, and not stand whimpering there like a traitor heretic, as thou art."

"I am ready," replied the poor maiden, gathering the silken mantle once more over her person, and concealing the flowers beneath its folds, as if she feared they would be taken from her. "I am ready."

Alice followed the men in silence from the castle, and walked on foot 'till they reached the outskirts of the town. One of the square heavy carriages of that age stood beside the high way, guarded by a posse of men, armed like her two conductors. Into this carriage the unresisting prisoner was hurried; her captors took their places by her side, and the whole party proceeded at a brisk pace, she knew not whither. So overpowered was she, from the suddenness of her arrest, that her senses forsook her, and they returned not 'till the carriage stopped on the banks of the Thames. Alice was conducted to a wherry, and at last awoke as from a dark dream on the steps of the Tower. There was a wrangling of many tongues amid the keepers and constables as they conducted the maiden forward. She felt that the men about her were coarse and insolent; that their bold eyes were bent rudely on her features, and that they spoke jeeringly of her person. She drew the mantle over her face, and followed them through the gloomy passages of the Tower, with a sensation of relief. At length they paused by a door of massive wood, studded heavily with iron. There were many bolts to be withdrawn after the ponderous key turned in its lock, but at last the door opened, and Alice sprang forward with a cry of tumultuous joy, for there, in the dim room beyond, stood her father. His arms were about her—she clung to his bosom, and for one blessed moment forgot every thing in a timid sense of protection his presence afforded; but at last she remembered that he, too, was a prisoner—that they were both in the Tower. Every thing became indistinct; her eyes closed, and she fainted, but dropped away gently as a grieved child falls asleep.

To be continued.

Original.

THE SAILOR BOY'S LAMENT.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

Alas! why did I leave
My pleasant home
A wanderer o'er the waves,
Afar to roam?
Ah! why was I the first
To rend apart
Those household ties that long
Bound heart to heart,
'Tis night: the waves are round,
The sky above,
Whence the bright stars look down
On those I love;
On those whose fondest thoughts
Will still be given
To me, whene'er they lift
Their hearts to Heaven.
For this yon beaming stars
Seem friends to me,
But soon on distant seas
My course will be—
Seas where a stranger host
Will meet my gaze,
That ne'er on those I love,
Poured their soft rays.
Then will there nought be left
Save mem'ry's chain,
To link my thoughts with those
Beyond the main;
But many a lovely flower,
Unheeded when
I mingled joys with them,
Will bloom again.
The sunny places where
The violet
Nestled amid the grass,
With dew still wet—
The fount, the mossy rock,
The old oak tree,
Will, in my night-watch, oft
Come back to me.
Oh, for one hour with those
I left behind,
Whose voices in the night,
Borne on the wind,
Like the low wind-harp's notes
Oft seem to come,
Wafted from flowery fields,
Near by my home.
Why did I leave the fount,
The rock, the tree—
The glades where wild-flowers bloomed,
And roved the bee?
Why did I leave my home,
And those I love,
O'er the wild, pathless sea,
Afar to rove?

Original.

THE MOTHER OF NAPOLEON.

BY ROBERT HAMILTON.

The Easter week of eighteen hundred and thirty-four will be ever by me remembered as one of the most memorable in my existence. It was then that I first arrived in Rome, in company with two companions, where, to our astonishment and chagrin we found that we could not obtain a lodging or even the luxury of a bed for love or money; nay, not even a seat at a *table d' hote*, could we procure, so full was the city with strangers who had come to attend the festival. It may be easily imagined that our feelings were not the most delightful—the night was fast approaching, and where to lay our unfortunate heads we knew not. In this dilemma we resolved to part company, and each to pilot himself as best he could into a haven of shelter. Thus circumstanced, I made sundry appeals to the generosity and feelings of some dozen landlords, but all were of no avail, nay I even offered to accept of the shelter of a stable, but even that was deemed a luxury, every crib and manger having been converted into a temporary couch and occupied by the grooms and servants of the different guests. Finding my attempts thus unsuccessful, I had recourse to my old companion, philosophy, who has never forsaken me in my journey through life, and together we resolved to spend the night under the canopy of heaven. Wandering from the living throng I soon found myself among the ruins of the imperial city, where placing myself upon a block of granite under the shade of a ruined wall, I enveloped myself in my mantle like Cæsar, and laying me down to sleep, (happier than he,) I was soon in the arms of Morpheus.

When I awoke I found myself chilled and powerless. A heavy dew had fallen, and but for my cloak, I must have been completely saturated. I sprang to my feet, and wending my way among the dilapidated statues and temples, at a pace that would have done honor to the most celebrated pedestrian, I found myself again in the city in the Venitian square, at the foot of the Capitol, where I suddenly halted.

On the corner of the square I beheld the words, "*The road to San Romaldi,*" which street I knew led to the residence of the French Ambassador, and before me rose an immense edifice, which I conjectured, from its situation and from the descriptions I had read of it, to be the Venitian palace, built from the ruins of the Colosseum. At another corner of the square I beheld a magnificent dwelling which I now knew must be that of the mother of Napoleon—my heart beat quickly—a throng of indescribable feelings took possession of me, and I paused and looked upon the building as if I had been fascinated by some mysterious power.

Yes! There slept the illustrious mother—the woman whom death appeared to have forgotten—the living ruin of majesty in the city of ruins! The square was deserted—the moon rode in unclouded brilliancy in a sea of ether gemmed with millions of stars. The Venitian Palace was half hidden in shadow, but where the moonbeams fell directly upon it, the heavy walls and curiously carved cornices showed like a monarch towering above the lighter edifices. But my heart was in the palace of the aged mother, and I stood and wept at the remembrance of departed greatness. The clock of the Capitol tolled the hour of midnight—the brazen tones rung through the walls of the palace, and then again followed the most sublime silence, broken only by the occasional and distant murmurings of the Tiber. I had often longed for this moment, and I gave myself up to the intensity of soul. I thought of the woman who had given birth to Napoleon, and I felt proud to know that on this night I was the only man who pronounced the name of the matron before the house in which she slumbered—yes—perhaps dreaming of her departed son, whom the same bell that had just sounded the march of time, but thirty years before had proclaimed King of Italy, as well as the artillery of the Invalides. The rays of the queen of night now shone more fully on the palace, and my curiosity led me to approach nearer. To my surprize I saw the doors open, and entering, I suddenly found myself in a brilliant saloon, the walls of which were adorned with the most magnificent pictures. A winding staircase conducted to an immense gallery above, which with an almost childish curiosity I ascended, where looking from a window I beheld the inner court of the palace, rich in fountains and flowers. I now began for the first time to think to what danger my curiosity might probably bring me—a stranger entering a strange palace without an introduction or motive. I thought too of the Sbirri of whom I had heard so much and certainly my situation in such a place and at such an hour, was by no means calculated to produce the most favorable impression—I therefore speedily retraced my steps, and wandering among the remnants of Roman greatness, awaited with patience the dawn of morning. I waited not long, and entering the city according to agreement, I met my companions at the *Hotel Dieu*. They had, like myself, been equally unfortunate in obtaining refuge through the night, but had received a promise from the landlord that we should hereafter be accomodated with *one* attic during the Festival.

The day that I left Florence, the Prince de Montfort had given me a letter to the Chevalier Bohle, at Rome, which I valued most highly, hoping that it would procure me a sight of the Emperor's mother. Having therefore paid my devotions to the toilet, I hastened to the Chevalier. I found him most frank and courteous, offering me the hospitality of his dwelling, and promising by every means, to favor my wishes and advance my views. I thanked him sincerely, while I said—"To-day, my friends, the companions of my voyage, have discovered something like a dwelling, of which we have taken a temporary lease, at the rate of twenty francs a day. I thank you for your hospitality, but not wishing to be separated from them, I beg to decline your generosity, and in its place request of you another favor. The Prince de Montfort, so affable and attentive to all Frenchmen who visit Florence, has given me to hope that you will introduce me to the mother of Napoleon."

"How!" said he, regarding me with astonishment. "That is an affair that requires some arrangement. To-day the lady mother will not be able to be seen—but to-morrow I think I can oblige you. Give me your address and I shall wait upon you."

I did so, and on the following morning the Chevalier was punctual to his promise.

As we were proceeding to the palace, he said to me—"Rome, sir, at this time is full of all the aristocratic voyagers of Prussia, England and Germany. Each day some man of high birth solicits the favor to be admitted for a moment into the presence of the Emperor's mother, but in her feeble state of health, she is not able to grant it, and you must be convinced that such visits arise principally from idle curiosity, and are very annoying, therefore she has taken the prudent resolution to receive *no one*; but when I pronounced your name and informed her you were a Frenchman, she desired me to say that she would receive you with the greatest pleasure."

We soon arrived at the palace. As we entered, I was struck by the profound silence which reigned throughout the spacious mansion. The stairs were deserted and I was left to wander alone through the rooms and galleries. At length the Chevalier returned, and desiring me to follow him, opened a door which led into a magnificent saloon, and pronounced my name aloud. I looked around me thinking to behold some symptoms of regal etiquette, but I saw none. In a recess close to the fire, I discovered a lady in an easy chair. It was the *mother of Napoleon!* A smile played upon her countenance. She repeated my name, and ordering a chair to be placed beside her, desired me to be seated.

"You have come from Florence, have you not?" she said to me. "You have seen my children—I know you have. Louis was unwell—how is he continuing?"

"The Count Saint Leu appears to be recovered, madam," I replied, "I had only the honor of seeing him once during my sojourn in Florence."

"And Julie?"

"Madam, the Countess of Survilliers is still indisposed—her house is still in mourning for the recent calamity."

"Ah! poor Charlotte—she is a young widow," she said, sighing deeply. "And Jerome and Caroline?"

"The Prince de Montfort, his Countess and family, were enjoying perfect health. There is not a mansion in Florence where true hospitality and kindness are so much extended to my countrymen—"

"I know it, I know it! How long do you intend to remain in Rome?"

"Not long," I answered, "two or three days at the utmost. I am obliged to return to Naples."

"The situation of Rome I hope pleases you. I have lived here a long time—twenty years," and her head dropped upon her bosom.

"Twenty years!" I exclaimed, in a voice of surprize, as if I had been ignorant of the downfall of the empire—"twenty years, madam?"

"Yes, sir! twenty years," she replied to my question, in a voice of grief, and shook her head as at the melancholy remembrance.

A long silence now ensued—she appeared to have fallen into a state of oblivion and I presumed not to interrupt her. I cast my eyes upon the objects which surrounded me. One other person only was in the apartment, an elderly lady, who was busied upon some embroidery. The walls were decorated with the members of the Buonaparte family, painted by the most celebrated artists, and which had once decked the galleries of the imperial residences. But nothing was to me so affecting as the illustrious mother bereft of her children and surrounded by their portraits. There she sat immoveable in her chair, the victim of physical infirmity—of age and its evils—yet most heroically resigned. Her robe, which was closely wrapped around her, displayed a form of almost skeleton thinness. Her hands were shrivelled; her face retained only its covering of skin, wrinkled and yellow. Her eyes were open but their lustre was gone—the orbs moved about with a vacant wildness, but no symptom of soul was in them. From the position which I occupied, I beheld at once the mother of Napoleon and the tower of the Capitol—two objects which had commanded the greatest share in the annals of creation. The one the mother of him who had marched over kingdoms and crowns, making and unmaking monarchs. The other the temple from which the mandates of the mightiest had gone forth to sway and revolutionize the world. Recovering from her revery, with difficulty she pronounced the names of France and Napoleon. Up to this moment she appeared only an ordinary female, a mother laden with years who had inquired with the most touching simplicity of the details of my voyage and of her absent family. But now her frame appeared to be of a sudden electrified, her words, and gestures, were bold and majestic, and I beheld in reality the woman who was truly formed to have given birth to the mighty Napoleon. Age, grief, and exile, seemed to have done but little on her, and for some moments she betrayed a vigor of nerve and an expression of speech which would have been looked for only in a heroine of twenty years. To attempt a narration of her language would be inutile and presumptuous. But I question if ever man again beheld the spirit of the royal mother blaze forth in such brightness.

Of our familiar conversation, I am more at liberty to speak. She spoke of her children and the happy days she had passed with them in the isle of Corsica, and perpetually alluded to the precise hour of their various births and deaths. Though the muscles were contracted, the nerves unstrung, the skin parched and withered, and the physical organs no longer performed their office, still it was sublimely beautiful to see how strongly the spirit yet burned under the ruins of humanity, and how age waxed young again under the influence of remembrance—to see her trembling for *him*, (now in his sea girt monument,) whom in the forgetfulness of age she deemed yet alive—against whom the bullets of Europe had been levelled during the battles of fifteen years, her *maternal* recollections still clinging to and devouring her with all the fondness of a mother, proud of him as when the roar of the imperial cannon and the *Te Deum* of Notre Dame proclaimed him Emperor, and then weeping for

him as when the eagle of France cowered upon the plains of Waterloo, and he was doomed an exile to the barren rock of Saint Helena.

For a long period she had, I was informed, kept alive her faculties by thinking and talking of her beloved children and of her grand-son, the Count de Reichstadt, who had been comparatively a prisoner at the court of the Emperor of Austria. It had been denied that her melancholy old age should ever be cheered by his presence, and the affectionate creature every morning conveyed her maternal kisses on the wind that swept around the Capitol, fondly hoping that they might salute the lips of the boy. When his name by accident was mentioned, she would seem to be inspired with fresh strength, and attempt to rise from her seat. At other times she would sit whole days without speaking, and almost without motion. Frequently she would break forth in lamentations of sorrow, such as—"*My son! my son! where art thou? Come to thy aged mother!*" Oh! ye that pass through the valley of sorrow, say is your grief equal to hers. Rachael, Niobe, Marie, all the desolated and inconsolable mothers, none can surpass the sufferings of this aged matron. Like her son chained to the rock of Saint Helena, it may be said she was chained to the Tarpeian—yet had she not sank under her affliction—despair had not accelerated her death. For years had her brow been burdened with the crown of sorrow, yet still had she wrestled with decay. The body was dead, but the spirit still lingered in it defying as it were the scythe of time, which however was gradually yet effectually completing its destruction. Poor woman! the autumn sun can no more wither thy branches, "the Pontine marshes are dry." The mother of the last of the demigods will soon embrace her son in that world where the trump and the din of battle are changed for the timbrel and the song of praise. Thus communing with myself, I sat for some moments in the presence of the lady mother, forgetful of her and every thing around me, 'till I was roused by the rattling of the many equipages which were passing in front of the palace, when thinking my visit had exceeded the bounds of courtesy, I proposed to take my leave.

"Are you going so soon?" she said, in a voice full of kindness. "Ah! doubtless you wish to attend the duties of the holy week."

"Yes, madam, I wish to behold the Sistine chapel."

"Have you seen Fesch?" she inquired. I replied that "I had not."

"Then I will recommend you to Fesch," she said, "he will be pleased to know you—he will show you his gallery of paintings. Do you hope to find a place in the chapel?"

"I hope so, madam, at least I shall endeavor to be early there."

"If you have time to see the Cardinal before, he will find you one, although I fear he will not be able to attend the duties of the day, he is so much indisposed."

"I shall pay my devoirs to the Cardinal, madam, after the Easter Fête," I answered.

"Ah! yes, yes, it will be better, he will have more leisure—you are right," and she gently grasped my hand and shook it. I bowed and stammered forth a few unconnected words of thanks, while her secretary, a French officer of commanding figure and elegant manners, M. Robagli, accompanied me to the door.

"Well, how have you been gratified?" asked he. I could only reply by gestures of astonishment and admiration, and regaining the street of *Corso*, I walked on almost unconscious of every object, 'till I found myself at the corner of the *Della Murata*. A bill of the opera attracted my attention, announcing the production of Donizetti's "Elixir of Love" at the *Theatre De Valle*, and I moved on in the direction, through several narrow and crooked streets, 'till I found myself opposite the church of Saint Pierre, into which vast crowds of people were pouring. I paused—curiosity was busy with me. "Shall I proceed to the opera or enter the church of Saint Pierre?" I asked of myself. Something whispered me to do the latter—I entered. It was Good Friday. The day was in accordance with the scene—a heavy gloom had palled the heavens, a thousand bells sent forth their chimes, and the deep tones of the organ mingled in melancholy harmony with the voices of the choir. I thought of the noble matron and her sorrows—tears gushed into my eyes—a deep and holy feeling took possession of my spirit. The sound of praise echoed through the aisles of the edifice then dying sweetly and soothingly away, nought was heard but the plaintive tones of the organ. A breathless silence reigned over all. Suddenly the full and sonorous music burst forth again, while one voice was distinctly heard over all others of the choir. I listened, and distinguished the melancholy words,

"*She wept and no one came to comfort her!*"

Original.

ODE TO PEACE.

All hail the long expected day
When Peace shall dwell on every shore,
When angry strife shall pass away,
And men shall wield the sword no more;

When turns our race to peaceful toil,
The hand to guide the shining plough,
And when upon the blood-stained soil
The yellow, waving harvests bow:

When silent is the widow's wail,
Nor tearful is the Orphan's cheek:
And when upon the moving gale
No more the martial thunders break.

Then shall all coming time abound
With moral virtues blest increase,
And Earth be consecrated ground,
To great and holy deeds of Peace!

And man shall rise in conscious power,
And cast the passion's thrall away:
Whilst onward hastes the happy hour
That ushers in Millennium Day.

Original.

THE RESCUE.

BY MRS. EMELINE S. SMITH.

The incident about to be related, is one of many similar ones, which occurred during the early settlement of America. Those who sought a home in the savage wilds, which then covered the land, wedded themselves to a life of peril and hardship. The dangers which continually threatened them, called forth all the heroic qualities of their nature, and their lives were marked by many a lofty deed of daring and devotion. Such deeds should not sink into oblivion, for they belong to the history of our country, and as such, should be recorded and remembered.

We would present a picture to the imagination of the reader. There is a broad and beautiful stream, with its deep, still waters, flowing on between banks covered by luxuriant foliage; and its bright surface dotted here and there with fairy little isles, where graceful shrubs and fragrant flowers bud and blossom undisturbed in wild and lonely loveliness. Bright-plumed birds, of many varieties, are winging their way over the quiet water, and the surrounding scene echoes with their tuneful minstrelsy. On the borders of the river, at the edge of a forest that stretches far away over hill and dale, stands the rude but picturesque dwelling of a backwoodsman; with the blue smoke curling up from its lowly roof, and its humble walls glancing out from the green foliage that surrounds them. There are some indications of taste and refinement near the woodman's home, which give a cheerful appearance to that otherwise wild and lovely scene. A graceful vine curtains the lowly window, and many bright flowers, natives of a distant soil, shed their grateful perfume around. Near the door hangs a cage, containing a rare and beautiful bird, whose song of gladness breaks sweetly upon the stillness of that solitary place.

On a low seat at the entrance of the dwelling, is seen a young woman, caressing an infant. She has lost the blooming loveliness of early youth—her cheek is pale, and her brow wears that thoughtful expression which is imprinted by the touch of care; yet she is still beautiful in form and feature, and none may look upon her without admiration. As she bends over the child in her arms, her eye fills with that unutterable tenderness and love which are only seen in the eye of a mother, and which make the face of a beautiful woman almost angelic. Now and then she turns from the child, to send an anxious glance towards the forest, as if she watched for the approach of some one from that direction. She is momentarily expecting her husband. He left his home at morn; the hour appointed for his return has passed away; the shadows of the trees are lengthening in the rays of the setting sun, and yet he comes not. The fond wife begins to tremble for his safety—a fearful foreboding of evil steals over her mind, and the dark dread of some approaching calamity haunts her imagination.

She has reason to fear; for that portion of country was, at this time, the theatre of many a tragic scene. Sometimes the woodman, in penetrating too far into the pathless recesses of the forest, lost his way, and wandered for days in the dreary wilderness, suffering many miseries, and perishing at last by the pangs of hunger. Sometimes a hungry beast of prey would cross the path of the wanderer, and doom him to a dreadful death. Sometimes the wily red man, who yet lurked about those lonely wilds, entrapped the white hunter, and, from a spirit of revenge, or the thirst for blood, sacrificed his victim with the most wanton and barbarous cruelty.

As the anxious wife thought of these things, her fears and forebodings became almost insupportable. Hushing the infant to sleep, she carried it into the dwelling, and deposited it in its cradle bed. She then hastened forth again, and wandered along the path that led to the forest, anxiously looking forward the while for her husband. She walked onward for some time, fondly hoping to see the object of her search, but her hopes were vain, and sending one more searching glance around, and seeing nothing but the gloomy shadows of the trees, she turned with a heavy heart to retrace her steps. As she was proceeding homeward, a sudden fear for her child, whom she had left alone, crossed her mind, and caused her to hasten forward. Drawing nearer to the dwelling, this fear became so intense, that it amounted almost to a conviction of some terrible calamity. Flying, rather than walking, she reached the house, and sprang to the cradle—it was empty, and the child nowhere to be seen! With frantic eagerness she rushed to the back door of the dwelling, which she had left closed, and which she now found was open. She was just in time to see a party of Indians making rapidly to the woods. Her heart whispered the fearful assurance that they bore away its treasure. Here was a trying situation for a timid and helpless woman—her husband afar off—perhaps in peril—her child—her first born, and only one, torn away by the rude hand of a savage—dread night approaching, and no earthly arm to aid!

Without pausing for reflection, the mother flew along the path which the Indians had taken. Now and then she caught a glimpse of their forms as they moved rapidly through the trees, but as the twilight deepened, and surrounding objects became more indistinct, even that slight comfort was denied her, and she traced her gloomy pathway without knowing whether or not it would bring her nearer the object of her pursuit. Yet she paused not a moment in indecision, but hastened onward through the increasing darkness, unconscious of the uncertainty of her search, and the wildness of her expedition. She had but one thought—one hope; and that was to be near her child—to save it, if it could be saved, or perish with it, if perish it must. Strong in this determination, she pushed forward, thoughtless of fatigue, and fearless of peril. As the night advanced, the wind rose and sighed among the trees with a mournful and heart-chilling sound. The stars, that had hitherto shed a faint light through the branches, were now veiled in black clouds, that seemed to presage a storm;

and ever and anon the shrill croaking of a night-bird, or the prolonged howl of some beast of prey, was borne to the ear of the unhappy wanderer, waking fearful thoughts, and warning her of the dangers by which she was surrounded.

Those who have never roamed in a forest at midnight, can scarcely realize how much that is terrifying is connected with such a journey. At one time, the howl of the hungry wolf will burst so suddenly and clearly on the ear that we can scarcely persuade ourselves the monster is not close at our side—at another, the falling of a decayed branch will produce such a loud and fearful sound, that we deem it the fatal plunge which must doom us to destruction. Now the wind will come with a fitful and moaning cadence, so like the human voice, that we, for an instant, believe it the wail of an agonized being—and again it will sweep by with a rushing sound like a troop of enraged monsters, bent on a mission of death. Sometimes an unseen, low-drooping branch will softly touch the shoulder, congealing the warm current of life with the idea that a spectral hand has suddenly arrested our progress; and again a black and blasted tree, with one or two sere branches protruding from its side, will, for an instant still the pulsation of the heart, as we behold in it a frightful phantom, stretching forth its arms to grasp our shrinking forms.

All this, and more, must one feel and fear in a lonely midnight pilgrimage through the forest; and all this the mother endured as she pursued her almost hopeless enterprize. She had travelled far, very far, for the darkness of night, and the intricacies of the wood, had scarcely lessened the speed with which she commenced her walk, and she had been many hours on her way. Weariness was beginning to overcome her—hope was departing from her heart, and despair chilling all her energies, when she discovered afar off through the trees, a light. It was but a feeble glimmer, yet oh! how it irradiated the path of the wanderer. The instant she beheld it, hope sprang back to her heart, and strength invigorated her frame. That faint and far-off ray seemed the light of returning happiness, and she watched it as eagerly as the mariner watches the star which guides him over ocean's stormy waves. She now hastened onward with redoubled energy, and though her step sometimes faltered, and her heart sunk within her, as the light disappeared behind some intervening object, she still kept her eye steadily in the direction of the beacon, and soon gained a position where it shone brightly before her, and she could approach without losing sight of it again. As she drew near, she gazed upon the scene which that light revealed, with mingled feelings of astonishment, hope and fear.

There was a large fire built of the dried branches of trees, and around it lay the dusky forms of five or six Indians, reposing upon the ground. Their appearance was savage and fearful in the extreme; each with his painted feathers lighted by the fitful glare of the fire, and his tomahawk and scalping-knife gleaming at his side. Near them were implements of hunting, and around the fire lay scattered bones and fragments of a recent rude and hasty repast. The whole scene was calculated to strike terror into the heart of the delicate being who gazed upon it.

But she scarcely saw the rude savages or their implements of death, for her whole soul was absorbed in contemplating a portion of the scene which we have not yet described, and which riveted her attention with a thrilling and magic power. Bound to a tree, was the form of her husband; and at his feet on the cold ground, lay her child. The father's face was pale, and stained with blood; the infant's was covered by its dress, and its form was motionless as if chilled by the cold hand of death. How felt the fond wife and mother when that sight of horror met her eye? Repressing by a mighty effort the shriek of agony that rose to her lips, and conquering, by the strength of a heroic soul, the almost irresistible desire she felt to rush forward, and clasp those dear ones to her aching heart, she stood gazing upon the scene with feelings which cannot be described. She saw with a throb of sudden joy, that her husband lived, but her heart grew cold again as she watched the motionless form of her child. She longed to fly to its side, and ascertain the truth, for the suspense that preyed upon her spirit was terrible, but again her resolute mind restrained her, and she began to deliberate upon the situation of her husband, and devise means for releasing him.

The vivid light cast by the fire on all things near it, enabled the wife to note the scene distinctly. She saw, with a thankful heart, that the savages all slept, and that she could reach the side of her husband without passing near enough to awake them; but she also saw that he was bound by strong cords, which she could not hope, in her wearied state, to unfasten, and she looked about for something to sever them. There was nothing, save the knives which the Indians wore at their sides. Looking more intently, she saw that one of these had slipped from its place, and lay on the ground by its owner, so near, that his hand almost touched the hilt. A pang of intense fear shot through her frame, when she thought of approaching so close to the terrific form of the savage, but another look upon the pale face of the prisoner, re-assured her, and she determined to rescue him, or perish in the attempt. She could not approach the Indians without revealing herself to the eyes of her husband, and she feared, in that case, an exclamation of surprize would follow her appearance, and arouse the foe from their slumber. After pondering a moment upon the best mode of proceeding, she determined to steal softly to the back of the tree, place her hand upon the lip of the captive, whisper a few words of explanation, and implore him, not by the slightest murmur, to frustrate her plans. With a throbbing heart, she commenced her perilous undertaking. Noiselessly she made her way to the tree, and accomplished her purpose. There was no time for delay, yet one instant the mother turned to look upon her child, yearning to clasp it to her bosom, but not daring to lift the cloth which concealed its features, and assure herself whether or not it lived. A little while before, she would have given worlds to be able to do this, but now she felt that to behold it

wrapped in the slumber of death, would unnerve her arm, and render her unfit for the further prosecution of her trying task. With a firmness that would have done honor to a stoic, she conquered the promptings of natural love, and hastened away. With a step as noiseless as the falling dew, she glided towards the slumbering savages; as she drew near, her frame trembled so violently, she could scarcely support herself; and when she put forth her hand to take the knife, the beating of her heart was so audible, she feared it would awake the sleepers, and she pressed her hand convulsively upon it to still its tumultuous throbbings. One terrible instant she thought the eyes of the Indian opened, and glared upon her with a fierce and malignant expression; but this was mere fancy, for he still slept, and the next moment she was gliding away with the knife firmly grasped in her hand. With a few rapid strokes she liberated her husband, and then bent down and uncovered the child. To her unspeakable joy, she found it in a slumber as sweet and peaceful as though it had been hushed to rest upon its mother's bosom. With a prayer of gratitude upon her lips, she lifted it from its rude resting-place, turned to her companion, and motioned the way to their home. With rapid and noiseless steps they hurried away, speeding onward with tremulous yet hopeful hearts. Not a moment did the fond mother spare to caress her infant —not a word did she utter to greet her husband. The spell of a new found, uncertain happiness had settled upon her spirit, and she feared to break its thrilling charm. For a time they travelled thus in silence and darkness; moving, as near as they could judge, in the direction of their home, and anxious to be farther, still farther away from their enemies. At length weariness compelled them to rest awhile, and, as the dawning day began to shed a trembling light abroad, they crept into a thicket and sought repose.

The beams of the rising sun lighted the wanderers on their homeward pathway; and when that sun was sinking to repose, its parting rays fell calmly over the woodman's humble home, revealing a scene of bliss such as seldom visits the abode of man. How radiant with grateful joy was the face of the fond mother, as she clasped her recovered treasure closer to her bosom; how full of admiring love was the eye of the rescued husband, as it rested upon its fair preserver; and oh! how warm and fervent was the prayer, breathed in that hour of safety, bearing up to Heaven the deep devotion of thankful and happy hearts.

A SISTER'S LOVE.

Bind on your heart this jewel rare,
Oh, ye to whom this prize is given!
Nor let rude hands your treasure tear,
But hold it as the gift of Heaven!
'Till death its shining worth improve,
And angel's crown a sister's love!

Original.

SKELETON ESSAYS;

OR, MORALS, LAW, EDUCATION, ETC.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'GUY RIVERS,' 'THE YEMASSEE,' 'THE KINSMAN,' ETC.

Morals for the People.—"Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?" demands the Satirist—and the question in this country may very well be applied to the people, who are, or should be, their own guards, and in whom the wellbeing and safety of the country properly abides. How shall we make them true to themselves—to one another—to us, and to our common country? This question is more frequently asked than answered. We rely too much on King Numbers. We seem to take for granted with Ma'mselle Martineau, that the majority must be right; forgetting, as we invariably do, that, in most cases, at the beginning—and for a very obvious reason—the majority have been sadly wrong. They come right in the end, no doubt; but the doom of Jesus Christ, of Socrates, Galileo and a host besides, sufficiently shows what the popular tendencies must be in all cases of a novel character, and on the subject of truths and doctrines previously unknown or untaught. Nor is the case, in all respects, much better now, than at the periods referred to. Persecution, if not so deadly, is scarcely less active to-day than it was yesterday. The expounder of the new faith, it is true, is not put on a gridiron to test the merits of his doctrine over a slow fire; but there are a thousand other ways of despatching him by what is significantly called 'public opinion!'—as if it was not public opinion that fried and flayed even in the days of Saint Bartholomew. This public opinion is a thing to be made and compounded, and it may be made good or evil. In no case is it a proper tribunal, since there is no sufficient reason why the tendencies of a mass should be made to supersede and take the place of justice, whose laws should come with equal emphasis and efficacy from the lips of an individual. I am unwilling to leave any thing to public opinion which the resort to a less flexible court will decide; and I am disposed to think that is in consequence of so much being left to a tribunal which is as unstable as water and as variable as the winds, that we make so little headway in our progress to the certain and the true. We are daily congratulating ourselves with our conquests and discoveries, as well in morals as in philosophy; and yet, Truth and Error still keep up their ancient controversy and we do not see that the former gains much from her old enemy. If Truth does sometimes go ahead, Error comes close at her heels. If she gains in one spot it is wonderful how much she loses in another; and let her but give herself a moment's indulgence; let her venture to rest herself by the wayside for a while, and what a hard chase her more restless and always ready rival will give her for the goal!

Big Books.—Looking at the huge libraries, the monstrous collections, the folios and the quartos and the octavos, which, at this day of abundant letters, you will

find in every third house, and the surprize is natural, that we should be no wiser and no better than we are. Examine the gilded inscriptions which they bear, and half of them are the labors of the profound moralist who loved laborious exercise for its own sake, and had no delight except in battling for the truth. Every third volume is one of a divine reality; and all of them are abundantly stored with grave saws and dictatorial maxims, which promise the amplest triumphs and the most complete immunity, in return for implicit faith and obedience. How is it then that Error, in spite of all this, should still contrive to survive? Nay, she not only lives, but is quite as audacious, intrusive, and self-assured, as ever! She has more lives than the proverbial cat! By what seven-fold shield does she keep herself unharmed? What is the subtle tenure of that existence, so intangible as we pronounce it to be, that makes her so formidable an antagonist—so resolute in her advances—so well versed in the science of attack and defence, that, driven from one position she easily finds shelter behind another, and is provided with a new head in place of every one that we lop away? This is a strange history, to say the least of it; and one that calls seriously for consideration. But the *big books* themselves suffice to explain a part of the mystery. The secret of their ineffectiveness lies in this very particular. They are big—too big! Error is a subtle existence, and it is not necessary, for her distinction, that we should employ a force the recoil of which may charge on our defences. Who employs field pieces in shooting sparrows? Before we can charge, the sparrow is off, and even did it remain, a mustard seed would do more execution than our bullet. A big book, in the moral, is very like a big gun, in the military world. It makes a great noise, and, if it happen to hit, does a great deal of execution. But, an hundred to one, in the doctrine of chances, it never hits; and for the good that comes of it, it consumes quite too much of our time, labor and ammunition. Not so with the little books, the musketry and grape, of literature. Some of these must tell, and as their use is less fatigueing and expensive, and as they are more portable and convenient, it follows that they can be made to bear upon a thousand points while the big books can only roar away at one! In these comparisons it is not intended to disparage the venerable volumes. They are a sort of depôt—a stone house—from whence the flying artillery, and the scouts, the riflemen and the cavalry may procure their stores as they may need them. They, doubtlessly, contain immense quarries of very precious materials, and they are to be prized as something sacred and watched and examined periodically, with religious scrutiny. Good men and sage should be chosen to have them in their careful keeping, and on days of solemn state and ceremonial they may be brought forth in sight of the citizens, in order to satisfy them that the moth has not found its way to their treasure. But, for ordinary people and ordinary purposes, we need a more active military.

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Pocket Volumes.—Commend us to little volumes for daily use. In big books there is philosophy enough for all the nations, and far more than any of the nations will readily comprehend. But, for the people—for man as he is—stricken with sudden necessities, and perpetually called away by the exigencies of life—small books, short sentences, lessons in a nut shell, are the grand desiderata. The laboring man must have volumes that he can carry in his pocket, that he can take out by the way side, and chew upon, as so much mental tobacco, as he goes along the highways, to his regular tasks. The man who depends for his daily dinner upon his daily toil, cannot look into monstrous volumes. And yet, to whom are the lessons of a true philosophy and a pure morality, more important? For whom are they written if not for him? It is he who is most likely to be tempted—who has fewer resources in wealth, and, of consequence, who finds fewest attractions in society—who is most exposed to low vices—to the evils of situation and contaminating associations. These, coming with humble pursuits and sometimes degrading necessities, are well calculated, by insensible degrees, to divest him of the restraints, and deprive him of all the attractions and rewards of that better condition to which good morals and industry might enable him to aspire with the rest. It appears to us the most monstrous absurdity, on the part of sage philosophers and reverend divines, to be putting forth great books and calling upon poverty and labor, not only to read but to pay for them. We must do things differently, if we hope to do any thing. We must pack up truth into small parcels though we make many of them; she must occupy but small compass, in order that she may go by mail, by stage, the breeches pocket of the ditcher, in the bosom of the plough-boy. This mode of giving her circulation has already been tried by certain persons; but their experiments were partial, and then, perhaps, not always made in the right spirit. Such an experiment was that of Lacon. The misfortune was that Error contrived to bury herself in the same parcel; and so disguised herself, with that imitative ability which is her most effective essential, that now it is no easy matter to distinguish between them. To be a safe teacher of morals, one must not only preach but practice; for the habitual exercise of virtue is one of the first constituents in making up the qualities necessary to a teacher of the truth. In this constituent, Colton was lamentably deficient, and hence his failure—in spite of well intention, which we may safely accede to him—to be able at all times to distinguish between the false and true. To a man habitually warped from right by the indulgence of what is wrong, wrong and right become finally of one family and likeness.

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The Entireness of Truth.—In putting truth into small parcels we must be carefel to diminish none of the proportions. It is one important element of her character, that she may contract herself to any dimension and yet preserve her symmetry and entireness. She must be symmetrical, or we can not love her: and if she do not possess entireness, it will be a very difficult matter to recognize her at all. No writer of a book need set out to make a moral. If he does, he is very apt to fail. His great consideration is to make his book—be it history or be it fiction—entirely truthful; and truthfulness, even

in the delineation of vice, always carries with it its own and a valuable moral. The most moral writers that the world has ever known, are those who have been most true to nature: to nature in her completeness—in all her essentials—and not in partial glimpses of her person. When, therefore, an author proves immoral in his results—even supposing that he sets out with no evil intentions—the inference is fair that he is not true in his details. He may give you glimpses of the truth, but they are glimpses only. The whole truth is the only testimony which the superior genius indulges, and the only testimony which can properly avail for his case before the awful testimonials of posterity. It is the lack of this entireness, this universal singleness, this individual essential, absorbing all the rest, that has surrendered to neglect, and given up to oblivion, many a noble mind, and grasping imagination. The world has known very few writers who have deliberately set out to pervert the truth, to misrepresent man, to deform nature and to debase society! The Etherege's and the Rochester's, were vicious men, it is true, but they were abandoned, rather in consequence of their folly and inferior intellectual nature, than because of any wilful desire to do wrong. Genius is a seer who frequently sees false visions as well as true. The Germans have a word signifying "one-sidedness;" and this is the aspect in which Truth is presented to many writers. She has a thousand aspects and they see but one. She lies every where on the surface, but who shall say how much there is of her below it? We must go round her, dig for her, take her depth, breadth, length, weight and general measurement—see her in detail, and see her in the whole—and then, not 'till then, can we determine what she is, and what she requires. Some writers of very great genius present her surface with most singular truth and felicity to the mind of the reader; but, as they see but her surface only, they show no more; and they are immoral writers because they are untrue. There is a general incoherence in the tone and temper of their works—an inconsistency of agents in themselves and in their doings—which the natural world never presents to us. To write morally, it is necessary that truth in the general, and truth in the detail, should both be attended to; if not we have the old monster of character, the half woman, the half fish, described by the Poet, in reference to a similar topic:

> "The beautious maid,
> Proud of each charm above the waist displayed;
> Below a loathsome fish:—
> Such is the book, that like a sick man's dreams,
> Deforms all shapes and mingles all extremes."

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The Patriotism of Truth.—Moralists are not yet determined whether there may not occur instances in which falsehood may not only be permitted, but would be justifiable. Perhaps, if our survey in the moral world were bounded only by the present hour and the pressing necessity, the proposition might be answered in the affirmative. But moral events, unlike physical, endure for ages—for all time—extend through all nations, and form the most imposing interests of eternity. We cannot, therefore, reason on such a subject with a simple reference to the present case and passing moment. The truth concerns our children as well as ourselves. The truth belongs to our people as well as to our family. It is essential to man throughout—it is the great essential of the human race, and upon its immortality depends their own—their greatness, happiness and glory. A falsehood is likely to do harm ultimately, in some way or other, and with greater or less degree of hurt. It is an experiment in poisoning, and it is doubtful when our fingers, having once dealt in it, will ever become free from the taints. Falsehood by itself, might be of little danger; but it is never by itself. It runs and reproduces itself the moment it is born. But its attitude of greatest evil is as the direct antagonist of truth. It is an active principle, as subtle as light, which is its opposite. A fanciful allegory of one of the orientals, very happily describes every new truth as immediately marshalling itself among the children of light, in the ranks of God; while every falsehood, in like manner, and by a like instinct, ranges itself instantly under the sable standard of Lucifer. They become, each in its place, spirits of power; and traverse the world, in behalf of their respective commanders, engaging in frequent conflict when they meet; and making an eternal battle field of that province of civil discord, the poor, benighted, scourged and ravaged heart of man! The idea seems to me quite as felicitous as fanciful. The question is asked, "May we not, in the last hope of struggling humanity, resort to falsehood, where this is obviously the only mode left of escape from unjust torture, punishment, or death?" The example of the apostles might be relied on here. They have answered the question. Christ, in anticipation, rebuked the feebleness of Peter, who, shrinking from human penalties, denied equally the truth and his master. But the case supposed is one in which, though you yourself escape, the falsehood may do harm; and the truth, though you perish, must ultimately be productive of good. Your martyrdom, alone, would most probably overthrow the tyranny, by arousing the people, whom no less matter could inspirit into activity, to a just sense of the general danger. Such was the martyrdom of the Saviour and the Saints; and, for a like object, the safety and circulation of the truth, for the preservation of the many. I grant that martyrdom is not very desirable under any circumstances; and that it is not the ordinary mind which will be willing to encounter it in any behalf. But, there are men, fortunately for mankind, to whom the truth itself brings consolation enough, and whom glorious memories in after times, and a perpetually musing gratitude, keep holy through long ages, and thus reward for their sufferings under the scourge and upon the rack. The pang of death is only an instant in duration, but the life which follows in consequence is eternal, and as glorious as eternal.

What would have been, what would be the case, if there were not, and had not been, such men? Where would be our glory, our strength, our security, happiness and intellectual freedom, but for those daring and enduring martyrs, who, with a spirit setting at defiance every weakness of the flesh, have gone fearlessly into the gloomy dens of ancient error, denouncing the superstí-

tion, overthrowing the idol, and setting up the true God, which is Truth? All innovation upon established customs is invariably and sturdily resisted, and men fight for their prejudices, where they would not fight for their country. The teacher of the unknown Truth has been stoned to death, in all past times, by the slaves of ancient Error. In this way perished the long array of the "just made perfect," the saint, the sage, the philosopher and the patriot; of all who have ever shown an earnest determination to seek out and to elevate the truth, in the teeth of unholy prejudice and unwise passion! Our condition would be lamentable, indeed, if there were not some few consecrated spirits in every nation, and through all periods, who, scorning the policy of the worlding, (which, for the uncertain safety of the moment would barter the glorious guaranty of permanent assurance,) can appreciate and assert the true nature and just rights of his race, without reference to the penalty or the reward! There will be truth-loving men to the last, whatever the bondage, however ruthless the pursuing enemy, who, looking beyond their own day and destiny, for the moral Pisgah, will direct their people to the distant Promise! Who, sustained and stimulated by higher and holier consideration than the love of gain or aggrandizement, or the yet meaner desire of safety and obscurity, will challenge the tyrant of Error and abuse custom openly in the highways; and, like the Peasant Tell, amidst the spears of his enemies, refuse, though standing alone, to bow down, in vindication of the Truth, before the cap of usurpation!

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Security of Innocence.—If we take the word "safety" in an extended sense, and comprise within that province which we seek to guard, the moral, as well as the physical existence, there is nothing in the world so perfectly secure as innocence! Apollodorus lamented to Socrates that he should be doomed to suffer death having been guilty of no offence. The philosopher, looking beyond human limits, inquired—"Would you have me die guilty? Melitus and Anytus may *kill*, but they cannot *hurt* me!" How common is it to hear people lamenting with Apollodorus!

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Propriety essential to Eminence.—When a man, particularly one who is self-educated, begins to rise above his fellows, he instantly becomes a mark for their missiles. The already superior dread him as a competitor, the low, as a superior, and they make common cause for his destruction. But this, if he be of the right moral stuff, will rather help than hurt him. If he be truly superior, the roughening process to which the strife subjects him, endows him with the most beneficial hardihood; and he continues to ascend until he ceases to be within the control of either. As soon as they discover that their missiles no longer reach the object, they gather them up and make of them a monument in his honor, equally emulous in worship of the genius which they failed to victimize. So far he is safe, but he is then required to be doubly circumspect, and his shield must be one of the most chrystalline propriety. While he struggled up the ascent, they would probably have preferred to see him weak and vicious. But, once upon the eminence, his adamant must be of more perfect proof than ever. His former fame is now his foe, and the exactions of his station are more dangerous than all the missiles of his ancient enemies. Let him falter in his place—let him but touch the earth for an instant, and show his stains, and the clamor and the assault are always more formidable from the superior elevation of the victim. We see spots on the sun and moon which we should never regard on a house-wall or a hillock.

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Character.—The effect of character is always to command consideration. We sport, and toy, and laugh with men or women who have none; but we never confide in them. It may be added, also, that, though we frequently despise such persons, we never hate them. The case is different where character exists. The man of character will always have enemies among the crowd, in fair proportion to the number of his friends. Decision of purpose, habitual earnestness, and readiness in the formation of a leading opinion on every suggested subject, are the chief constituents of that moral quality in the man, which we call character. Without these, there is as little virtue as strength. These are positive qualities that force themselves upon the regards of others and compel consideration; that make themselves felt always, whether for good or evil, and cannot be avoided, and must be encountered or endured. They provoke hostile or favorable sentiments among mankind, according to the application, for the false or the true, of their several influences. If their proprietor be a good man, the bad will hate him—if a bad man, the good.

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God and Man.—God made the world in six days—it takes man six minutes to find fault with it.

God saw that it was good and blessed it—man finds it bad and curses it.

Alas! for man that sees nothing with the eyes of God, but every thing with his own! Both God and man judge of the earth and its things from the nature separately within them.

It is not earth and its creatures, nor the waters, nor the air, with their tribes of living things, which God sees to be good and blesses accordingly—it is the eternal, unchangeable spirit of life, of truth, and of beauty, which, from his own, he infuses into them all.

It is not the earth, nor the seas, nor the skies, nor the creatures that dwell in them, that man finds evil and curses accordingly—it is his own blind eyes, and bitter spirit, and capricious temper, through whose jaundiced medium all things become evil and out of proportion with the natural and true!

Earth, ocean, air and life! Let us learn to see and to bless ye, even as ye have been seen and blessed by the Eternal Father. W. G. S.

Do but increase a man's pride, and his fear of shame will ever be proportioned to it; for a greater value a man sets upon himself, the more pains he will take, and the greater hardships he will undergo to avoid shame.—*Mandeville's Fable of the Bees.*

Original.

THE FALLING STAR.

It was deep midnight, and no moon shone, but the thousand stars of Heaven looked down upon the earth, and kept bright watch for her. A fair girl knelt by the bed of the dying mortal. She was his sister. She had tended him for many days with an untiring love; she would not that an alien eye should catch his latest look, or menial hand minister to his latest earthly want. For many hours she had not left his side, but kneeling there, with one hand clasped in her upraised hands, she gazed alternately from him to the vast heaven, searching its inmost depths with an untiring ken, as she would tear from out its mystic heart, the secret of a fate so interwoven with hers. But no sign came, and she turned aside and wept. Oh, the deep agony of that young heart! It was an unalloyed sorrow, which admitted of no earthly consolation. They were alone—these two young hearts, and other tie had none. All they had loved were in the grave, and they awoke one day as from a trance, and looked around, and cried out for a friend! But they found none, and from that day they were one heart. They were both beautiful, and genius had been their heritage, and grew alike in both, only that hers was much less bold than his, for that it had received its tone from her sweet gentleness, mixed with deep reverence for his more reasoning mind—as the gazer on the water sees some bright star reflected in its bosom, and sees they are alike, save that the *image* is more shadowy, which is but caused by the properties of that in which it shows. So rapt were they in each other, that the outer world had no charm for them, saving its humanities; the follies of fashion, and the frivolities of life, were unknown to them. They had drawn around them a magic circle, in which naught save what was bright and beautiful dare enter. Day after day did they gather wisdom from the pages of the mighty dead, and as the old world opened to their ardent minds, the present faded as a dream. They loved to dwell upon some tale of rare affection, of deep devotion, or self-immolation at the shrine of duty—instances of which the past have in perfection, gilded, perchance, by the romance a lapse of time never fails to bestow, but still unaffectedly human. And when they rose from their labor of love, they felt the deep effect which lessons of exalted virtue ever impress upon reflecting minds. They impart a dignity to life, which is unobserved in the every day world, and link the heart to its kind, by the noblest sentiments nature can evince. They were the philanthropists of the closet, unbounded in their sympathy, but from their sensibility and refinement, all unfit to mingle with the coarser spirits of the world. What excited their benevolence in the mass, would, most probably, cause disgust in the individual, and they would turn away heart-sick, to find the world not what they thought it; they would mourn for the suffering million, but the leperous wretch in the filthy hovel, would be a loathed and hideous object in their eyes. Such is the difference between the theoretical and practical Christian—the one refines and gives out Utopian theories to the world, which never are adopted, benefitting no one, though not the less noble in their aim—the other seeks out misery in its home, and bars out famine from the starving wretch, and though the means of assistance may be small, the never failing fount of sympathy skims over the wounds it cannot radically heal. They saw that the world was beautiful, and were content to breathe the odor of its flowers, without distilling the poison from their hearts. They were dreamers, and had they been separate, such feelings would have craved for the sympathy of some kindred heart, and they might have loved; but they were all in all to each other; their feelings were so knit, so interwoven, that the approach of any other sentiment, seemed to threaten a disruption of their tie, and they sensitively and gladly shrunk back into the gentle and unreserved commune of their own pure thoughts. They were orphans, and friendless! they were alone and loving! And now the sister knelt by the side of the dying brother! That was her grief; for him her tears flowed fast, and the visible silence was broken by deep and fervent prayers. And the fever raged with unabated violence—he muttered wild words, which conjured up visions of a thousand happy hours and innocent joys, and caused a fresh burst of grief from the spirit-broken girl. The malady was evidently approaching its crisis; every moment the stillness became more awful; she longed to call for some one to share her watch, yet could not for a moment tear herself from the couch. He had breathed hardly until now, but now she missed the sound; it had sunk into a child's breathing. Faint and frequent beat the pulses at his heart—the eye which had been glaring and restless, became fixed. She longed to scream but the voice seemed frozen to her heart. More feebly still he breathed—an expression of agony was upon his brow; his hand relaxed its grasp, and with one deep sigh, his features sunk into a quiet smile. His spirit seemed to have left its earthly home! She shrieked aloud, and raising her despairing eyes to Heaven, exclaimed, "Oh, God, have mercy!" *And a bright star fell!* But he recovered, and a week hence was seated on a couch, with that fair girl nestling at his feet.

"I have been a grievous trouble to thee, Marian! Thine eye is as bright, thy smile as sweet, but thy cheek is pale, and thy hands have shrunk to thinness. And I fear that in my madness I may have spoken harsh words to thee, or have been wilful and fretful, or wishful and exacting; but now I crave your pardon, dearest, and throw myself upon your love for your forgiveness."

"Hush, hush," said Marian, as she placed her hand upon his lips. "Dear Ernest, most wrongfully do you accuse yourself; both gentle and patient were you during all your sufferings. No murmur fell from your lips—no repining—no impatience; and every office I performed for you, was more than repaid by the look of love and thankfulness by which it was received."

"But—"

"Nay, hear me. If I have lost the ruddiness of health from off my cheek, and its fullness from my form, it was not caused by watching and waiting at your couch,

but by the ever present fear that you might be taken from me. It tortured me through the day, and affrighted me in the night. I could not fly from the thought. I read it in the setting sun, and in the flickering taper; and as the stars came out, and faded as the night wore on, each seemed to bear upon its ray a mystic recognition of your half embodied spirit."

"I have but faint remembrance of the past. I know the days, though cheered by sight of you, seemed endless."

"'Twas strange, too, Ernest, throughout the day you would appear strangely unsettled; a feverish restlessness seemed to pervade your frame; but as the night came on, this was superseded by a calmness, trance-like, nay, almost death-like, that made my blood stagnate in every vein—as if your soul had left its mortal frame, to hold communion with the invisible spirits of the silent night! At those times, with a philosophy which failed me utterly in the day, I would speculate upon the possibility of your death, and all at once I seemed to cease to be a being of the earth; the mystic line was broken, and my mind was cognizant of the immaterial elements. Countless bright shapes peopled the circumambient air—if shapes they could be called, that were without form or substance. I was in the heart of nature, and saw how the progress of decay, was but a preface to another birth—a state of being in which soul was *all*. I was conscious of an elevation of mind, an expansion of intellect, which rendered the deep-sought, stored up knowledge of a thousand generations of man, but as a grain of sand compared to the earth's gross bulk. And I saw that those of earth who approached nearest to the reality of a state of being, which, in sooth, surpasses all that the powers of imagination can conceive of it—were those who, in the earnestness of a beneficent nature, sought out the humanities from wisdom's page, and blending both, saw nature through the heart and mind—neither with the misjudging warmth of the enthusiast, nor the fact deducing coldness of the philosopher, but bringing, as an offering, the uttermost attainable refinement of intellect, warmed by angelic love! I saw through world, man yearning unceasingly to rise; the soul warring with its encumbering clay, and striving ever to sever from it. The pale student in his midnight study, burying the recollection of the miseries of the by-gone day, forgetting the want of friends, the cold repulse, the unappreciation, the want of sympathy, the hungering morrow, in his absorbing love of the pursuit of truth. The mighty statesman retiring from the admiring crowd, and seeking consolation in seclusion for the failure of those aspiring, but baseless schemes, by which he hoped to raise the herd from its desperate, besotted condition and was repaid with revilement and scorn, by that very class he sought to benefit. Seeking in solitude deep commune with his own heart, he strove to work out from the philosophy of the past, and the sad experience of the present, a state of mind in which the *desire* of dispensing happiness should be, of itself, sufficient compensation, apart and independent of the reception of the benefit by the object of it. Thus deeply pondering, and in secret, the quiet came upon his soul, and he became of us. I cannot describe to you the nameless feeling that possessed me at those times; there was a consciousness of existence without its cares, of knowledge without the blindness of prejudice, which ever accompanies our earthly wisdom. I felt that I was apart from the world, yet of it, for that sympathy which pervades all nature, which binds heart to heart, and is the medium through which human sensations and affections are felt alike, and simultaneously conveyed throughout the universe, now and for ever, was acting upon my spirit with a mighty force; my nature was etherealized, and I was an impalpable though sentient link of that wondrous harmonizer of creation—Sympathy or Love! And you were there, my brother; our spirits met in that bright star, with which we have so oft imagined that our fates were inseparably linked, and—"

"Stay, Marian, dearest, thou dost remember me, that as I lay upon my bed of sickness, I had a dream of a most terrible and strange import. I know that for days I lay unconscious of all, save of an intolerable thirst and raging fever, that seemed to dry up all moisture in my blood and brain. I seemed to breathe hot air, which, in its passage, dried up my tongue, and parched and cracked my livid lips. Each day, as it broke, brought with it an increasing but nameless terror, which, ever and anon, like unto ice-strings made each trembling nerve, and though the fury of a thousand fires leaped through each vein, *my heart felt chilled*. On that night which caused thee so much terror, this harpy feeling was upon me, and griped me with a giant's force; nor could I fortify myself against it, for my mind had lost all power of connecting ideas of any kind. All was vagueness and dread. As the night wore on, the increasing stillness added a new terror to my mind. Methought I lay chained and immoveable in the midst of a vast sandy plain, over which the hot sun was vertical; throughout the day, from morn 'till night, he poured his fierce beams upon my seething skin, until I felt it crack and gape, like the parched earth, and when the sun had set, the moon's rays, and the beams of the golden stars seemed to dart fire that jarred my brain to madness. There was no rest for me, night nor day—my furred tongue could not give out my agony. And I was alone in my suffering, when suddenly a mighty form approached. It was a grave but beautiful aspect, and on its brow there was a calm, that chilled, at once, my burning blood; it seemed as if it had never known a youth, nor could know age; it was not the calm of thought, nor the passiveness of overwhelming grief, but I felt, at once, that it was the cold, eternal calm of death. Nearer it came, and my soul recoiled at its approach; nearer, still nearer; it had gained my feet, when, in a moment, the cells of memory gave up their treasured store. Father, mother, friends, came flocking round me; our happy home, and childish sports, each happy hour, that, in its passage, bore a pleasant thought; snatches of old wild melodies, and all the thousand things, that endeared and made a joy of life, rushed forth to keep the dreaded terror off, but in vain! It paused not in its career; it raised its hand above me; a cold sweat stood upon my brow. I strove to speak,

but no sound came forth. I struggled to arise, but the mighty spell withheld me, and I was sinking fast. Slowly the withering hand descended towards my heart —already did I feel its grasp stilling the pulse of life; my soul paused, wavering ere it took its flight, when in the still night air, the deep and fervent prayers of thy innocent heart arose, and from the orbed heaven, rushed forth a radiant form, and stood between me and my dread foe."

"My brother! I saw that star fall!" HENRI.

Original.

TO IANTHE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HOWARD PINCKNEY," ETC.

LADY, when I became a wanderer,
I laid my feelings in the cold dark urn,
Made of my heart its passion's sepulchre,
And said the dim sepulchral flame should burn,
But for the dead, who could not be estranged,
O'er Memory's treasures that could not be changed,
That Love should come but as a mourning friend,
Who sadly seeks the tomb, o'er some loved form to bend.

That form was the creation of my mind,
Which I had dreamed of, but not realized;
The bright original I could not find,
And therefore was the picture the more prized;
Sometime I thought to meet her, then, perchance,
Cold Reason told me it was but Romance—
A hope to which the love-fraught mind gives birth,
When, from its dreams of Heaven, it moulds a form of Earth.

Even as the sculptor who, of old, displayed
The various beauties that bewitched his eye,
'Till, from the whole, a glorious form he made,
And realized his passionate phantasy,
And then became a worshipper. I took
From many a dream, and many a poet's book,
And many a form that lived upon my sight,
That fairy love of mine, and made her my delight.

And should we meet, within the glittering throng,
The being that our fond hope burned to prove,
The Cynosure of beauty and of song,
Do we not feel, at first sight, years of love?
The form, which on our dreaming fancy beamed,
Comes to us waking, even as we dreamed,
As instantaneous as fair Venus came,
With lip to speak of Love, and eye to light his flame.

Oh! Lady! Lady! I have often mourned
For that bright being as for one no more;
But when I saw thee, the dear dream returned,
'Till, with my early love, my heart ran o'er;
The sculptor wooed his marble form in vain,
Until the Gods took pity on his pain—
But thou, beloved one, with the gentle breast,
Sure, in thy panting heart, young love might be a guest.

F. W. T.

Original.

ESSAY ON EDUCATION OF FEMALES.

So various and plausible are the systems of Education which have been suggested by the intellectual and moral reformers of the age, that any farther thoughts upon the subject, seem unnecessary or absurd, and may possibly be regarded, as merely the theoretical rantings of a surcharged imagination. Be this as it may, however, the theme is not yet quite exhausted, and although the writer of this essay lays no claim to originality of thought, or newness of design, still the object will be attained, if personal observation suggests correct ideas, on the present defective practical system of Education, and succeeds in disseminating those principles of reformation, which seem indicative of greatest good.

The most important female talent—and that for which woman will perhaps be especially accountable—is Influence. As a Sister, Wife, and Mother, this talent is unlimited, and its exercise happy or the reverse, must be productive of the greatest moral and political effects. It is in the domestic circle peculiarly woman is called to act—*home* is the bright centre of all her sublunary joys and anticipations—in it are concentrated the energies of her very soul, and from it must emanate those insensibly though infallibly operating principles, which will in time reform the world. How vastly important then, that a power so extensive, so universal, should be based upon the broad fabric of a sound, liberal, and polished education. Improvement in every thing must be progressive in the great rank of reform, and as in the *gradual* developement of Virtue it advances slowly but steadily 'till perfection, from the very nature of the beings influenced thereby, will be the effect of *imperceptibly* reforming causes—and as the present generation excel in intellectual culture, the great mass of females of by-gone ages, so may *we* anticipate the future increased excellence of those who are to follow us. Public sentiment, too, is undergoing a change; "the care of household good," is not, as in the Arcadian days of our plain unsophisticated grandams, thought the only robe with which a female can becomingly adorn herself. *Literature*, with her wide and graceful folds, is *now*, by the assent of even those nice critics, Taste and Fashion, the most elegant mantle she can wear—and the day is fast approaching when the laurel wreath of learning may crown *her* brow, and *her* eye kindle with the new beauty of an intellectual fire. "To inform the understanding," says the immortal Junius, "corrects and enlarges the heart;" the *female* mind, from its native ductility is peculiarly susceptible to this influence. Vice in all its forms, and with the most beautiful colorings imagination can give, is, to even *tainted* virtue, a revolting object, but when attached to woman it increases to a monster of loathsomeness and deformity. An exalted and inflexible morality should distinguish her, and whatever purifies or conduces to it, be cultivated with the most assiduous and watchful care.

At this crisis of our subject the question arises—are those who call themselves "Lords of creation" aware how much a high standard of female education depends

upon *their* co-operation and support? Even under the present improved organization of society, there is too low an estimate put upon the mental abilities of woman. Man descends to trifle with or amuse her, and wilfully forgetting that she too has claims to the almost universal gift of *common*-sense, cringingly yields the homage of the *heart*, without in most instances, the slightest reverence of the *head*. Her participation in interesting or abtruse debates is called presumption, and remarks often highly graphic and discriminating, are deemed puerile and unimportant. Thus, it follows, that, though the intrinsic pleasure of knowledge, may with peculiarly constituted minds, be a sufficient incentive; to those of an ordinary cast, the discouragements they encounter, in their intercourse with the world, will frequently deter from intellectual labor. Rest assured, so soon as woman realizes she is, or may be, the intellectual companion, and (in a limited sense) equal of man, then, and then alone, will mental cultivation be with her a desirable object of ambition. We design not to enter the controverted ground of mental equality and admit the intellectual superiority of man, yet who will deny that woman's powers are susceptible of indefinite improvement?

In a good system of practical education, to discipline or systematize the mind, is the first and most important aim, the point around which all minor objects turn—*this* gained by a course of close and faithful study, the subsequent part of education is comparatively easy. In this connection we would observe that studies should always be selected with reference to *cast* of *mind*—an indiscriminate application of one method of instruction will not be invariably successful.

It is a trite though true remark, that female education is in general too *superficial*. Improvement of the mind is often a sacrifice at the shrine of accomplishments, or the more elegant refinements of fashionable life—more abstruse and useful studies are merely objects of *secondary* consideration—and thus a young lady enters society, the graceful and accomplished, instead of the intellectual and well informed. Aware of the refinement and delicacy of feeling that generally attend these pursuits, we wish not to depreciate their beautifying influence—but with genuine disinterestedness, would suggest, that the *foundations* of the Temple be secured, ere the chisel of the polisher is applied.

Again *velocity* seems a characteristic of the age—in education as in every thing else, we adopt the "high pressure" system! "The march of mind" is now a forced one! The whole period of a young lady's *scholastic* education, does not exceed ten years, during the first five of which she is scarce old enough to appreciate the importance of it. Let us admit the inferiority of woman's intellect, and how paradoxical that *her* studies should cease at an age, when man has scarce essayed an ascent of the hill of science! Is *her* mind more easily or more quickly matured? or are Parnassus' heights more accessible to the weak and trembling steps of woman, than to the bold Herculean tread of man?

A great defect in the existing system of education is the extreme *comprehensiveness* of the plan. Too many and diverse studies are attempted for probable excellence in either. The *fundamentals*, accomplishments, and an infinitude of little *instructions*, are all crowded into a mere speck of time. Would it not be unwise to select a few par-excellence as text studies, and make *them* the basis of all the others? as the faculties expand by regular systematic exercise the number may be increased. The mind will thus retain its healthfulness and vigor, a student's satiety be prevented, a thirst for knowledge inculcated, and in effect the great end of education answered. It is now matter for history, that a love of improvement, a desire for intellectual pleasures, rarely accompany a female after her entrance into society.

The expediency of giving females a classical education we are not prepared, nor would it be profitable to discuss. Intellectual enjoyment would no doubt be much enhanced by such a course, though the engrossing nature of those studies might perhaps detract from the pleasure of other duties, more within the peculiar sphere of woman.

In conclusion we would ask, why our country boasts not the female genius of *other* lands? Those beautiful spirits, hover above, cluster around, but deign not to dwell among us! Is Nature partial in her gifts? or can it be, the sun that shines so brightly o'er the soil of Liberty is uncongenial to the growth of talent? Alas! in the whole length and breadth of our land, where will we find a De Stael in philosophy, an Edgeworth in morality, or a Moore in religion? It is true we have occasionally a Sigourney or a Sedgwick as a lovely oasis in the vast waste of mind, but their verdure and fertility do but make the surrounding wilderness more melancholy and barren.

The experience of *future* generations will show, that Literature, though a nice and delicate plant, *may* thrive amidst the wildness and luxuriance of a free and happy country.

A PHILADELPHIAN.

Original.

ON THE DEATH OF A LITTLE CHILD.

"Of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

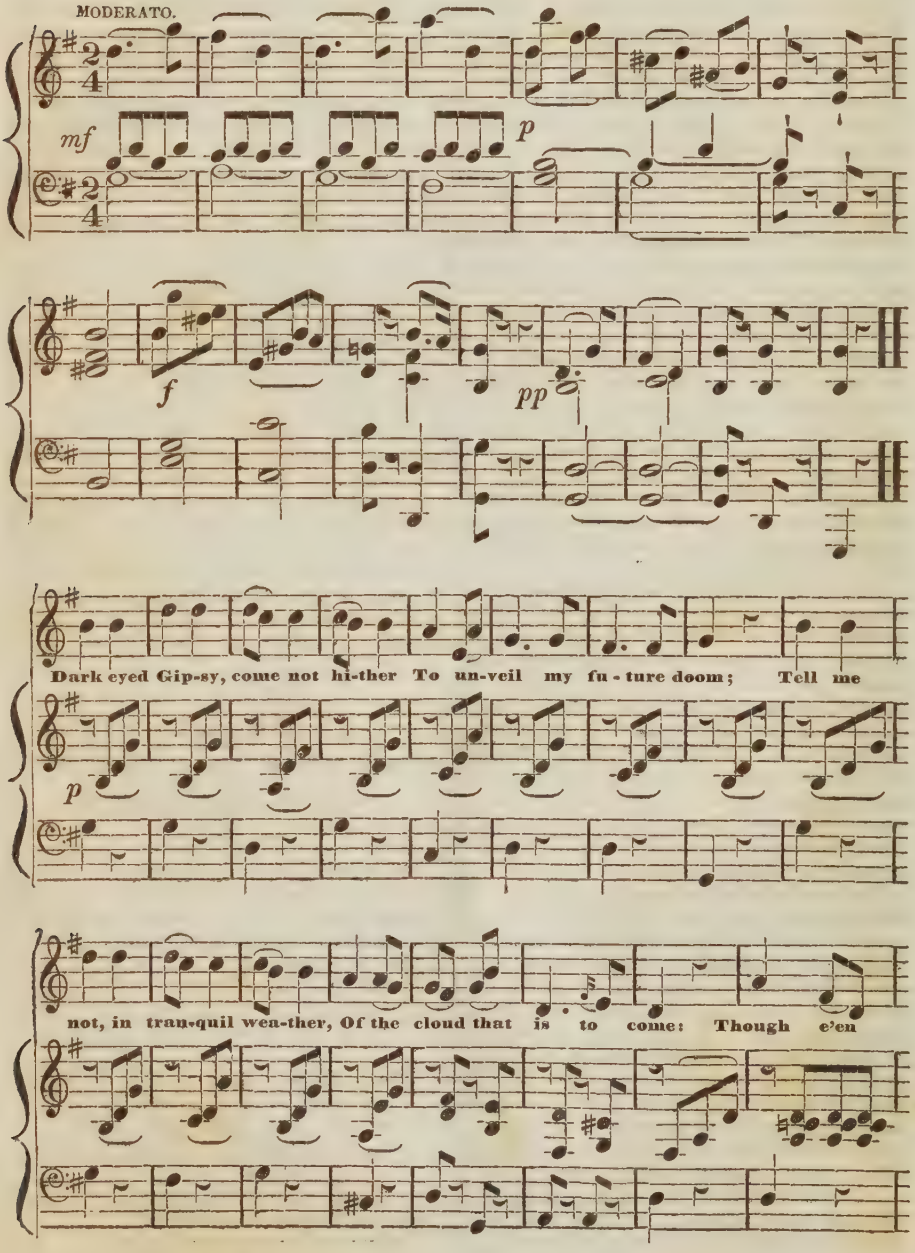
Withdrawn in love from earthly pain,
And every evil passion's power;
Borne from the world ere sin could stain
Or sorrow blight the opening flower:
How sweet to think the cherub fair,
That so on earth absorb'd our love,
Transplanted by an angel's care,
Blooms in the Paradise above!

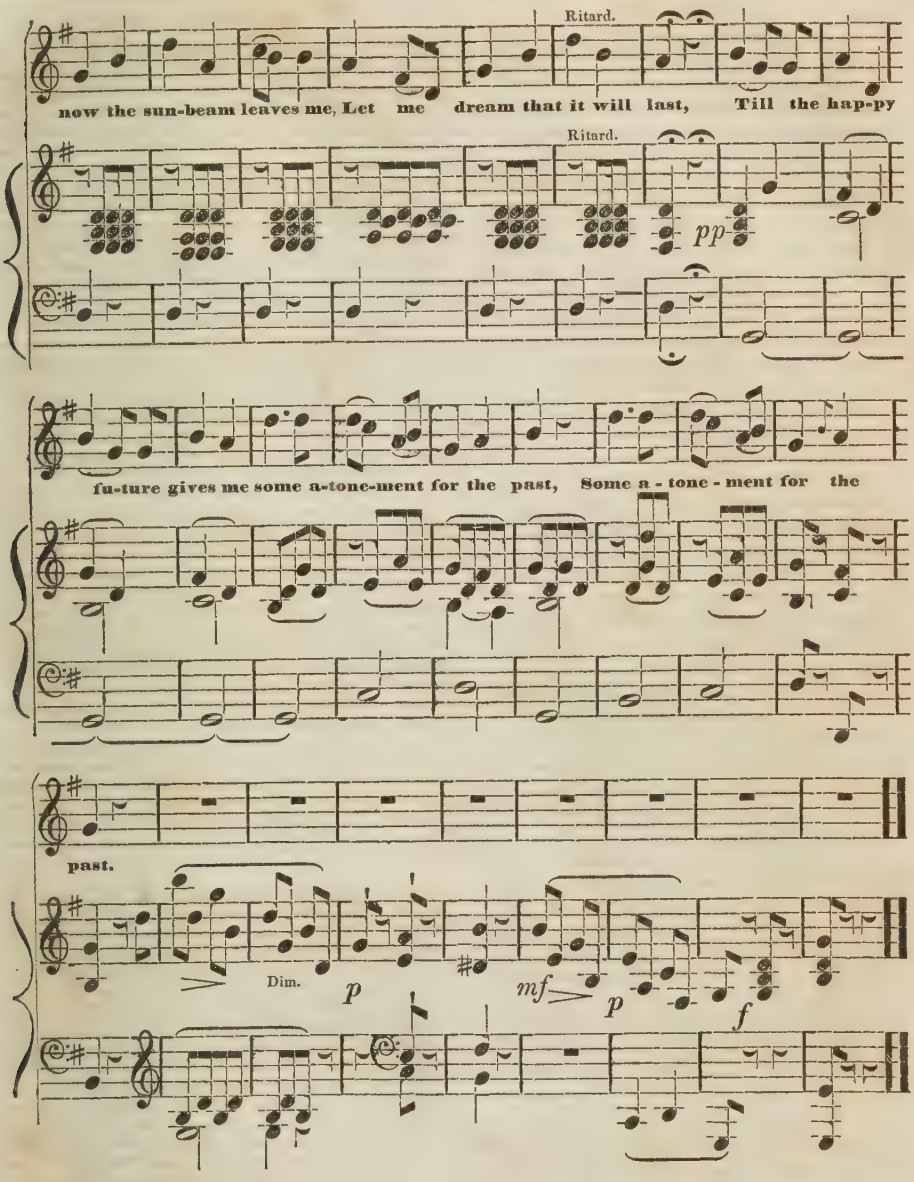
And shall we meet *him* in the sky,
So loved and so lamented here?
And shall we greet again on high
The face and form on earth so dear?
Then let us calmly wait the day,
The glorious day of Heavenly bliss;
Joy cannot speed nor sorrow stay
The hour that brings a boon like this!

B.

DARK EYED GIPSY.

A BALLAD.


MODERATO.
mf
p
f
pp
Dark eyed Gip-sy, come not hi-ther To un-veil my fu-ture doom; Tell me
p
not, in tran-quil wea-ther, Of the cloud that is to come: Though e'en



SECOND VERSE.

Tempt me not with happy fictions,
I should listen with a sneer;
Chill me not with dark predictions,
I should listen with a tear;
Wave no wand of magic o'er me,
Vaunt not of your mystic skill;
Let the veil that lies before me
Be impenetrable still.

THIRD VERSE.

When the young and gay are near you,
Then indulge your magic mood;
How intently will they hear you!
Credulous of all that's good!
Boast of all the bliss you've brought them,
Give imagination scope;
Disappointment hath not taught them
To mistrust the dreams of hope.

Original.

ABIDE WITH US.

Luke, xxiv. 29.

"ABIDE with us;" the evening hour draws on;
And pleasant at the daylight's weary close
The traveller's repose!
And, as at morn's approach, the shades are gone,
Thy words, oh, blessed stranger! have dispelled
The midnight gloom in which our hearts were held.
Sad were our souls, and quenched hope's latest ray;
But thou, to us, hath words of comfort given,
Of him who came from Heaven!
How burned our hearts within us on the way,
While thou, the sacred scripture didst unfold,
And bad'st us trust the promise given of old!
"Abide with us!" let us not lose thee yet!
Lest, unto us, the cloud of fear return,
When we are left to mourn
That Israel's Hope, his better Sun, is set!
Oh, teach us more of what we long to know,
That new-born joy may chide our faithless wo!
Thus in their sorrow the disciples prayed,
And knew not He was walking by their side,
Who on the cross had died!
But when he broke the consecrated bread,
Then saw they who had deigned to bless their board,
And, in the stranger, hailed their risen Lord!
"Abide with us!" Thus the believer prays,
Compassed with doubt, and bitterness, and dread,
When as life from the dead,
The bow of mercy breaks upon his gaze!
He trusts the word, yet fears, lest from his heart,
He, whose discourse is peace, too soon depart.
Open, thou trembling one! the portal wide,
And to the inmost palace of thy breast,
Take home the Heavenly guest!
He, for the famished, shall a feast provide;
And thou shalt taste the bread of life, and see
The Lord of angels come to sup with thee,
Beloved! who, for us with care hast sought—
Say, shall we hear thy voice, and let Thee wait
All night before the gate,
Wet with the dews, nor greet Thee as we ought?
Oh, strike the fetters from the thrall of pride,
And that we perish not, with us, oh, Lord! abide!

E. F. E.

WITHOUT woman the two extremities of this life would be destitute of succor, and the middle would be devoid of pleasure. Without a mother's care, our lives would generally terminate in our infancy; without a female companion in middle life, this world would seem as a desert; the most endearing ties which bind us to it, would be dissolved; and when our end approaches, our pillow is smoothed, the sufferings of a bed of sickness are alleviated, and even the pangs of dissolution are mitigated by the female hand, by the kind sympathies of a friend, by the tender assiduities of a wife, or the dutiful and endearing affection of a daughter.

LITERARY REVIEW.

ANTHON'S CLASSICAL DICTIONARY: *Harper & Brothers.*—America can boast of having given to the world two of the most erudite works which grace the literature of any country. The first is Webster's Dictionary of the English Language, a work acknowledged to be, and accepted of, as the most profound and correct expositor of that tongue, extant. The second, the present work, which is now before us: one of the most invaluable learned compositions which human intellect has ever produced. Such a dictionary has from time immemorial been wanted in our seminaries of learning as well as a book of reference to the general reader, for scarcely any publication of value but more or less has some allusion to or connected with the history of the Ancients. Lempriere's useful but imperfect Dictionary has, up to this time, been the only work to which the scholar could resort for information, and in many cases it was found to contain but a mere outline of the matter, when he hoped to meet with a full elucidation. But this is altogether now remedied by the present work, combining as it does, an accurate and full account of the Geography, History, Biography, Mythology, and the Fine Arts of Greece and Rome. The publishers have spared no expense in their department, for which they deserve the thanks as well the plentiful reward of the intellectual community.

INTRODUCTION TO THE LITERATURE OF EUROPE: *Harper & Brothers.*—A work of indefatigable research and learning, comprising a synoptical view of the literary history of three centuries. It has not, as most other works of a like character which have preceded it, proved to be a mere compilation. It is a careful, astute, and philological disquisition on the multifarious subjects of which it is composed. The author has patiently and laboriously traversed the whole province of letters, from what may be termed the mediaeval age of literature, down to the close of the seventeenth century. To say that he has performed his task well, would be but feeble praise, he has done it nobly; better, we believe, than any other individual, at this day existing. May the wish which he so modestly expresses at the conclusion of the work be realized. "I cannot affect to doubt," he says, "that I have contributed something to the general literature of my country, something to the honorable estimation of my own name, and to the inheritance of those, it is for me still to cherish that hope, to whom I have to bequeath it."

THE NESTORIANS, *by Asahel Grant, M. D.: Harper & Brothers.*—The laudable motives which induced the author of this volume to undertake a pilgrimage of danger and privation, would be sufficient to find for it a favorable reception, however mediocre were the talents displayed in its pages, but it is a work of great value to society at large, serving to throw light upon a community of people hitherto almost unknown, and who, from the investigations and observations of Dr. Grant, appear to be the true representatives and lineal descendants of the Ten Tribes of Israel. We have read the work with great satisfaction, and commend it with pleasure to our readers as a production tending to throw much information upon a subject fraught with the most sacred interests of humanity. It is written in a spirit of great liberality, and although the author is evidently firmly impressed with the conviction of his subject, still not the least symptom of an inclination leaning to any particular sect or creed, appears throughout the work. His own words will better speak his feelings. "The early history of the people," he says, "their relative geographical position, their present character and eagerness for instruction, their adherence to the word of God as the rule of their faith and practice, and the portentous signs of the times in these lands, indicating some momentous crisis, in which a host of faithful soldiers of the cross should bind on their armor, and prepare for the approaching conflict. Motives the most weighty, and encouragement the most cheering, urge us onward." Such language breathes the spirit of sincerity; the cause is good which he advocates, and seriously do we hope his wishes may be realized.

POWHATAN; A METRICAL ROMANCE, *by Seba Smith: Harper & Brothers.*—There is considerable interest in the story and some good poetry scattered thoughout the pages of this work. Mr. Smith has aimed at simplicity of style, in his composition and he has succeeded. His similes are always correct and his pictures of scenery show that he regards nature with the eye of a poet. It is truly an American poem, and one of which his country may be proud.

LETTERS AT HOME, *by Miss Martineau: Appleton & Co.*—A very mediocre book. Aiming at simplicity the authoress has fallen into a rhodomontate of twaddle and completely failed in producing a work adapted for either the people or their children. Her mind is naturally too masculine, which combined with her spinster propensities, render her incompetent for the depicting of juvenile character.

STRIVE AND THRIVE, *by Mary Howitt: Appleton & Co.*—Any work which bears the name of this charming authoress will be found worthy of perusal, and this little volume particularly so. It is a beautiful tale, conveying a sound moral, and may be perused with advantage by the old as well as the young.

THE MERCHANT'S WIDOW, *by Mrs. Sawyer: P. Price.*—A delicious little book. Of three tales and one poem which compose the volume, "The Lonely Burial" is the best. It is simply and naturally related, touching the heart most powerfully. We commend it to those who love morality under the guise of fiction.

INSUBORDINATION: *Samuel Colcman.*—The writer of this story is already favorably known as the author of the Subordinate, the Minister, etc., and has certainly added much to his reputation by the present production. The characters and incidents are naturally sketched and the moral excellent. We regret however, that the early chapters contain occasional expressions of vulgarity which militate much against its interst.

THE TYROLESE MINSTRELS: *G. W. Light.*—This little work is a compound of fact and fiction woven into an interesting and well written story.

THE HISTORY OF A FLIRT: *Lea & Blanchard.*—This is a reprint of a work which has acquired considerable reputation in England, and is certainly one of the best of this fashionable grade of novels, which appears to be the prevailing rage among the community of light readers. For ourselves we are no friends to this class of writing, it is too superficial, too tramontane in character and purpose to the taste of the American reader, and in no manner calculated to improve the mind. In the novels of Scott, James, and even the not over fastidious Bulwer, there is always some incident connected with history or some character from which instruction and occasionally precept may be obtained—but, in the portraying of fashionable life, its gossip and all other flimsy concomitants there is nothing to be derived, but much regret to be expressed at the sacrifice of time in their perusal.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE SEAS, *by Charles Ellms: Thomas Cowperthwaite & Co.*—A perfect ollapodrida of famine, fire, shipwreck and plague, which have transpired upon the seas, lakes and rivers. We are no friends to the publication of such books, because they are calculated to create a morbid taste in the youthful mind and seduce it from the more instructive studies of life, but to those who love "to sup full of horrors" it will no doubt, prove most acceptable. The volume is well printed, adorned with innumerable nautical woodcuts, and tastefully bound.

COLIN CLINK, *by Charles Hoolen: Lea & Blanchard.*—We have received the second but not the first volume of this work. When we are in possession of the whole we may venture our opinion of its merits.

THEATRICALS.

PARK.—The appearance of Mr. Forrest, on the boards of this theatre, has contributed to a slight revival of its success, and afforded the lovers of good acting an opportunity to see some of our best plays performed in a very respectable manner. Among all his characters, Richelieu, to us, appears the one in which the genius of Mr. Forrest is most apparent. Perhaps this arises from its being a performance in which we beheld him previous to any other actor, and also as he depends solely on himself in delineating his own idea of the author. There is mind in every line he utters, matured by professional experience, constituting one of the most vivid and graphic performances existing. In all actors, there is generally a mannerism in every part they assume—a transferring of some remarkable style or point, most successful in their acting, into their embodyment of a new character, thereby marring the originality of the part, and the author's intention, and imparting to the audience an association of recollections fraught with their other performances. This rock Mr. Forrest seems to have carefully avoided from splitting upon in Richelieu, and so completely has he identified himself with the character, that but for occasional tones of his voice, it is difficult to recognize the representative of the Noble Roman, the Moorish Soldier, the Gladiator, and the stern Indian in the senile minister of Louis the XIV. He stands before you a weak old man, but with all that "indomitable spirit" which made him the hero in the field, as the foremost in the council, the crafty politician, the subtle churchman, in whose presence his king was but a cipher, and the destiny of France was held in his hand as a bauble. It is a performance of great and original skill, and we question much if the primitive delineator who has won "golden opinions" for his impersonation of the character, ever conceived and executed it in so artistical and masterly a manner. One great objection is generally started by the hypercritical, against this gentleman's acting—his too energetic and boisterous manner, and his powerful voice, and when employed injudiciously, are certainly deserving of censure; but they are faults of minor importance, which time and experience will rectify, and Mr. Forrest has already shown his good judgment, in many cases, in departing from his first conceptions of character, and investing them with those of study and experience, yet even were he still wedded to his exuberancy of voice and gesture, for our own part we are willing to confess that we would sooner tolerate them than what are too often the characteristics of actors now-a-days, an affectation of refinement, a pedantic style of enunciation, and an imbecility of execution. There is a freshness about every thing he attempts, an earnestness of manner, which commands the attention of his audience, and an originality of idea that no other performer ever displays. In his Othello few living actors can approach him, and in his Lear he is equal to the best delineators of the part, while his Damon, Claude Melnotte, Virginius, and a host of others, to say nothing of his Metamora and Spartacus, are stamped with the impress of excellence, and exhibit a versatility not to be met with in any other great tragedian. Mr. Murdock of the Philadelphia theatres, has been supporting Mr. Forrest during his engagement, and with considerable success. Mrs. G. Jones has attempted the sustaining of some of the principal heroines, but from want of experience, is not yet qualified for such a high standing in her profession. There is one great drawback to the performing of a play at this theatre, the want of a principal tragedy actress, and, in consequence, many of Mr. Forrest's finest scenes were marred; for a length of time this has been the case, and whether from scarcity of talent, or principles of economy, we know not, but we would seriously call the attention of the manager to this, as it is a duty he owes to the public, and the cause of the drama.

BOWERY.—The enterprizing manager of this house has once more returned to the legitimate drama. Quadrupeds having been found no longer of advantage to the treasury, or respectability of the theatre. We are sincerely glad of this, for although that species of entertainment has its class of admirers,

and was produced at the Bowery in as perfect a manner as liberality and taste could accomplish, still we regretted that the stage should be converted into an arena of buffoonery, and the manager pander to the morbid appetite of the mass. From the commencement of the equestrian performances, it was easy to discover that a false excitement only attracted the audiences; there was no true love for such exhibitions, for no sensible individual who beheld them once, ever desired to behold them again. Not so with the legitimate drama, "a well performed play," as a celebrated writer says, "while it delights and instructs, leaves behind it an odor, as it were, which causes the beholder again to seek the flower, to gaze upon and admire its beauty," and the comparison has been successfully illustrated since the revival of the drama upon the boards of this theatre, elegant and intellectual auditories being seen nightly, admiring the productions of Shakspeare and other legitimate writers, represented in a manner that no other establishment in the city, at this time, can represent. The company is perfect in every department, and with the powerful aid of Mr. Hamblin in the leading characters, we hesitate not to say that within our remembrance, the drama was never more ably supported. We have witnessed the tragedy of Hamlet by the first actors, but never were we more gratified than in beholding Mr. Hamblin's personation of the Danish prince. It is seldom that you can find an actor who can associate his delineation with the Hamlet of Shakspeare; so purely and delicately is it drawn by the poet, a being too fine for the regions of mortality; a spirit bound by the thrall of worldly fetters. From his first appearance on the page of Shakspeare, he seems a creation of another world, doomed to a short existence on earth, and that existence prolonged only by a want of resolution to cut the thread of life; a melancholy and misanthropic youth, to whom all earth is "stale, flat, and unprofitable," mourning for a lost and beloved father, and seeking to shuffle off the mortal coil. Now in the acting of this character, all performers, (and it is almost impossible to do otherwise,) ruffle, as it were, the smoothness of its surface. To create effect, they become spirited and artificial, which at once destroys the image of hallowed and mournful beauty, but in Mr. Hamblin we beheld the nice discriminating principle of making the actor subservient to the author; there was no "out heroding herod," no pompous strut and studied gesture; he walked meditated and delineated as the poet intended, and the breathless attention mingled with the judicious applause with which he was rewarded, must have convinced him that his conception was justly appreciated. Mr. Barry sustained the Ghost, as he does every thing, correctly. Mrs. Herring, one of the most useful actresses existing, portrayed Ophelia with taste and discrimination, and Mrs. Anderson looked the Queen magnificently. Although repulsive in its nature is the character, and out of favor with the audience, she however contrived, by her bearing and acting, to win their judicious opinion. Some of the minor characters, we think, might have been better *cast*, and to which we would call the attention of the manager, yet viewing the play as a whole, it was one of the most perfect performances it ever was our lot to witness.

National Opera House.—A continuation of the Naiad Queen has occupied part of the past month at this establishment, and also a few performances by the celebrated Booth, but the principal attraction has been the production of a mythological drama, entitled Semiramis, freely rendered, according to the bills, from the German, combining all that is gorgeous in scenery and stage appointments. To the lovers of spectacle, it will well repay a visit, for seldom has this species of entertainment before been produced in such perfection in New-York. We believed the Naiad Queen to be the acme of all theatrical pageantry, but the production of Semiramis has shown that we were deceived, for it has in every way surpassed it. Attention, skill and liberality, have been bestowed upon every department of the spectacle, and which appear to be appreciated by the public, rewarding the management with a succession of well filled houses.

Chatham.—Mr. Thorne is indefatigable in his exertions to cater for the public, and certainly if a succession of novelties entitles him to praise and support, he merits them strongly, and we rejoice to know that neither are wanting. In Mrs. Thorne he has a mine of wealth; a more versatile and excellent actress, the stage, at this moment, does not possess, while in himself and his company, there is the essence of first rate dramatic material.

Olympic.—Various burlesques have been brought forward and revived with the tact, skill and taste for which Mr. Mitchell is proverbial. Success he deserves, and the public bestow it plentifully.

Little Drury.—This neat little place of amusement has once more opened under its recent management, with an augmentation to its forces. The managers profess to revive the legitimate drama, and we should be happy to perceive their acts keep pace with their professions, but, as yet, the principal entertainments have been only of the lighter order of the legitimate, such as two act dramas and vaudevilles. There is sufficient talent in the company to do better things, and we trust the managers will employ it.

EDITORS' TABLE.

To our Lady Subscribers.—The plate of the Fashions which we present this month to our fair readers, we may venture to affirm, is unequalled in correctness by any similar engraving at this time in the Union. Our arrangements are such, that the latest and most popular costumes of Paris and London are always forwarded to us, accompanied with the instructions and advice of some of the most fashionable female artistes of these cities. The great advantage arising to ladies from these engravings, who, by distance or other circumstances, are prevented from availing themselves of city assistance in the construction of their costume, is at once apparent, and proves that no department of our periodical is overlooked, to render it every way worthy of its appellation—a Ladies' Companion.

Plate of Summer Fashions.—*Full Dress.*—The hair in ringlets, ornamented with flowers, and a plume of paradise. The robe of fancy muslin, the waist cut low, and trimmed with deep blond lace, sleeves short. The skirt full draped, and decorated in front with rows and tassels of pearls.

Promenade and Carriage Dress.—Robe of brocade or rich muslin. The skirt open in front, waist low, and trimmed with frilled crape or blond lace, sleeves long, and not too full, with a half sleeve, descending from the shoulder to near the elbow. Silk, leghorn, chip, or shirred hat. Brim small, and ornamented with rows of frilled crape.

Evening Dress.—Hair plainly braided. Half turban of rich satin, silk or crape, two small feathers pendant from the left. Robe of fancy muslin, waist low, sleeves full and open, looped to the shoulders, displaying the whole arm. Skirt full, trimmed with two rows of deep blond, each being looped in front, with a wreath of silk and imitation feathers.

Brackett's Binding of Satan.—A wonderful piece of art, considering the youth of the artist. Three months, we are informed, being the whole period occupied in its conception and execution. The subject is a noble one, fit for the chisel of the greatest sculptor. We admire the daring of Mr. Brackett. "*Aut Cæsar aut nullus*," appears to be his motto, and we trust that his enthusiasm, supported by industry, time and study, will entitle him to wear it nobly.

New Music.—*The Changeling, by James G. Maeder.*—The composer of this beautiful ballad is too well known to require any particular commendation from us, nevertheless we cannot refrain from expressing our opinion that it is one of the most successful he has produced. It is the first of a series of Irish melodies now in the course of publication, and if the succeeding ones are equal, or only nearly to this, we will venture to predict that their popularity will be great. The words are worthy of the music, and are written by John Inman, Esq.

THE LADIES' COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, JULY, 1841.

EFFIE DEANS.

Our engraving for this month is the portrait of one of Scott's heroines, from one of his most popular novels, the Heart of Mid Lothian. Few readers but will recollect the circumstances arising from an error in her life, on which Scott has constructed his novel, as well as her sister, the virtuous Jeanie Deans, one of the most beautiful sketches of high principle and steady affection which was ever delineated by any author. In the introduction to this work, added a few years previous to his death, we find the following communication. As it is perhaps unknown to many of our readers, we believe it will be received by them as most acceptable, and show how little the great novelist required for the formation of one of his imperishable writings.

"The true name of the sisters was Walker. The eldest of the two having been left an orphan, with the charge of a sister considerably younger than herself, and who was educated and maintained by her exertions. Attached to her by so many ties, therefore, it will not be easy to conceive her feelings, when she found that this only sister must be tried by the laws of her country for child murder, and upon being called as principal witness against her. The counsel for the prisoner told Helen, the eldest, that if she could declare that her sister Isabella, had made any preparations, however slight, or had given her any intimation on the subject, that such a statement would save her sister's life, as she was the principal witness against her. Helen said, 'It is impossible for me to swear to a falsehood; and whatever may be the consequence, I will give my oath to my conscience.'"

"The trial came on, and the sister was found guilty, and condemned; but, in Scotland, six weeks must elapse between the execution and sentence, and Helen Walker availed herself of it. The very day of her sister's condemnation, she got a petition drawn up, stating the peculiar circumstances of the case, and that very night set out on foot to London.

"Without introduction or recommendation, with her simple, (perhaps ill expressed) petition, drawn up by some inferior clerk of the court, she presented herself in her Tartan plaid and country attire, to the late Duke of Argyle, who immediately procured the pardon she petitioned for, and Helen returned with it, on foot, just in time to save her sister." Out of this sketch has Scott created one of the most delightful of his productions, and Effie Deans, the Lily of Saint Leonards, we have selected as a fit offering to the readers of the Companion. The artist has chosen the character of his subject most happily. The evening star tells that it is the twilight hour, while Effie is returning from her humble occupation, full of innocence and beauty.

"Effie was young and lovely—in her eye
The glance of beauty, in her cheek the dye—
Her shape was slender, and her features small,
But graceful, easy, unaffected all;
The liveliest tints her youthful face disclosed;
There beauty sparkled, and there health reposed:"

or, in sober prose, and in the words of the great master himself, "She was a beautiful and blooming girl. Her Grecian shaped head was profusely rich in waving ringlets of brown hair, which, confined by a blue snood of silk, and shading a laughing Hebe countenance, seemed the picture of health, pleasure and contentment. Her brown russet short gown set off a shape which time, perhaps, might be expected to render too robust, the frequent objection to Scottish beauty, but which, in her present early age, was slender and taper with that graceful and easy sweep of outline which at once indicates health and beautiful proportion of parts. The traveller stopped his weary horse on the eve of entering the city which was the end of his journey, to gaze at the sylph-like form that tripped by him, with her milk-pail poised on her head, bearing herself so erect, and stepping so light and free under her burden, that it seemed rather an ornament than an encumbrance. The lads of the neighboring suburb, who held their evening rendezvous for putting the stone, casting the hammer, playing at long bowls and other athletic exercises, watched the motions of Effie Deans, and contended with each other which should have the good fortune to attract her attention. Even the rigid Presbyterians of her father's persuasion, who held each indulgence of the eye and sense, to be a snare at least, if not a crime, were surprized into a moment's delight, while gazing on a creature so exquisite—instantly checked by a sigh, reproaching at once their own weakness, and mourning that a creature so fair should share in the common and hereditary guilt and imperfection of our nature. She was currently entitled the Lily of Saint Leonards, a name which she deserved as much for her guileless purity of thought, speech, and action, as for her uncommon loveliness of face and person."

As we have already remarked the position of the figure, the back ground and the time are all admirably in keeping. We can easily imagine the Scottish maiden with her milk-pail, returning from the King's park, chanting some snatch of a familiar ballad, such as—

"The elfin knight sat on the brae,
The broom grows bonnie, the broom grows fair,
And by there came lilting a lady so gay,
And we darena gang down to the broom nae mair,"

her youthful bosom throbbing with delight in having met with "the gentle Geordie," artless and confiding—a bright star in the firmament of innocence, ere the clouds of sin and shame have shrouded for ever its brilliance.

R. H.

Original.

LEAVES FROM THE JOURNAL OF A POOR VICAR IN WILTSHIRE.*

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

December 15th, 1764.

To-day I received from our Rector, Dr. Snarr, ten pounds sterling, the amount of my half year's salary. After waiting an hour and a half in the hall, cold and fatigued, I was asked to walk into his study. He sat in a large easy chair before his writing table, on which was laid the money due to me. He answered my salutation with a slight bend of his head, lifting at the same time a dark silken cap, such as is worn in the house in cold weather. Truly he is very dignified; and I never approach him without a sort of awe. I do not think, were he the King himself, that he would command more respect.

He did not ask me to sit down, though he knew I had walked this morning eleven miles, through bad weather, to receive my instalment, but pointed to the money on the table.

My heart throbbed painfully, while I strove to say what I had long made up my mind to say—to utter my petition for a small increase of salary. Would that I could lay aside this silly diffidence, when what I have to say need surely cause no shame! I stood like a culprit, and twice essayed to speak in vain. The sweat stood on my forehead: at last, looking up kindly, the Rector asked—"Do you wish any thing?"

I answered hesitatingly—"Living is very dear, sir—I find it scarcely possible to subsist on my present salary in these times."

"Your present salary? you have twenty pounds, sir. Let me tell you, I can have a vicar in your place any day for fifteen pounds per annum."

"Fifteen pounds! Well—if he has no family, he may possibly get along with it."

"Your family, sir, is not larger, I trust, than it has been? You are a widower, and have only two daughters."

"Very true, but these are growing apace. My Jenny, the eldest, is eighteen years old, and Mary is near thirteen."

"So much the better—the girls can work, I suppose?"

He did not give me time to answer, but rose from his chair, walked to the window, and drummed awhile with his fingers on the glass. "I have not time," said he, "to talk further to-day of the matter. Reflect upon it, and let me know if you wish to keep the place at fifteen pounds a year. If you decide that you will not, I wish you a better situation with the new-year."

He bowed formally to me and once more touched his cap. I hastily put the money in my pocket-book, took my leave and quitted the house, too much agitated to speak. I wondered what had brought such a blow upon me. Some person has undoubtedly been slandering me to him. He did not invite me, according to his custom hitherto, to stay dinner, though I should have been glad of the invitation, having taken no breakfast before leaving Crekelad. To satisfy the cravings of appetite, I bought a roll from a baker's boy, and ate it as I walked homewards.

On the way home I behaved like a child. My tears moistened the roll I was eating. Truly I ought to be ashamed of my weakness. Suppose, instead of being only five pounds a year poorer, I had lost the place entirely! When I think of it, indeed, twenty pounds are little enough to feed and clothe three persons. What then—are not the lilies in the field clothed? Who feedeth the young ravens? We must endeavor to live even more frugally than we have done.

December 16th.—Jenny is a sweet girl. Her mind is as fair as her person. She is better than I, who am her father. I had not courage to tell my girls of my misfortune last night; when I did so this morning, Jenny at first looked grave—then smiled sweetly, and said—"Are you disturbed about it, father?"

"Have I not reason to be so?"

"No, father, you have not?"

"Dear child, we shall never have done with debts and troubles. I know not how we shall live."

"God will take care of us!" cried Jenny, and laid her arm caressingly on my neck. Mary came and seated herself on my knee, seeing me look sad, and said by way of diverting me—"Let me tell you something, father. I dreamed last night, it was new-year, and the King came to Crekelad. Oh, what a magnificent suite he had! I thought the King got off his horse just before our door, and came in. We were at dinner, and had roast meat and vegetables. The King had some gold and silver dishes brought in from his own table. Then I thought I heard trumpets and kettledrums; and, only think—they brought in on a satin cushion a new-year's present for my dear father! It was a bishop's mitre—all of gold! You looked very odd with that on your head, exactly like the bishops in my old picture book. You seemed very well pleased, but I could not help laughing to see how strangely you looked. Then Jenny came and wakened me. Now, dear father, the dream of a new-year's gift must certainly mean something! It it is now fourteen days to the new-year."

"Dreams are nought, my child," said I.

"I do not know; but I am determined to remember my dream, and see if nothing comes to pass. It will not be so *very* wonderful if you should get a new-year's present."

All this evening I spent in reckoning and calculations. Alas! it only perplexes me and makes me sadder at heart.

December 17th.—My debts, I thank Heaven, are now paid, with the exception of one. At five different places I have paid seven pounds eleven shillings; I have two pounds nine shillings remaining. On that I am to subsist six months!

I must do without the dark colored breeches I was about to order from the tailor, though I have pressing need of them. They would just suit me, and their price is reasonable—but Jenny is yet more in want of a

* From the German of Zochokke.

new gown. I cannot bear to see the good girl wearing her thin old frock this cold weather. Mary can do without, her sister having altered some of her clothes for her.

I must also give up my share in the Times Gazette, which I have been taking with the weaver Westburn. I am sorry for that, for here without the newspapers one never knows what is going on in the world. The last number gives account of the races at New-Market, at which the Duke of Cumberland won from the Duke of Grafton, a wager to the amount of five thousand pounds sterling! How strange it seems that the words of Scripture should be so literally fulfilled—'To him that hath shall be given:' and it may be added with truth—'From him who hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath.'

Shame on thee, ungrateful murmurer! and wherefore murmur? Because I can no longer read the Times Gazette! May I be forgiven this sin! After all, I can learn the news from my neighbors almost as soon as I could have read them.

December 18th.—How little it takes to delight poor people. Jenny has purchased a gown from the shopman for a mere trifle, and is now, with Mary, engaged in ripping it up to make for herself. She understands bargaining better than I do; but perhaps her gentle, winning manner assist her. She will wear the new gown on new-year's day. Mary has a hundred cheerful comments and prophecies to make. I dare say the Dey of Algiers never pleased himself half so much over the presents of the Venitians.

Jenny thinks we can save enough from the table to pay for her gown, we are therefore to have no meat 'till new-year's day.

The weaver Westburn is a kind neighbor—I told him yesterday I should have to give up my share of the Times—and he answered, shaking me by the hand—"Well, then, I will take the paper alone, and you shall read it with me, my good sir."

It must be acknowledged, there are more kind people in the world than we are apt to think, and more among the poor than the rich.

Evening.—Though I owe the baker nothing, yet as Mary went to fetch the bread, which was half burnt, he began to quarrel with her so loudly that people stopped in the street. He protested that he would let us have nothing more on credit; that we must get our bread elsewhere. Mary came home crying. I am sorry for the poor child; we had enough to do to comfort her.

Truly, this little hamlet is a wonderful place for news. It is currently reported that Doctor Snarr is going to provide himself with another vicar in my stead. That would be my ruin!

The butcher, apprised of my coming misfortunes, has sent his wife to me, complaining of hard times, and regretting that it will be out of his power to furnish meat hereafter, except for ready money. The woman was civil enough, and abounded in expressions of kindness and esteem for us; I cannot blame her. She advised us to go to Colswood, and deal with him hereafter; he was rich, and could afford to wait for his pay. I could have told the good woman that we had found this man extortionate, some time since; he asking a penny a pound more for his meat than any body else; and that when remonstrated with, he had boldly said, the money he had to wait for ought to bring him interest, and had shown us the door.

My little wealth has dwindled down to two pounds one shilling and three-pence. How this will end, I know not. And, if the Rector deprives me of my place—but I will not anticipate evil.

December 19th, very early.—I have been awake a long time, turning over in my mind what I shall do. I thought of writing to Master Sitting, my rich cousin at Cambridge, but alas! it is the rich, not the poor, who have cousins. Were I a bishop, as Mary thought me in her dream, half England would be related to me. Finally I wrote the following letter to Dr. Snarr, to send by to-day's post:

"Rev'd. Sir—I write with an anxious heart. It is rumored here, that you are going to provide yourself with another vicar, and dismiss me. I know not if there be any ground for such a report, or if it has merely grown out of what was said at our last interview, which I mentioned to one or two persons. I trust you have no intention of dismissing me. I have endeavored to discharge the duties committed to me zealously and faithfully. I have preached the word of God in purity, and with a wish to impress the truth on the hearts of the people. I hear no complaints; nay, my inward monitor, conscience, does not accuse me. I cannot think in what I have offended, except in my humble petition the other day for an augmentation of salary, you then spoke of lessening it, though before it hardly sufficed to keep me and my family from absolute want. Your own human feelings, sir, may decide if I ought to be blamed for that. Under your honored predecessor I served sixteen years, under you I have served a year and a half. I am now fifty years old; I have no friends or patrons, no prospect of another place, and can think of no other way of earning my bread. My living and that of my children depend on your favor. Should you cast us off, we are reduced to beggary. My expenses, as I mentioned before, have been unavoidably increased of late, notwithstanding the most rigid economy. My oldest daughter fills the place of mother to the younger, and takes charge of the house. We keep no servants—my girls are maid, cook, laundress and seamstress, and the outdoor work I perform myself. They have endeavored to earn something by taking in work, but little is to be done in this way. Crekelad is a small place, the people are not rich, and seldom hire assistance. I should not forget to enumerate mercies with hardships: we have had little sickness, and no occasion to employ a physician. This has been fortunate for us. I trouble you with this detail, to show you how much reason I had to wish for an increase of means. It was hard to live on twenty pounds a year, I anticipated more difficulty with but fifteen, but I have no other resource, and trust, sir, in your kindness and the mercy of God, to continue that to me—etc. etc."

When I had sealed and directed this letter, I threw myself on my knees, and prayed that it might be successful, while Mary took it to the letter-carrier. How wonderfully relieved I felt in mind. Ah! a word *to God* is ever a word *from God!* I went forth from my chamber as light-hearted, as I had entered it sad.

Jenny sat by the window at work, looking as serene and happy as if nothing had ever occurred to trouble her. How beautiful she looked, as the rays of the morning sun, pouring through the little window, were reflected on her face! I felt refreshed in spirit. I sat down at my desk to write my sermon.

In the church I preach to myself as well as to others, and if nobody else is benefitted, I am; if no soul receives comfort from my words, I do. It is with the minister as with the physician—he knows the power of his salutary medicines, though not always their effect on the constitution of those to whom they are administered.

Noon.—This morning I received a note, sent from the inn, from a stranger who had lodged there all night,

begging to see me as soon as I could make it convenient. I walked down immediately and inquired for the stranger. He was a fine looking young man, of about seven and twenty. He wore an overcoat, much the worse for wear, and his boots were soiled with travelling. His hat, though originally of better quality than mine, was even more worn; yet, spite of his threadbare apparel, his bearing was that of a gentleman. I noticed also, that his shirt was of fine linen, and immaculate in whiteness. He asked me to walk into his chamber, and after many excuses for the liberty he had taken in thus troubling me, informed me that he found himself at present in the greatest embarrassment, and having no acquaintance in the village, when he arrived yesterday evening, he had applied to me, knowing that I was a clergyman. He was, he said, by profession a comedian, and on his way to Manchester, where he hoped for an engagement: but was just now unexpectedly out of money. He had not enough, in fact, to pay for his night's lodging and his fare to Manchester; he but needed the merest trifle —twelve shillings. That sum would relieve him from his difficulties—and if I would be kind enough to advance it, I might rest assured that as soon as he realized any thing from his engagement in Manchester, it should be thankfully repaid. His name was John Fleetman.

It was not necessary for him to say how much anxiety his embarrassment caused him, as his distressed looks showed that more plainly than words. Alas! he must have read an answering grief in mine! When he ended his story and glanced at me, he seemed ashamed, and asked eagerly—"Will you not relieve me, sir?"

Without circumlocution, I explained to him the circumstances in which I was placed, that the sum he required was no less than the fourth part of my whole property, and that I was by no means certain of retaining the insufficient support I had. With evident disappointment and chagrin, he answered—"We are companions in misfortune, I see—I can ask nothing of you. But is there no other person in this village who has, if not wealth, at least sympathy for one in my strait?"

I felt ashamed and vexed that I had been tempted to speak of my own unhappy situation, and to make that an excuse for being deaf to the call of distress. I thought over all my acquaintance in Crekelad, but found not one to whom I could recommend the young man to apply. At last, stepping up, and laying my hand on his shoulder, I said—"Mr. Fleetman, I am truly sorry for you. Have a little patience—I am very poor, but I will help you if I can. In an hour you shall have an answer from me."

I went home. On the way I could not help thinking how singular it was that the stranger should think first of applying to me—he being a comedian, and I a clergyman. There must be something in my nature which draws the poor and unfortunate to me, like magnetism. Those in need come to me, who have least to give. I will venture, were I seated at a table with twenty others, and a hungry dog in the room, he would be sure to come straight up to me, and lay his cold nose entreatingly on my lap!

On reaching home, I told the girls of my adventure, and the request of the stranger. I wanted to have Jenny's advice. She said in a sympathizing tone—"I know, father, what you are thinking—so I have no advice to give in the matter."

"And what am I thinking?"

"That you will do to this poor actor what you wish Doctor Snarr should do to you."

"That was not what I was thinking; but I wish such had been my thought." I counted out the twelve shillings and gave them to Jenny, that she might take them to the stranger. I did not take them myself for I wished to shun his thanks, which would have humbled me. Ingratitude always makes me more proud,—and now I will go on to write my sermon.

Evening.—When Jenny returned, she had much to tell me of what she had seen and heard, not only about the stranger but the landlady. The mistress of the inn had learned that her guest's purse was empty, and Jenny could not deny when questioned, that she brought him a loan from me. Then she had to listen to a lecture upon the folly of those who gave when they had so little, or who lent to vagabonds, when they had not enough to live on at home: with many prudent sayings, etc.

I was still writing my sermon, when Master Fleetman came in. He could not leave Crekelad, he said, without thanking his benefactor, who had relieved him in so pressing a difficulty. Jenny was just laying the cloth for dinner. We had turnips and an omelet, and as our fare was better than usual, I invited him to partake it with us. He accepted willingly, having made, I suppose, but a sorry breakfast at the inn, and Mary was despatched to fetch some beer as a treat.

The young stranger seemed to enjoy our social meal. His former expression of anxiety and distress was gone, but still there was about him an air of reserve and melancholy. He thought us very happy, and we assured him we were so. He took me to be better off than I had said; but in that he was mistaken. Our real poverty was not apparent to him, while every thing looked so neat and comfortable about us. The orderly appearance of our little apartment, the cleanliness of the floor and the windows, shaded by snow-white curtains, with the polish of our chairs and table, took his attention from the homeliness of the furniture. In truth, the cottages of the poor generally present such a scene of dirt and discomfort, as excites disgust as well as pity. They seem to think it costs too much to be clean. But this is a mistake. Order and neatness are the best helps to economy: so my lamented wife taught the girls. Jenny has learned this lesson admirably, and is teaching it daily to her sister. She has an eye for the smallest speck of dirt.

Before long, our guest was quite domesticated with us. But he spoke less of his own, than of our prospects. He has evidently something still upon his heart; I will not believe upon his *conscience*. I noticed that he often paused in the midst of conversation, and seemed abstracted. May he be consoled, if he have need of comfort!

When he left us in the afternoon, I gave him a good deal of well-meant advice. He must know that theatri-

cal people are too often frivolous and unstable. He smiled, and thanked me again for my kindness, promising to repay my loan as soon as he should receive any money. He also asked, with an expression of sincere interest and sympathy, how long I supposed we could subsist on what remained to me. His parting words were—"It is impossible, sir, things in this world can go far wrong with you. You have Heaven in your own breast and two of Heaven's angels always about you." With this he glanced at my two daughters.

December 20th.—This day has passed quietly, though I can hardly say pleasantly. Lester, the shop-keeper, sent me in his year's account. The amount was greater than we had expected; not that the articles were not accurately set down, but their price was more than we anticipated. The whole, with arrears, which he begged I would settle for, came to eighteen shillings.

I went myself to Mr. Lester. He is a civil and courteous man, and I made bold to ask him to receive payment in part, and wait for the rest 'till Easter. He regretted, he said, that he was unable to oblige me; within three days he must take up a note, on the payment of which his credit depended, and credit, I must be aware, was every thing to a merchant.

My representations were in vain, and I was compelled to send him payment for the whole. My all has now dwindled down to eleven shillings. I hope Fleetman will not delay the performance of his promise, else I know not what is to become of me and my children. There is One who knows, if thou dost not—oh, thou of little faith! Why so disquieted? What have I done? Poverty, surely, is no sin!

December 24th.—We have at least something to be pleased at. Jenny has finished her gown, and looks as pretty as a bride in it. Dear girl! She tells me every evening, how frugally she has managed household matters during the day. In truth, we have not much evening, being obliged to go to bed at seven, to save fuel and oil, but the girls work more briskly while the day lasts, and talk cheerfully 'till they fall asleep. And then we have a good store of turnips and pulse. Jenny thinks we may get along for six or eight weeks, without contracting any debts. But I question that. Still we look forward to the returns from Fleetman. He is frequently the subject of our conversation; his arrival was an era in our monotonous life. The girls often talk of him, and it is amusing, when Mary says—"What a pity he is nothing but a player!" To hear Jenny tell about the rich and celebrated actors in London, who sit at the Prince's table, and give her opinion that Fleetman must be one of the best of actors. He is tall and well formed, and has so much dignity and so expressive a voice! "Ah, yes!" cries Mary, archly, "did he not call you an angel?" "And you too!" answers her sister, coloring. "Yes, it is true, I may pass for one in your company," says the younger, "but he looked at you while he was speaking."

All this and the like girlish nonsense awakens in me a father's anxiety. Mary grows apace. Jenny is now a woman. What prospects have the poor girls? Jenny is a well-informed, industrious, and very lovely girl, but our poverty is known to all the village; on that account we are neglected, and she has had no offers. An angel without money is now-a-days thought little of. The only one who has paid her the least attention is the shopkeeper Lester. When she took the money to him the other day, he presented her with a pound of almonds and raisins, and said he was very sorry to press me for payment, but that if I would continue to deal with him, he would give me credit 'till Easter. I do not think he would have said so much to me.

December 26th.—These have been two gloomy days. The Christmas festival has never seemed so gloomy before. I preached my two sermons, during two days, in four different churches. The roads were dismal, as was the weather. I feel that I am beginning to grow old. I have no longer the strength and elasticity of frame I once had.

Both days I dined at Farmer Hurst's. The country people are far more hospitable than the villagers among whom I have not been invited out to dinner in half a year. How I wished my daughters could have sat down to table with us! Such a profusion of good things, and enough left to provide a Christmas feast for a poor family. But they had a share of it, and enjoy it even while I am writing. I am glad that on taking leave I had courage to ask for a cold cut, to carry to the girls. The good people filled a basket for me, and as it was raining, sent me home in the wagon.

I am now very tired, and will write down some other time my conversation with Farmer Hurst, which was really worth remembering.

December 27th.—How good and evil are blended in this world! I heard this morning a report that Brooks had committed suicide, and went to Alderman Fieldson's to see about it. This man was a distant relation of my late wife, and ten or twelve years ago I had consented to be his security to the amount of an hundred pounds sterling, he being about to make a purchase of some property. I had never been released from my security, and remembered having heard recently that Brooks had met with losses, and become very intemperate.

I went to Fieldson in much trouble of mind, but he persuaded me not to distress myself about it. He too had heard the rumor, but thought it improbable, and advised me not to be uneasy, 'till officially notified of my liability. I went home somewhat more at ease.

Mary met me at the door, crying—"A letter from Mr. Fleetman, father! The package cost seven pence postage."

Jenny reached it to me, before I could lay aside my stick and hat, and I perceived that both the girls were half out of their wits with curiosity and delight. I opened the package—there were five pounds enclosed, and my first impression was rather of surprize than pleasure that he should have overpaid me. The letter was within and my daughters, (true descendants of Eve,) were all impatience to get at the contents.

"Now, my children," said I, "I see, and you may see also, how much harder it is to bear joy with calmness and equanimity, than even misfortune. I have

wondered at your patience and cheerfulness in our afflictions. I am surprized to find you overcome at the first of fortune's smiles. For a lesson and a punishment I shall lay this letter aside, and not open it 'till after dinner."

Jenny tried to convince me that her joy was not so much for the money, as for this proof of the honesty and gratitude of Mr. Fleetman. She only wanted to know if he was in prosperous circumstances. But notwithstanding her disinterestedness, I adhered to my resolution.

Evening.—Our joy is turned into mourning; the letter and package came not from Mr. Fleetman, but from Doctor Snarr. It contained, in answer to my letter to him, my dismissal from the vicarage after Easter. I was allowed 'till that time to look out for other means of livelihood, and to enable me to travel, my pay 'till Easter, five pounds was enclosed, and the Rector informed me had directed the new Vicar to perform my duties 'till that time.

Thus the village talk of a new vicar was true, and I may give some credit, perhaps, to the further rumor, that the new vicar obtained his place as a consideration for his marrying a cousin of Doctor Snarr's, who was in danger of losing her reputation, through whose fault, people did not venture to say. I was to lose my means of support, to make way for a fellow who had been mean enough to sell his honor!

My girls were pale as death when they heard the contents of the letter which they had supposed to come from Fleetman. Mary threw herself on a chair, weeping and sobbing, and Jenny quietly left the room. I trembled with conflicting emotions, but putting a strong constraint on myself, I retired to my chamber, and there fervently implored of the Almighty strength to bear this blow. I rose from prayer much calmed and invigorated, and opening my bible, the first words on which my eyes fell, were the following from Isaiah, XLIII. I.:

"*Fear not, for I have redeemed thee; I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine.*"

I felt inexpressibly comforted by this text; my heart replied, "*I am thine.*" I returned into the dining-room, but stopped when I saw Mary kneeling, her hands clasped in prayer: and returned softly to my chamber, unwilling to disturb her

When we met again some time after, I could see from Jenny's looks, that she two had been seeking consolation where alone it may be found, though her red eyelids showed she had wept much. They both looked anxiously at me, and were doubtless gratified to see me so calm. I put the letter and the five pounds in my desk, and for the rest of the evening no allusion was made to the occurrence. They felt deeply for me, and I feared to show weakness before my children.

(To be concluded.)

LET us hope the best rather than fear the worst, and believe that there never was a right thing done, or a wise one spoken, in vain, although the fruit of them may not spring up in the place designated or at the time expected.—*Landor.*

Original.

TO HELEN.

BY MISS CAROLINE F. ORNE.

WHEN the wild wind low with soft notes is swelling,
Bearing the busy hum of honey bee,
Rustling the woodbine leaves around our dwelling,
Then, dearest then, my day dreams are of thee.

When the sweet melody of song is gushing
In the low plaintive notes I love to hear,
When Æolus is o'er the harp-strings rushing,
Now sounding softly sweet, now ringing clear;

When delicate flowers their fairy tints revealing,
Peep from their sheltering leaves with timid e'e,
When faintest odors from their cups are stealing,
Then dearest Helen, then, I dream of thee!

When the bright sun in gorgeous splendor beaming,
Withdraws his ling'ring rays of glory bright—
When through the heavens the golden stars are gleaming
With far off beams of faint and trembling light;

When slumber's hand on childhood's eye-lid pressing,
Draws its fringed curtain o'er the weary eye;
When gentle dews the thirsty flowers are blessing—
Then, oh, beloved one! then for thee I sigh!

When midnight's lonely vigil I am keeping,
And the faint lamp lights the surrounding gloom,
Gleams o'er the face of one in silence sleeping,
Then memory wanders to that little room,

Where we so oft in converse sweet remaining,
Forgot the hours that sped their rapid flight,
And at the parting time with sweet complaining,
Chid for its haste the speedy-footed night.

Those times are past! those hours are fled for ever!
In that sweet home we ne'er again shall be;
Yet only thou, oh, dearest one! canst sever
The links that bind me best beloved! to thee.

Original.

LINES TO ——.

BRIGHT spirit of joy and of happiest days
Let her walk hand-in-hand by thy side;
Through the sweet scented wild and the flowery ways,
Be thou her companion and guide.

Like the flood that o'er golden sands tremulous heaves
May the years of her life sweetly flow,
While the sun of prosperity spangles the waves
And illumes the bright bottom below.

And ne'er may the tear-drops of misery gush
From her grief-laden'd eye-lids, to stray
O'er that beautiful cheek to frighten the blush
Of its crimson suffusion away.

Or if the tears flow, may they be such as bring
Fresh transports as trembling they roll,
May they look like the dew of the morning of spring,
From the fullness of joy in the soul. C. L.

Original.

SKELETON ESSAYS;

OR, LACONICS ON LITERATURE, LAW, MORALS, ETC.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'GUY RIVERS,' 'THE YEMASSEE,' 'THE KINSMAN,' ETC.

Liberty.—The condition and the secret of liberty, is perpetual vigilance. But perpetual vigilance is scarcely within the capacity of man. His smaller, and seemingly more immediate interests, are always pressing out of sight those, which, involving principles, are very apt to appear shadowy and abstract. Keeping this fact in mind, it should not be a subject of regret that power should, at times, so far forget its province, as to overstep the limitations of its warrant, and deny the claims of justice. Such assaults upon the civil rights of men are only so many benefits. They make an abstract proposition, a practical question. They awaken the people to consciousness, who then strengthen the defences and designate anew the landmarks of liberty. Tyranny, when it becomes insolent and overbearing, is suicidally disposed. This should be considered no mischance. *Quos Deus vult perdere prius dementat.* The evil is about to work its own cure. There is a period of purification necessary in all society, where men, from ignorance, sloth, luxury, or an overstrained degree of confidence in their institutions or fortune, slumber over their rights and duties, leaving, without check or supervision, the conduct of their affairs to those who are weak, vicious or irresponsible. The tyrant then, is but an instrument in the hands of that all seeing Providence—which still

> "Shapes our ends,
> Rough-hew them as we will;"

to awaken them from their slumbers and arouse them to the performance of obligations which have been too long neglected. If liberty is liberal, she should be jealous also; and to preserve her chastity, she must be armed with perpetual watchfulness—a far more efficient agent than the secret dagger. Those who seek her embraces must be taught to remember that she is only to be won by the virtuous, the enlightened and the brave—only to be secured in immaculate possession, by unceasing love, true courage, and a weapon always ready and sharpened for the strife.

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Genius.—What we call genius, may, perhaps, with strict propriety, be called the Spirit of Discovery. It is the very eye of intellect and the wing of thought. It is always in advance of the time—the pioneer of the age which it precedes, and for which it paves the way. For this reason it is called a Seer, and is regarded as a Prophet. Its promptness of discernment, and its energy in pursuits, are the leading traits from which it derives its character. They endow it with what may be styled the imaginative judgment—a faculty which enables it to fly to conclusions, which ordinary minds attain by slow, laborious stages, and after remote intervals. Columbus-like, it penetrates and passes oceans which other men tremble to behold, into unknown Empires and new countries of thought. It shines upon, while it exposes, the icebergs of ignorance, and advances with the splendor of the northern light, through the foggy sky and freezing atmosphere of mere present attainment. It possesses, over the rude block of unhewn thought, the same powers which the microscope exercises upon the insects—bringing out its colors, determining its outlines, adjusting its proportions, and defining its qualities and characteristics, equally unknown and unimagined before.

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Political Consistency.—This is a bugbear which has always stood grievously in the path of our politicians. They stumble over it at every step which they take. It is a "blood-boltered Banquo," which "will not down at their bidding," but continues to "shake its gory locks" at the ambitious apostate from the faith, even in the highest places of authority; never scrupulous in the presence of the "assembled guests," but producing a "most admired disorder," on occasions the most festive and entertaining. It has not the most distant deference for the regulations of good manners. It has no behaviour—it is without conscience. It comes without invitation, and does not often leave with the rest of the company. It whispers over each shoulder, and returns the strangest faces from the mirror. Like all other shadows, it is sure to attend when the sun shines, but unlike other shadows, it will not take its departure with the sunshine. It mingles its mocking visage with the shade, and lends a browner horror to its aspect. Nothing can be more absolutely ludicrous than to witness the struggles which are made by the haunted man, not merely to rid himself of the spectre, but to keep his neighbors from seeing it also. The misery of Peter Schlevihl—which was the loss of his shadow—could our Politician realize it, would be a source of the greatest blessing. How gladly would he engage with the devil, on any terms, to release him from the annoying presence. Were such proceedings very easy, as the romancers pretend, Mephistopheles—who is the political devil—would find a contract for every day in the year. But why all this dread, this reluctance, on the part of our Politicians to compare past with present impulses, feelings, habits, principles. Surely, it is not expected that a man will think and feel always as he does to-day. No man of good sense and experience can be expected to make the conduct of his future depend upon the operations and opinions of his past life. It would be better, and more agreable, perhaps, if he could; but as times go, this is scarcely practicable and nobody can insist upon it. What we have done is no rule for what we are to do. If it were, we should continue an injustice, begun at twenty-one, to an almost mortal limit of seventy. But inconsistency does not mean any change of opinion. There is no inconsistency—nothing that can be reasonably made objectionable—in the natural fluctuations of a man's mind. The change is natural in all minds with the progress of discovery, the acquisition of experience, the exercise of intense and searching analysis. The objectionable inconsistency, is where we entertain conflicting opinions at the same time; and, perhaps, this would be found to be the case with most of our statesmen, if they would test their proceedings by

a reference to those intrinsic standards which govern every subject, and naturally grow out of the materials from which each receives its constitution.

Still, though we see nothing to object to in the change of opinion and policy by which the public life of every man will be distinguished, it is a sufficient reason, where these changes are frequent, for distrusting the judgment of such erratic persons. We must not punish or quarrel with such politicians, but we should not employ them. It is the curse of our country that we have so many of this description. The misfortune arises from the immature age at which our young men begin to meddle with public affairs. They commit themselves under the guidance of some neighborhood clique or petty lion, to certain measures of policy, certain doctrines, and their whole lives thereafter, are consumed and wasted in a useless struggle, either to free themselves from this unhappy bondage, or to reconcile things and principles which are in their nature irreconcilable. Hence their resort to all sorts of shifts and sophisms. Hence their strifes and frequent bitterness of temper; and hence, a greater evil, the diminished effect of their talent, their industry and eloquence. Even if they shake off the early trammels which have fettered them, and boldly avow a change of doctrine, it is natural that they should still be distrusted by those whom they have deceived. Very few young men, under thirty, are in possession of opinions and a character of their own. The bias may be a secret one, but they feel and obey it until then. By that period, however, they acquire more hardihood of mind—they ascertain their right level—they begin to think independently, and they then, if not already committed to false doctrines, become permanently useful in a long life of settled and respected statesmanship. It is a subject of regret, that the seats of Legislature are thrown open to the citizen before this period. What would be the effect upon the moral character and political destinies of the country—a country excessively liable to fluctuations of its public policy—if our State Constitutions prescribed thirty, and the United States Constitution thirty-five, as the eligible period for the election of the law-givers. The number of presumptious, ill-bred, and ignorant boys in our public assemblies, must inevitably produce flippant legislation, and lessen the effect of our institutions, not only upon the mind of the stranger, but of the nation.

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Life.—The object of life is not life merely. Were this the case the baker and the butcher would be always the most important persons in every community. It is not the future, for every state has its own conditions. It is not the present, for that would leave us improvident and like the brute, having no care for the morrow. Nor is it the past, for no man looks behind him as he walks forward. Life is a condition of equal preparation and performance. That it is a condition of preparation proves the immortality of the soul—that it is a condition of performance proves that the business of immortality is begun. Our exultation in success is legitimate, because our present performances are in obedience to present laws—our hope is the prescience of that yearning which looks naturally with doubt, desire and apprehension to those future laws which are yet to operate upon us. Life is an ordeal, in which our powers of endurance, and our capacities of achievement are to be tested, in order that our future rank may be determined. True religion which regards it in this light, does not task us, so to regard our possible future, as to make us heedless and indifferent to the positive present. The desire of martyrdom is mere insanity. It is the heedful, and first performance of present duties, and the humble adherence to present laws which can alone fit us certainly and beneficially for the condition which is to come. What does the present life—the absolute day on which we entered—require at our hands? Ascertain that, and do it, and all the rest is easy. The future is the unborn child of the present, whose mother was the past!

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The Affections.—The very first lesson which you should teach your child, should be the just value of your affections, since it is through their medium, chiefly, that you can hope properly to influence his obedience; and, without securing his obedience, it is idle to expect that you can train him properly in his ways of life. You are to teach him this lesson, by a careful discrimination between right and wrong, in your consideration of his conduct. You are to permit no misconduct, however trifling in itself, to pass without due notice:—it must be promptly checked to be effectually conquered. Error is like that Genius in the Arabian Tale, who, though his bulk, when unconfined, reached from Earth to Heaven, could yet squeeze himself into the compass of a quart pot. It is surprizing from what small beginnings most monsters grow. The first lesson which the boy learns from this observant discrimination is the value which you yourself set upon your affections. He soon sees that they are valuable—only to be acquired upon certain terms, and for a certain consideration. You have nothing to do but to prescribe the terms; to declare the conditions. You may make your affections cheap or dear, at your own pleasure. If too cheap, he will not value them—if too dear, he will despair of procuring them. The true principle by which to determine the conditions for securing them, is the simple one of always doing justice. If he deserves praise, praise him; if he merits blame, do not withhold it. In neither case be immoderate, for a boy seldom deserves any great degree either of praise or blame. The terms of your favor you are to unfold to him, not by set lessons, but by your habitual conduct; and he will find it easy to comply with reasonable conditions in order to secure those affections, which, moved as they are by inflexible justice, he will soon discern are beyond all price. This principle is one of the most obvious of every-day experience. We see it in the public thoroughfare, at all hours, at every turning. Affections are moral rewards—they are to be given, like money, very sparingly, and not 'till you have carefully inquired whether they be due or not. They are to be given to justice not to partiality. The ill-advised and lavish affection of the parent, like indiscriminate charity in the highways, soon makes the receiver wasteful of the

treasure he receives. Besides, when the parent has been giving because of his blind love, what has he left himself to bestow, when the child deserves, and when it is the parent's duty to reward? It is from this profligacy of bounty that children become capricious in moral judgment, perverse and wanton in disposition. From this, they grow up, preferring wrong to right; or rather, practising the wrong quite as commonly as the right from an absolute incapacity to perceive the difference between them.

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Training.—Children are to be taught by training, rather than by teaching. Make your children practise good habits, and you need give yourself little concern about their principles. Principles, in fact, are only the names which we assign to habits, mere words never yet influenced the innate and unobserving intellect of infancy. If you will take care that your child has becoming, cleanly, modest and respectable habits, until he is fifteen years old, you may then, in the language of one of the seven wise men, strip him naked and send him among strangers. Habits, once formed, are more inflexible than bolts of steel and bars of iron. They may be made benefactors or tyrants—all depends on the first fifteen years of the child's education.

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Punishments.—To make punishments efficacious, two things are necessary. They must never be disproportioned to the offence and they must be certain. If the penalties of crime be exaggerated beyond what the offence requires, no jury will inflict them—if not certain, no offender will fear them. There is in every bosom a natural sentiment of justice, which makes us recoil at severity and the arbitrary decisions of power. Humanity, therefore, refuses to second laws which are not grounded according to the strictest requisitions of right; and, however deserving of punishment may be the offence where the proper discrimination between crimes has not been observed by the sanguine, the moral sense is perfectly justified in permitting the escape of the offender, in preference to subjecting a fellow creature to undeserved hostilities. The penalty of death under any circumstances, and for any crime, is one of doubtful propriety and equally doubtful profit; but how odious and terrible does it appear when inflicted equally upon the cutpurse, and the murderer. In some of our states, hose-stealing, burglary, and forgery are punished with death. What worse could be inflicted on the highest offender? What is this but declaring the life of a man to be of no more value than a bank-note, a wind-broken hackney, or a silver spoon valued at three shillings? The natural sense and the social sense equally revolt at penalties so obviously hostile to humanity and the laws of sense.

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Laws.—If laws were made only by wise men, it might be taken for granted, that popular outbreaks would seldom or never occur. Unhappily, cunning and not wisdom, has too much to do with all legislation. The poor and the ignorant, who are always apt to sleep longest upon their rights, are, in consequence, the first, if not the last sufferers. There is a terrible truth, and one of no less terrible warning contained in the celebrated justificatory speech of Robespierre,—"Is it to be thought hard or unreasonable," he demanded, "if the people, driven to desperation, seek to redress themselves for the wrong of centuries, by the vengeance of a single day?"

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Moral Progress.—Patriotism declaims about our progress, but is it so sure that we are making any? Novelty of invention does not establish the fact of mental superiority. It simply confirms an old truth that the wisdom of man is meant for his actual condition. Our discoveries simply keep pace with our necessities; and these necessities are to be classed under the lowest signification of the term—they belong to the mere animal. In morals and mind, I suspect that the age is pretty much where it was a thousand years ago. The exact sciences are in their natural progression; but the inexact—those which we may not grasp in a square, or estimate by figures—those which involve the attributes of taste and appeal to the agency of the imagination—are, if not retrograde, not more advanced or more active than in the days of Homer. The years move round in a circle, and we do little more than keep pace with their movement. They seem to have no goal, in advance, to which they are approaching. Their course lies not to a point, yet unattained, though curiously attainable. They bring us back to the inevitable starting place. We retread the ground already trodden. We meet the old traces of our former progress. Old records freshen at every step, and like the traveller in the fairy tale, we strive in vain to pass beyond the impassible but invisible wall which circumscribes our footsteps. Time will not suffer us to escape him. He travels in our company, though we may remain as an outside passenger, and does not often obtrude himself upon us until he can do so with impressive effect. Our stages are his, however our respective seasons may vary. We both work upon a common centre and we continually encounter at the common starting place.

Life makes, indeed, but little progress out of the path of time. "The everlasting to be which hath been" is a destiny more inflexible than all the rest. It does not forbid improvement, but it perverts advance. In vain do we count on achievements. We share them only with the past. They are those of the buried ages. The years and the giants who have gone before us in point of time, have, at least, kept pace with us in triumphs. We have superseded with others, but is it sure that we have surpassed their inventions. If we have found sciences of our own, we have lost some of theirs, which were quite as much suited to their wants as the present are to ours. And who shall say how far these discoveries have not arisen from the fact that we have failed in finding and retracing theirs.

These allowed, how little of our own have we left to brag of! The ancients are still our tutors, our models, our masters. We copy their labors, though we clamor for their immortality. We strive for the achievement, and lo! we find old names written on our monuments. We are like the Pioneer, who, exploring what he deems an unknown wilderness, finds suddenly, to his complete

consternation, notches upon the trees around him of the very axe he carries on his shoulder.

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Mental Voluntaries.—"The worst dreams," says the Indian philosopher, "are those which take place when the eyes are open; the noblest actions are those which are done when the eyes are shut." The best of us have waking thoughts, which, if carried out, by a quickening imagination, to performance in our dreams, would startle us with a horror which few of our actual deeds would ever inspire;—and how many of our noblest actions spring from that unpremeditated impulse—the sheer, spontaneous movement of the blood—which, can only take place during that suspended condition of the mind, which may be called its blindness. It is a human charity that we should ascribe the frequent faults and sometimes grievous errors of our neighbor, to the same blind and undirected agency.

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Apologue.—Look, wretched one, upon the stream that rolleth beside the dwelling of thy old age. See'st thou not within its waters the very stars which have shone upon thee in childhood?

The years have gone over thee and thou hast grown gray with many changes—thou hast changed thy home, thy heart, thy friends—but see'st thou any change in the bright stars which look up to thee, even through the ever-changing surface of the rippling waters?

Thou dost not—they cannot alter, for they are the eyes which God has set upon thy path to watch thee. Alas! that thou shouldst have looked for them alone in the brooklet. Why hast thou not looked up for them in the Heavens?

Had they not beauty? Gave they not a sufficient and sweet light for thy guidance in the strange and solemn hours? Why hast thou striven to fly from their glances? Why didst thou refuse their light? Their voices spoke to thee in songs—faint, sweet echoes of the living music that streams ever from beneath the eternal footsteps. Ah! did no faint whisper of that music fall upon thy heart in its solitude?

Alas! for thee. Though thou hast lived apart from thy fellows, his spirit still hath been with thine—his spirit only. Thou, like him, seekest not the object which thy own mood may not shape at will. Thou lovest not to look upon the things over which the arm of thy power may not be extended. Thou lovest the dark and the forbidden—not the shining and the vouchsafed. Thy thought is shrouded in the darkness of thy own soul—so that thou seest not the blessed spirits which are commissioned to give thee light. Thou lookest upon vain hopes of earthly substance, even at the awful moment when God is looking upon thee.

Thine eyes are in the dark—thine eyes of the dust. These still seek and turn in lowly contemplation upon the thing from which they were made. But the eyes of thy soul grew blinded in this survey. Alas! for the myriad eyes that gaze downward in sweet benignity from Heaven—how few look up in return.

The proud man builds his palace, tower upon tower, huge of bulk and high, still aspiring to the skies; but his gaze from its terrace is bent upon the city that lies below him. It is the shepherd, who, along the hills, still singing a glad song of Heavenly rejoicing, evermore turns upward a yearning eye—fond—looking for the sweet planet that shall counsel his doubtful footsteps.

W. G. S.

Original.

LIFE'S PILGRIMAGE.

BY RUFUS DAWES.

I.

In Life's unwilling pilgrimage,
The desert path of woe,
Where hot Sirocco blasts are all
The freshness it can know;
When through the dewless lands we pass,
With what glad welcomings,
We hail the shadow-pinion'd Night
Bending her spangled wings!

II.

The stars! why do their trembling rays
Rain gladness on the heart,
And such a tranquil influence
So silently impart?
But, that in their assemblages,
We may a language scan,
While every star that letters it,
Speaks as an angel man!

III.

They correspond, those shapes of love,
To myriads of forms,
That live and move as we on earth
Amidst our passion-storms;
But, oh, how different their use,
From our's that selfhood sways!
Their joy consists in doing good,
But our's in false displays.

IV.

Alas! how few will comprehend
The WORD, that God's own pen
Has written in external things
So legibly for man!
Yet, not an atom, from the One
Great centre through the whole,
But is a messenger of peace
To every human soul.

V.

Within the world are streams of woe,
And springs of blessings too,
And as we teach the heart, it forms
Congenial channels through;
While every wicked wish will find
An evil spirit by,
As every virtuous one its star
Of guidance in the sky!

Original.

THE PHŒNIX;

OR, THE BIRD OF THE SUN.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

O'ER Egypt now closes the long summer day,
But the bowers of the sun gleam yet,
Like flowers when they wake in the fresh morning ray,
With dew-jewels brilliantly set.

The lone Phœnix sits on his funeral pyre,
Of myrrh and of precious perfumes,
With eyes that are now quenched of half of their fire,
And with faded and drooping plumes.

Cool and fast fall the tears of the night on his breast,
Which has caught its last gleam from the skies,
And over his proud and beauteous crest,
'Till light again comes to his eyes.

He o'er the fair scene gazes fondly and long,
He all its soft beauty must leave,
While from his full heart faint gushes the song,
The last that he ever will weave.

That song, there were in it sweet, wildering tones,
Of a strange and a thrilling power,
Prolonged 'till the stars from their radiant thrones,
Looked forth on the midnight hour.

The rose-scented breeze, through groves of palm flowing,
Now wafts a more rapturous lay,
To richer and still richer melody flowing,
'Till fleets his last life-breath away.

From that now pulseless breast, a flame pure of hue,
Bursts forth and enkindles the pyre:
The heart which long years might touch not subdue,
Consumes with its own hidden fire.

And long like a bright and a beautiful star,
Against the horizon 'twas seen,
While the incense, in clouds, unwafted afar,
Was borne on the night-air serene.

As the stars, one by one, close their soft beaming eyes,
The light of the flame dies away;
And now, as the last ling'ring night shadow flies,
Melts in air the dim, wavering ray.

From the East, where in beauty the morning beam springs,
A voice full of melody flows,
As the nightingale's when in the moonlight he sings,
Bending over his favorite rose.

And these were the words of the air-spirit's song,
As mellow and full it came floating along:—

"Let the ray,
Pure as sleeps in the diamond's heart,
When first the warm sunbeams over it dart,
That now hid,
Yon ashes amid,
When it feels the glance of the quickening gleam,
Of the day-orb's bright and living beam,
Spring forth and play,
O'er the spot that bears the fire's dark stain,
'Till the elements meet and mingle again,
And take the resplendent form once more,
Which the bird of the sun so lately bore."

The boon is evoked, and the air-spirit's lay
Like the voice of an echo dies softly away.

And just as the sun the Red Sea-billows kissed,
And smiled on the morning serene,
Hov'ring over the spot, a luminous mist,
Like a fairy-wove banner was seen.

Now gracefully waving while lightly 'tis stirred,
By the viewless wings of the air,
It assumed the dim form of the glorious bird,
Whose ashes lie slumbering there.

And still as the sun more refulgently beams,
Glows the plumage with splendor more bright,
And crimson, and gold, and jewel like gleams,
Shift and blend in the varying light.

Even so the soft cloud, on a fair summer even,
Floating calmly along in the West,
Each hue that makes lovely the bright bow of heaven,
Displays on its oft-changing breast.

The music of leaves, by the morning-breeze stirred,
The low, gentle gush of the rill,
In social mirth joined with the song of the bird,
With gladness the rosy air fill.

Lonely bird! there's no heart to answer to thine,
Or share the deep love of thy breast:
Like a gem doom'd to hide all its fires in the mine,
It in thy own bosom must rest.

Oh, no! this fair world with beauty all rife,
Is all, ay, is all thy own—
And the bright, burning orb that waked thee to life—
No, no, thou art not alone.

Lo! in the full gush of the glorious light,
That bursts from the fountain of day,
The young Phœnix soars with a buoyant flight,
In regions of sky, far away!

Original.

SONNET.

I LOVED thee, lady—need I say how dear,
My burning temples and my tearful eyes,
Have been the emblems of my faith sincere,
Yet they were shed in Misery's mansion drear.
For reft of thee my passion only flies
To feed on cold despondence—and the ties
That bound to earth have gone their swift career.
Around thy form like the refulgent rays
That gird the sun, may Virtue's light impart
An everlasting halo, and the blaze
Of Purity's loved star aye meet my gaze,
And sacred feeling warm thy youthful heart,
For thou art all that's sung in holy lays,
Love, truth, and joy—yea, every glorious part.

Original.

SHELLEY.

BY ALBERT PIKE.

Only a few short years ago, there sat
A youth on one of old Rome's seven hills,
Beneath a ruined temple, and upon
A broken fragment which had tumbled there.
Around, the stern and silent ruins cast
Their massy shadows, and a tangled maze
Of trees and flowers and shrubs, was rich along
The face of the declivity. Sunset
Was upon Rome, and in and out the clouds
His glorious spirit wandered, lighting up
Those sunny drifts with all his thousand tints
Of rich, unearthly melancholy, and
The deep, deep beauty of Italian eves.
Below him lay the city—beautiful!—
Dome, palace, spire—all radiant with the pure
And perfect beauty of that hour of peace.

The time accorded with his soul, that deep
And brilliant fountain of rich poetry,
Which the cold world had crushed and shattered.
He had come from Albion's isle to feed his heart
With inspiration from Italian scenes,
And to escape the cold and heartless sneers
And hatred of the world. Truly he had erred.
His dark and dreamy creed was such as awes
The heart that worships in our sacred faith,
And his bold pen had warred with our belief.
His name was written, in the traveller's page,
Upon the king of mountains, "Atheos:"

But he was moral, generous, pure of heart,
Gentle and kind as any sainted child;
And he was persecuted and he fled.
The world, which should have pitied his mistake,
And sought to wean so kind a soul to leave
His wild unfaith, had withered up his soul
With calumny and hatred, fear and scorn.
Nor was this all, for poverty had worn
Like a cold iron to his soul. Oh, world!
Thou knowest not how many glorious sons
Of Poetry thy cold, cold heart has left
To mourn and languish even unto death.

And there he sat and fed his anguished mind
With the deep thoughts which sunset brought to him
In soothing sadness, and within a scroll
He wove his wild and fiery thoughts into
Words, strange, beautiful and vivid as
His own bright soul; for sorrow rarely touched
His poetry, although it crouched within
His bright and noble heart continually.
His songs were evermore all brilliance—full
Of deep and tender feeling and bright power.
Like his own "Skylark" up at Heaven's gate,
He left the earth, and all its meaner things,
And soared and sang higher than mortal ken.
But now and then some sudden thought would rush
Into his soul, sweeping away the fire
Of his high aspirations for a time,
And then he dropped his scroll. His wasted form,
Attenuated, thin, ethereal, shook
With the vibrations of his spirit; then
The thin, transparent, delicate, boyish face,
Became yet paler and more spiritual,
And the strange eye, which did relieve its look
Of boyishness with its diaphanous glow,
It waned and shrank as it were near the soul—
That eye so tender, vivid, keen, intense,
With its continual, placid, fiery look
Of deep sublimity and melancholy.
And then again he would the scroll upraise,
Thrust his own sorrows forth, and write again.
Strange that the heart-fire will burn up so high
Amid the wreck—that man can be so calm,
So still, so gentle, so unmoved—nay, more—
So rich and strange and beautiful a poet,
While the torn heart is wasting day by day;
Strange that the heart can watch its own decline,
And burn the brighter as it suffers more.
Perhaps, to him, his poetry, indeed,
Was its own great reward. It needs a deep
And intimate communion with the heart—
The which, like sharing all our hidden grief
With an old friend, relieves us of our wo—
This pouring out our deepest-hidden thoughts,
Which we would not have spoken, but can write.
It doth indeed relieve, and it is fit
That poetry which sharpens every pang,
And makes the heart more keenly sensible,
Should ease the burthen which it doth create.

Not many moons and he sailed forth upon
One of those lakes that shine in Italy.
Awhile he lay and mused, leaving his barque
To float upon the azure water-vast,
Aimless, and almost without motion. Then
The dreams of his past life arose again,
And hours went by him ere his dream was o'er.

The scene was changed. Clouds, wind, storm, rain and fire,
Spread their dark wings and wheeled around the lake.
Blue lightning hissed amid the water. Winds
Rushed from the bending forests on its shore,
Waking the waves. Yet still in all the storm
He had the same calm, spiritual look—
The same keen, melancholy vividness of eye
As when beneath the ruins of old Rome.
Perhaps there was a sickening of the heart—
A wish to win, before he died, more fame,
And some small portion of earth's happiness.

But who shall tell his thoughts? Perhaps just then
He did distrust his wild and stormy creed,
And shrank in horror from oblivion,
Decomposition, death and nothingness.
Who knows? The frail and feeble barque went down,
Quenching his starry heart amid the waves!
It is enough to make the poet sick
Of his bright art—to make him scorn the world
And life and fame, that guerdon poorly won
By broken hopes, sad life, and early death—
It is enough to make him scorn it all,
To watch the course of Shelley.

Fare thee well,
Young star of poesy, now set for ever!
Thy lamp of life was quenched beneath the waves,
But thou hast left thy heart's rich store behind—
Its thrills, its feelings, in thy glorious scrolls.
Mankind has done thee wrong. The day will come
When they will right thee. Even now the fires
Thou kindlest unto poetry upon
The altars of thine own most glorious mind,
Are lighting into beacons, and will soon
Flash into, and inspire a thousand hearts.
None—none of all the Muse's younger sons
Will equal thee, except that glorious one
Who burned thy corpse upon those distant shores.
But what will Fame avail thee? Payment poor
For persecution, obloquy and wrong—
For poverty and broken hopes, and life
Embittered, 'till it was no pain to die.

Original.

ALICE COPLEY.*

A TALE OF QUEEN MARY'S TIME.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

CHAPTER III.

It was several moments after Alice left the apartment of Friar John before Huntly could arouse himself to full consciousness that they had so painfully separated. He stood half bewildered gazing upon the door through which she had passed, when the priest again entered the room. He approached to where the young man was standing with a soft cat-like movement, and aroused him by a slight touch of the arm.

"Son," he said, in the same cold tones with which he had questioned that gentle girl to her ruin—"Son, I would counsel thee, touching thy late unseemly out break, for—"

"Away, viper!" cried the youth, shaking off the hand with a gesture of abhorrence, and fixing his burning eyes on the passionless face of the priest. "If you would have another victim, I am ready, but do not touch me."

A single streak of crimson shot athwart the cold white brow of the priest, a flash of red, and all was calm again.

"Does this heretical belief lead the heart to such violent hate?" he said, with a degree of calmness which exasperated the youth beyond measure. "Son, remember that I am one to whom thy reverend uncle has confided thy spiritual welfare; sorely will he grieve to learn of thy transient apostacy from the true church, for transient I will still in charity deem it."

The priest broke off, for Huntly had turned abruptly away, and without heeding his words, was gathering up the pages of vellum which he had been illuminating. Tearing a riband from his dress, he bound them together, and again confronted the priest.

"Farewell," he said, sternly. "You have this day placed in jeopardy a life more precious than my own heart's blood. You, whom I once so revered and loved, have become pander to a base woman's jealousy. Mention not again the name of my saintly uncle; his noble heart would recoil at the bare thought of so debasing his priesthood. Farewell! I cast my life in your hands, knowing that my words this day have made you a stern enemy. Use it if you will. *I, too, am a Protestant!*"

Speaking these words in a calm, resolute voice, Huntly left the room, and in less than an hour, was mounted, and dashing through the town, on his way to London.

Father John gave no evidence that the young man's words had made the least impression on him. As the door closed, he sat down very quietly, and began to write, yet his tranquillity was but seeming. Cardinal Pole had been his patron and friend, young Huntly was nephew to the good prelate, and with all his outward calmness, strong and deep feelings were buried in the heart of the priest. He loved the young man with an affection rendered intense, though silent, from the bands which his religion placed upon all other channels to the heart; but for this feeling of concealed tenderness, young Huntly had spent that night in the Tower. As it was, though anxious to set forth for London, and chafing at the delay, he determined, if possible, to obtain one moment's conversation with Alice or her father, before his departure. His efforts were fruitless; uncertain of their fate, and goaded almost to phrensy by disappointment and uncertainty, he was mounting his horse to ride away, when a gentle touch upon his arm arrested the movement, and turning sharply round, he saw King Philip's Spanish page. The boy hurriedly placed a slip of parchment in his hand, and went away quickly, as if afraid of being observed.

"*He* was conveyed to the Tower, a prisoner, at daybreak this morning. His daughter will bear him company before midnight. Be more careful of your own safety than you were an hour since, or you may be deprived of all power to aid them."

Huntly read these lines, gave one hasty thought of the strange manner in which they had reached him, and springing to his saddle, galloped from the castle. A little out of town he overtook a carriage lumbering heavily along the highway, and surrounded by a guard of armed men. As Huntly rode by, he bent forward and looked in. With a sudden jirk of the bridle, his horse, though in full career, was thrown back upon his haunches, but almost at the same moment leaped forward with a snort of pain as he felt the sharp rowels plunged furiously into his side, and dashed on recklessly as before. His rider had caught one glimpse of a slight form crowded between the bulk of two coarse men—of a pale tearful face, bent downward to avoid their rude eyes, and that face was Alice Copley's.

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Cardinal Pole, the pious and good Catholic, sat alone in his favorite apartment. It was a large room lighted by tall narrow windows, crowded with diamond-shaped glass, richly stained, and set like pictures, in heavy frames of polished oak, carved in masses of sombre foliage, and dashed with gilding, now partly worn away. A tall book-case stood opposite each of the four windows, enriched with like massive carved work, and filled with heavy tomes, some of them clasped with brass, and knobbed like the door of a prison, others gleaming in velvet, and not a few crusted with jewels. Rare old pictures which the Cardinal had brought from Rome, hung between the book-cases, rendered more deep toned in their coloring, by the mellow light which streamed over them from the windows. The floor was of polished oak, the centre alone concealed by a carpet of richly-fashioned tapestry, a unique foot-cloth, wrought in a convent of Italy. The old Cardinal sat in a chair of ebony, one of those gothic and elaborately-carved seats which even yet form the pride of many an old English house, and which must have occupied an artisan almost his lifetime in fashioning. The old man had evidently been reading, for two or three ponderous books lay on the floor by his side, one of them open, and re-

* Continued from page 82.

vealing the broad black letter-page, which had engaged his attention, 'till overtasked by its weight, he had cast the volume down, and leaning back in his chair, was tranquilly pondering over its contents. It was a picture of benevolent repose—that good old man in his sanctuary. A casement was open before him, and his mild eyes fell tranquilly over a fine garden which sloped to the brink of the Thames. The dash of oars, and snatches of many a boat-song came up from the water, and the soft breeze that gently curled its surface, swept blandly over the old man's forehead. Though in London his apartment was so far removed from the street, that a common sound would have failed to attract notice, but there came a sudden noise of horses' hoofs smiting the pavement so fiercely, that, when it ceased before his own dwelling, the good prelate was aroused from his pleasant musings; a smile came to his lips, and stooping down, he closed the volume, muttering in a voice full of affectionate pleasure, "There will be no more reading to-day—bless the boy! how eager he is to be once more with his old uncle. He should be chidden, nevertheless, for this hair-brained fashion of riding; nay, nay," he added, smiling faintly, and shaking his head it were a sorry welcome to check his bold spirit with fault-finding. Let him e'en ride as he will, so he come often, and stay long."

Thus muttering to himself, the kind old man turned in his chair and with the benevolent smile still upon his face, sat in quiet expectation, watching the door through which he expected his nephew to enter.

It was indeed Francis Huntly who came dashing up the street at a furious rate, and drew up his heated and foaming beast before the mansion of Cardinal Pole. The young man was unusually excited, his dress was travel soiled, and spotted with mud, the raven hair hung in damp masses over his forehead, and that was dripping with perspiration, but pale and anxious. His horse, also, was jaded, and wet as if he had been ridden through a river; little ridges of foam lay thickly over his coat, worked up by the straps of his acoutrements, and his fine limbs trembled with over exertion. Huntly sprang from his saddle, left the noble beast loose upon the pavement, and without the usual respectful ceremony of changing his dress, abruptly ascended to the room where his aged relative was sitting.

"Welcome home, again, my son!" exclaimed the good old man rising cheerfully from his seat, and extending his hand as the youth entered.

Huntly bent his head, but his breath came too thickly for speech, and when his feverish lips touched the cool, soft hand so kindly extended to welcome him, the good prelate looked anxiously up, and asked if he were ill, or what sudden evil had befallen him.

"I am not ill, uncle," said Huntly, "but have ridden hard; forgive me, he added, glancing at the books heaped on the floor, and then at his deranged dress, contrasting so forcibly with the neat robes of the old man, "forgive me that I so rudely interrupt your studies."

"Nay, nay, said the good man, kindly, "books are pleasant company, but not so pleasant as the voice of my sister's son, so get thee, without more ado, to the window where the fresh air from the Thames can blow over thy heated face, while I order a cup of cooling drink. It is a warm day; even in this shady room the river breeze has been much needed."

The old man moved toward the door as he spoke, and Huntly withdrew to the open window, glad of an opportunity thus afforded to compose his thoughts. The Cardinal soon returned, and seating himself once more in the ebony chair, sat with his quiet eyes fixed on his nephew's face, as he stood gazing abstractedly upon the garden. After a few moments a servitor entered, bearing a salver, richly worked in gold, on which was a goblet also of gold, with a wreathing vine chased heavily round the edge, and clusters of bright amethysts bursting, as it were, through the precious workmanship. The cup was full—so full, that the least irregular motion of its bearer sent the ruby wine dripping over its brim, but the youth lifted it eagerly to his lips, and in his abstraction, would have drained it to the bottom.

"Gently, gently, boy," said the old man, lifting his hand, and smiling in astonishment, as he saw the hitherto abstemious youth draining the cup as if it had been water. "The wine has a pleasant flavor, but it is over strong for such thirst."

"I did not heed what it was," replied the youth, a faint color and fainter smile coming over his face, as he replaced the goblet on its salver, "but it will do me no harm."

The old man looked hard at the youth, and seemed, for the first time, aware that something more than fatigue oppressed him.

"Come hither, boy," he said kindly, when they were alone, "and tell me what evil has befallen thee during thy sojourn at Windsor. Has our royal mistress looked coldly, or has thy skill failed in copying that precious book with which thou wouldst pleasure thy old uncle; be not disturbed at a failure; it will take no merit from thy dutiful wish to serve a fanciful old man."

"I have finished the book, dear uncle, and here it is," cried Huntly, flinging himself upon his knees before the Cardinal, and taking the parchment leaves which he had embellished from his bosom.

The old man's eyes brightened, and with a look of eager delight he examined one by one the treasure which he had so long desired.

"Thank thee, my brave son," he said, while his hands were busy with the emblazoned leaves, "I had thought the task early done had it been placed in my hands six months hence. These are dainty touches; they meet the eye like the golden threads of sunset weaving themselves in the white leaves of a rose. Nor do they lack boldness either. They shall be bravely bound, I promise thee. It shall go hard if we find not jewels enough left in the old family casket to blazon a cover even more sumptuously than that of our gracious Queen. Mary, Mother, forgive me; in my glad folly I had forgotten to inquire after the health of the Royal lady, and the good Father John.

"Oh, would to God I had never seen the cold blooded

priest nor his tyrannical mistress!" exclaimed Huntly, with sudden impetuosity; but he checked himself with the first exclamation, almost terrified with its effect on the Cardinal.

Until the last violent outbreak of feeling, the old man had scarcely noticed the paleness and agitation of his nephew as any thing more than fatigue, and, perhaps, a sudden fit of petulance arising therefrom; the present which he had just received was so gratifying to his keen love of the arts, and the pleasure which arose from it so exquisite, that the pale and troubled face which at first excited his attention, had entirely passed from his mind; but now the old man half started from his chair. The parchment leaves dropped from his hand, and with a startled, half angry gesture, he drew back, and looked keenly in the face of the youth.

"Go to thy room, boy," he said, at length, in a tone of grave reproof. "The wine has made a rebel of thy tongue; go."

"Uncle," said the youth, standing up pale as death, and trembling all over with intense excitement, "uncle, I may appear violent, but my brain is as clear this moment as your own. I would not, for my right hand, say or do aught to pain you, but this day has Queen Mary laid her iron hand on one—a being, compared with whom, she, in all her purple trappings, is a spirit of darkness—a being as pure and good as ever breathed out of Heaven."

"Of whom speak you?" asked the Cardinal, gently, for he saw that the youth was excited almost to the verge of insanity.

"Of my betrothed bride," was the reply, but Huntly grew white as he said it, and his voice was deep and very low, for he believed that those few words would for ever sunder the chain which bound him to the heart of his uncle.

The old man also became pale, but otherwise remained perfectly calm. He arose, and laying a hand on the young man's shoulder, looked in his face, and spoke with a degree of reproach, the more affecting that it was gently expressed.

"Francis Huntly," he said, "thou hast no father, no mother, and I am next of kin to thee. I am an old man, and my heart has known much sorrow. If more is to come upon me in my old age—if thou, in whom my last earthly love was garnered up, hast returned that love with disobedience and deceit, then is there no one bright thing between me and the grave; now let me hear all." The old man sat down, and Huntly leaned against the carved back of his chair. Those last gentle words had made him heart sick, and he was almost exhausted with contending emotions.

"I have done wrong," he said, at last, in a broken voice—"wrong in concealing a thought or wish from you, the kindest friend, and most indulgent kinsman that human being was ever blessed with, but I did not intend it; I did not know, myself, how deeply I loved the poor girl, 'till within the last week I saw her persecuted, oppressed, and insulted, 'till my heart yearned toward her. I thought it was but pity; I did not dream how deep and fervent was the love which was then as now shedding its sweet influence over me. I did not tell you of this, uncle, because it seemed a delirium dream—something sacred and precious, to be hoarded in my own heart's core—hoarded almost from the light of my own thoughts; and when these feelings took to themselves a deeper and more matured nature—when I felt them beating at my heart, and throbbing through my veins with an intensity which reason alone could not resist, then it was that I learned how dreadful was the barrier that lay between us. I knew from the first, that she had no dower, save her own rich beauty and matchless virtues. I knew that her father was an impoverished gentleman of birth, scarcely equal to my own, but I trusted in your kindness, my uncle—in your disregard of wealth, and so went on wreathing my heart more and more closely with the sweet hopes which seemed to bring forth new blossoms every day of my life. At last," continued Huntly, in a voice that began to waver from the low earnest tone in which he had spoken—"at last I learned that the sweet girl, though one of Mary's household, had dared to think to—to—in short, her pure spirit revolted at the cruelties committed around her, she began to pity the virtuous, and to examine the doctrines of the new faith, and not many weeks before I first learned to know and love her, she had, heart and soul, become a Protestant."

Cardinal Pole arose in evident purturbation; he walked across the room once or twice, and then returned to his chair again. "A heretic—Mary, Mother, preserve us—a heretic," he murmured; "alas, alas, that it should come to this."

"I loved the lady," continued Huntly, "even for her belief, though against my own, for in her, religion was a sweet calm trust in God—a gentle and happy faith, without spiritual jealousy or fanaticism. Perhaps it was the melody of her voice as she read the scriptures, that first led me to examine them for myself, even as one imperceptibly learns to love the words of a pleasant song from the music which gives it voice; be it as it will, I *did* read, and in secret, amid the still trees, and beneath the pure eye of night I learned the new faith—I was taught to think that I might myself approach the footstool of Jehovah, and in prayer and adoration, plead my own cause, without the intercession of saint or—"

Huntly broke off, for the old Cardinal arose and stood before him, in the calm dignity of a good man, sorely stricken at heart; his eyes were full of a mild troubled light, his thin lips trembled, and upon his high forehead lay a cloud of grief, which told that the well spring of feeling had been agitated to the very bottom."

"Francis, my son," he said, in a very gentle but broken voice, "say not that! I have spent long years in the service of our blessed church. At any day I would have laid my life upon its altar stone, so that it remained pure from the tread of a heretic. Let not thy foot trample upon a faith made sacred by ages, lest, in the sacrilege, it crush thy own soul, and the heart of an old man who loves thee."

For a moment there was silence in the room;

the Cardinal sat down, covered his face with his hands, and waited a reply, but Huntly could not speak; the sight of that good man's grief almost made an apostate of him; he could have answered the arguments of a thousand churchmen, and have braved the flames at a martyr's stake, better than witness that. At last the old priest removed his hands, and looked up with a faint sad smile.

"I misdoubt," he said, "I gave thy words too strong a meaning. Thou art no heretic, boy; it would make thy sainted mother weep even amid the joys of paradise, to hear it; speak, I beseech thee, for I am weary with doubt. My sister's son, thou *art* no heretic."

A dreadful struggle was at the young man's heart; for there was something so tender and beseeching in his uncle's voice, that it seemed almost inhuman to speak the truth. Many a strong feeling swept over his face, as it changed beneath the Cardinal's anxious gaze; when he spoke it was low but distinctly, and he again sunk to his knee while uttering the words—"Uncle, forgive me; I would rather die here at your feet, than give you pain, but I cannot say an untruth. I am a Protestant."

The old Cardinal shrunk back in his chair, passed his hand feebly over his eyes, and remained perfectly still, for in the first strength of his grief, he had fainted away,

Francis Huntly sprang to his feet, wild with terror, for he supposed the old man dead. When certain that it was not so, he exerted himself to recover him, flung open the casement more widely, that the fresh wind might sweep over the chair, and robbed a neighboring bench of its cushions, with which he tenderly supported the drooping head. It was long before the good Cardinal began to recover; more than once Francis Huntly ceased chafing his hands, and bent his face to that pale head, lying there so death-like on the purple cushions, its white hair mingling with their golden fringes, and the pallid cheek looking whiter from a contrast with the glowing velvet against which it rested. At length the reverend sufferer once more returned to life. "Help me to rise," he said, faintly, "I would go to my oratory for a short space."

Francis reverently assisted the old man across the room, and held back the drapery which divided it from the oratory.

"Remain here; I shall soon return," said the Cardinal, mildly, as he passed through; "meantime bethink thee of all thou wouldst say, and we will talk over this cruel matter gently, as beseemeth two erring beings, linked together by the same blood."

Huntly bent his head, the drapery swept from his hand, and he turned away sick at heart. It was a full hour before Cardinal Pole returned to his library, but when he did appear, his face was calm, and though a little sad, not less benevolent than usual in its expression. Huntly drew a deep breath, for he knew that the first bitterness of his confession had passed away.

The old man approached the casement where his nephew was standing, and, for several minutes, the two remained gazing out upon the Thames in silence. All at once Huntly started, and leaned heavily from the casement. A wherry was passing by, filled with armed men, such as he had passed on the road from Windsor. In the centre sat a female, drooping forward, and muffled in a cloak. While the youth was yet gazing upon the wherry, a stout man, who sat next the female, laid his hand heavily on her shoulder —seemed to expostulate roughly with her for a moment, and at last forcibly pulled the cloak from her head. A flood of golden hair fell over his arm as he performed the rude act; a pale frightened face was lifted piteously toward the casement, and as the wherry moved slowly down the river, close to its bank, a sound like the pleading cry of a woman in fear, or the sudden outbreak of a heart in its surprize at meeting a friend, reached the Cardinal and his nephew.

"See!" cried the youth, grasping his uncle's arm, and pointing toward the wherry, "see, that is the path through which they are leading her to the stake. The angels in Heaven are scarcely less pure of heart, yet must she die, to appease the jealous fury of a base woman. Nay, uncle, frown not on me now! I would not speak wrongfully, but my very soul aches at the sight of my poor betrothed thus cruelly beset."

Cardinal Pole drew his nephew gently from the casement, beseeching him to calm his chafed spirit, and to confide trustfully in the aid and council which he was ready to give when fully informed on the subject which had created so much disquietude. The worst part of his confession was already made, and Huntly soon became tranquil enough to inform his kind relative of all which he himself knew with regard to the persecution now going forward against Alice Copley and her father. When he had finished, with a passionate appeal to the Cardinal for aid to rescue her from the hands of her persecutors, the old man was deeply affected. Though he fully believed a passion for the beautiful heretic had caused the apostacy of his nephew, he allowed the supposition to have no influence on his purpose; by mild and gentle expostulation, he hoped to win his nephew back to the Catholic faith, before his apostacy was made public, nor did he despair of rendering the gentle and suffering girl an instrument to this end, could he persuade the Queen to more lenity than her present cruel course of conduct seemed to indicate. He readily promised to intercede with Mary in behalf of the prisoners, soothed the excited feelings of his young relative, almost with feminine gentleness besought him to trust the matter entirely to himself, and only exacted a promise that the youth should in no wise reveal to a living soul the change which had taken place in his own religious belief. Huntly promised all that the Cardinal desired, beside the almost reverential faith with which, from his youth, he had regarded his august relative, he was beginning to feel the reaction which ever attends fatigue and excitement such as had fired his frame

since the previous day. So, gratefully kissing the old man's hand, he went to his own chamber, firmly believing that all would yet be well with her he loved, but fatigued and strengthless almost as a child.

The Cardinal remained in his library grieved deeply by the disclosure just made, but to a good heart, in him was joined a clear, sound intellect. Both reason and feeling prompted him to deal mildly with what seemed to him the error of his nephew, and long after the ruddy glow of sunset had filled his room with shadows, the good prelate sat pondering on what he had first heard, in agony of spirit, bitter almost as death.

Somewhat more remote from the suite of rooms which Queen Mary occupied in Windsor castle, than foreign etiquette seemed to require, had King Philip chosen his own private apartments. As if to show his utter contempt for everything appertaining to his Queen or her dominion, he had decorated them entirely after the luxurious fashion introduced by the Moors into Spain, but, as yet, unknown in England. In one of these rooms, scarcely larger than the boudoir of a fine lady of the present day, sat a female, strangely attired, and of singular beauty; her form, though slight, was richly proportioned, and full of spirited loveliness. A loose robe of purple silk was girded carelessly at the waist by a modern embroidered scarf, which fell to her feet as she stood up, the silken fringe of one end sweeping lightly, whenever she moved, over the small golden stars which gemmed her tiny velvet slippers. Her robe was open at the throat, slightly revealing an under garment of rose-colored silk, and beneath that, one of linen, edged with rich point lace. A purple fillet, spotted like her slippers, with tiny golden stars, looped the rich jet black curls up from her temples, and the ends with thin fringe of gold, spun almost to the fineness of a spider's web, flowed lightly among the heavier mass of ringlets that fell down her back. Her small hand fell listlessly over the strings of a lute which rested partly upon her lap, and partly upon the pile of velvet cushions which she occupied. Though her hand remained inactive, and half buried in the drapery of her loose sleeve, there was nothing of languor either in her face or position; her eyes were bright with expectation, and she lay with one foot strained hard against the gorgeous carpet, and with her beautiful head partially erect, like a gazelle preparing to leap from its thicket. Full twenty minutes she remained in this position, but at length she became restless, and flinging the lute away with a vehemence that sent the loose sleeve floating like a purple mist back upon her shoulder, she started up, and passed through an open door. From the room which she entered was a private passage, leading to the Queen's apartments, but the door was locked, and the key within the chamber. A smile in which both playfulness and mockery combined, flashed over the lady's face as she turned the bolt, murmuring, "The lock has become rusty for want of use; alas for the love-stricken Queen," and with the smile still upon her brilliant face, she threaded the passage cautiously, for she had not dared to take a lamp. The door which opened to Mary's dressing-room, was unlocked, but the entrance concealed from within by a fall of heavy tapestry. After listening for a moment, the lady softly lifted the latch, and concealed herself within the folds of this massive drapery, where she could hear any conversation which might pass in the room. All, however, was silent, and the fair listener might have deemed the room empty but for the rustle of silk, and the impatient tapping of a foot upon the floor. Thrusting her hand into her bosom, the listening female drew forth a tiny poinard, and with its keen point, cut an aperture in the tapestry, and looked eagerly through. The Queen was there, and alone. It was the rustle of her damask dressing-gown, heavily flowered with silver, that had before given evidence of her presence. She seemed as just prepared for rest; her tiring woman had been dismissed, the jewels were unbound from her head, and her harsh features looked dark and repulsive, when contrasted alone with the glittering white of her dressing-gown. The female behind the tapestry was about to retire when certain that Mary had no companion, but as she was turning for that purpose, an opposite door opened, and King Philip entered his wife's dressing-room. Mary started up, and for the moment her face became almost pleasing, so happy did she seem with the presence of her haughty lord.

"Madam," said Philip, in a stern, harsh voice, stepping repulsively away, as she moved forward to greet him, "Madam, I crave some information of a lady of your court, one Mistress Copley. It is said that she has been conveyed from the castle mysteriously, and under a guard of armed men. Before I seek my pillow I would learn from your own lips if this be so. In a word, most gentle lady, have you *dared* to thwart my wishes or brave my displeasure, by planning or conniving at her departure."

The Queen turned crimson with fear and rage, but powerful as was the former feeling, the latter overcame it.

"Your gentle light-o-love has a bed at our expense even yet," she said spitefully; "not so daintily tricked out, perchance, as the couch she has left in our castle, but a soft one, nevertheless. The Tower at London contains no parks through which a light maiden and false prince may roam at will. *There*, at least, *our* authority is still supreme."

"Woman, you have not dared!" Philip would have said more, but the Queen interrupted him with insulting calmness, though she turned pale in the intensity of her rage.

"Alice Copley is in the Tower. I will not touch pen to parchment again, 'till it is to sign her death-warrant."

"Fiend!" exclaimed Philip through his shut teeth, and with a fiery gesture, he flung open the door, and left the room. It was but for an instant; his shadow was yet on the threshold, when he returned again.

"Madam," he said, "your signet, if you please; I would visit Mistress Copley in prison, and it may be needed."

"Never!" exclaimed Mary, closing the hand on which was the signet ring, so tightly that its rough chasing almost sunk into her palm.

With a sneer upon his lip, Philip took the clenched hand within his own, and using some degree of violence, forced the ring from her finger. Then raising the hand which glowed with his rudeness, mockingly to his lips, he dropped it, and left the room.

For a moment Mary stood transfixed with rage too vehement for expression; every bad feeling of her nature seemed aroused within her bosom, but instead of resenting the rudeness which had been practiced upon her, as a wronged wife, or an insulted Queen, her first words were levelled against the helpless victim of her jealousy.

"Minion," she hissed, and specks of foam rushed through her clenched teeth, "Minion! I have been thus outraged, and for thee! Thy dainty limbs shall writhe and scorch and shrink to nothing, in the hot flame for this, low born heretic as thou art."

The insulted Queen raved on, long and fiercely, as if the object of her hate had been present to tremble at its violence. All night she trod that little room to and fro, in her impotent wrath, now muttering sternly to herself, and again weeping and wringing her hands, in fear that her husband would make their late quarrel a pretext for returning to Spain, as he often threatened. So completely had she become his slave, that when the anger which his brutal conduct had aroused in her heart, subsided into more bitter and deadly hate of her rival, an abject wish to appease his wrath took possession of her, and notwithstanding his late unmanly outrage, she sought the private door of his chamber, ready to make any concession short of her revenge, to soften his resentment. But the door at which she tried for admission to his apartment, was locked, and though she struck it timidly with her hand again and again, her only answer was the merry tones of a lute, which seemed flooding the chamber with a sweet mockery of her summons. There several times did the restless woman seek that door, and every time her effort to be heard was drowned in a gush of cheerful music.

To be continued.

Original.

THE SEA.

BY JOHN C. M'CABE, M. D.

The green earth hath its beautiful, the flower and the leaf;
The vine-clad hill, the gentle slope, the rich autumnal sheaf,
The lowing herd, the piping bird that sings from every tree,
But give, oh, give me, for my boon, a home upon the sea!
There's beauty in the billow when the zephyrs skim along,
There's glory on the ocean, when the wind-sprite chaunts its song;
There's grandeur, when the foaming surge, like a tall tower uprears,
Or, like a shrouded giant, its colossal form appears.
The war-horse curves his graceful neck, and dashes wide the foam
From his strong curb, and wildly seeks the battle's densest storm;
And the chained eagle fiercely shrieks, impatient to be free,
But his, a prouder spirit is, whose home is on the sea.

Oh! but 'tis glorious, 'mid the storm, when wave on wave uprears,
And thunder spirits in their wrath, hurl down their lightning spears;
To watch the elemental strife—sublime—terrific—grand—
And *know* there's one who holds them "in the hollow of His hand!"
I've stood upon the battle-field, where foe with foe would meet,
And each bold standard-bearer bore his own proud winding-sheet:
And felt a strange deep thrill of joy, on that ensanguined plain,
When on the winds came rushing up, bold Freedom's cheering strain.
And every hill became more dear, and holier every vale,
When war-worn pilgrims showed their wounds, that told a touching tale;
And in the rapture of glad thoughts, have waved aloft my hand,
And shouted, "*this*, this is indeed 'my own, my native land!'"
My native land! whose sons are brave, whose daughters passing fair,
Whose *eagle* oft hath caused to skulk the *lion* to his lair;
Whose mountains, and whose broad deep streams, whose forests old and dim,
Send up their myriad notes to Heaven in one eternal hymn.
But, oh, that sea, that glorious sea! broad mirror of those skies,
Where "everlasting love" is writ to mortal's wondering eyes—
Say, Ocean! over whose deep waves ten thousand years have rolled,
What mysteries lie amid your depths, what wonders yet untold?
Is there no music in those halls beneath the placid sea,
When billows seem to hold above, their lofty jubilee?
Is there no sorrow in those caves hid far, far down the deep,
When sounds come up from out their depths, like moans of those who weep?
Are there no wild sweet flowers there, o'ershadowed by the waves,
Tended, perhaps, by young sea nymphs, who dwell in coral caves?
No peaceful bowers down, down, down beyond all mortal eye,
Where those who fondly love, live on in joys that never die?
I know not if beneath the sea, are halls and temples fair,
Or sea nymphs with bright diamond-drops, and rich pearls in their hair;
I know not whether joy or grief are found beneath your wave,
But *know* your bosom oft hath borne the noble and the brave.
God! I have stood upon the deck, when booming long and loud,
The fiery messengers of death came with their herald cloud;
And watched, amid the battle's rage, (an angel's wing to me)
Still proudly floating o'er our ship, the banner of the free!
Ay! and when death, with its dark wing came wildly sweeping by,
And 'shadowed with its gory plume, ah! many a burning eye,
I've thought, as 'round our vessel's side the moaning of each wave
Came up—perchance the billows chaunt the requiem of the brave.
I've seen the dying sailor gaze so wistfully around,
When on his ear came pealing up the cannon's gloomy sound;
While hovering o'er his vision dim, his country's flag was there,
And Victory's shout rose wildly up, and staid awhile his prayer.
I've seen that sailor, thrice essay to shout, in his full pride,
And as he gave the wild "huzza," look up to Heaven—*he died!*
And when the battle's strife was o'er, above the dead we prayed,
And shrouded them, and o'er each corpse the words of grace we said;
Then through the green and flashing waves, each shrouded body sped,
To sleep, until the sea is called to "render up its dead."
Farewell thou sea! long time hath passed since rocked upon thy breast,
Thy soothing billows lullaby, hath hushed my woes to rest;
Thou art my mother, sister, bride—my beautiful, my free!—
God bless and guard for ever more, each wanderer of the sea!

Petersburg, Va., 1841.

Original.

BRIDAL CUSTOMS OF THE NORTHERN GERMANS.

BY ANNA CORA MOWATT.

THERE still exists, even at this time, when Imagination has been dethroned by cheerless Reality, and Form and Fashion, have utterly banished Romance from the circle of domestic happiness, a charm interwoven with the nuptial ceremonies of the Germans, which imparts to them a spirit of mirthful and innocent romance, and preserves the warm and social emotions of the heart in their primitive brightness and purity.

When a young girl is once betrothed, were the Hindo *tali*, (whose bond Death only can dissolve,) around her neck, she could not feel herself more irrevocably joined to the one whom her plighted faith has blessed—she is, therefore, moved by no calculating motives for concealment—she is not coquette enough to court the attentions of other men, whom her unacknowledged vows might mislead, and a faithless lover, a jilted lady, and broken engagement, are phenomena, in her land, too rarely heard of to be dreaded,—thus she does not blush to proclaim to the world, her

> "Pure, open, prosperous love,
> That pledged on earth and sealed above,
> Grows in the world's approving eyes,
> In Friendship's smile, and home's caress,
> Collecting all the heart's sweet ties
> Into one knot of happiness!"

Her acquaintances are soon made partakers of her happiness; from this hour to that of her marriage, she is called "Bride," (resigning the name the instant she becomes a wife,) and regarded as a being on whom every testimony of affection, and every kindness of friendship is to be lavished. Her friends and connections select her as the Queen of their fêtes; and, at the dinner parties daily given in her honor, the seats of the Bride and Bridegroom grace the head of the festive board, their plates are wreathed with garlands of natural flowers, and bouquets of the most exquisite buds and blossoms bloom in vases beside them. The first health proposed is the Bride's, often accompanied by a feeling and beautiful address to the happy pair. It is not unusual for the Bridegroom to express his thanks in an answer. A week before the nuptials the dearest and most intimate friend of the Bride invites her young companions to a festival called "The Binding of the Myrtle Wreath." On this occasion no married person is admitted—mirth and hilarity revel unrestrained by the frown of prudery, or the sober glances of age and experience. The myrtle wreath, which is to mingle with the tresses of the Bride at her nuptials, is woven by the hands of young maidens, and the gentlemen are excluded from their presence until this ceremony is completed; the evening is then divided between dancing and amusing games. When the bridal morning arrives, bright colored flags float gaily from the window of the bridegroom's and business acquaintances, and a profusion of cadeaux, flowers, and poetry, is showered in upon the bride. At the altar her brow is encircled by the myrtle wreath, whose binding she witnessed a few days previous, the emblem of that everlasting faith and constancy implanted in her heart. During the evening the more youthful and gay sportively attempt to pluck the leaves from her garland, over which, to prevent these depredations, the bridegroom becomes guardian; and his hand alone, when her friends withdraw, removes the wreath from her brow. A serenade beneath their windows closes the ceremonies, and though

> "When the young bride goes from her father's hall
> She goes unto love yet untried and new,
> She parts from the love which hath still been true."

she seldom, in that happy clime, parts to weep over changed affections and unrealized hopes.

Twenty-five years after the day of their union, should both parties be so fortunate as to reach together that advanced period, another festival celebrates the virtues of the *wife*, who again receives gifts, and tokens of affection, and congratulatory poems, (some I have seen printed on satin,) from her friends, who, in the evening, assemble around her; and then, seated on a chair of state, at an appointed hour, her two youngest children, if she have any, approach her bearing a basket heaped with newly gathered flowers, among the leaves of which glitters a silver crown—gracefully presenting her their beautiful burden, they recite some verses, generally composed by the elder children, and their father, who stands by her side, receiving the crown places it on the head of his wife, whose thoughts, perhaps, wander back to the eve when the myrtle wreath lay freshly there, and the years that have since fled, start up one by one before her, while she asks her heart if it has been as true and as fond, as it vowed to be, or whether there is not yet some evidence of love unshown, some sacrifice of affection unoffered, by which she can add to the felicity of her husband and the happiness of his home.

When half a century has rolled away, and the bride of fifty years ago has survived to be the beloved wife of half a hundred years tried and unchanging affection, an event so extraordinary and so unfrequently witnessed, is celebrated by the "Golden Hochzeit" or golden wedding, at which a crown of gold is presented the reverend matron, and a clergyman, addressing the aged pair, rehearses the blessings which have been granted to them in the long life they have spent together, and revives the emotions of their youth in the remembrance of its by-gone pleasures.

By some, these customs would be esteemed useless or absurd, but when we reflect that they cherish and keep fresh the kindliest feelings of the heart, constrain those who witness them to look back upon the past, to contemplate goodness and virtue, and question whether the silver and the golden crown, the rewards of constancy and affection, have been fairly won, we may rather lament that these ceremonies should be confined to romantic Germany alone.

EVERY man has his own individual organization. This may serve to explain the difference of constitution and temperament.—*Struve*.

Original.

ALLAN MENTIETH.

A ROMANCE.

BY ROBERT HAMILTON.

"He who dares sit in Saint Swithin's chair
When the night hag wings the troubled air,
Questions three if they speak the spell,
He may ask, and she must tell."—*Waverly.*

In the middle of the fifteenth century, the kingdom of Scotland could lay little claim to the intellectual character for which it is now proverbial among all countries, although, considering its narrow limits and the internal discords with which for centuries it had been agitated, it had nevertheless produced some master spirits who will for ever live in the records of genius. But, a mental darkness prevailed generally over all classes, and especially among the peasantry. Learning existed only in Abbeys and Monasteries, and it was the interest of the priesthood to withhold it from the people, the better to enable them to exercise their domination and indulge their sensual appetites. Latter times have, however, shown us that "knowledge is indeed power," and that the gown and rosary are regarded with respect, but not terror—that religion is received with a wary yet serious consideration, but that all sectarian intolerancy is rebuked with a fearless spirit. "The church and the state," as they are coupled in England, are fast parting fellowship, tithes, stipends, pluralities and a host of other clerical impositions are in many cases now merely nominal, and "the fathers of the church" begin to bow to the supremacy of intellect, and are compelled to confine themselves solely to the dutes of their spiritual calling. At the period at which we lay our story, it is well known that the Roman church was the religion of the land, and that its priests were arrogant and designing in the extreme. The kingdom of Scotland was also divided by civil discord—and the peasantry of its highlands were the vassals or clansmen of various chiefs. These were a race entirely destitute of mental culture, and plunged in the lowest depths of superstition—even the chieftains themselves were men of little or no learning, and holding their titles from the antiquity of birth and their prowess in arms—yet all more or less tinctured with the superstitions and legends of their country. Allan Mentieth, the hero of our story, was the second son of a chieftain of that name, whose father dying in his infancy and the title descending to the eldest son, the care of Allan devolved upon a widowed aunt, who lived on the confines of the highlands, on a large and wealthy estate. The child of her sister, and the only relative for which she almost retained an affection, it is scarcely necessary to assert, that she indulged his whims and caprices to an unbounded extent, and by the time that Allan had reached the age of manhood, he was addicted to every extravagance and vice that the locality of the place afforded him. Through the interest of his aunt and some powerful relatives, a commission was obtained for him in the army of Queen Mary, where, among the younger branches of the noble families of that period, his heedless propensities were encouraged and fostered, 'till they left him so embarrassed, that his frequent calls upon his aunt for pecuniary relief, were ultimately met with a refusal. His credit gone, his desires ungratified, he felt reckless of all around him, and hesitated not at any sacrifice to procure the means to carry out his views. At one period, he had become acquainted with Murdoch McIvor, a man of dissolute habits, and who for many years had been known in the neighborhood where his aunt resided, as one of the most daring caterans or freebooters which the highlands held. This individual had been once strongly suspected of having committed a robbery on the premises of Lady Alice, Allan's aunt, and although it could not be brought directly home to him, he having contrived to effect his escape, yet, it was firmly believed he was the robber, and indeed such was actually the fact, for in connivance with Allan he had been admitted into the premises, and the most valuable pieces of family plate extracted and converted into money, which the two had shared between them. McIvor had thus the young highlander completely in his power, and whenever he found himself in difficulty, he applied for aid to Allan, which if refused, he threatened to reveal the robbery to his aunt. For above two years had McIvor thus held his victim in the thrall, and instead of abating in his demands, was only the more importunate and greedy. A sudden cessation of hostilities about this time, had given the young soldier an opportunity to pay a visit to his aunt, and he felt grateful, if for nothing else, he should for a short period thus escape from the presence and demands of the villain, McIvor. A brief rebuke from his affectionate aunt for his extravagance was all that he received, and her heart was as open to him as ever. For many months he had resided at the home of his childhood, enjoying the sports of the field, and regarded by all the tenantry of his relative, with respect and kindness—while his winning manners and bold and handsome figure were admirably calculated to make a favorable impression upon the maidens of the neighborhood—yet there was ever a thoughtful and moody expression upon his features—his eye, dark as the wing of the raven, was never steadily fixed upon any one object, but its constant wandering betrayed a mind that was ill at ease—yet withal he was a manly and gallant youth. His costume was that of the highlander of those times. The tartan kilt, which came to the knee, betrayed the proportions of a limb worthy of an Apollo; his coat, of the same material, cut so as to expose his neck, which was of exquisite symmetry, and when not browned by the sun of summer, was as white as the snows of his native mountains. His features were of just and beautiful proportion—his hair was of the hue of the yellow harvest, while the peaked Gaelic bonnet, plumed with the wing of the eagle, surmounted a brow broad and smooth. The checkered hose, which rose midway above his ankle, were fastened with garters of crimson ribands, a brogue of russet leather encased each foot, clasped by large silver buckles—while over all was thrown in graceful negligence a plaid of ample dimensions. Thus equipped, of him it might be said—

"So stately his form and so noble his face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;"

or rather, never were the heather breasts of his mountains trodden by a nobler form.

Among the youthful beauties of Glenlyon valley, was one who was esteemed the gem of maiden loveliness, Catharine Graham. On her had Allan in his days of boyhood looked kindly, and now that he was returned a man and a soldier, he deemed that the simple heart of the maiden would be easily captivated—but pure affection reigned not in his bosom, vice had sapped it to the foundation, and deep and dark designs against her innocence were by him meditated. In vain did he seek to win her ear, in vain did he vow that she was his only idol, but the maiden had already plighted her vows in the presence of heaven to Donald Kenmure, cousin of Allan, and also a dependent on the bounty of the Lady. Indignant at thus being foiled in his machinations, a deep and deadly hatred took possession of his heart, and he resolved to blight the character of his cousin in the eyes of his aunt, and thus, if possible, accomplish the easier his design upon the maiden. To effect this, he one night entered the chamber of his aunt while she was bound in slumber, and bore from it a valuable bracelet, the gift of her deceased husband, at the same time dropping behind him the bonnet of Donald, so that suspicion was naturally enough fastened upon the poor youth, who, being accused of the theft, and although no other evidence of guilt could be produced against him, save the circumstance of his bonnet having been found in the apartment, he was condemned and committed to prison.

Poor Catharine, almost heart broken, and knowing well that her lover was innocent, pleaded hard with the Lady Alice for pardon, but the apparent ingratitude of the youth made her deaf to all entreaty, and so, as a last resource, she condescended to make application to Allan to use his interest in behalf of his poor cousin.

"On one condition," replied he, "I will. Transfer your affections from Donald to me, and I will prevail upon my aunt to procure his release from prison."

The eyes of Catharine flashed with contempt, the blood mounted to her face, and her whole frame shook with indignation. "Mean, contemptible being!" she exclaimed, "none but one who is unworthy of any woman's hand would dare to proffer such terms to an affianced maiden. What! exchange virtue for vice, truth for deceit, honor for nobleness? Never! sooner would I link myself to the festering remnants of mortality and be entombed alive, than exchange my Donald's love for the cold and selfish heart that beats within thy bosom," and rushing from the apartment, left Allan confounded and speechless.

He was standing in that position, when a servant entered and placed a packet in his hand. He started when he beheld the superscription. "Ah! 'tis from Murdoch!" he exclaimed, and staggered breathless to a chair. For some minutes he sat with his eyes fixed vacantly upon it, then mechanically broke the seal, and read as follows—

"It is already three weeks past the time appointed when I was to have received the money which you promised—but you thought that by flying from the city you would avoid me—'twas a vain thought—oceans cannot part us. The deepest solitude on earth cannot hide you from my searching eye. We are bound together by the indissoluble ties of crime, and when one falls so must the other. I am now in the neighborhood. In two days I shall expect the promised stipend—you will find me at the *pine crag beyond Saint Swithin's cave*—if you fail me—infamy will claim thee for its own."

There was no signature, but too well did Allan know the hand and truth of its contents. "Horror!" he exclaimed. "I am in the coils of the serpent—'tis in vain to struggle, I must bow me to my destiny—but how to acquire the sum? I am almost penniless—and to ask my aunt would but incur her censure, knowing well that I have here no temptation to cause my waste of money—yet he *must* be satisfied at every hazard—but how? by what means?" and he glanced his eyes around the apartment as if seeking to find an unexpected treasure—at length they alighted upon a large iron chest. "Ah! the fiend is ever with the wicked," he exclaimed, "that box has stood my friend already—Murdoch and I have revelled joyously upon its contents—it must serve me again, but how to procure the key?" and he paused as if communing with himself the means how to obtain it.

At that moment a flash of lightning followed by a loud peal of thunder roused him from his revery. "Ah! the heavens are warning me against the deed," he cried, "I will seek Murdoch and brave the worst—but where, where is he to be found?" and he looked again at the letter. '*At the Pine Crag, beyond Saint Swithin's cave.*' "Saint Swithin's cave!" he murmured to himself, then started as if some sudden thought had flashed across his brain. "The time—the hour! yes, yes, my star is propitious—to-night I will seek the page of futurity. 'Tis the eve of Hallowmas, and according to the legend of the cave, the mortal who is bold enough to speak the charm shall find three answers to three questions. If I remember rightly, 'tis thus runs the legend—

'He who dares sit in Saint Swithin's chair
When the Night Hag wings the troubled air,
Questions three if speaks the spell
He may ask and she must tell.'

Yes! by the fiends of darkness I will dare to know my fate. 'Tis already evening—the clouds are full of storm—no prying fool will be abroad to mark my movements, and unseen I may seek the counsel of the hag. If it be good, then shall I be happy and life will be worth living for—if evil, why then I know the worst, and better to be mouldering in my grave than to live upon the rack of dread uncertainty—to feel the harpy of crime for ever gnawing at my heart and know that I am at the mercy of a villain. Yes—this moment will I seek her counsel," and he rushed from the apartment, pale haggard and desperate. The rain fell in torrents. The heavens were wrapped in the sheeted lightnings, and the artillery of heaven rolled louder and louder as if thundering their vengeance against him who sought to penetrate the secrets of futurity.

The cave of Saint Swithin stood upon the borders of a broad and deep highland lake, formed of basaltic pillars, through which the waters entered to some depth, and when chafed by a tempest, used to make the hollow arches and rifted crevices, echo with a mournful and terrific sound. That night the waters lashed and roared

as if the demons of destruction were waging war upon their bosoms. With difficulty did Allan gain the cave by a narrow pathway, which winding around the base of the mountain, led to a small opening which conducted into its heart. Deep and impenetrable darkness reigned throughout, save when the lightning for a moment irradiated its walls and showed the waves heaving and swelling, tipped with their feathery foam. In one corner of the cave was a rude seat, formed by nature out of the solid rock, like a large gothic chair, and, according to the legend which from time immemorial had existed among the inhabitants, had been once the seat of the Saint Swithin, to whom innumerable virtues as well as evils were attributed, but none greater than the one contained in the episode quoted in our story. To this Allan directed his trembling footsteps, and seating himself in it, with beating heart and trembling lips pronounced the following—

> "By the sacred blood of Saint Swithin bold,
> When his naked foot traced the midnight wold,
> I call thee fiend to appear this night,
> And to me reveal thy promised plight."

Strange and unearthly voices rose upon the blast, the wind swept through the cavern with terrific fury, a bright flame rose from the water and the form of a tall and hideous looking woman stood before him. In her hand she held the branch of a pine—her hair was grizzled and fell in thick masses over her naked shoulders and bosom, displaying only a skeleton form covered with shrivelled skin—her eyes gleamed with an unearthly brightness, and her deep and sepulchral voice fell on the ear of Allan like the knell of death, while she said—"Behold! True to the spell thou hast spoke this night, I come to reveal my promised plight."

"Ah! is it so?" exclaimed Allan, "am I then in the presence of the Night Hag?"

"Yes! bold mortal, thou hast severed the seal that bound thy future destiny. Speak thy wishes and I will answer thee."

"Then be it so," cried Allan, desperation taking the place of terror in his heart. "Tell me, shall I ever hold the means to silence my enemy, Murdoch McIvor?"

"Thou shalt!" exclaimed the hag.

"And in two days?"

"In two days!" replied she.

"And by what means?" asked Allan.

"By blood!" screamed the fiend, and a loud laugh burst from her bosom.

"Horrible! horrible! and by whom shall that blood be shed?" cried Allan.

"I cannot tell—*three* answers hast thou already had—the spell is broken!" A loud clap of thunder burst in the heavens—the cave shook to its foundation, as if crumbling into pieces—and all again was darkness.

For several minutes Allan was unconscious of what had taken place, and when he began gradually to recover his senses, and the doubtful issue of his mission flashed upon his mind, he would have given worlds, had he possessed them, not to have pryed into the book of futurity. Slowly and with trembling steps he regained his aunt's mansion—but sleep was denied to him—his villainy to his poor cousin hung upon his heart and filled him with remorse, and he resolved that in the morning he should solicit for his release. He did so, his suit was fortunate, and before the noon, Donald was at liberty.

That day, according to custom, Lady Alice was seated in the family hall to receive her numerous tenantry who came to pay their yearly rents. In a corner, apart from the others, sat Allan, apparently perusing a book with intense interest, but his mind was otherwise occupied. The mysterious answers of the fiend, the dread of exposure should he not be able to meet the demands of Murdoch, and the gnawings of a guilty conscience, all were busy within him. Tenant after tenant arrived, each producing his stipulated sum to the Lady Alice. The dark eye of Allan might be seen occasionally to glance to the piles of gold and silver which heaped the table, then quickly return to the page again. "Ah!" thought he, "but a little part of that would suffice to set my mind at rest," and device was soon at work in his guilty bosom.

Before the business of the day was closed, the evening had come, and Lady Alice, after bidding her tenantry adieu, who were now enjoying her hospitality, and once more receiving Donald to her bosom, whom in her heart, she had never fairly considered guilty, ordered the books and papers to be deposited in the iron chest, which we have before alluded to, and where was kept the family plate, then collecting the money into a leathern bag, she carried it with her to her chamber for better security 'till she was able next morning to count it correctly.

To a late hour the guests kept together, and when at last they departed, the only one who remained afoot was Allan. He had retired to his chamber, but his mind was fixed upon the accomplishment of a certain act—an act of crime—the robbery of his aunt. He determined by the deed to evade the commission of murder which the night hag had prophecied would befall him, and he thought that if he could enter his aunt's chamber, as he had already done, and secure the sum that was necessary for the defrayment of Murdoch's tax, from the money yet uncounted, he might escape dectection, lull the avarice of Murdoch, and again be happy. Foolish hope—what can cover crime? Nothing!

It was now midnight, and with a silent and stealthy pace he descended from his room, and gaining the door of his aunt's, quietly undid the latch. The low breathing of the worthy matron fell upon his ear like the accusing voice of justice—his heart beat audibly against his breast—he paused, his resolution seemed to forsake him—he was about to return, but the form of Murdoch stood before his fevered sight, the finger of dishonor seemed to point at him, the angel of repentance fled from his bosom and he was again in the toils of the tempter. He gained the table and passing his hand over it, to his confusion found that the prize was not there. Where, where could she have placed it? At that moment the moon burst brightly from behind a cloud, darting its beams into the apartment with a brilliancy almost equal to that of day. Allan beheld his aunt reclining sweetly in slumber, a smile was playing on her aged features, and he thought that in the breathings of her

sleep she murmured a blessing upon his name. From beneath her pillow he saw the sought for treasure, but how to secure it—no matter, it must be done—and cautiously he slipped the wallet from its resting place, but slight as was the motion it was enough to awaken the Lady Alice—she sprang from her pillow and uttered a loud scream. Allan was endeavoring to escape from the room, but the light of the moon revealed his figure.

"Ah! Allan is it you?" she exclaimed, "would you rob your aunt?"

It was plain he was discovered, disgrace was for ever upon him—there was no way left to bury the secret but by her death—murder at once took possession of his heart—he seized his dirk, and the next moment buried it in the heart of Alice.

Her screams had aroused the household, who were now heard to be hurrying towards the chamber. How to conceal himself he knew not—he rushed into the hall, there stood the old iron chest—he knew the secret spring that unlocked it—he touched it, the lid flew open and springing into it drew the lid down, and thus lay secure from observation.

The first who reached the chamber of Lady Alice, was young Donald, who beheld the wallet laying on the floor which in his terror Allan had left behind him. He seized it, and the domestics entering and finding him there with it in his hand; their mistress murdered, and horror rendering him pale and speechless, at once concluded that he was the assassin. His former crime, which by many had been disbelieved, was now fully credited, and the ill starred Donald was arrested as the murderer of the Lady Alice.

The authorities of that time were most summary in the execution of the laws, and next day, in the hall, was Donald arraigned for trial. All testified to the situation in which they found him, and it was evident to every one, that he had deprived his aunt of life for the purpose of possessing himself of the money collected for the rents the day previous. But yet Allan was missing, he could be no where found. Had he too been destroyed for the better purpose of advancing the views of the cruel Donald? Poor Allan! but yesterday he had obtained the release of the murderer from jail—alas! but to destroy thy aunt and perhaps thy noble self.

In brief, Donald was doomed the following morning to suffer death, and the poor youth was on the eve of being carried to prison from the hall, when a female voice in loud tones was heard exclaiming without—"This way, villain! you shall not escape me, help! help! here is the murderer!" All eyes were directed to the quarter from whence the voice came, and Catharine Graham burst into the hall, pale and almost exhausted, dragging with her the villain Murdoch, and followed by a crowd of people.

"What means this, girl?" exclaimed the judge. "Who is that man whom you have dragged hither?"

"He is the murderer!" cried Catharine, "the assassin of Lady Alice—he that was seen lurking about this place two years ago, when the family plate was stolen from that iron chest."

Several individuals testified at once to his identity.

"Speak, fellow, what know you of the murder?" demanded the judge.

"Nothing!" replied Murdoch, sulkily.

"How came you in this quarter at the very time that murder had been committed?"

"I came to see—to see—" and Murdoch looked around, thinking that he would recognize Allan.

"To see whom? speak sirrah!"

"Why to see an old crony of mine, Allan Mentieth."

A deep cry of astonishment ran throughout the throng, while the judge continued—"And for what purpose?"

"Why, to receive payment of a small bond which was owing by him unto me," replied Murdoch.

"What was the nature of that bond?"

"That is a secret between ourselves," said the ruffian.

"Were you ever in these parts before?"

"Why, yes—I think I was—"

"And on what occasion?"

"Why, to see my friend Allan to be sure. Have you aught more to ask of me?"

"Yes, and expect that you will answer without prevarication—on your truth depends your acquittal."

"Umph!" muttered Murdoch, doggedly.

"You were in this neighborhood when the family plate was extracted from yonder chest, some two years since?"

"I was!"

"And you were the person that did so!"

"'Tis false!" shouted Murdoch in a voice of thunder. "'Tis false! it was not me—it was—" and he paused suddenly, as if afraid of revealing the secret.

"Who? speak, fellow—your life depends on your answer," replied the judge.

"Why, then, if I must tell, it was my young friend, Allan Mentieth."

A thrill of horror burst from the crowd.

"How, Allan Mentieth, 'tis impossible—you wish to exculpate yourself by casting the guilt upon an innocent man. Were Allan here you would not dare to say this, besides I suspect that you have murdered *him* as well as the Lady Alice."

"Murder—no, no, I am bad enough, but my hands are yet free from blood! Allan not to be found, 'tis singular. I could stake my neck against a halter that he is not far from here," said Murdoch.

"We shall look to that hereafter," continued the judge. "But you confess that you were accessary to the stealing of the plate, some two years since?"

"I do!"

"I remember it was said that there was a secret spring to the chest, which must have been known to the parties—if therefore what you say be true, prove it by pointing out that spring."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Murdoch. "That I can easily do—make way there, and I'll show you."

The domestics stood aside, and the ruffian approaching the chest, touched a spring—the lid flew open—and the body of Allan Mentieth was discovered, cold and lifeless from suffocation.

Terror and amazement stood on every countenance—

and the evidence of Murdoch, with other circumstances, showed that Allan was the murderer, and Donald innocent.

More need not be said—the tale is told, gentle reader, which shows that if there are indeed supernatural agents, and mortals seek their help—they will find, that they but "keep the word of promise to our ear, and break it to our hopes."

Original.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

BY MARY ANNE BROWNE.

She sat beside him—'twas a Summer eve—
Lightly and calmly did the ocean heave
Beneath the gentle wind that stirred above,
Like her own bosom 'neath the breath of love,
His love, who drew her gently to his side,
Blest that at last he called his loved one, bride.
Out from the twilight, here and there a beam
Of brightening starlight stole, with trembling gleam,
Lighting the dew-drops on the hawthorn bough,
That bent with wreaths, like one that bound her brow
His hand had twined. They were alone, their bliss
So perfect that they only knew that this
Was *happiness*—they had no time to think
Or measure joy. They stood upon the brink
Of a sweet stream—to quench the heart's deep thirst
They waited not, nor asked if storms might burst,
Or poison springs defile its onward course—
The present thralled them with a gentle force;—
All that in hours gone by their hearts had dreamed
Of past and future as dim shadows seemed,
How could those wedded lovers fear or grieve
In such a twilight as their marriage eve?

She sat beside him—'twas an Autumn noon,
Not like the cloudless firmament of June,
(So bright to look at from a shady bower,
So scorching if ye venture 'neath its power,
Like fame that seemeth pleasant while ye lie
In the mild shadow of obscurity,)
Was the sky o'er them, yet 'twas beautiful,
So calm, and blue, and mild, that it might lull
The heart of very madness into rest,
A few white cloudlets floated o'er its breast;
The ocean had no waves, only its long
Continuous ripple, and the sailor's song
Swept thro' the stilly air. In matron pride
Sat the fair woman, erst a gentle bride—
No burning crimson glowed upon her cheek
Yet its pure rose did happiness bespeak,
And she was listening, with a gentle smile
Upon her lip, and yet the tears the while
In her dark eyes, as from the Poet's page
He read some legend of another age;
Their love had now a calmer, holier feeling,
Even like a mellow day of Autumn stealing
Over their middle life, and softening down
Their thoughts and passions, more than ever *one*!
When they first wedded they could scarce believe
Their union not a dream that must deceive—
Now, so entwined were they, so *one* in heart,
They marvelled how they ever lived apart!

Turn to a sadder scene—the Summer's day
Stole feebly thro' the curtains where he lay
Stretched on his couch, she sat beside him still,
Watching each feverish start each fearful thrill,
Watching the pulse, the fluttering of the breath,
And waiting for the turn for life or death,
'Twas life, for the red fever passed away,
And cool and tranquil as a babe he lay,
'Twas life, but ah, what life! for never came
Reason again, the fever's withering flame
Had over tasked the brain with pangs intense,
Had poisoned every spring of thought and sense
Save one, his love for her—that still remained,
Stronger and deeper now the rest were chained.

She sat beside him—followed him where'er
He wandered, merged in one her every care;
'Twas now each passionate thought and feeling high
Awaked in all its youthful energy,
He knew no other voice, no other face,
Would suffer none his devious paths to trace
Save her, and from no other hand would take
His needful food, and only for her sake;
She sat beside him, his thin hand in hers,
'Twas such a moment as the bosom stirs
With all deep feeling, for 'twas in the scene
Where all their hours of early love had been;
A tear was in her eye, there seemed to be
A moment's pause in his insanity,
He spoke not, but he pressed his lip upon
Her finger where the marriage circlet shone,
Gazed in her face with one intense long look,
Then a strange, sudden change his features shook,
His drooping head upon her shoulder press'd—
It was a corpse that leaned upon her breast.

And still she is beside him—of her heart,
Her joy, her very life he was a part,
The spring had failed from whence its vigor came,
The oil consumed that fed her spirit's flame,
For her the sunshine had a shadow now,
For her the wind had wailings faint and low,
Why should she tarry here?
Day after day
She sought the churchyard where his ashes lay,
And lingered long, nor loved to turn away;
She felt her home was there.
And her release
Was near at hand, she pass'd in perfect peace,
Those constant hearts death might not long divide.
And now she slumbers calmly by his side.

Liverpool, England.

It is only in the ignorance of the people, and in their consequent imbecility, that governments or demagogues can find the means of mischief.

Original.

RETRIBUTION;

OR, THE LAST LORD OF DUNRAVEN.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

On the coast of Glamorganshire, about nine miles south-east of Cowbridge, stands a high rocky headland, projecting a considerable distance into the sea, and forming a point, called by the natives, "*The Witch's Point.*" This cliff, which is very lofty, and broken in a most picturesque manner, is the site of a building of great antiquity, known by the name of Dunraven Castle. The date of its erection is unknown, but many parts of it appear to resemble a religious house, rather than a fortalice, and so many different styles of architecture are to be found in different portions of the mansion, that there can be little doubt of its having received additions from several succeeding proprietors. A large chapel which formerly occupied a wing of the castle, has been converted into lodging-rooms, and beneath it is still to be seen a walled arch, which is said to be the burial vault of the ancient lords of Dunraven. The elevated situation of the castle, gives it the command of many beautiful views; and on a stormy day, when the surf dashes over the high rocky cliff, the prospect from the western windows of the house is truly sublime. But notwithstanding its picturesque beauties, Dunraven Castle is a lonely and desolate abode. A part of it only is in habitable order, and a few old servants, whose duty it is to keep it from utter decay, are the only occupants of the place, except during about six weeks in the hunting season, when the present owner usually brings a party of friends to enjoy the sport which his secluded manor affords. The ancient race of the Vaughans—the former Lords of Dunraven, is extinct, and an English gentleman, a stranger to the blood of the original proprietors, now holds the tenure of the estate. But the tradition connected with the extinction of the Vaughan family, is one of strange and almost mysterious interest, while the dark tragedy of which Dunraven was the scene, may well account for its desertion and desolation.

Many years of a wild and reckless life had passed away, when Thomas Vaughan, the last Lord of Dunraven, returned to take up his abode in the home of his ancestors. In his boyhood, his name had been only another word for all that was mischievous and evil; in his early youth he was an object of fear and dislike, not only to all the tenants of his father's manor, but also to all the neighboring peasantry; and, when, in the first years of manhood, he broke from all the social restraints of life, and fled from Dunraven to plunge into the excesses of London, no one, excepting his broken-hearted parents regretted his absence from the scene of his youthful vices. From that time, little was known of his career, except from vague and uncertain rumor, but the knowledge of his early habits rendered every evil report probable. The death of his parents soon followed his desertion of them; and the only evidence which his servants received of his accession to the estate, was to be found in the orders which he gave for raising money from it, by every possible means. The fine old hall was allowed to become dilapidated—the woods were felled—the family plate was melted into coin, and every thing, in short, bore testimony to the wilful waste and prodigality of the heir of the Vaughans. But at length even these resources failed, and nothing was left but the rents of the farms which appertained to the estate. This was too sluggish a stream of wealth to the young Lord of Dunraven. He suddenly disappeared from all his accustomed haunts—his letters to the old steward ceased, and for nearly ten years he was believed to be numbered with the dead.

But, wherever he might have concealed himself, or whatever might have been his course of life during that long period, he was certainly not without the means of communication with his native land; for, no sooner did the heir-at-law commence legal measures to take possession of the Dunraven property, than Thomas Vaughan re-appeared in England. Vague rumors were afloat respecting his long absence. It was hinted that he had washed from his brow the sign of the cross, or, at least, hidden it beneath the crescented turban, while his hand had become too familiar with the scimitar of a Turkish corsair. But these were whisperings, vague and indistinct as the rustling of summer foliage. He had returned a changed and (as it seemed,) a better man. He now possessed wealth, and while this, in connection with his high birth and prepossessing manners afforded him a passport into the best society of every land, few could be found hardy enough to ask whence he had derived the golden talisman of power. Whatever vices he might now retain, they were at least concealed beneath the veil of decorum, and Vaughan of Dunraven soon became a favorite among the votaries of fashion. His extreme beauty of person, rendered the task of pleasing the gentler sex, one of little difficulty, and it was not long before he succeeded in winning the hand of a young and artless girl, many years his junior, whose wealth was to him her greatest attraction, and whose timid and *characterless* mind was no match for his crafty temper.

Immediately after his marriage, he had ordered that Dunraven castle should be prepared for his reception, and thither, with his young and lovely wife, he repaired to take up his future abode. Twenty-five years had elapsed since he had fled from his ancestral halls in secrecy and shame, yet time had dealt so lightly with him, that they who looked on him, almost doubted the evidence of their own senses. Tall and majestic in person, he possessed the fair complexion and bright luxuriant hair which had long characterized the Vaughan family. Though nearly fifty winters might be numbered since he had been borne to the baptismal fount in Dunraven Castle, yet his brow was as smooth, and his cheek as unfurrowed as in his boyhood. But there was an effeminate roundness of outline to his features, and a sinister expression in his soft blue eyes, which would scarcely have pleased a physiognomist. "Beware," says an old writer, "beware of an effeminate man, and of a masculine woman; for, in the *first*, thou wilt find

craft and cunning—the vices of a feeble character—conjoined with the evil passions of man's rude nature; while, in the last, will be found many an unwomanly trait, and many a manly passion." Whatever truth may be contained in the warning, it is certain that the statistics of crime afford a striking proof of the correctness of *one half* of the assertion, and in a most singular statement, which I once saw respecting notorious murderers, it was proved that at least three fourths of the most atrocious murders had been committed by fair, soft-voiced, and effeminate-looking men. There was another peculiarity in the manners of the Lord of Dunraven, which may generally be considered a decisive proof of a character deficient in frank honesty. He never looked directly in the face of those whom he met; there was a downcast glance—a veiling of the eyes—as if he feared too much might be discerned in their liquid orbs. His voice was like music, so soft and honied were its tones—but it was the music of a long studied and artfully arranged harmony, not the utterance of a natural melody. There was a something too placid in his handsome face, too dulcet in the accents of his low voice. While observing his quiet gliding step, and the immobility of his serene features, or listening to the monotonous sweetness of his tones, one was unconsciously reminded of the velvety softness of the feline race, and the idea of a beautiful tiger in repose, involuntarily suggested itself to the imagination.

Whether the distrust which he generally excited might be attributed to his personal peculiarities, or whether it was the result of his early misdeeds, it would be difficult to determine, but he certainly was no favorite among the neighboring gentry. Dunraven Castle had been refitted, and partially refurnished, so that the old place possessed an air of comfort which it had not known for many years. But rarely did its walls echo to the sound of mirth and social enjoyment. Mr. Vaughan seemed absorbed in his own pursuits, whatever they might be, and his wife was one of those spiritless and feeble creatures, whom one act of tyranny is sufficient to enslave for life. She was evidently in great awe of her husband, and she went through her daily duties like one who felt the weight of some invisible chain fettering the free impulses of thought and word and deed.

About a mile west of Dunraven Castle, is an extraordinary excavation, worn by the waves in the rocky cliff. A passage some two hundred feet in length—one entrance of which faces the east, the other, and more imposing one, the south—formed into something resembling a rude colonade, supported by large masses of rock, runs through a stack of rocks, in a direction parallel to the shore. At some distance from this grand subterranean hall, is a deep cavern, which bears the name of the "Wind Hole," from the singular fact that there are narrow spiracles leading up from it to the top of the cliff, through which, when the tide is high, the wind rushes with such fury, that if a hat be placed over the aperture, it is instantly blown with great violence into the air. These singular caves in the solid stone, though well worthy the visits of the curious, had long lost all their novelty to the inhabitants, and excepting that the rocky colonade was a favorite resort of the fisher-boys, it was now rarely explored. It was not generally known, therefore, that a communication existed between the subterranean hall at the edge of the cliff, and the deeper cavern beyond. Still less was it expected that a narrow winding passage, the opening of which was concealed amid the burial vaults of Dunraven Chapel, led directly from the castle to the cavern. When or why this dark and tortuous path had been excavated, it would be impossible now to determine, but the remains of chapels and dormitories and vaults, which prove Dunraven to have once been a religious house, might allow us to conjecture that possibly the monks of the olden time had thus hollowed out, a secret entrance to the world beyond their walls.

Whatever might have been the purpose for which it was originally designed, the present Lord of Dunraven quickly found its use. Seldom did the gates of the old castle unclose to admit cheerful guests, yet often were the windows seen gleaming with lights, and often were the sounds of revelry borne on the midnight breeze to the humble cottages of the tenants. Guests came and went like shadows. Night often closed upon the solitary inmates of the castle, and morning broke upon them as solitary as the evening had found them, yet, between the midnight hour and the cock-crowing, strange forms had flitted across the lofty banquetting-hall, and wine had flowed in full streams around the plentiful board. The servants marvelled at these things, but they dared ask no questions. One domestic alone—a diminutive and swarthy boy, who knew no other language than the strange gutteral speech in which his master addressed him, and who never replied except by signs, seemed to possess the confidence of Mr. Vaughan. He was the sole attendant at these midnight orgies, and it is not strange that the ignorant peasants should have imbibed the notion that the Lord of Dunraven dealt in wizard lore, and that his guests were the ghostly habitants of another world. The boy they regarded with fear and horror, as the attendant imp of the mysterious lord, nor was the feeling diminished by the malicious looks and gestures of Malek, who, finding himself an object of dislike, delighted in terrifying them by opening his expansive jaws, and displaying a mouth garnished with long sharp glittering teeth, but destitute of the least remnant of a *tongue*.

Time passed away; nothing had occurred to give form and consistency to the vague suspicions which had been excited in the minds of all the neighborhood, towards Mr. Vaughan, and yet the dislike and distrust of him was unbounded. It was said that a strange and suspicious-looking vessel was often seen hovering around the coast of Glamorganshire; and those who rejected the supernatural from their belief, traced Mr. Vaughan's mysterious visitors rather to the ship, than to the place of departed spirits. But whether he was engaged with smugglers or pirates, was not to be discovered, and men dared not draw down his resentment by too close an inquiry, for, notwithstanding their dislike of him, there yet existed one common ground on which the

neighbors all met, and in which they had an equal interest, Strange as it may seem, all who lived on that dangerous and rock-bound coast, whatever might be their rank or station, were literally *wreckers*.. The spoils cast up by the sea, were, by common consent, the property of him on whose manor they fell, and many a rich treasure was thus acquired by the proprietors of land on the sea shore. About five miles from Dunraven may still be seen a tall watch-tower, near to Saint Donat's Castle, where a sentinel was always stationed to give notice when a ship in distress appeared, in order that the lord of the castle might take possession of such of the wreck as should be driven ashore. Whether the beacon light which often blazed on the watch-tower, was placed there for the benevolent purpose of warning vessels from the iron coast, may well be doubted, for, certain it is, that, previous to the return of the Lord of Dunraven, almost every vessel that suffered shipwreck on those rocks, went ashore on Saint Donat's manor. What a horrid custom is that which thus offers a premium to cruelty, and makes the land more perilous to the shipwrecked mariner, than the cruel sea from whose yawning jaws he has just escaped. Who does not blush for human nature, when he remembers the scenes which have been enacted, not only on the savage coast of Cornwall, but even on the dangerous shoals of our own sea coast, in these days of enlightened humanity?

The good fortune of the Lord of Saint Donat's, changed with the coming of the crafty Dunraven, and he was doomed to see from his high tower, the remnant of many a 'rich argosy,' strewed on the rocky beach of his neighbor's manor. Mr. Vaughan held no parley with his neighbor's on the subject, but he gathered up spoils of gold and merchandize, and even the rude garments stripped from the swollen limbs of the drowned, were collected into his storehouse. The Lord of Dunraven had undergone the change which often converts the spendthrift into the miser. He had been a reckless prodigal, flinging his gold like pebbles in his path, until he had been sorely pinched by poverty and distress. He had seen himself deserted by the friends of his prosperity, as soon as his money was exhausted; and he had lived to win rank among men, and love among women, by regaining his lost wealth. All the passions of his evil nature, therefore, seemed concentrated and condensed in the comprehensive vice of avarice. It was this which had led him to traverse the tideless Mediterranean as the leader of a pirate crew—it was this that brought him back to his native land, when his estate was in jeopardy—it was this that induced him to wed the child-like heiress—it was this that drew him to the lonely hearth of his ancestral home, in order to hoard up his treasures, and the raging of the winds and waves around his cliff-built castle, had taught him a new lesson of rapine and lust of gold.

In the dark, smooth, deceitful character of the Lord of Dunraven, there was but one redeeming quality; and this was his *paternal affection*. Even while treating his wife with cold-hearted cruelty, he was passionately attached to his twin sons, the only offspring of his marriage. However his evil passions might be aroused towards others, to them he was ever kind. The mysterious bond of union which nature seems to form between twin children, he sought to strengthen by every means in his power, for he meant that brotherly love should make the inheritance of Dunraven an equal gift to both. The boys loved each other tenderly, and never were they seen asunder. Beautiful were they both, with their long, fair curling locks, their snowy complexion, and the ruddy glow of mountain health upon their round cheeks. And proud was the father—guilt-stained and evil as he might be—proud was the father of these noble scions of an ancient stock. He determined to train them up in the strict seclusion of Dunraven Castle, and when time should have developed the faculties of their minds and bodies, he designed to be their guide through the mazes of the world, trusting that his own dangerous experience would enable him to guard them from contact with the evils he had himself encountered. But above all, he resolved to make them rich; they should be the first in wealth as well as in beauty and in honor; and with this tender love and proud ambition for his boys ever awake within his heart, he pursued his dark and tortuous course of crime and cruelty.

Night after night in the season of darkness and storms, a light appeared on the Dunraven Cliffs. Sometimes it gleamed from one point of the headland, sometimes it glittered at another, but still it shone over the waters like a beacon-light, proffering hope, and alas! leading only to despair. The Lord of Saint Donat's had watched in vain to discover the source of this light which flashed along the dark waters. No tower—no lofty pinnacle arose on the Dunraven manor, and it shone not from the windows of the castle; but had he known that a noble black steed, *shod with felt*, and bearing a *lantern* suspended from his neck, had been trained to traverse the edge of the cliff, he would not have been at a loss to understand the decree of the wicked Lord of Dunraven. Many were the wrecks which strewed the shore, and it was frequently observed that while the poor sailors were frequently rescued from the waves, the passengers, whose effects might be counted of richer worth, rarely lived to reach the land. Malek could swim like a native of the element; his skill in diving was wonderful, and though he was ever ready to go to the relief of the struggling wretches, he never succeeded in bringing them safe to the shore. Many a jewelled casket—many a bag of gold did he draw from the stranded vessels, as they lay creaking and grinding upon the rocks, for he could venture where any one else would have found certain death—but the only treasure which Malek could never rescue, was the precious gift of life.

In the meantime the boys were springing up in beauty and grace, beloved by everybody, excepting the swarthy Malek, and making the old castle merry with their childish glee. Indulged by their father in every wish, there was only one passion in their young hearts which he refused to gratify. He shrunk from seeing them launched on the wild waters which surrounded Dunraven castle, and despite of their entreaties, he resolutely forbade them from entering a boat, or venturing out

from the shore. But with all the wilfulness of petted children, they longed for the forbidden pleasure, and every moment that they could steal from their father's notice, was spent upon the rocky beach. The colonnade beneath the cliff, was a favorite resort, and they wandered over its resounding and rocky floor, with their hearts filled with vain longings to bound over the blue waves, which almost laved their feet within the cavern. Early one morning Mr. Vaughan had left home on business which would detain him until nightfall, but ere he went he had uttered some fierce rebuke to Malek. None knew what was the cause of his displeasure, but all could read the meaning of Malek's awful look, when his master, roused to intemperate passion by the sullen demeanor of the culprit, with a blow of his fist felled the boy to the ground. Malek arose slowly, and as he wiped the blood from a wound in his temple, he looked fixedly after Mr. Vaughan as he rode rapidly down the path from the castle. A livid hue overspread his swarthy features, his eyes gleamed with fierce light, and clenching his hands together, he raised them above his head, at the same time uttering a wild and terrible cry. It was but a few hours after this occurrence, which had only been witnessed by a few of the servants, that the youthful brothers came to seek the assistance of Malek. They had determined to take advantage of their master's absence, in order to enjoy a day's fishing on the Swiscar rock, and they besought Malek to aid them in procuring the boat. For a moment Malek hesitated, but suddenly a gleam of joy lighted up his dark face, and making signs of assent, he hurried away.

The Swiscar Rock, as it is called, stands directly in sight of Dunraven Castle, but so far from the shore, that though perfectly dry at low water, it is entirely submerged as soon as the tide rises. To this place Malek guided the boat, and landing the boys safely on the rock, busied himself in arranging their fishing apparatus. As soon as he found them deeply engaged in their sport, however, he loosed the boat, and rowed rapidly to the main land. When he approached it, he suddenly leaped from the boat, which he suffered to float away with the receding tide, and plunging through the waves, he reached the rocky colonade, where he concealed himself from view amid the intricate windings of the cavern. Unconscious of the danger which awaited them, the boys laughed and sung and shouted in childish glee, and delighted with their success in having attained the object for which they so long panted, they took little heed of the lapse of time. Suddenly, however—for slowly as the tide had risen, the discovery came upon them like a thunderbolt—they perceived that the rock, which, at morn, had stood high and black in the sunbeams, now presented only a stony tablet, entirely encircled by the rushing waves. They waited long for Malek's return, while the rock beneath them gradually displayed less and less of its corroded surface. They cried loudly for help, but the voice of the waters rose high above their feeble accents, and it was not until the spot to which they clung, had dwindled to a foot breadth of dry land in the midst of a waste of waters, that their peril was discovered. Alas! it was discovered only to add to the horror of those who beheld it. The boat was gone, and no other could be obtained. The selfish policy of Mr. Vaughan had forbidden his tenants to own a boat, lest they should be thus enabled to board wrecks, before he should derive the first benefit from them, and there were now no means of access to the helpless boys. Vain were all attempts to reach them. Urged by the distress of the wretched mother, several of the peasants attached themselves to ropes, and strove to wade out to the rock, but the fierce surf whose violence was now increased by a strong wind, drove them back bruised and bleeding upon the shore. The sun set in a deep bank of heavy clouds—the cry of the sea-gulls was heard at intervals between the rushing of the mighty winds and the wild dashing of the cruel waters, and every thing portended a fearful storm. Higher and higher rose the waves, yet the brothers still clung together on the rock. The waters covered their graceful forms as with a veil of diamond spray, and their beautiful faces, and long fair curls, heavy with moisture, were still seen above the boiling surge, when suddenly a vivid flash of lightning illumined the firmament—a loud crash of thunder stunned the senses of the fearful gazers on the beach—and the next moment the waters swept in triumph over the Swiscar Rock. The beautiful and gentle boys were gone!

It was late on the dark and stormy evening when Mr. Vaughan turned his course homeward. With all his desperate courage, he lacked moral strength, and rather would he have faced an armed man, than thus encounter darkness and tempest, when alone in the presence of his Maker. He pushed rapidly forward, trusting to his sure-footed and well trained steed, whose jetty hue and singular docility had induced the superstitious peasants to class him with the swarthy Malek, as myrmidons of the wizard Lord of Dunraven. The night was intensely dark, but Vaughan knew that he might trust to the animal's sagacity, and he therefore stayed not his speed for rocky pass or rough foothold. But ere they reached Dunraven Cliff, he was led to doubt the sagacity to which he had trusted. The lights which he believed to be those of Dunraven Castle, were gleaming on the right hand, while the horse seemed resolutely bent on pursuing the left hand path. At length yielding to the impetuous temper which characterized him when not under the control of his profound dissimulation, Vaughan drove his spurs into the creature's sides until the rowels were dyed in blood, and wheeling him suddenly round, dashed furiously onward in the direction of the lights. Maddened with pain, the noble animal pushed forward at the top of his speed, until he reached the very brink of the cliff, when, perceiving his danger, he suddenly stopped, and his rider was precipitated over his head, sheer down a precipice, at least, an hundred feet in height.

Vaughan had been deceived even as he had often deceived others. The lights which had led him astray were the torches of those who were watching for the moment when the waves should fling back upon the shore the bodies of the hapless children. A bleeding and senseless, but not lifeless body, he was borne to

the castle. Crushed out of the very semblance of humanity, he still retained a spark of the vital principle, and although all speech and motion were gone for ever, he yet awoke to consciousness. He heard the words of all around him; they spoke as if in presence of the dead, for they knew not that his ears drank in every sound. He listened to the denunciation of those who had hated him—he caught the sounds which told of bitter retribution for a life of crime, and, at length, slowly and painfully did his troubled mind gather the awful tidings of his children's fate. There he lay, like a trampled worm, unable to utter a sound, save the deep and bitter moans of agony, while coldly and carelessly men talked of the death—the fearful death of his darling boys! The thread of life, tenacious though it seemed, was too frail to bear such a fearful vibration, and ere the morning dawned, all that remained of the stately beauty of the Lord of Dunraven, was a frightful mass of disfigured humanity.

The bodies of the twins, still twined in a close embrace, were cast ashore, the next day, on Saint Donat's manor, and the clasp of paternal love which even the waters had failed to dissever, was left unbroken when they were consigned to the burial-place of their ancestors. One shroud, one coffin, and one grave, received those who had thus been united in birth and in death; while borne on the same bier were the mutilated remains of the last Lord of Dunraven.

Malek, the vindictive Arab, was never again seen in Glamorganshire, but a dumb boy, answering to his description, was found to have begged his way to London, and there, in that sink of vice and misery, all trace of him was lost for ever. Deprived of the means of expressing his wants, except by signs, and habituated, from his childhood, to crime, his career was doubtless one of vice and misery, and, in all probability, was soon at an end. Mrs. Vaughan's weak mind was completely overpowered by the terrible shock it had sustained; and she sunk into a state of mental imbecility, which, while it darkened the mirror of memory, left her the capacity for enjoying childish amusements. By the kindness of the heir-at-law, she was removed from Dunraven Castle, and spent the remainder of a very long life, surrounded by toys and playthings, such as would have charmed an infant, apparently quite happy and contented, though necessarily kept under guardianship as a confined lunatic.

Such is the tradition of the last of the Vaughans, and surely the sins of the father were visited upon the children in the fearful retribution which awaited the spoiler of the seas.

NOTE.—I refer the curious reader to Grose's Antiquities of England and Wales, 7th vol., for the tradition on which the foregoing tale is founded.

Brooklyn, L. I.

THAT man, who, to the utmost of his power, augments the great mass of public or individual happiness, will, under every institution, and in spite of all opposition, be the happiest of all men himself.

Original.

THE FOREST FREE.

BY GRENVILLE MELLEN.

THEY tell us, as we wander
Through the city's sounding ways,
Of a Freedom old men struggled for,
In red and weary days—
Of a great and priceless Liberty,
When Father fell for son,
And a nation harness'd to the cry,
"Forth! for the day's begun!"

We tell them as they wander
Through the forest and the hill,
That Freedom walk'd them like a god,
Ere rang the rushing mill—
That through the lone grass and the glade,
Strong as the lifting sea,
Ere bow'd an oak to gleaming blade,
We walk'd—the Forest Free!

The Forest Free—our helmets
Were our long and shadowy hair—
The shield that nerv'd our brazen arms
The bow that dangled there—
The charter that we pointed to,
Was trac'd upon the sky,
Above the cloud where eagles flew—
The golden page on high.

'Twas not the trumpet anthem,
The cannon's tribute sound,
That told our empire's story,
'Mid the echoes of our ground!
It was the voice unbroken,
That rang from tree to tree—
Clearer than blast of bugle, then—
Voice of the Forest Free!

The Forest Free!—our thunder
Found deep-mouth'd thunder then,
From crag and valley all untrod,
Save by the forest men!
Its herald flash leapt then from cloud,
Which, charg'd with fire divine,
Sail'd where the storm went quick and loud,
Round the rejoicing pine!

That tree which told of Freedom
To every far-voic'd band
That swept, like gush of mountain wave
The green and silent land!
The tree, that like some flag of power,
'Topping a giant sea,
Stood forth, a token and a tower
Over the Forest Free!

The Forest Free! Oh, never
To charters made by men,
Shall yield that nobler Liberty
That link'd and led us then!
'Twas not a thing which sire to son,
Pass'd downward like a vow—
The PAST, with *them*, had but begun—
Their FUTURE was but NOW!

But now we all are pilgrims—
We mark the steps of power
In the thunder of your cities,
The roaring ship, and tower!
But never can the monument
God built not bow our knee
Like the pine, whose shadow was a tent
Over the FOREST FREE!

Original.

RAPIN OF THE ROCK;

OR, THE OUTLAW OF THE OHIO.

A TALE OF THE "CAVE-IN-ROCK."*

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'LAFITTE,' 'THE QUADROON,' ETC.

One autumn night, early in the present century, there lay concealed in a dark inlet of the Ohio river, a low black barge filled with motionless and silent men. The moon had been up half an hour, and, overtopping the trees on the opposite bank, shone in a broad floor of light across the placid water; but the mouth of the inlet was so densely covered by overhanging and low-drooping branches of water-oaks and sycamores, and a net-work of tangled wild vines, that not a ray had yet penetrated the covert in which the barge was lying in wait. The inlet ran but a little way into the land, and from its glen-like depth, silence and gloom, it seemed a fit lair for the preyer to dart forth from upon his prey. The boat was broad and flat in the beam, of great length and very sharp forward, with a square stern, on which was raised a sort of deck. She had no mast, and was manned by twenty oarsmen in loose blue shirts and deer-skin caps and leggins, with broad belts garnished with pistols. In the stern sat a middle-aged man in a fox-skin cap, with the tail hanging down his back, and a leathern hunting-shirt, confined to his broad, thick waist by a cord of deer's hide. He wore crimson leggins and moccasins, and in the hollow of his left arm carelessly rested a long, heavy rifle. He was a man of large stature and vigorous form, with sinews endured to every hardship of the wilderness. His features were bold and of an elevated character, and his skin was embrowned by exposure, to the swarthy hue of the Indian. He was silent, and like the rest in the boat, in the attitude of expectation. Beside him sat a resolute looking youth, habited like the oarsmen, save that he wore in additon to their costume, a crimson sash as the badge of superiority. His hand rested on the short helm and he evidently was the steersman of the barge. There was no conversation, and scarcely was their breathing audible. Suddenly a low, prolonged whistle was heard from some point above the banks of the inlet, and the moment afterwards a tall young man in a rich hunting-dress, and wearing a bonnet ornamented with the war-eagle's crest, descended the bank and leaped on board.

"They come!" he said, in a low guarded tone. "Dip your oar-blades just beneath the surface, men, and be ready to send the barge into the deep stream at a single effort!"

Twenty oars fell lightly into the water, the men sat in the attitude to obey his order. In a few minutes afterwards, the silence that followed his words was broken by the distant fall of heavy sweeps from the river, as if a freighted barge was laboriously making its slow way up against the stream. Nearer and nearer the sounds came, and soon after there appeared in sight one of those keel-boats that in that day navigated the western rivers. Slowly it ascended against the current, keeping far out in the middle of the stream, as if purposely avoiding the shore, along which, with a line passed from tree to tree, it was usually towed. It was deeply laden with merchandize from New Orleans, and seemed also to contain passengers, for occasional notes of a guitar, accompanied by a rich manly tone, with a sweet female voice intermingling, came pleasantly across the wave to the ears of those in the concealed barge. Slowly and heavily it ascended until it had crossed the wake of the moon and got some distance higher up the stream than the inlet, when the young man who had leaped into the barge, cried in a thrilling tone—

"*Now!* Let her slip!"

Like an arrow loosened from the bow-string, the barge shot out from the dark inlet into the bright river, and still impelled forward by a score of flashing oars, cast the spray high from her prow as she swiftly approached the ascending boat. In a few seconds she was under her stern, and the young captain sprang from the little deck upon which he had been standing, on board of her.

"Make no resistance and your lives are safe," he cried coolly.

So unexpected was the appearance of the barge and so bold and daring the act, that the few men on board had neither time nor disposition for defending themselves. Without a word they submitted, and at the command of their captor began to pull in towards the inlet. On the bows of the captured barge was constructed a small cabin for the accommodation of such passengers as occasionally chose this mode of conveyance to reach the Canadas and Atlantic states from New Orleans. Towards this apartment, the young man, who had suffered none to come on board save himself and the hunter, now made his way. Before its entrance was dropped a curtain, and he heard from within the low voices of prayer. He hesitated, for he was just about to enter, and paused to listen. He could not hear the words distinctly, but the sweet tone of voice in which they were uttered and the tearful eloquence of the pleader, spoke to his heart. He gently put aside the curtain. With her back towards him, he beheld kneeling before a crucifix, a graceful girl, with light flowing hair covering her shoulders and half concealing a figure of exquisite symmetry. Beside her, with his left arm about her waist, knelt a youth scarce twenty years of age. In his right hand he grasped a richly chased pistol, with the muzzle directed to her heart, while his calm eye was set resolutely upon the entrance to the cabin, as if expecting momently to see it violently crossed. He was a strikingly handsome and manly youth, with hair like the plumage of the raven, a high, pale forehead, with a Grecian profile of the highest finish. His person was tall and strikingly elegant, and grace rather than strength, had given the last touches in filling up the outline.

The young Captain saw at a glance his sacrificial

* A romantic cave on the river's bank, twenty leagues above the mouth of the Ohio, famous as having been, in former years, the haunt of a band of river pirates, headed by a young man of a singularly bold and adventurous character.

intention, and was for a moment uncertain what course to take to prevent it; for he felt convinced from his determined eye as well as from the waiting submission of the maiden, that he would offer her up a victim to virgin purity if he should make the first step to advance. His bold spirit, however, soon came to a decision. At a single bound he was beside the youth, and in an instant possessed himself of the weapon. In the struggle it went off, and the ball passing through the cabin door, slightly wounded one of the oarsmen in the barge. Instantly the deck of the captured boat was crowded with his companions, who rushed towards the cabin with cocked pistols and cries of vengeance.

"Ho! what is this folly?" demanded the chief, confronting them. "Back to the barge, and he who dares leave it without orders, shall be shot in earnest! To your boat!"

"We thought violence had been done you, Captain, and came to your assistance," said one of the men, apologetically.

"Not a word more—clear the deck, every man of you!" He was obeyed with the readiness of men accustomed to obey without question; and then turning to the youth, he said in a courteous tone—"Pardon my wildness, sir, in wresting your pistol from you—but I divined your fatal purpose, and was desirous of averting it. Be under no apprehension, sir, on this maiden's account." As he spoke he looked towards the young girl, who still knelt as before—but, now, with her face laid upon her arms and buried in her cloud of hair. "She is doubtless your sister?"

The youth impatiently paced the little cabin several times without replying to this interrogatory, and then abruptly stopped and looked the young Captain for a moment full in the face—"Yes, she is my *sister*," he said, with peculiar emphasis upon the last word.

The other, scrutinized in turn his features, as if doubting, and then said—"Be she thy sister, thy betrothed, or thy wedded bride, she is safe."

"I thank thee, heaven! for his words sound like truth and sincerity," said the kneeling maiden, lifting her face from her hands and looking upward. Then rising, she turned for the first time towards him her face, and fixed upon him, with eloquent yet silent gratitude, a pair of lovely blue eyes in which tears were yet glittering. The young Captain thought he had never beheld such celestial loveliness. She was scarcely seventeen, but every motion was grace and every movement but a new-born charm. Her eyes were so serenely blue one could not but think of summer skies in looking on them. Her features were beautiful, and her smile enchanted and bewildered. Her complexion was like alabaster, but with the glow of life warm beneath the surface, while her cheek was just tinted, as if light had passed through a moss rose-leaf upon it.

"Well, sir Captain," said a stern voice behind him.

He turned quickly from the contemplation of her beauty, and beheld the hunter leaning upon his rifle in the door of the cabin.

"Ah, my brave Boone! I had forgotten my courtesy to thee. The captured boat shall proceed, as I promised you, unmolested, when I have taken from it," he added smiling, "my customary river-tithe. These rogues may thank you that they get off so well. We are near the shore and I will soon send the craft on her way again. To lighten her a few tons will be a charity to the rowers."

"Come aside with me, fair sir," said the sturdy hunter, touching his arm.

The young man retired with him a little way from the cabin door, which they had no sooner left than, more like two lovers than brother and sister, the captives flew into each others embrace.

"My betrothed, my life, my own dear Adèle!"

"Henride, my beloved Henride!" were their mutual explanations as they remained folded in each others arms. At this instant an inner door of the cabin opened, and a priest of venerable appearance entered the cabin, from a state-room within. They both fell at his feet and clasped each one of his hands.

"My children, Heaven will protect you in this hour of danger and trial."

"Father, unite us in marriage as we kneel before thee, that we may die together, if need be, that our souls may be united in one in the world of spirits," said the youth.

"Nay, Don Henride, it may not be. If your love be pure it will exist beyond the grave. My brother's child hath been consigned to me as a sacred trust, and time must determine whether she shares a throne or becomes the bride of the church. Nay, ask me not again! A few short days will bring us to this patriot chief's island-abode, and his words will decide your destinies. You have my blessings, my son. Henceforth let this subject rest until her claim be decided."

"My brave young Captain," said the hunter, on taking him aside, "you have done me a kindness I shall never forget. From the day you found me lying near your hold wounded from the attack of two enraged panthers and bore me to your rendezvous, and sheltered and tended me until I recovered, up to this night my regard for you has hourly grown upon me. I love you as a son. You have many good qualities and many very dangerous ones. Your spirit is quite too hasty, and you are apt to use your power a little too unfeelingly." The young man evidently became impatient. The hunter observed it, and added—"Let this drop—only be merciful where you can be. I wished to say to you, have nothing to do with this conspiracy that is on foot. You will ere long doubtless be sought out, and its arch intriguing leader will try to entice you into it. Mexico will have rulers enough without your aid. Now if you wish to be more active, and honest at the same time, disband your men, and with your rifle at your shoulder, unite your fortunes with mine in the wilderness. It is the only life for a man who loves to breathe God's free air! I like you for shunning towns and houses—they are fit only for women and children; but it's a pity you could'nt be satisfied with killing Indians, without waylaying, robbing and murdering white men."

"Have you done?" demanded the Captain.

The hunter made no reply, but taking his hand and grasping it warmly, turned from him in silence and walked to the stern of the boat.

The barges had now reached the shore, and were run into the inlet, which so effectually concealed their position from the river, that no passing boat could have suspected their neighborhood. The Captain was not a little surprized on re-entering the cabin to find the priest added to the party he had left there.

"A good night to thee, holy father," he said with mingled respect and freedom of manner. "I regret I should have interrupted your voyage, but our stores here have got somewhat of the lowest just now, and hearing some hours since, from my men, of the approach of a boat, I prepared to levy my usual toll upon all passers by."

"You are then the Chevalier Rapin Carra?" responded the priest.

"At your service, holy father."

"I know your character and will trust you."

"Your proffered confidence does me no more than justice, father. It will be some three hours yet before your boat will proceed, as she is freighted with weighty as well as costly merchandize. Your own private goods shall remain untouched. By the good mass! your presence is timely! One of my band is near his death and needeth ghostly comfort. I pray you follow me to my abode. It is a rude one, but none so rude that Death will not pay it a visit. Fair Signora, and you noble sir, will you accompany us?"

The priest did not hesitate to comply when a dying man needed the last offices of religion; and accompanied by the lovers stepped on shore, and by a rude path followed their conductor to the top of the glen and across a natural lawn, sloping to the river. Before them, through the trees, they saw a bright fire, towards which they directed their steps. As they approached, they discovered that it was blazing on the floor of a vast cavern which yawned in the base of a rocky cliff that towered amid the forest. Around the fire and dispersed through the cavern, were several groups of river-freebooters, habited mostly like those in the barge. The steps of the maiden faltered here.

"It is terrific! I dare not go, Henride. Uncle, stay! Go not forward among those savage men!" She shuddered as she spoke and clung to the arm of Don Henride.

"Fear not, my child! Heaven watches over the innocent and pure. Let us go forward!"

Reassured in some degree, the beautiful girl suffered herself to be led into the midst of the cavern. It was a vast arched vault in the rock, forty or fifty feet in depth, from the front to the rear, with a low entrance, where, a few feet on the inside, expanded 'till it spread into a rude dome. It looked upon the moonlit river, and boldly commanded its winding for many a mile. In the mouth of the cave was stationed a heavy iron gun, directed towards the river; and, arranged in various fanciful forms, like weapons in an armory, around the walls of the cavern were suspended guns, sabres, pistols and pikes. Strewn upon the bottom of the cave, were skins of wild beasts, forming couches for at least sixty men, many of whom were sleeping or crouching upon them. The group about the fire was engaged in the rude culinary pastime of roasting a deer in its hide. In the rear of the cavern the visitors noticed boxes, casks, kegs, barrels and bales of merchandize, piled to the roof, the fruits of the piratical adventures of these river marauders. Many of the men in the cave were Spaniards, Portugese and Frenchmen, but the majority were young men from the Atlantic states, of desperate fortunes and character, whom the fame of the river-chevalier Rapin, had drawn to him. Hanging from the vaulted roof of the cavern, they discovered a rope-ladder, which, on closer scrutiny, assisted by the fitful glare of the fire, they beheld was attached to an opening twenty feet above them.

"That is my sleeping chamber and strong-hold," said the Chevalier, with a smile, on observing the direction of their gaze. "Nature, in forming this cave, kindly constructed a second story to it, there being as you see, a cavern above this, and only accessible from below by this rope-ladder. When I retire for sleep I ascend this ladder and draw it up after me; and I need no guards to protect me from the assassin's steel. But I have also here another apartment which I will show you."

As he spoke he led them to the rear of the cavern, and lifting a curtain, ushered them into an artificial apartment constructed within it. It was hung on every side with the richest tapestry, and furnished with ottomans and luxurious sofas. The floor was overlaid with soft panther's skins, and highly finished weapons of war and of the chase were hung, as ornaments, about the entrance. From the centre was suspended by silver chains a lamp of the same material, which shed a clear and brilliant light throughout this gorgeous apartment. They looked about them with surprize. Ere they could realize what they saw, two slaves entered bearing costly wines and refreshments upon chased salvers, and with the hospitality of a princely host, yet not without characteristic irony, their entertainer desired them to partake of the wines and viands.

"This Sicilian is scarce inferior to nectar, holy father. It will suit your palate, being a favorite wine of the Church. But for the delicacy of my taste it would now have been in the vaults of the Monastery at Saint Louis, whither it was on its way when I interrupted it. You will like those figs. They were sent as a present from the Convent of Ursuline's at Orleans, to his Reverence of Montreal, but missed their way. The salvers, I see, attract your eye. They once did service in the Bishop's palace at Havanna—you perceive they still bear his armorial bearings."

"Young man, it ill becomes you to add mockery to sacrilege," said the venerable priest, sternly. "I can partake in no spoils from God's heritage. Lead me to the dying man. Thy guilt and levity have pained me."

"Pierre, how is Louis Erniste?" the Captain demanded of his slave.

"He die jus' aft' sun down, mas' Capt.'," answered the African.

"Heaven then hath shrived him, holy father," said the chief, carelessly.

"Heaven have mercy on his soul," muttered the father, crossing himself devoutly.

"Amen!" responded Don Henride and Adèle.

The Chevalier looked upon the devout expression of the lovely girl's face as she repeated the prayer, and some emotion seemed to possess him, evidently excited by her beauty. He glanced at her again, and a third time under its impulse, until his manner attracted the lover's eye, when he turned carelessly on his heel as if to leave the apartment. At this instant, a bugle was sounded sharply in the distance.

"Ha! what means this signal from that quarter!" he cried, starting with undisguised surprize. "L' Eveque," he said, turning to an inferior officer, who then entered hastily, as if to communicate some intelligence—"Eveque, I know it! My ears are as sharp as thine. On your life answer for the safety of these prisoners on my return."

"Prisoners!" repeated Don Henride.

But the Chevalier was gone. At the outer entrance of the cavern he met his lieutenant.

"What means this, Albert? Ha! there it sounds again!"

"I have just descended from the look-out, and from its summit could discern a barge at anchor a mile up the river, from which it came. As I came down a small boat put off from it, and is now making towards our port." A third time the bugle was heard.

"That bugle rung with a military key. It may be a detachment of soldiers sent against us—yet they would hardly herald their approach. It seems a note of parley too! Get the men under arms and be ready to resist any hostile attack. I will go and see what visitors we are likely to expect."

With these words, Rapin hastily descended to the river and sprang into a small boat which lay beneath the branches of an overhanging larch, and in which reclined four oarsmen. The voice of their chief roused them from their indolent repose, and in an instant the light boat was swiftly following the line of the shore, yet keeping so close in with the black shadows of the trees, as to be scarcely visible. The oars were muffled, and so lightly were they dipped in the water, that they glided along noiselessly. In a short time, the sound of oars was heard approaching from up the river. He then bade his men cease rowing and keep still by holding to the limb of a tree, beneath which they were passing. The strange boat soon appeared in sight, descending the current a few yards from the shore. It came opposite to them, and the chief saw that it was rowed by six men, and that two gentlemen, one wrapped in a military cloak and the other in a citizen's dress, sat conversing in the stern. Above their heads a small white flag floated in the moonlight. The robber chief let them pass, saying to himself—

"This looks like the opening of the conspiracy, worthy Boone warned me against. Let them go to the cavern. I will be with them as soon as I ascertain the complexion of the craft anchored above."

The boat of the strangers kept on its way without interruption, and the Chevalier continued to pursue the winding shore of the river as before. Half a mile further above, he came in sight of a large river lugger, such as were, in that day, built to *descend* the great rivers of the West. It had two short masts, and one half of its length was covered with a roof, on which a sentinel was pacing to and fro. On the forward part of her, was plainly visible, a couple of mounted carronades, and a large number of men were on board of her.

"I must guard against treachery I see," said the young river-chief, after surveying the vessel for a few minutes. "Ha! what have we here?" he suddenly exclaimed, starting up, "By heaven! another craft, the very fellow to this!"

The object that attracted his attention, was a second barge, with sails hoisted, that slowly swept in sight around a point above, and came majestically down the stream. When within a short distance of the other, it lowered its sails, rounded to and dropped anchor. Before he recovered from his surprize, a third vessel, of a smaller size and different construction, made its appearance, and then directly after came a fourth, and a fifth, 'till eleven, barges, keel-boats, peroques and luggers, with a vast square flotilla, burdened with camp equipage, had hove in sight round the point, floated down and dropped anchor opposite to his position.

"This arrangement looks warlike, and were it not so imposing, I should fear it was an expedition against me," said the young Captain, who had silently observed their movements. "It is the scheme against Mexico come to a head, and yonder boat I passed, doubtless bears some proposition for Rapin of the Rock to join it. I will return and give these gentlemen a hearing. They little suspect what interest the outlaw, Rapin Carra, has in this matter. Bend to your ours, men! I would be at the rendezvous!"

The strangers, on arriving opposite the strong-hold, had pulled in near the shore, and hailing, asked permission to land and be conducted to the Chevalier Rapin. His lieutenant received them and led them to the cavern, in the front of which the whole band was drawn up in a hostile attitude. Here, under a guard, they were detained until the Captain's arrival. He was soon seen advancing across the mountain space between the river and the cave.

"Is this the Chevalier Rapin, I address?" asked with courteous ease, the gentleman in the military cloak, meeting him a step or two ere he reached them. On being answered in the affirmative, he added, in a lower tone of voice, as if inviting confidence—"It would give me pleasure to hold a few moments conversation with you apart from your people."

The Chevalier preceded them into the cave, and signified his readiness to listen. They stood beneath a lamp which cast its broad light upon the countenance and person of the gentleman who had addressed him, and revealed a face full of intellect, an eye piercing as the eagle's, features noble and well defined, and a forehead proud and commanding. His bearing was characterised by native ease and dignity of manner, and there was a certain military elegance in his mien that distinguised him both as a soldier and a gentleman. On the countenance of the other, who was taller and stouter than his companion, was stamped resolution, singularly blended with benevolence. He was a dark, handsome

man, and looked like, as he was, a high-born Milesian cavalier. A moment was passed in mutual scrutiny of each other's persons, during which the young Captain was not less struck with the commanding port of one and the chivalrous bearing of the other, than they were impressed with the fine, manly person and courteous manners of one whose profession was so lawless, and with whom crime was daily pastime.

"Sir Chevalier," said the military man, at once unreservedly opening the conference, "you see before you the leaders of an expedition, which has been three years maturing, for establishing an eastern Mexican empire, the capital of which shall be—"

"Now, Colonel," said the Milesian, interrupting him, "I fear you unfold our plans too freely."

"Nay, Blennerhasset, the Chevalier must have all our confidence or none. New Orleans, Sir Chevalier, we design shall be the capital of our new empire. Once in possession of this city, and I can count upon twenty thousand Mexican troops and a large Spanish fleet, in thirty days thereafter. The possession of this key to the great valley of the West, will give us the empire of it, and from the lakes to the Mexican gulf, from the Alleghanies to the Rocky Mountains, there will be established one individual Empire that shall own no rival. We are here to invite you to join us."

He paused, and fixed his penetrating glance upon the young Captain's face. For a few moments he seemed to reflect upon the startling disclosure he had listened to, then said—

"Methinks, gentlemen, this scheme were feasible could you possess yourselves of New-Orleans, and afterwards receive the promised strength from Mexico."

"New-Orleans is weakly garrisoned, and we have hopes also of getting one high in command there to favor us. Should he not do so, we have forces with us sufficient, with your aid, to ensure success, if a bold stroke is made. With regard to Mexico, you should first know its peculiar politics, and the basis of our hopes from that quarter. The Empire of Mexico is divided into two great political parties, the heads of which are two rival aspirants to the throne. One of them is he who is already in possession of it through usurpation, the other is a young girl, the daughter and heir of the late Emperor, whose sceptre is now unjustly wielded by his brother and her uncle. The Princess' faction finding it in vain to overthrow him, have determined to divide the Empire and establish a new one, and place the Princess at the head of it. A proposition has been made to this government for aid in this project, but it was declined. Miranda, their ambassador, then made private overtures to myself and others to which I have acceded. Thus far are our plans ripened. Within a mile of you lies our fleet of eleven boats with seven hundred men. Add to our forces your own, and receive in our army for yourself the rank of a Colonel."

"This were selling prudence for servitude—my liberty for a badge of slavery. No, gentlemen, I am content as I am."

"Where now you command but a handful of outlaws you will then command an army," continued the other.

"Yet I had rather be the chief of a band of outlaws than be second in an Empire."

"You will gain inexhaustible wealth."

"My resources, gentlemen, are now sufficiently ample. Not an argosy goes freighted by but does homage to my power. No, gentlemen—the hand of the Princess would scarcely tempt me from my rock."

"The hand of the Princess!" repeated the chief conspirator, with a glance of mistrust. "Can he suspect?" he said, aside to his companion.

"It may be," answered the other, with a smile, "you had best not urge him further lest he rival you. I' faith! he is a proper looking free-companion!"

The other bit his lip and slightly smiled. The quick ear of Rapin had caught every word.

"Pray, gentlemen, where is this Princess during the pending of the expedition?"

"Awaiting the issue in a convent at New-Orleans, under the protection of an uncle high in rank in the Romish church, and one of the spiritual leaders of our confederacy. He was to have been with us at our island rendezvous some weeks since, to confer with us, but impatient at his delay, we have already launched forth upon the enterprize."

"Was he a tall, venerable man, with white locks?" asked the Chevalier, with some interest.

"Yes!" answered the conspirator, with surprize.

"And is the Princess very fair, with soft blue eyes and hair like a cloud in the sunlight?"

"You have described her with equal poetry and truth," said the Milesian, smiling.

"*Gentlemen, I will join you in this expedition,*" he said, with a readiness that surprized them.

Again the chief of the conspiracy bit his lip and seemed to search with his dark piercing eyes, the inmost heart of the young man. But the quiet expression of his face baffled even his keen scrutiny.

"Do you mean what you say, Sir Chevalier?" he asked with doubt.

"I do! To-morrow I will follow your fleet, and on its arrival at New-Orleans, place myself and men at your disposal."

Again the searching glance of the conspirator scanned his face, and then, as if throwing aside an unworthy suspicion, he frankly grasped his hand.

"Be it so—we gladly accept your services. It is time we should return to our flotilla and get under weigh, for the dawn must find us many leagues below this."

"In the morning, I will follow you with my boats. Adieu, gentlemen!" he said, as he took leave of them at their boat.

The young river-chief followed with his eyes the ascending barge, until it was lost by a bend in the shore.

"There goes a dark and dangerous man," he then said. "But with all the subtlety of his active spirit, with all his towering ambition and arch diplomacy, I will defeat his hopes, if, what I begin to suspect with reference to my fair prisoner, prove true, I will snatch the prize from his very grasp, for I like not the man. There is a cunning, serpent-like look in his eyes, that

my nature rises against. It were strange indeed, if what I believe prove true! I will at once confirm or destroy my suspicions. How the past rushes back at the thought!" He turned and walked towards the cavern as he spoke.

"Your lieutenant reports the keel-boat ready to proceed, Captain," said one near him.

He turned and beheld the huntsman.

"Then proceed on your way in peace, brave hunter. Farewell!" and the Chevalier prepared to go forward.

"But the passengers?" he ventured to inquire.

"They will remain," was the decided reply.

"Young man, surely you will do no wrong in this matter."

"Who made you my judge, sir?" cried the Chevalier, angrily. "Leave me while you can do so in safety."

The old hunter gazed after him a moment as he strode towards the rock, and then with a sigh, turned his footsteps towards the barge. Shortly afterwards he was proceeding on his way up the river.

The Chevalier was soon in the presence of his prisoners. "Holy father, I would a word of private conference with you," he said, as he entered.

The priest followed him into the large apartment of the cavern and seated himself near him in a recess.

"Reverend father, I would ask thee first who the noble youth is with thee?"

"Nay, son, it can matter little to thee?"

"It matters much. Be frank and open. I know more than you suspect my knowledge of. Is he the maiden's brother?"

"No, save as a Christian,"

"Humph! I thought as much. Is he not her lover."

"Nay—they are both but children."

"And yet, holy sir, you are ready to wed her to an arch and hoary conspirator, as the price of assisting to restore to her half of her empire."

"How know you this?"

"Answer me, father—is the maiden not the Princess Adéle, whose right to the Mexican sceptre is now contested?"

"I may not conceal it from thee," answered the priest, surprized and alarmed.

"Wherefore is she with thee? It is because impatient in thy ambition to place her upon thy brother's throne, thou wouldst hasten to sacrifice the victim. Old man, thou art hoary in guilt to do this thing even in thy mind! Dost thou not see she loves the youth as her life, and even the cloister will tell thee to make over a maiden's plighted heart to another is to break it. And to whom wert thou about to give the lovely girl? A man twice her age, familiar with all duplicity, and whose thirsty ambition would even make her a stepping stone to still higher powers than her hand could confer. A dark and corrupt man—a traitor to his country and his honor. And in such a guilty bosom you would lay this spotless dove! Think you it would rest there long uncontaminated? No, no, holy father! Who is this youth?" he demanded abruptly.

"A Mexican grandee's son, and her cousin german. They were betrothed in infancy and grew up together until three years ago, when it became politic to separate them, and to dispose of her hand to the saviour of her country."

"And do you *thus* term this arch conspirator? Ambition—not love for your country, priest—ambition such as wrecked Lucifer—alone inspires him to establish the empire you propose. No, holy father! Her empire must be won by other means and by other hands. How happens this youth then with the Princess?"

"He followed her to her convent, and lived near it three years in disguise, it seems, with frequent opportunities of communication with her. Hearing of this, I removed her, to bring about, by her presence and my influence, a more speedy issue to the long pending expedition. The third day after leaving the city one of the crew cast aside his outer dress and Don Henride stood before me."

"A gallant youth, and worthy of her. So he has been wooing his way all along thy voyage. Truly I like that. But to be sure it would not have harmonized with thy sacred office to throw him overboard. Father, this matter must be managed differently. I have done much mischief in my life, I will now do a good act to atone for it. These two must be made one this hour."

"Never!" said the priest, firmly.

"Is thy hope in the success of this conspirator thy only objection?"

"The only one."

"Come with me."

He then led him from the cave, and ascended by a winding path to the highest summit of the rock.

"Now tell me what thou seest, father, to the East where the moon shines bright on the river."

"Surely, a fleet of many vessels sweeping past with the current," he said, with surprize.

"Thy eyes do not deceive thee. On the deck of the foremost stands the conspirator chief and his friends. They are on their way to the siege of Orleans. Is it not a brave sight, father? How stately they move past!"

"How know you this to be his fleet?" asked the priest eagerly.

"Within the hour its chief—the husband thou wouldst purchase for thy niece, was here, on land, in conference with me. He made me a proposition to join him."

"And you—"

"Consented!"

"And, if I rightly interpret that smile," said the priest, "*consented but to betray him!*"

"Thou hast rightly interpreted, holy father. Thou seest now, that without my aid you have no interest in yonder expedition. That aid you will never obtain. Give your consent to the union of Adèle with Don Henride, and she shall not only recover the half of the kingdom, but the two shall sit together on the very throne of the Montezuma."

"There is a strange power in your words. How wilt thou assure me of their fulfilment?"

"Had the late Emperor no other child than this daughter?" asked the Chevalier abruptly.

"He had a son, who, if he had lived, would be now twice her years."

"What became of him?"

"In early manhood he became dissolute, drew his sword upon his imperial father, and then fled into the mountains, where he gathered around him a numerous band of the refuse of society, and by his depredations, filled the land with terror. Finally he was outlawed and afterwards taken and beheaded."

"It was a faithful friend who died in his stead. Don Ferdinand Calatreva stands before you, reverend father!"

The priest started back with alarm, as if he had seen a spirit, and then, with dilated vision stared upon him with horror, as he stood before him bareheaded in the moonlight. At length he gasped—

"I do recognize thee, fearful man! It is my brother's very voice and bearing. Oh, my heart would yearn to clasp thee to it. But away, away! Thou art accursed!"

"Nay, father!" he said, kneeling, "I am penitent and beg forgiveness of thee and Heaven, for my crimes against my royal sire. To prove my sincerity, unite Don Henride and my sweet sister, Adèle, and I will place them upon the throne which is mine by right, and which my uncle has usurped."

"First prove thy sincerity by doing what thou hast promised, and thy sister shall then become Don Henride's bride!" at length answered the priest.

"Nay—I have only to set foot on the soil of Mexico, and lift my standard, to become in ten days the leader of an army that shall shake the very gates of the imperial capital. This army shall be at thy bidding if thou wilt secure my sister's happiness as I wish. She was a bright cherub when I last saw her, twelve years ago—I have often thought of her with tears and affection. I had purposed never to see my native land again. But I will sacrifice myself for her, if need be, and by my duty to his child, atone in some degree for my filial disobedience and guilt towards my father."

The priest made no reply, but his manner was troubled, and there was a settled purpose of good or evil in his eye, that the young chief did not altogether like. They returned to the tapestried apartment, where they had left the lovers.

"Father, wilt thou do my bidding?" again asked the Chevalier.

"They shall be united," answered the priest, gloomily and evasively.

"Nay, holy father, I like not this reluctance. It *must be done* to defeat for ever the hopes of this conspirator."

"It shall be done," he solemnly answered. "Kneel down my children. I will grant your wish so often expressed."

They knelt, and he performed the ceremony in a deep, sepulchral and ominous tone, that chilled their hearts.

"Now, those that God hath joined together let no man put asunder!"

With these solemn words, and as the bridegroom bent over to kiss his bride, he suddenly drew from his bosom a glittering knife and plunged it first into her bosom and then into his.

"Better die thus than be indebted to the hands of guilt and crime for thy throne," he cried, lifting the reeking blade into the air as they fell dead into each other's arms at his feet. The next instant the weapon was sheathed in his own bosom, and he fell a corpse beside their dead bodies.

The issue of the conspiracy and the fate of the chief actors in it, are known to the world. Its signal defeat and the arrest of the leader, were effected it is said, by the treachery of a Captain of a band of river rovers, who had pretended to link his fortunes with him The subsequent career of Rapin of the Rock—the bold and terrible Chevalier Carra—it can only be conjectured from the fact, that not long afterwards, a young man suddenly appeared in Mexico at the head of a powerful army and demanded the throne as his right, declaring himself to be the legal heir; and, that in a pitched battle, he was afterwards defeated and slain by the Emperor's own hand. Whether this was Don Ferdinand Calatreva or not, neither history nor story make mention. J. H. I.

Original.

A THOUGHT ON IMMORTALITY.

When in reflecting upon pleasures that add a zest and a charm to existence, on absent friends whom we trust to meet, on amusements which we hope to enjoy, on anticipations of which we expect the reality—when in the eagerness of sanguine aspirations, and the plenitude of desire we paint the loved object with unreal beauty, and feed our minds upon baseless visions that naturally flow from our innate desire for worldly happiness, how often does the thought invade the solitude of our meditations, that these pleasures must all end, that we meet with the absent but to part again, that all amusements which Earth affords are empty and transitory—that anticipations which we nourish, no matter how warmly, bring to us in their realization not half the pleasure with which our ardent minds had at first clothed them, and that finally, no matter how fondly we may cherish the Delusions of Life, Death must one day mark us for its own, and consign to its "starless and eternal slumbers," the hopes, the wishes, and the anticipations of existence.

How unwelcome such a thought to him who can feel within him, no perceptions of an immortal principle, no assurance of a higher destiny, than that which is bounded by an Earthly existence, and an earthly tomb; who amid the clouds that lower, and the storms that gather, sees no end to the murky darkness of the former, and no period to the horrors of the latter, save in the total annihilation of every perception, that makes us acquainted with the existence of both; to such, life must appear a blank, promising nothing here, and worse than nothing hereafter; a dreary vision, in the dim indistinctness of which, the *present* good is ever overshadowed by the gloom of the *coming* evil; and if such be the case—if our hopes of living hereafter are vain or illusory, who, I ask, would willingly *bear* to live, or living, *dare* to die? G. L. R.

Original.

REFLECTIONS AT THE CLOSE OF DAY.

BY LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

The departure of day is a natural period for meditation. Another portion of our brief existence is stricken off. The hopes that enlivened—the employments that occupied it, are laid aside, and the mind which was, perchance, too much elated or depressed by surrounding objects—subsiding, takes more accurate note of time, and of itself. Light withdraws its exciting vehicle, and silent Darkness, the sister of Contemplation, resumes her reign. The solemn regency of stars comes forth on the mighty concave, bearing witness that God remembereth his great family, around whom he hath drawn the curtains of repose. Perhaps the moon, silvering hill and vale and stream, glides on her course of beauty, the hostage of a more glorious orb, which shall soon revisit the firmament. Seem they not all to utter the promise of Divine love—"Seed-time and harvest, and summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease?"

Let us look back upon all the changes of the parted day. Let us take our leave of it, kindly and tenderly, as of a friend who must return to us no more. It brought us gifts from the "Better Land"—opportunities of acquiring knowledge, of confirming good resolution into habit, of seeking the happiness of others, and of increasing our own. May we be enabled to couple the memory of its gifts with their faithful improvement. May it have spoken to us of Him who sent them and itself to us in mercy, and found listening and loving hearts. And if, as we retrace its lineaments, a tear of contrition should mingle with them, may it be accepted by Him

> "Who, from his throne of glory hears
> Through seraph songs, the sound of tears."

Ere we bid farewell to the day whose mantle has faded at the gates of the west, let us inquire if any event has marked it in the old time that was before us. Perhaps it was the anniversary of some revolution in the history of nations; of the birth or death of some illustrious individual—or, in the domestic annal, it may have portrayed some feature of joy or sorrow, of hope or adversity, which it is both fitting and salutary to retrace and depress. The habit of marking our recurring days by the peculiar lineaments which appertain to them, imparts a kind of individuality which heightens their importance, and might aid us in so arresting their fleeting course, as to number and apply them to wisdom. It is a useful practise, to arrange systematically, in a manuscript book a list of events which have distinguished every day in the year. They may be gathered from the scroll of history, from general reading, especially biographical, and from the heart's treasured legends of friendship and domestic love. To recapitulate in the evening the events thus commemorated, among other subjects of meditation, will often have a tendency to rekindle gratitude to an unwearied Benefactor.

At this very moment, during years that are past, nations may have been organizing amid the pangs of revolution, or the horrors of war. Is our own country at peace? and under the protection of laws, which give confidence to the weakest, and guard the rights of those who have no where to lay their heads? How many may have mourned the fate of their dearest ones slain in battle; or, musing on their adventurous course upon the deep, shudder at the thought of the tempest and the iceberg, and the shipwreck! Are those whom we love, safe? How many are now suffering from sickness, or bending, with broken hearts, over the couch of the dying! Are we in health? Are our dear ones untouched by the destroyer?

Souls are at this moment going forth, some rent unwillingly from the body, terror-stricken, unprepared. Is our own ready for the summons? Oh! how great is the value of each fleeting day, which, by lengthening our probation, gives us opportunity to repair what has been omitted, to repent of what is amiss, and to take stronger hold of that only hope, which is to the soul as "an anchor, sure and steadfast."

The spirit of our grateful prayer should rise upon the downy pinions of night, for the refreshment of sleep. How sweet, yet mysterious, is that balm which, shed on the closing eyelids, soothes the weary multitude from their pain, and cheats the worldly-minded from their "carking care," and divides the bad, for a while, from their evil practices, and renews the Christian to "run his way rejoicing." The sad of heart lays down his burden; and an act of oblivion passes over all that had distressed him. The traveller ceases to count the leagues that divide him from his native land, and the prisoner to measure the walls of his dungeon. The galley-slave bows his head upon the oar, and is as great as a king. The sea-boy forgets alike the storm that rocks the mast, and the home that he had too rashly left. The voyager, with the tear of parting on his cheek, slumbers deeply, notwithstanding

> "The visitation of the winds,
> That take the ruffian billows by the top,
> Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
> With deafening clamors in the slippery shrouds."

The poor beast of burden, whom no eye pitied, tastes the compassion of sleep; and the camel in the desert starts no longer at the bells of the caravan. The wearied school-boy forgets his task; and, perhaps, in some curtained chamber,

> "The nurse sleeps sweetly, hir'd to watch the sick,
> Whom, snoring, she disturbs."

The child, who, in the passing day, took its first little lesson of sorrow, sobs slightly in its broken dreams, and, turning upon the pillow, seeks pleasanter visions. The infant, on the arm of its happy mother, wears a smile, as if it heard the whisper of angels.

With such beautiful ministrations of mercy, does the Father of our spirits surround the close of every day which he giveth us; alluring us, by the sober twilight into which it fades, to those acts of meditation which compose the mind, and then shedding on the eyelids that holy refreshment of sleep, which prepares the body for renewed toil. Ever mindful is He of the creatures whom he has formed; in his care for the spirit that can never die, not forgetting the frail flesh, nor in his pro-

visions for the flesh, overlooking the spirit. So may we remember Him, at the birth and death of every fleeting day, and so do His will, that our evening meditations may help to lead us where there is no more night, and where no contrition may draw its sorrowful shadow over the eye of the soul.

Original.

THE SEAL.

BY WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

"When they were returned out of the garden from the Bath, the interpreter took them, and looked upon them, and said unto them, 'Fair as the moon!' Then he called for the seal, wherewith they used to be sealed that were washed in his Bath. So the seal was brought, and he set his mark upon them, that they might be known in the place, whither they were yet to go; and the mark was set between their eyes. This seal greatly added to their beauty, for it was an ornament to their faces. It also added to their gravity, and made their countenances more like those of angels."

The Pilgrim's Progress.

I.

"Fair as the moon!" celestial seal,
Oh, for thy mark of blessing!
Meek ornament—I pant to feel
The sign my brow impressing.
To cleanse sin's spot, and make me fair,
Beyond what beauteous angels are,
Is thy strange power, Religion!

II.

"Fair as the moon!"—woe's me! unclean!
Where folly, in commotion,
Upcasts its mire, I long have been
Disporting in the ocean.
To thy dear Bath, my Lord, I flee;
So! bring the seal—affix on me,
Eternally, Religion!

III.

Now will I tell what wondrous charm
Hath mercy's crystal waters,
To cleanse the soul, the passions calm
Of Misery's sons and daughters.
Now will I sing the blessed seal,
Whose outward impress doth reveal,
Throned in the heart, Religion!

IV.

"Fair as the moon!" ingenuous youth!
Who long'st to lift the curtain,
And gaze beyond, and know, for truth,
What now, is hope, uncertain—
Wouldst thou, by prescience, ills forego?
Wear thou her seal and thou shalt know
His state, who finds Religion!

V.

So simple, unsuspecting thou;
Though constant perils find thee—
Yea, though a willing victim now,
Sin's dreadful fetters bind thee—
Thou hast no fear, thou know'st no pain,
Nor see'st thy cell, nor feelst thy chain—
Blind, lost, without Religion!

VI.

"Fair as the moon!"—along this dark
Wild road, by perils driven—
Oh, fragile woman! wear the mark
That pitying Love hath given.
On dangerous land, on stormy sea,
A certain panoply will be
The talisman, Religion!

VII.

How blest, to-day, avails thee not;
How free life's book from sorrow—
The smiles there now—a tear will blot
That various leaf, to-morrow!
Let light shine down upon the page
Of youth, maturity and age—
The *only* light, Religion!

VIII.

'Tis all thou need'st, thou village maid!
To make thy beauty glorious;
Though in unequalled charms arrayed,
And o'er all hearts victorious—
One thing thou lackest—part with gold,
Yea, all, to buy what can't be sold
For worldly dross, Religion!

IX.

Thou city's pride!—The speaking face,
Where mind informs each feature;
The faultless form, and matchless grace,
Which make the perfect creature—
These that thou thus rejoicest in,
Win earth; but Heaven they cannot win;
Nought doth it, but Religion!

X.

'Tis all thou need'st to make short life
A day of white-winged hours;
From all its care-paths weeding strife,
The thorn from all its flowers.
'Twill soothe away thy latest sigh,
'Twill cheer thee when thou art to die;
Naught doth it but Religion!

XI.

Yea, when before Him thoul't appear,
Whose ways are everlasting—
Thy gentle spirit need not fear,
But, crowns and praises casting
Before His feet, thou shalt rejoice,
And with the ransomed lift thy voice,
Who wear the seal, Religion!

Boston, June, 1841.

Original.

THE VISION OF OLD AGE.

BY ISAAC M'LELLAN, JR.

"How pleasant is the vision of a peaceful corner, in a peaceful room, reserved for our last declining years, and tended by the assiduities of home, where we may sit for a term in the arm chair appropriated to our comfort, and discourse with old friends about the old things which we have seen together, and tell our inquiring juniors of events which already belong to history, or which are only kept alive in our memory; and then turn aside from these matters, and lend an indulgent ear to the prattle of little children."—*Rev. Dr. Greenwood.*

How bright the vision of a calm,
And sweet retreat at close of life!
A peaceful fireside with its group
Of children, and the aged wife!
The curtains closed—the soft lamp lit,
The sofa wheeled beside the hearth,
While every eye around reflects
The inward glow of social mirth.

Upon the venerable head
Of Age, how proudly rests its crown!
The snowy crown of silver hair
Flowing in wavy ringlets down!
The jewelled diadem that weighs
The monarch's stern imperial brow,
Is not so fair a sight to see
As Age's honored brow of snow.

Methinks I see a happy ring
Of beaming faces crowd around
To catch the priceless gems of truth,
Upon the lips of Wisdom found,
And list delighted while the sire
Recounts the wond'rous scenes of old—
Tells all the marvels he has seen,
Marvels they all would fain behold.

Perchance upon the rolling main,
In early life his lot was cast,
And he hath many a year been tossed
Upon the tall ship's bending mast.
Oft hath the raging whirlwind howled
Around him in the midnight dark,
Oft hath the roaring ocean raged
Around his tempest-driven bark.

Oft has his shipwrecked form been hurled
Upon the bleak and wintry coast,
And many have his eyes beheld
Amid the o'erwhelming billows lost.
The savage on the unknown shore,
Above his drooping form hath bent,
And with a kindly wish to heal,
Hath many a helping succor lent.

Or haply some barbaric chief
Wielding his deadly club and spear,
Hath held him in his wretched tent,
In servitude for many a year;
Compelled him to the toilsome chase,
Or led him forth to savage wars,
Where frequent amid yelling foes,
He hath been darkly seamed with scars.

Or haply in the palm-tree's shade,
By gushing fount or bubbling rill,
Or by the spreading plantain's grove,
Where tropic birds delight to trill,
Or where the mango or the nut,
Above the Indian's cabin wave,
Full many a year of life he knew,
A willing captive, happy slave.

Or haply in his old arm chair,
He may to list'ning childhood, tell
Of many a rich and famous land,
Beyond the heaving ocean's swell.
Oft in great London's crowded street,
The ancient wanderer may have gazed
Where the old Abbey or Saint Paul's
Their spires above the city raised.

He may have leaned o'er Shakspeare's grave,
Where clear the Avon pours its tide,
Or o'er the dust of Scott have stood,
Or mourned where glorious Milton died;
Up the broad Rhine he may have roamed,
And on its castled cliffs gazed long,
Recalling many a stirring scene,
Of days of chivalry and song.

Or haply up the pouring Seine,
By Havre or Rouen he swept,
And thro' gay Paris' guarded gate,
With pleasure-swelling breast he stept;
Gazed on its Louvre and its halls,
Once famous for their deeds of arms,
Where stern Napoleon shook the world
With all his maddening alarms.

Or haply o'er that bright blue sea
That breaks on green Italia's shore,
He sailed of old—past by the cliffs
Of Spain, or Greece renowned of yore,
Dropping his anchor in the Gulph
Of Salamis, or Scio's Isle,
And gazed delighted on the haunts
That o'er the blue Egean smile.

Such are the joys and teachings wise,
That green old Age with Youth may share;
The one all smiles and beauty, grouped
Around the patriarch's ancient chair,
The long, clear chart of his career,
The sage may to the youth display,
Pointing the perils that beset,
And the real pleasures of the way.

And when his lamp of life burns low,
And thick the damps of death draw near,
When fading cheek and failing eye,
Warn of the close of his career,
Around him draws the mourning group,
To say farewell, and gaze and weep,
Folding as if in rest his hands,
He calmly sinks to his last sleep!

Original.

TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

BY MRS EMELINE S. SMITH.

When twilight darkens o'er the face of day,
And Evening draws her shadowy curtain round,
How like the infant wearied with its play,
Nature lies slumbering in repose profound;
And the bright stars their tireless vigils keep,
Like a fond mother watching childhood's sleep.

As the sweet calm that comes when winds depart,
To smooth the angry waves on Ocean's breast,
Night's holy silence steals around the heart,
And lulls its stormy passions all to rest;
Wild joys and feverish hopes no more control,
Memory, alone, holds empire o'er the soul.

Then rise the shadowy ghosts of vanished hours,
And whisper to us like the sweet south air,
That comes in spring-time, breathing of the flowers
It left in blooming loveliness afar!
They tell soft tales of friendship pure and true,
And love, that wore no stain of earthly hue.

Then shades of long departed joys arise,
And phantom forms of buried hopes appear,
Breathing, once more, the tuneful melodies
That fell so sweetly on Youth's raptured ear;
Slowly they come—a dim and shadowy train,
Bringing the heart, its dreams of bliss again.

Ay, night is lovely! When the sun departs,
And earth is robed in mourning for his beams;
He sinks not in the wave, but other hearts
Glow in the radiance of his golden beams—
Thus, when Hope's day-beams fade and disappear,
They leave a lingering ray to brighten mem'ry's sphere.

Original.

STANZAS.

BY REV. J. H. CLINCH.

Far on the horizon's distant verge,
Behold a dim, faint speck emerge,
So distant from the level shore.
It seems a speck, and nothing more,
The straining eye no shape defined
Can trace, to carry to the mind.

Yet, as we gaze along the sea,
That little speck grows rapidly,
But still with change that mocks the sight,
Like that which mingles day with night,
And now a flag, and now a sail,
Floats out distinctly on the gale.

And nearer still, and still more near,
We see the massive hull appear;
The spars—the yards—the ropes—the crew,
Successive rise upon the view,
'Till safe in port she folds her wings,
And slowly to her anchor swings.

Thus o'er the Future's misty tide,
Far seen events all dimly glide,
Small at the first, as ships appear,
Large and distinct when coming near,
Nor, 'till at hand, can careless eyes,
Their features read, nor mark their size.

Yet those who oft the sea survey,
May know that ship, though far away;
So patient wisdom may supply
To man, a telescopic eye,
To scan the dim events which gleam,
Far o'er the Future's misty stream.

Thus the light cloud the prophet scanned,
Scarce bigger than a human hand,
Showed to his clear, far-seeing eye,
E'en when first seen, Heaven's blessing nigh,
Long ere the thirsty landscape grew
Dark, in the mighty shade it threw.

Original.

THE SHIPWRECK.

BY WILLIAM G. HOWARD.

"None others can have a tolerable idea of what passed in the minds of the wretched crew, as they gazed, with vacant horror, on the threatening elements, and felt that their frail bark must soon, perhaps the next thump, be dashed to pieces, and they left at the mercy of the billows, with not even a *plank* between themselves and eternity."

The sun had gone down in a desolate night,
And left the earth mantled in sorrow;
But hope o'er the heart shed its radiant light,
The hope of a beautiful morrow:
The storm-god had waved his wand o'er the sea,
And hoarse was the roar of the billow;
The proud ships were dashing away in their glee,
The sailor had sunk to his pillow.

And soon the winged tempest came wildly and bleak,
While above its fierce wailings was heard,
The mariner's bitter and frenzied shriek,
Like the song of the dying sea-bird—
On an icy and rock-ribbed shore was dashed,
A gallant bark, swan-like in motion;
The hoary spray over its shattered hulk flashed,
Like light o'er the tremulous ocean.

Beneath the dark billow with bubbling groan,
The mariner sinks to his slumbers;
O'er his sea-girdled pillow the wild winds moan,
In dirge-like and delicate numbers:
But not all, no, not all, were lost 'neath the wave,
There was one that survived its rude sweep;
To tell that his comrades had found them a grave,
"On the beach where the bright surges sleep."

So in life's fragile bark, adown time's rough tide,
With crowded sails we are sweeping;
On its foam-crested billows we gallantly ride,
Alternately smiling and weeping—
And when the frail bark that is bearing us fast,
Over time's tumultuous ocean;
A wreck on eternity's shore shall be cast,
May we *all* survive the commotion.

Original.

NO FICTION IS SO GLORIOUS AS TRUTH.

At the Cape of Good Hope, during brightly glowing summers, when the sun's vividness of beauty is desolating in its power, when like a hypocrite,

"He darts men down,
Fevers with smiles, and kills without a frown;"

the storms from the southern ocean, give, like the change and chance of human thought, the evil with the good. The winds forsake their fastnesses, they hold their riot upon the deep, and leave their benefit upon the clime; mitigating the heat, and purifying the atmosphere, raising the turbid ocean, and lashing the shore with its loud breakers; bringing renovation to Nature and health to man, whilst rendering the coast a Scylla to the mariner.

The harbinger of danger is seen in the distance—the first-born of the tempest rests like a fleecy cloud upon the Table Mountain; its proud supporter a mass of rocks, rising three thousand five hundred and eighty-two feet above the level of the Bay.

On the northern side it looks a stupendous fortress, the retiring curtains flanked with projecting bastions, mighty in ruin, and yet too strong to sink beneath the war of elements. The eastern, presents one higher point, and is rent into bolder and more chasmed beauty, magnificently wild, and claiming admiration in its Tarpeian bearing.

The summer months are from December to March. During the tempestuous January of ——, the coasts presented sights for the human heart to break over—the shores had reverberated the loud concussions of the unmasted vessels, and the wreck of being had been tossed upon the beach.

One dreadful morning an East-Indiaman was sent by nature's buffettings, from her moorings in Table Bay; she dashed forwards, drifted from her course, and struggling gallantly amidst impending ruin, toiling for the sea-room an opposite direction alone presented, vainly striving to combat those adverse winds, and that land-tide of peril. The pointed rocks looked ready to become her fell destroyer, and when compelled within but sixty yards, the distress guns fired, whilst shrieks—the long loud shrieks of hearts where "hope was none," drew the inhabitants toward the ocean, swelling in its overwhelming energy.

And there stood one indeed attracted! a young lieutenant in the India service had fled a tropical clime to re-instate his health, and had fixed his residence within Cape Town. Mounted upon a fine and generous steed, he from the shore surveyed the threatened wreck. The stately vessel was rocking to her fall—the children of despair sent their wild shrieks upon the billow, the spirits of the air bent in the far-off space, from their deep roll of darkness; Death swayed the waters with his agitating sceptre; the wind was roaring louder than the wave, and mingling with human wail, like songs of triumph from the demon of the deep.

This officer was young, and life is precious in the spring of untried being; health had returned, and vigor braced his sinews, length of days seemed written on his sanguine countenance, riches and honor awaited but his grasp. He bore a happy spirit, he loved creation, and he prized the breath of life—had misfortune crossed the horizon of his hopes, even then he would have clung to the warm precinct of existence until it blessed him. He rushed not heedlessly on danger, he felt the full value of his offering; at that moment he appeared perhaps too like the precious flowers of the spring, predestined to wither before the summer's sun has touched their petals. Why do we throw the meditative and the happy into the tented field? Should they feel the stress of war, and be called to the action of the fight? The light of Heaven as it fell upon the soldier exactly defined both his face and figure, and touched with its own relief the conflicting scenes around, apt image of the ease with which Saint Clare adapted his finer sympathies to those with whom he mingled. His unaffected kindness to others, almost in proportion as they had nothing to return him for it; no enthusiasm to render back unto him, as a tribute to his genius, no revealings of high and cultivated intellect to respond to his beautiful aspirings, too powerless to aid his ambition, and only sufficiently efficient to excite his energies for their well doing. It was this entire freedom from selfishness that blended with and richly harmonized all his individual peculiarities, for these he possessed, and there was oftentimes a seeming contradiction in the repose of countenance, and voice, and attitude, to which it appeared incontrovertibly as nature's will, that he should give indulgence and the inward agitation of a spirit alive to all the vicissitudes of life. A finely modulated intonation of carelessness and indolence pervaded his general conversation; the very spirit of repose was nestling in loveliness on those sunny features; the Dove of Peace had fixed her anchorage in that young bosom, and his chequered lot appeared unable to disturb her sweet and deep repose, though it was a soldier's breast that cradled her!—though ocean's roar had been her lullaby! and the spirit of the storm beat over her!

The "Emma" was filled with young cadets, and those boys in the sun of fortune contemplating peril, were more peculiarly his brethren! they strained at his heart-strings, they were his own, his destined sharers in the toil and hazards of a foreign land. He lashed a rope around his body, and plunged his war-horse in the deep. I surveyed him calmly, for I knew Jehovah was upon the ocean with him, guiding the whirlwind, and directing the but seemingly unlicensed storm.

I never yet could gaze on being in its vividness, and image Death in its invariability. I saw that creature, full of life, and sense, and soul, and strength, and beauty; the unbounded waves appeared too powerless for his engulfment, the mighty winds too nerveless to destroy that spirit's high imaginings, and the wide sea too narrow for his grave!

He rode the storm, and to his glorious intent the elements seemed ministering. Bold and giddy was his career; I watched his pilotry until my overstrained idea shadowed the Guardian Angels of the good, hallowing that stripling's course. The sparkling foam was cresting itself around him, and his habiliments looked folds

of light—his champing steed seemed walking upon the waters, and for awhile they moved the conquerors of danger. There were acclamations from the vessel, and cheerings from the shore, at least in after hours I heard so, for to me sound was not in creation—that dread moment could alone retain the intense, distended, bursting sense of vision—sight became an "Aaron's rod."

Soon was the angry ocean worked into higher tempests, the battling billows, heaped upon each other, formed eddying whirlpools in their dark concaves. I beheld this glorious adventurer toiling upon the wave—its unstable ascent he gained, the treacherous element rested, one only second, forming a dangerous pinnacle of height and light, to sadden the deep replunge that death and darkness claimed. I beheld him uplifted as if in triumph—and then—I saw but the full heavings of the main.

I knew the Great Cause of all effect had then resumed his own—mighty to save, He knew that noble heart had done its ministering work below, and claimed no needless warfare from His creature. Upon God's earth I had but him to soothe, to cherish, and to love me, yet would I not have spared that dead brother, for twenty living ones—for, methought full surely his grave was in the deep, and his Pæan was upon the sounding waters. My brain was dizzy then, and the piercing strife of voices entered—"He is safe!"—"safe!" was echoed and re-echoed in joy's strange clamor of felicity. I looked once more—Reginald! my Reginald Saint Clare was climbing the vessel's side, and the wide ether was ringing with the shoutings of her crew.

Soon stood in safety those sojourners of fortune, and the last surge had laved the youthful pilgrims. Hearts trembling even in security, and cheeks pale with the bliss of rescue—eyes all bright amid their rising waters, and little schoolboy bosoms throbbing from their first trial in adversity, were taught the unequal pulsations of a troubled joy. Then arose the laboring spirit's aspirations, albeit untold, unheard, and seen but in a rising glance of gratitude acknowledging the Omnipresent Deity.

The saving instrument of Providence, as worn, as blest as were the rescued, wept heaven-born tears. Another vessel in a similar state of desolation was before him. Without calculating upon his impaired power, and disordered nerves, whilst o'er the reeling wreck, the savage storm beat in its fury, he proceeded to the rescue of man, his brother man—but the commissioned billow bore him to his God. The measurement of life is deeds, not years.

'Twas thine, Saint Clare, sublimely great and good,
For man, thy brother man, distress'd, to dare
The direful passage of the raging flood,
And join the frantic children of despair!

There it was thine in comforts balmy tone,
To soothe their sorrows 'mid the tempest's roar—
To hush the mother's shriek, the stripling's groan,
And bear the suff'rers trembling to the shore.

So when this mighty orb in dread alarm,
Shall crash in ruins at its God's decree,
The saving Angel, with triumphant arm,
Shall from the wreck of all things rescue thee!

Original.

TO A WOUNDED BIRD.

Poor bird! No more on airy pinions
Shalt thou carol in the sky;
An exile from thy wide dominions,
Thou wilt seek the earth and die!
To thee the realms of air were given,
And skies in azure garments drest;
'Twas thine to wander high in heaven,
And fold the white clouds round thy breast!
Thou wert the child of storm and light,
Now borne by tempest-winds along,
Then urging on thy upward flight,
And greeting earth and sky with song.
The grove was thine—the sunny grove,
And there in revelry with flowers,
You sung your song of endless love
To gay coquettes in other bowers!
But woe for thee! No more the sky
Shall kindle at thy melody;
And trembling groves shall teem with song,
And laughing streams shall dance along;
The sky as bright with clouds of gold,
Shall other warblers still enfold,
And merry all with songs of love,
As when thy sweet strains filled the grove!
And like to thee, thou child of song,
The soul with lightning pinions flies;
Now revelling 'midst the starry throng—
And sweeping wildly through the skies,
Or blest in groves and verdant bowers,
Where love flies singing through the air;
It woos around the smiling hours,
And holds them chain'd and blushing there!
But unlike thee, when Death appears,
It folds not up its drooping wings,
But smiling gaily through its tears,
Up to its cloudless home it springs,
And filled with holy melody,
It nestles rapturous in the sky.

H. H.

Yorick's Opinion of Gravity.—Sometimes, in his wild way of talking, he would say that gravity was an arrant scoundrel; and he would add, of the most dangerous kind too—because a sly one; and that he verily believed, more honest, well-meaning people were bubbled out of their goods and money by it in one twelvemonth, than by pocket-picking and shop-lifting in seven. In the naked temper which a merry heart discovered, he would say there was no danger—but to itself; whereas the very essence of gravity was design, and consequently deceit; 'twas a taught trick to gain credit of the world for more sense and knowledge than a man was worth; and that, with all his pretensions, it was no better, but often worse than what a French wit had long defined it, viz.—a mysterious carriage of the body to cover the defects of the mind.—*Sterne.*

Original.

PRIDE.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

It is a blessed impulse, wrought
Within us, by the glorious thought,
That tells, in moments free from sin,
Our high and star-twinned origin.

They call it wrong, unholy, vain,
The struggle of a soul insane!
It is *not* vain, the Pride, that thrills
Our spirits, nerving them to ills;
The pride, that bears us through the world,
With tranquil brow and lip uncurled,
And an undying trust within,
A glimpse of glory yet to be,
An Eden-hope, that charms from sin,
And smiles along life's stormy sea.

'Tis *not* unholy—when it stirs
The hearts of Heaven's worshippers:
It is, perchance, a herald-ray
Of cloudless and eternal day;
A spark of that unfailing fire,
That quivers in the seraph-choir,
When, with veiled eyes and folded wing,
Beneath the 'illumined throne they sing,
While lyres of light, low warbling round,
Soft to their glancing hands resound.

Oh! he, within whose spirit-frame,
Too wildly burned that precious flame,
Then darkened into crime and shame,
Who lifted his unhallowed gaze,
Where dwells the Blest, the Pure and Lone,
And drank, with maddened soul, the blaze,
That flashed from that resplendent throne,
Until the nameless, lightning thought
Within his impious spirit wrought,
That quenchless kindling, doomed to be
His curse, thro' dread Eternity!
How must his wild heart have forgot
The Love that lit his angel-lot,
When dark he stood and unforgiven,
The only shadowed thing in Heaven!
And heard, and shrank to hear the first,
Deep peal of thunder round him burst!
When He, whose lowest, lightest word,
Thro' all that limitless dome was heard,
Sent, on the sweet, untroubled air,
His swift, loud blast of vengeance there!
When Seraphim and Cherubim,
In silence breathless as the tomb,
While trembled every snow-white plume,
Bent down their radiant heads to him,
Who never, 'till that hour, had given
A tone, untuned by Love, to Heaven!
How must his ear have lost the strain
That Peace was wont to murmur, when
That Heaven, with step profane, he trod,
And dared to battle with his God!

Original.

MAY.

May in the fragrant forest sings,
For Winter's cold hath passed away,
And from the grass the field-lark springs,
To greet the beams of opening day.

And far around the mountains rest,
Their sunlit peaks attired in green,
Stretching far inland, to the west,
With snow-white villages between.

Rustling upon the river's sand
In clusters bend the springing reeds,
And gladly in the furrowed land
The sower drops the yellow seeds.

Gladly—for autumn winds ere long
Through all the lovely harvest-days,
Filling the reddened woods with song,
Shall cool him in the rustling maize.

All things are fair—but one there is
Whose image in my heart doth sleep,
Sweeter than this calm wilderness
Amid the woodland wide and deep.

Rough though the storms of Time may be,
Her memory beams within my breast,
Like moonlight on a troubled sea,
When weary winds are lulled to rest.

Enchantress! thou whose gentle looks
Are peaceful as the upper sky,
Thy voice is like the forest-brooks,
And twilight lingers in thine eye!

Twilight, in whose meek depths, I see
Love burning like a vesper star,
For thou'rt a Pleiad unto me,
And I am the astronomer!

H. W. ROCKWELL.

Original.

SONNET.—TO A MOUNTAIN RILL.

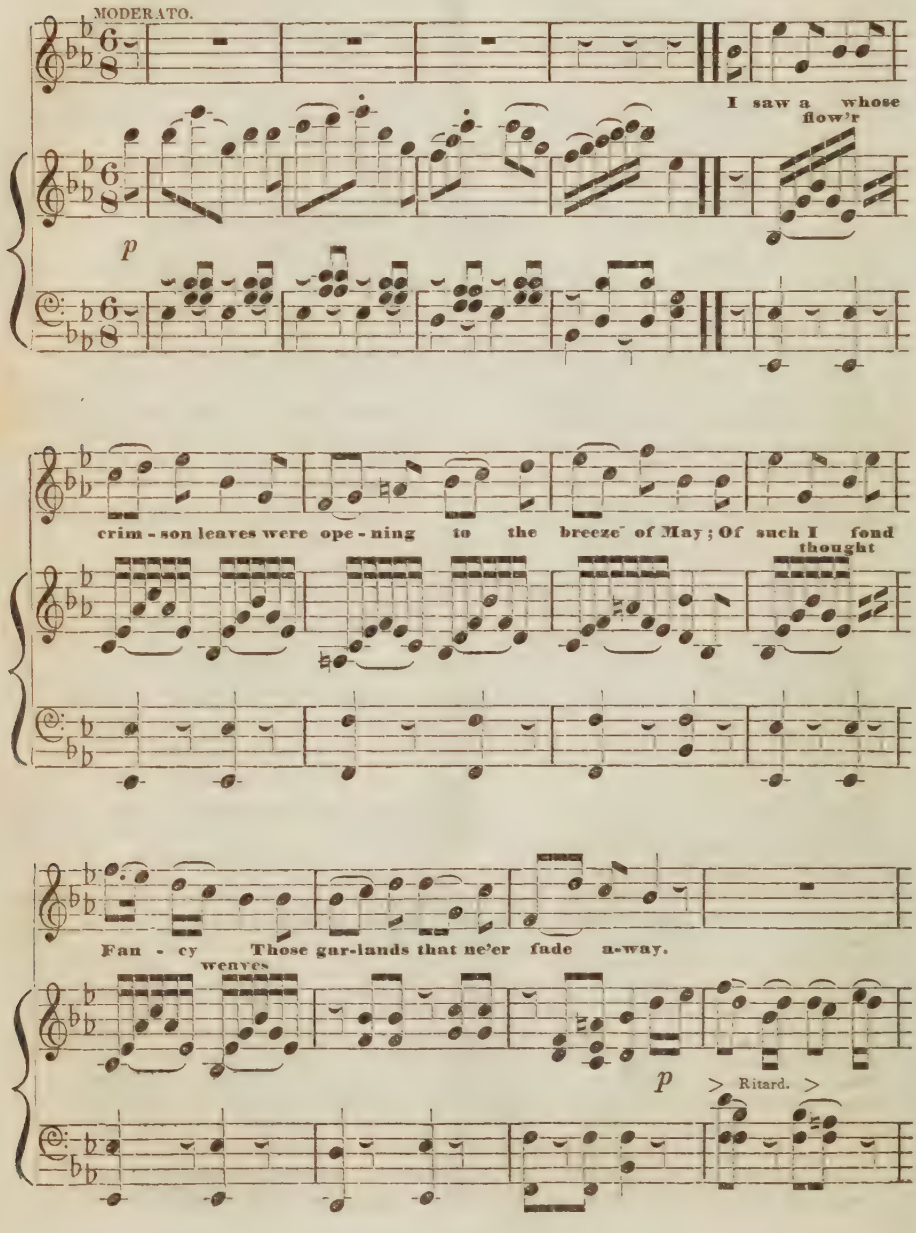
BY ROBERT HAMILTON.

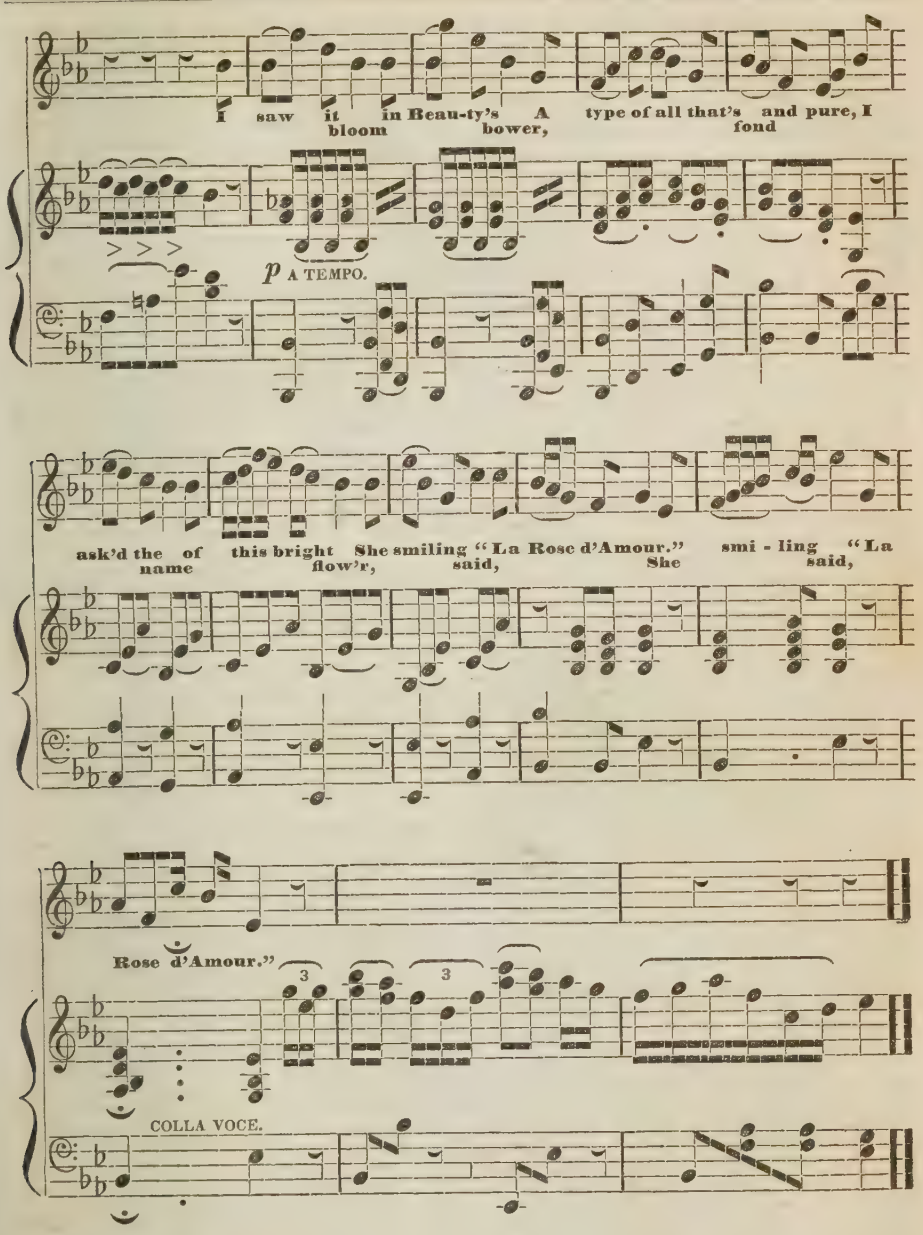
"Sweet fount," I said, "whence do thy waters spring?
From rocky hall or mossy moorland bed?
I'll trace thy sources soft meandering,
And find the eye from which thy tears are shed."
Around the ash and laurel boughs were spread,
And fairy blossoms treasures for the bee,
The oak and pine towered proudly o'er mine head,
While daisy, pink, and wild convolvuli,
In nature's freaks around my path were strewn.
Far in a glen where foot had never come,
From a cleft rock with lichen garb o'ergrown
Burst the sweet streamlet with a plaintive hum—
Scarce could the sunbeam pierce the leafy night.
Where sprang the limpid nursling into light.

LA ROSE D'AMOUR.

WORDS BY WILLIAM J. WETMORE—MUSIC BY WILLIAM WOOD.

COMPOSED FOR THE LADIES' COMPANION.




I saw it in Beau-ty's bloom A bower, type of all that's and pure, I fond
p A TEMPO.
ask'd the name of this bright flow'r, She said, smiling "La Rose d'Amour." She smi - ling said, "La
Rose d'Amour."
3
3
COLLA VOCE.

SECOND VERSE.

I saw another blooming fair,
Its leaves as white as virgin snow;
It seem'd that Love was nestling there,
As zephyrs fann'd it to and fro;
On Beauty's bosom there it spread
Its spotless leaves all fair and pure;
And what is this sweet flower I said,
She whisper'd soft--"La Rose d'Amour."

THIRD VERSE.

And there I saw them both in bloom,
On Beauty's bosom sink and swell;
But they were emblems of the tomb,
That to the heart sad lessons tell:
The leaf is wither'd, and its hue
So rich and lovely, is no more;
Old Time took Beauty as he flew,
And left to fade--"La Rose d'Amour."

LITERARY REVIEW.

THE PROGRESS OF DEMOCRACY, ILLUSTRATED IN THE HISTORY OF GAUL AND FRANCE, *by Alexandre Dumas. Translated by an American: J. & H. G. Langley.*—This is one of the most efficient epitomes of that portion of history of which it discourses, that has ever been given to the public. The author, who is of the ultra liberal party, speaks his sentiments and opinions in a bold and fearless manner, and perhaps the best portion of the work, at least, the most attractive to the American reader, will be found in a summary of his political creed, embodied in the concluding pages. The rapidity with which he travels over the ground of history, yet seizing the most prominent and illustrative characters and incidents, displays a mind of the most comprehensive order, and discriminating taste, for, in one volume, is embraced the whole of the history of Gaul and France, from the earliest records of its foundation, down to the election of Philip de Valois. The style is bold and original, and the translator has executed *her* labor, (for rumor pronounces it to be a lady,) admirably. All idiom and semblance of a foreign style are discarded, and a beautiful chaste diction is the characteristic of the English version. We congratulate the publishers on the tasteful manner they have sent forth the work.

MISCELLANIES OF LITERATURE, *by the author of Curiosities of Literature: J. & H. G. Langley.*—"A book of much mirth, and some melancholy," as an old writer says, and one which no other man but D'Israeli could have so excellently arranged. With him it appears to be a labor of love, an enthusiasm, to collect all that is curious and characteristic of the *genus irritabile*, and with his own felicitous imagination, invest them with an interest which is truly delightful. The Curiosities of Literature, it is well known, betokens an immense research, and the Miscellanies, in every respect, do the same. In his own words, "they offer a unity of design, and afford to the general reader, and to the student of classical antiquity, some initiation into our national literature. Authors and books are not alone here treated of; a comprehensive view of human nature necessarily enters into the subject, from the diversity of the characters portrayed, through the gradations of their faculties, the influence of their tastes, and those incidents of their lives, prompted by their fortunes or their passions. The present volume, therefore, with their brother Curiosities of Literature, now constitute a body of reading which may awaken knowledge in minds only seeking amusement, and refresh the deeper studies of the learned, by matters not unworthy of criticism." The publishers have done justice to their department of the work, and we predict they will receive, in return, a liberal compensation for their spirit of enterprize; indeed, we conjecture that the demand has already been so great (while we trust it is the only cause) that we have not received the work 'till so late a period after its publication.

THE WORKS OF LORD BOLINGBROKE: *Carey & Hart.*—The name of Lord Bolingbroke, to all who are acquainted with the government of England, in the early part of the last century, needs only to be mentioned to excite respect for great abilities, and sympathy for an object of political persecution, for if ever there was an individual sacrificed to the intrigue and jealousy of party, it was certainly Bolingbroke, and never, in so short a period of public service, did any minister occupy a wider space in the political horizon, or leave behind him a more brilliant reputation. As a statesman, he was unrivalled, as an orator, unsurpassed, and as a writer, one of the most classical and profound who has ever adorned the literature of England. The present volumes contain the whole of his writings, as originally published by his literary executor, Mallet, with much additional matter, relative to his personal and public character, and also a new life of this celebrated man, compiled expressly for the American edition. The work is produced in the first style of the art, and to the statesman, orator, and scholar, will be found invaluable.

MEMOIR OF MARGARET DAVIDSON, *by Washington Irving: Lea & Blanchard.*—One of the most pleasing biographies contained in the language, is that of the lamented Kirke White, but, without in the least intending to detract from it, we are compelled, in justice, to avow that the present volume is in every way stronger calculated to excite the feelings. The subject of the memoir is also invested with a deeper interest than the youthful White, for what can be more melancholy beautiful than to read of a fragile blossom of humanity endowed with the highest mental attributes, slowly sinking beneath the premature blight of decay; a young spirit sweetly pouring forth its aspirations in the solitude of the world, and finally yielding itself with Christian resignation into the hands of its Creator. It is almost needless to say that the accomplished author of the Sketch Book has compiled one of the most delicious biographical morceaux extant, and sincerely do we regret that our columns will not permit us to dilate in the elaborate spirit of criticism upon its merits, or to present some of the many beautiful poetical gems with which the volume abounds. One, however, we cannot refrain from transferring to our pages, written at the early age of fifteen, and, alas! her final year, replete with intellect worthy of the most gifted child of song.

THE NATURE OF THE SOUL.

"The spirit, what is it? Mysterious, sublime,
Undying, unchanging, for ever the same,
It bounds lightly athwart the dark billows of time,
And moves on unscorched by its heavenly flame.

Man owns thee, and feels thee, and knows thee divine;
He feels thou art his, and thou never canst die,
He believes thee a gem from the Maker's pure shrine—
A portion of purity, holy and high;

'Tis around him, within him, the source of his life,
Yet too weak to contemplate its glory and might;
He trembling shrinks back to dull earth's humble strife,
And leaves the pure atmosphere glowing with light.

Thou spark from the Deity's radiant throne,
I know thee, yet shrink from thy greatness and power;
Thou art mine in thy splendor, I feel thee my own,
Yet behold me as frail as the light summer flower.

I strove in my weakness to gaze on thy might,
To trace out thy wanderings through ages to come,
'Till like birds on the sea, all exhausted, at night,
I flutter back, weary, to earth, as my home,

Like a diamond, when laid in a rough case of clay,
Which may crumble and wear from the pure gem enclosed,
But which ne'er can be lit by one tremulous ray
From the glory-crowned star in its dark case reposed."

THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND, *by Agnes Strickland: Lea & Blanchard.*—Research, erudition, and a correct style, are the evident characteristics of this publication. It is not merely a narrative of the lives of the royal heroines which its appellation conveys, but also a historical dissertation of the times in which they lived, commencing with succinct sketches of the lives of the earliest British and Saxon Queens, up to Matilda, wife of the Conqueror, the first of the Anglo Norman Queens, and mother of the succeeding line of monarchs, whose sovreignty is now invested in the person of the present Queen of England. With the Life of Matilda, the work correctly commences, and is continued down to our own day. No incident, detail, or information, to be found in English or foreign chronicles, antique records, or antiquarian researches appertaining to the subject matter, but what has been patiently and diligently investigated, and brought to bear in the composition of the work. The result of which is, that the accomplished authoress has given to the world one of the most valuable productions of biographical literature the language contains.

FAMILY SECRETS, *by Mrs. Ellis.*—This little volume before us, contains the first tale of a series, under the head of Family Secrets, entitled, "Dining Out." It is ably written, and will go far, we doubt not, to expose the baneful effects "of one particular cause of evil more fatal than all others to individual happiness," to disseminate the principles of temperance, and reclaim the wanderer from the path of temptation, at the same time to create a love for domestic enjoyment, the purest and best of all earthly blessings.—*D. Appleton & Co.*

THE LIFE OF PETRARCH, *by Thomas Campbell.*—Out of the slight materials which Mr. Campbell has had to form this biography, he has effected wonders; still we consider the subject was not of importance enough to occupy so much time, industry and learning, as he has bestowed upon it. The genius and character of Petrarch will be better traced in his immortal sonnets, than from musty documents and traditional records, still, to the admirer of the poet, the volume will prove acceptable, while, as a performance displaying the most perfect purity of style, and a judicious estimate of Petrarch's genius, it is deserving of much praise. It comes from the prolific press of *Carey & Hart's* in a beautiful garb, reflecting the highest credit on their taste and enterprize.

EARLY FRIENDSHIP, *by Mrs. Copley: D. Appleton & Co.*—We do not remember having met with the name of this authoress before, and if it is her first essay in the world of letters, we congratulate her upon the very clever manner she has executed it. Early Friendship is a volume which every mother should place in the hands of her daughter, as a valuable illustration of the exercise of moral worth, and domestic duty.

THE YOUNG MAIDEN, *by A. B. Murray: C. S. Francis.*—We have carefully perused this volume, and can faithfully recommend it as containing much useful information and judicious advice on the most important points of the female character.

MASTERMAN READY, *by Captain Marryat: D. Appleton & Co.* A charming little story, being the first part of a work written for, and adapted to the capacity of the youthful mind, and which, if approved of, will be continued in series. It contains an excellent moral, much useful information, and considerable interest. A more fitting token for young people, we do not know of.

THEATRICALS.

PARK.—Since our last number, the prominent entertainment at this house has been the production of the tragedy of Aylmere, written by R. Conrad, of Philadelphia, and founded on some of the principal features of the celebrated rebellion in England, in the reign of Henry the VI, headed by the notorious Jack Cade. To this character the author has given the name of Aylmere, and drawn it exactly to suit the powers of Mr. Forrest; that he has succeded in this, we, with the general voice, agree, but do not, with the moral and heroic attributes with which he has endowed him. That Cade was a low, uneducated, brawling ruffian, all historians have described him, and however virtuous Mr. Conrad may make him appear, however just the cause which he advocates, yet we fear that the true historic character of Cade will militate much against the popularity of the piece. An able commentator on Shakspeare, makes the following sage remarks, which we consider, in the present instance, most applicable. "Deviations from the page of history, are of little consequence to the mere lover of dramatic literature, as they neither weaken the gratification, nor diminish the effect of the scenic narrative. Poetry appeals to the passions, and imagination, like a true magician, lends her most powerful spells to excite or subdue them. But there are many to whom the great events of history are known only through the fascinating medium of a play or romance; and it is frequently difficult, if not disagreeable to efface, in after life, the distorted impressions which they leave upon the memory." When viewed in the sober simplicity of historic truth, a favorite hero often loses much of his glitter, and a detested villain some portion of his turpitude. It is therefore of no little consequence to examine the materials of a dramatic fabric, to separate truth from fiction, and to show the age and body of the time—his form and pressure. Now our author's hero is a direct violation of all history. He has selected a being who had not one redeeming quality in his composition, and arrayed him in the garbs of the scholar, patriot, and hero. We have taken the pains to investigate the character of "the headstrong Kentishman, John Cade, of Ashford," from many sources, and are compelled, most unequivocally, to avow that a more forbidding personage hardly stains the annals of humanity, but here we have him the nonpareil of virtue, the Tell of England, all that is good and noble. The genius of Mr. Conrad, we can scarcely believe to have committed such a direct error of its own accord, and would willingly imagine that he has been misguided by injudicious advice while in the composition of the play. These strictures we make, out of an honest regard for his talent, because he has all the materials of a dramatic writer. His language is chaste, his similes correct, and one peculiar excellence, and one of the greatest a dramatic author can have, is the terse and vigorous manner in which he, at all times, expresses himself. The plot of Aylmere is not well conceived; a redundancy of incidents and situations, render it, in some places, heavy, uninteresting, and unnatural; judicious curtailment, however, can remedy this defect, and we have no doubt Mr. Forrest must have felt this, and before its next representation in New York, will have condensed it materially. Another error, which is the besetting sin of all modern dramatists, the part of Aylmere is the monopolizer of all that is really effective in the tragedy—all other characters being made subservient to it. Marianne, to be sure, has some good situations, but there is too much repetition of the *intense* in the character, or perhaps the actress, herself, infused too much of the lachrymose and extravagant into the part; be this as it may, we are convinced that the whole drama wants the pruning-knife liberally applied, when, we have no doubt, it will, and not 'till then, become a favorite with Mr. Forrest's admirers. After the engagement of Mr. Forrest, the theatre remained closed for a fortnight, when it was re-opened with Fanny Ellsler, who has proved of great benefit to the treasury. Our opinion of this lady we have expressed in a former number of the "Companion," and we have only to say it remains unaltered. We admire talent of whatever character it may be, but we condemn the ill taste of America, which suffers the fine arts to drag on a miserable existence, while it lavishes "the wealth of the Indies" upon a foreign *danseuse*.

BOWERY.—The regluar drama continues in the ascendency at this house, proving that a sound taste still exists in our city for the genuine stock of dramatic writing. We have had presented at the Bowery, during the last month, some of the best plays in the language; Bertram, Pizarro, Macbeth, the Honey Moon, the Wonder, and others, and in a manner worthy of the reputation of any company. The character of Bertram afforded Mr. Hamblin a full opportunity for his powers. Although we regard the moral of the drama as bad, and the plot, in many parts, as too melo-dramatic for the strict rules of tragic composition; still there are energy and poetical beauty in the language, equal to the writings of any modern author, and occasionally worthy of the masters of "the olden time." The part of the Prior is the most natural drawn of all the characters in the piece, and contains the most beautiful portions of the language, we therefore regretted to behold the actor to whom it was entrusted, incompetent to its execution; whether from carelessness, or inability, we know not, but it was rendered a mutilated mass, cold and ineffective—a very nonentity in the scene. With this support, it was not to be wondered at if many of the principal scenes were totally destroyed—despite of this, however, Mr. Hamblin, with the consummate tact of the artist, contrived to keep up the effect, and where he was well supported, as in the case with Mrs. Anderson, as Imogene, he imparted to the character, vigor, interest, and pathos. We were happy to perceive this actress abandon herself to the feeling of her part—to forget that she *was* acting, and depend solely upon the impulse of her own feelings. One great error into which she too often falls, and which destroys all impersonation, is an uncertainty of her author—a doubt about the words of the text. To be able to read well, and to be sure of the diction of the character, are the first and most essential requisites a performer requires; they are the foundation, as it were, of the dramatic structure, and if not firmly based, the rest of the creation will be but tottering and insecure. She has all the requisites to make an

excellent actress, and with assiduity and study, we hope yet to see her achieve an exalted position in her art. The Honey Moon has been repeated several times with great success, and most admirably sustained throughout. We know of no actor at present, except Mr. Hamblin, who, in person and understanding, can portray the Duke Aranza. Most actors, in their delineation of the character, are prolix and tragic, forgetting altogether the colloquial style, and delivering the language as they were pouring forth the patrician sentiments of Coriolanus. In this respect, Mr. Hamblin particularly discriminates. Where the character requires the stamp of nobleness, as in the first act, you perceive the dignity preserved, and in the scenes where the peasant is assumed, he looks, walks, and converses as "the honest yeoman." We congratulate him on his personation of this difficult part, as it shows he executes from *mentis penetralia*, and not from art or copyism, the prevailing blight of most dramatic professors. We take this opportunity of recording our testimony of praise to the very spirited performance of Rolando, by Mr. Barry. It was lively without being extravagant, chaste without being tedious, and correct in costume and bearing. A personator of Negro character has been acting his brief hour on the boards of this establishment, and if it had been briefer, we believe it would have been more to the profit and respectability of the house. We are no admirers of these personators of negro abortions, and as we cannot say aught in his favor, we will dismiss him in the mercy of silence.

National.—From the bottom of our hearts, sincerely do we regret to say that this splendid edifice is now a heap of ruins, "a melancholy instance," as Scott has it, "of the mutability of human affairs." We have no doubt it owes its destruction, as well as the former building, to the torch of the incendiary, but, from the severe scrutiny which has been exerted, in attempting to discover the perpetrators of the horrid deed, we trust that some clue will be found, which will lead to an elucidation of the cause, and the summary and explicit punishment of the guilty individuals; but 'till then, we would respectfully suggest that all vituperation, invidiousness, and insinuation, be refrained from. *Suspicion* is not *fact*, and 'till a jury of the land decides upon the guilt or innocence of the accused, no one has a right to assert or even insinuate who is culpable or innocent.

Olympic.—Mr. Mitchell has departed for Philadelphia with his unique company, to produce his celebrated series of entertainments at the National Theatre of that city. We wish him every success, and shall be happy to welcome him back again to the scene of his fortunate labors.

Chatham.—Full houses, stirring entertainments, and good acting, are the features of this theatre. Mr. Thorne, we again repeat, is worthy of the patronage with which the public so liberally rewards him, and to increase, if possible, the strength of his company, he suffers no novelty to escape him, in proof of which, Mr. J. R. Scott has been acting several of his best parts with a freshness worthy of his best days. In saying this, we mean no insinuation to a deterioration in his powers, but he appears to have cast aside a habit of *ease*, which, of late, in our opinion marred *his* efforts, and again to act with impulse and energy.

EDITORS' TABLE.

The travelling season has again commenced, and from all quarters crowds are pouring into the city. The boats on the North and East Rivers, are filled to overflowing, our watering-places are beginning to look gay, and before the month is over, old Gotham will be tolerably well deserted by its inhabitants, and they are right, for who would remain "pent up" in a metropolis, with a Bengal atmosphere, when green fields, brooks, rivers, and shady forests can be found for retreat, within a few hour's travel, where, as the poet sings,

"Not rural sights alone, but rural sounds
Exhilarate the spirit, and restore
The tone of languid Nature. Mighty winds
That sweep the skirt of some far spreading wood
Of ancient growth, make music not unlike
The dash of Ocean on his winding shore,
And lull the spirit, while they fill the mind,
Unnumbered branches waving in the blast,
And all their leaves fast fluttering, all at once.
Nor less composure waits upon the roar
Of distant floods, or on the softer voice
Of neighboring fountain, or of rills that slip
Through the cleft rock, and, chiming as they fall
Upon loose pebbles, lose themselves, at length
In matted grass, that, with a livelier green,
Betrays the secret of their silent course."

No excuse need be offered by the poorest of our citizens, in not enjoying the rural landscape, when so many opportunities are afforded to them at a charge so small in the numerous modes of conveyance, and in a country, too, where the hand of Providence has lavished in richest profusion, his offerings of beauty. We throw out these remarks to direct the attention of our readers to the advantages to be obtained, by unbending occasionally, from the monotonous routine of business, and looking upon the charms of nature with an unfettered spirit. Ennui, dull times, and "the thousand ills that flesh is heir to," will vanish like the shadows of night before the beams of the morning, while they will find that the world has for them charms, 'till then unknown, and that existence was never meant to be devoted solely to the amassing of wealth, and the gregarian pursuits of the worldling.

Concerts.—This species of amusement seems nearly exhausted, and no wonder, when we perceive that every individual who *imagines* himself capable of turning a note, puts forth his name to the patronage of the public. We mention this, as those performers whose merits really entitle them to support, are, by the presumption of such pretenders, deprived of their just fame and reward. Like the mania for lectures, which, for these last two years, has spread among all classes, and called forth a host of illiterate and egotistical *humbugs*, so has it been with the musical world; but we are glad to observe that the disease is fast working its own cure, and that by the next winter, we will find that quackery has departed from among us, and science again assumed its rightful sway.

New Music.—Messieurs Firth and Hall have published, in a handsome manner, the following clever pieces of music. The words of two of which, are by G. P. Morris, Esq., and are worthy of his poetical powers. That of "*We were Boys together*," is especially very pretty, and, we have no doubt, will become quite popular. The music of both is by Russell, and most admirably adapted to the subjects. "*I caught her tear at Parting*," by Ernest Kollman, is also a very sweet ballad. "*Sapourneen Deelish*" is well arranged by Nelson. "*The Vale of Avoca*," by Charles Jeffreys, the music composed by S. Glover, is deserving of commendation. "*President Tyler's March*," "*Col. Doyle's Quick Step*." "*L'Hiver*," "*Major Mc Pherson*," "*In Light Tripping Measure*," and "*A Set of Waltzes for the flute*," reflect credit upon their various composers, and display a fine taste in the spirited publishers.

Boston Notion.—"What, will the line stretch to the crack of doom?" we exclaimed, as we unfolded page after page of this mammoth of weeklies, and assuredly such a sheet, in dimension and matter, was never before issued in any age or country. Its contents are the publication of several new and popular prose and poetical works, in the diversified paths of literature. Original tales and poems, the essence of our own, and the foreign magazines, political and domestic intelligence, with innumerable columns of multifarious matter, all of which are characterized by good taste, and printed upon a single sheet of most extraordinary size. Beyond this specimen of typographical execution, human ingenuity, we think, cannot extend, and as a curiosity of the art of printing, and newspaper composition, we recommend it to the public.

LAKE GEORGE FROM BULL HILL

CROW NEST.

In the neighborhood of Undercliff, from which the [illegible] view is taken, this beautiful mountain is beheld to the greatest advantage. Around its shaggy base sweep the waters of the Hudson, while far as the eye can wander, stretches the blue line of the Catskills. To the south lies West Point, and immediately above it rises Mount Independence, crowned with the ruins of Fort Putnam, while on every hand some delightful object of the picturesque and beautiful greets the sight of the traveller. What a myriad of hallowed associations do the surrounding objects create in the heart of every American, objects on which the foot has trodden and the eye has rested, of those illustrious men who risked their lives in the cause of their country's independence. On these very plains has the Father of our freedom gazed, and planned the extrication of his native land from the fetters of oppression. Here, too, have the self-proffered friends of liberty, Lafayette and Kosciusko, wandered, and here, also, have the plans of treason been meditated upon by the villain, Arnold, for West Point, the key of the Hudson, as it is correctly designated, was then the grand object on which the British had placed their hearts, and in which, had they succeeded, would, perhaps, for ever have sealed the subjugation of America, but an all gracious Providence, in whose hand are weighed the destinies of nations in his plenitude of mercy, saw fit to blast the plans of villany, and preserve our country from the foe. Independent of these thrilling associations, in a poetical quality it is also curious and interesting, as being the scene in which Drake's beautiful poem of "The Culprit Fay" is laid, and certainly a more fitting haunt for the genii of fancy, is not to be found in the realms of creation. Who that has gazed upon it in the silent hour of night, under the star gemmed canopy as we have done—

> "When the moon
> Like to a silver bow new bent in heaven"

casts its mellow radiance on the landscape—when the breathing world is bound in repose, and Peace weaves her spell of silence over all, but must at once acknowledge the exquisite description of the lamented poet—

> "Tis the middle watch of a summer's night;
> The earth is dark, but the heavens are bright;
> Nought is seen in the vault on high,
> But the moon and the stars and the cloudless sky,
> And the flood which rolls its milky hue—
> A river of light on the welkin blue.
> The moon looks down on old Crow-nest,
> She mellows the shade on his shaggy breast,
> And seems his huge gray form to throw,
> In a silver cone on the waves below;
> His sides are broken by spots of shade,
> By the walnut boughs and the cedar made,
> And through their clustering branches dark,
> Glimmers and dies the firefly's spark,
> Like starry twinkles that momently break
> Through the rifts of the gathering tempest's rack.
> The stars are on the moving stream,
> And fling, as its ripples gently flow,
> A burnished length of wavy beam,
> In an eel-like spiral line below;
> The winds are whist, and the owl is still,
> The bat in the shelvy rock is hid,
> And nought is heard on the lonely hill,
> But the cricket's chirp, and the answer shrill,
> Of the gauze wing'd katy-did.
> And the plaint of the wailing whip-poor-will,
> Who moans unseen, and ceaseless sings,
> Ever a note of wail and wo,
> 'Till morning spreads her rosy wings,
> And earth and sky in her glances glow.
> 'Tis the hour of fairy ban and spell,
> The wood tick has kept the minutes well;
> He has counted them all with click and stroke,
> Deep in the heart of the mountain oak,
> And he has awakened the sentry elve,
> Who sleeps with him in the haunted tree,
> To bid him ring the hour of twelve,
> And call the fays to their revelry.
> Twelve small strokes on his tinkling bell—
> ('Twas made of the white snail's pearly shell:)
> Midnight comes, and all is well!
> 'Hither, hither, wing your way,
> 'Tis the dawn of the fairy day.'
> They come from the beds of lichen green,
> They creep from the mullen's velvet screen;
> Some on the backs of beetles fly,
> From the silver tops of moon-touch'd trees,
> Where they swung in their cobweb hammocks high,
> And rocked about in the evening breeze;
> Some from the hum-bird's downy nest,
> They had driven him out by elfin power,
> And pillowed on plumes of his rainbow breast,
> Had slumbered there 'till the charmed hour
> Some had lain in a scoop of the rock,
> With glittering ising-stars inlaid,
> And some had opened the four-o'clock,
> And stolen within its purple shade;
> And now they throng the moonlight glade,
> Above—below—on every side,
> Their little minim forms arrayed,
> In the tricksy pomp of fairy pride."

Such is the opening of perhaps the most poetical poem of America—imagery, metaphor, and simile, are to repletion, throughout the whole of it, recalling to our mind the fertile and fanciful genius of the Ettrick Shepherd. Indeed, it is a fitting compeer to Kelmeny of the Scottish bard, while it conveys to the reader a most valuable description of American scenery. We cannot refrain from again quoting from the poem once more. It is the description of the Sylphid Queen in slumber in her palace.

> "But oh! how fair the shape that lay
> Beneath a rainbow bending bright,
> She seemed to the entranced Fay
> The loveliest of the forms of light;
> Her mantle was the purple, rolled
> At twilight in the west afar;
> 'Twas tied with threads of dawning gold,
> And buttoned with a sparkling star.
> Her face was like the lily roon,
> That veils the vestal planet's hue,
> Her eyes two beamlets from the moon,
> Set floating in the welkin blue;
> Her hair is like the sunny beam,
> And the diamond gems which round it gleam,
> Are the pure drops of dewy even,
> That ne'er have left their native heaven."

Beyond this inimitable and graphic description, all other illustration is useless, so we must content ourselves with briefly recommending a trip to this delightful scene, as one that will amply repay the visitor in all that is rich in the picturesque and beautiful.

R. H.

Original.

THE GOOD FARMER.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE YEMASSEE,' 'THE KINSMAN,' 'GUY RIVERS,' ETC.

THE Earth is ours as a sacred trust, and we must put it to good interest. It is to go through the hands of our sons, and our sons' sons—it is to be their patrimony, and is to provide the portions of our daughters. Originally yielded to man as a garden, shall we return it to the Giver as a wilderness? Not if we feel the solemnity of our trusts—not if we are true to ourselves and faithful to our children. The Good Farmer will shrink from none of his obligations, but, in their cheerful acknowledgment, he will bring back the golden ages of the world! He will address himself to his labors with a zeal which will prove him equally sensible to his duties and his fortunes. He, above all men, will be soonest likely to learn obedience to that stern religious truth, which teaches, that it is only by treading always in the path of duty, that we can promote our substantial interests. I have depicted, in my mind's eye, the noble character of a perfect agriculturist—perfect, I mean, within the limits of our human capacity for perfection. I assume him to be taught in his art from the earliest moment of his boyish performances. His eyes have first opened upon the fields of green in Summer, and have seen their maturing progress to the golden fruition of the Harvest. His earliest tasks have been to follow the husbandman, and to imitate, within his strength, the toils that he beholds. The exactions of a judicious parent subject him to the daily duties which belong to his lot in life, and to the profession which he is required to pursue. Taught thus, by early habit and education, to subdue his duties to the narrow limits in which his lot has been cast, the approach of manhood is marked by no violent transitions of his moral nature. The appetite which craves for change and various excitement, has no longer a power over his performances; and he passes into his new condition of superior trust and duty, with no other feeling than one of an increased human responsibility. The course of tuition to which he has been subjected, admirably subdues the presumption which is but too much the characteristic of all inexperienced intellect. He has learned to obey, as the grand initial lesson in the task of governing. He beholds around him the few paternal acres which bound his fortunes, and which, he wisely resolves, shall bound his appetites also. Commanded to toil, by the direct decree of God, and equally by the obvious moral and physical advantages which result from daily labor, he addresses himself to this necessity with a smiling countenance, a manly energy, a cheerful heart, and a steady resolution. His neighbor salutes him with tidings of great gain in the cities by trade and speculation—of fortunes made in the twinkling of an eye, and by the mere motion of lips or finger—but he remains unseduced. The sun, which contributes so greatly to perfect his toils, is not more regular in his rising and his setting. He knows no fluctuations of resolve—his duties are designated from week to week, and month to month, and season to season; full of variety, but always the same, and going on as certainly as any one of the thousand operations in the natural world, of which he hourly avails himself. By this stability he establishes the first just proof of his superior moral strength. The caprices of intellect are always to be regarded as conclusive proofs of an inferior moral nature. For, in the language of Samson, the wrestler,

> "What is strength without a double share
> Of wisdom—vast, unwieldly, burdensome;
> Proudly secure, yet liable to fall,
> By weakest subtleties?"

The Good Farmer knows that he can only be successful by a constant, patient, undeviating adherence to his daily duties. Nor, pursuing them with patience, will he ever find them wearisome. There is nothing in nature less monotonous than the aspect of the progressing seasons, and the changing, and all lovely, aspects which they, in turn, effect upon the earth. From the world of forensic strife—from the cup of social scandal—from the loud laugh of the lively coterie—from the toils of the city and the camp—all men, turn, at length, for relief and restoration, to the unsophisticated face of nature, and find solace and refreshment; and he who contemplates her daily, discovers even in her seeming uniformities, and pure and placid transitions, the progress of a change, as constant as that of the magician's glass, and far more wonderful than any in Arabian story.

The Good Farmer stands in the sight of God, in a three-fold aspect. As a subject of his power and his bounty—dependent upon his indulgence, and commanded by his laws—as the citizens of a community, variously composed, but of creatures having alike nature with himself, governed by like necessities and supplied by like weaknesses—and as an individual man, having a duty to himself not inferior to any of the rest, and, under the guidance of just laws of reflection, happily harmonizing with all their requisitions. In his first relation, the Good Farmer will seek to know, and endeavor to perform, all the obligations of religion. The first of these is labor, that being the first law ever delivered by the Deity to expatriated man. He will know, that, without industry, all his prayers and painstaking, all his gifts to the church, and all his forbearances to his fellow, will still leave incomplete those performances which the Divine decree has pronounced to be essential. He will avoid all immoral contact and drive evil passions from his thoughts. For these, indeed, there will be little or no room in the heart of one who prosecutes his daily duties with energy and zeal. Such a man seldom departs from his estate, and only in compliance with the requisitions of society and the laws. No foreign attractions can beguile him from those fields, which, through long cultivation, he at length learns to regard with something of the same affection which he feels for the children of his loins. In truth, the children of his thoughts, and hopes, and labors, are every where around him. The old walks grow natural to his footsteps—the old trees wear the faces of familiar friends. He loves to

* From an agricultural oration, delivered November last, before the Barnwell Agricultural Society of South Carolina, and never yet published.

linger as he traverses the daily paths; to rest beside the fountain, or beneath the tree, and surrender himself to peaceful meditations. It is in this way that the choice humanities grow up and gather about his heart. It is by this sort of contemplation that his soul feels the force of that Divine benediction which is written on the wide face of universal nature; "peace on earth, and good will to all men!" and higher musings than these arouse him to loftier if not to lovelier desires. The growth of the tender plant, the tiny shaft of grass, or the pale blue flower of the spring time, awakens him to thoughts and fancies, which, if they were less vague and mysterious, would be less true to the cravings of his immortal spirit. The progress of the infant plant and flower carries him away from themselves to their mighty original, and his mind wanders among mysterious apprehensions of those yet more wondrous mysteries, the Future and the Eternal! These musings naturally arise to the thoughts of one who contemplates, long and earnestly, the fluctuations of the seasons—the beautiful forms of birth, and the scarcely less beautiful aspect of decay, in the vegetable nature. It is surely no less wonderful than beautiful to behold the first shoot, the small green spear of the infant plant, as it pierces, in April, the cold and heavy clod, which vainly strives to bar its progress into life and light. The Good Farmer, is, in some sort, the creator of that plant; and this conviction is well calculated to fill his mind with religious musings. To be a Good Farmer, he must, indeed, be something of a religious man. If he has properly attended to his daily concerns, he must have acquired a habit of contemplation which suffers nothing in the visible world to escape his sight, and subjects all that he sees to the action of an equally vigilant thought. The most silent and unobtrusive changes of the season, command his attention and awaken his solicitude. He beholds, with serious eye, when the forest, casting its green mantle, wraps itself in robes of the still gorgeous but melancholy autumn. The sombre tone of the wintry heavens deepen the shadow upon his countenance, as, in the progress of the year to its close, he is reminded of the shortness of life and its melancholy termination: nor is the change in his reflections unnatural and unbecoming, when, with the opening of another spring, he glows in sympathetic rejoicing with that sun, whom he now beholds, comparisoned like a bridegroom, and preparing to run his fresh career of strength and youth and loveliness. The slightest changes in the woods, or upon the fields, awaken his intelligence and invigorate his industry; and like the sailor, to whom loneliness of life teaches a habit of contemplating the minutest aspect of the uncertain world in which he wanders, he learns to study the face of the heavens, and the language of the winds, and to trace, in the motion of clouds, and the pale but lovely light of different and distant stars, that knowledge, imperfect but still of use, which warns him of the approach of foul, and counsels him to take advantage of favorable weather. The representative of God on earth—the especial agent of his will—selected from all other animals to receive his laws, and carry out to their fit completion, his divine purposes on earth—can it be doubted that the elements are commissioned in his service, even as the beast whom he subjects by his arts, and the savage whom he overcomes by his valor?

In the economy of his plantation the Good Farmer insists upon obedience. The responsibility is his, and the authority is necessarily his also. This, he promptly enforces, without faltering and without delay; and in this way, and by this only, can he avoid the humiliating necessity and pain of punishment. He regards his servants as so many children, entrusted to his guardian management, whom he is to subdue to obedience, and instruct in the regular toils of industry. He compels their labor in moderation, and rejoices to increase their comforts, and to behold their growing improvement. Upon this depends equally their happiness and his own. His example is such as must contribute daily to raise their respect for his authority, and increase their attachment to his person. He is, himself, industrious, methodical in all his proceedings, and inflexibly temperate. Just in his dealings with all men, he exhibits to all an example of justice which must be felt, and will inevitably be followed in time by all in his neighborhood. The seeds of good are never entirely lost—the germ is indestructible—though they ripen slowly, and perhaps, only in the shade. He incurs no debt which may be avoided, and is thus secure from those harrassing cares, and wretched annoyances, which so certainly pursue the debtor—drive him from his labors, subject him to all sorts of shifts and subterfuges, and, finally, hunt him down to infamy and ruin. He rises among the first at morning and lies down among the last at night. He finds sufficient employment for all the intervening hours. Time never hangs wearily upon his hands. He has no yawning exercises. He knows nothing of that cowardly temper which skulks from the sight of the industrious, and shrinks from the manly toils which the moral citizen delights to grapple. He suffers none of those gnawing miseries which dog the steps of the profligate and idle. His slumbers are instantaneous and refreshing. He springs from his couch with the cheerfulness of the bird, that darts upward to Heaven with the first blush of sunlight, and bathes its enthusiastic wings in the soft blaze of its dawning splendor. His habits of dress and diet are uniformly simple. His carriage and manners are direct but gentle, frank but unobtrusive. His mind is prompt and lively, while the regularity of his exercises renders his body healthful and his spirits elastic. He loves amusements for their own sake, and for the vast moral good which their employment engenders—but his amusements, like those of the ancient Greeks, are such as interfere with no duties, produce no physical evils, and tend either to the exercise of manliness, skill, or ingenuity. He does not, because he is a laboring man, fancy that books are no part of his business. He knows better. He knows that they are essential to his duties. He knows that knowledge is virtue and power—that ignorance is beastliness and shame, and that books contain those lessons of wisdom and experience—scarcely desirable from any other source within the seventy years of human struggle on earth—which, if rightly studied, will enable him to increase, equally, his virtues, his worth,

his knowledge and his interests. He knows, besides, that, in our country, and in the present state of the world, there is no excuse for ignorance. The means of knowledge are comparatively easy of attainment, and if there be difficulties, the love of knowledge will find it easy to overcome them all, even were they twice as great, as numerous and strong. Ignorance is, *prima facie*, evidence, of a slothful temper, a mind disposed to low indulgences, and a moral sense that will not often scruple, if temptation be obvious and the prospect of impunity strong. For his children, in particular, the Good Farmer will carefully provide all the means of education. Not those vicious helps in the shape of juvenile keys, guide books, vocabularies, etc., intended to make the road to knowledge a royal one, which is the pernicious sin of book-making in the present age—but those humble and much neglected books of the olden time, which first showed the way to the beginner, furnished him with a helping hand 'till he could step fairly, and then left him to rough out the rest, by dint of his own diligence and unremitting perseverance. The Good Farmer feels the importance of knowledge for his children, to be far greater now than it was in his boyhood, for the world every where around him is growing wiser and stronger, and the child who grows up in ignorance to day, will fall an easy prey to the sharper, whose activity necessarily keeps pace in every country with the activity of the national mind. Besides, there are among us, more honorable reasons for his education. It is the virtue of democratic institutions to lift the humble into hope—to elevate the worthy—to subdue the arrogant—to stimulate and force modest merit into performance and noble purpose. The honors of the country are free to the poorest son of the soil. The only distinctions which they require are those of virtue and intelligence. Such, at least, is the theory, and such will be the working of that theory, whenever education shall so far lift the laboring and the poor, as to make them superior to the glazing artifices of smooth demagogues and lying prophets. Shall he, who has the largest interest in the soil, its honors and responsibilities—shall he be the last to bring forward his sons in their contemplation? Shall they alone be excluded, by his indifference, from the high dignities and proud trusts to which the institutions of their country invite? Will he, who has so large an interest in their pride, their glory and their future happiness—cut them off from the honorable toils of that competition, which may confer upon the family name a lasting reputation, transmitting it to future generations in fortunate connection with that of the Franklins, the Pinckneys, the Hamiltons, and the many illustrious beside of that glorious catalogue, whose titles to immortality, are contained in the same charter which established the liberties of the country? He would be a most unnatural father who could consider this misfortune, and recognize it as the sure result of his own wilfulness or indifference.

In the cultivation of his fields, the Good Farmer, in our country, is not often to be found. The providence of God has been so heedful of the wants of man, that the creature has grown heedless and improvident for himself. We have very few really good farmers. Nature, the universal and blessing mother, has heretofore left us little to prepare. But we have tasked her indulgence too far, and the necessities of our condition, under the wasteful manner of our cultivation, and the increasing numbers of our population, are forcing upon us, providently, the tastes of superior labor, industry, and ingenuity. It is becoming more and more necessary, with the progress of each day's experience, to make our toils more general, to make our tillage more thorough, more analytical, and, in consequence, more intellectual. The business of a Good Farmer is not that of the hodman. He must think as well as plough. He must carry into the cultivation of his fields a spirit of inquiry and a habit of research, such as necessity has already forced into nearly every other department of human occupation. The topics of inquiry and discovery are not less numerous in Agriculture than in Commerce, Mechanics, Manufactures, and those nobler arts, which refine the manners, elevate the mind, and subdue the heart to love, forbearance, and that rational temper, which makes us delight in seeking, and rejoice in finding; all the thousand concealed forms of beauty which God has every where scattered around us, in waiting for our search. The Good Farmer will seek for these. He will cultivate with care the lovely objects of his own land—he will require from the hands of Commerce the gifts, the fruits, the flowers of other countries. He is, however, first supposed to inquire what the genius of the place in which he lives demands. What will best grow under the climate and in the soil which he designs for tillage. He clears the sufficient quantity of land, estimated with due reference to the labor he resolves to bestow upon it—and, at the outset, as he designs to preserve his woods from waste, he proceeds, by the only agent through which he can hope to accomplish this object, to make manure as an essential part of his annual crop. This is the grand essential which, until lately, has been grossly disregarded in our country.* For this object, he preserves the brush, the stubble, the leaves, and all that easily destructible matter which his more profligate neighbor consumes. There is very little mystery in the preparation of manure. An observing mind will soon adopt the best method. All matter which goes rapidly to decay, is proper for this purpose. How beautifully does nature, herself, suggest the adoption of this economy, when she every where provides, contiguous to the soil, the substance, whether of marle, clay, lime, or leaves, which is to maintain its fecundity and preserve it from decay. There is not an element of prosperity, in the whole history of the earth's cultivation, which he may not gather from a close analysis of the land which he tills—and labor, regular but in moderation, will produce the necessary exercise of thought and scrutiny, which leads inevitably and equally to his own, and the improvement of his soil. He very soon perceives and venerates that provision of maternal Nature that causes the tree to cast its leaf on the approach of winter, that

* It must be remembered by the reader, that this address, though applicable to the general history of agriculture in our country, was yet particularly intended for a Southern audience.

the earth may be warmly clad and protected from its biting frosts, while its own saps descend for shelter, at the same period, into the same venerable santuary. As the leaf rots, the soil receives the benefit of this primitive manure, and is thus prepared for the stimulating influence of that warmer season when its duties of regeneration are required to begin. With this certain and regular provision before his eyes, the Good Farmer readily sees where he may find the substance which will always resuscitate his fields. Once in possession of the allotted number of open acres, he preserves his forest from those two merciless assailants, so commonly and improvidently employed among us, the axe and the torch. He lays bare no new fields but renovates the old by a resort to the natural comfort of those woods which he thus protects. The mighty trees which, with ignorant and savage profligacy, we daily overthrow, he regards as sacred objects. It is with something of a pang that he sometimes feels the necessity of laying the axe to their roots. In preserving them, he does more than simply acknowledge a reverence for majesty, and years, and beauty. Their preservation involves a great physical good. They are so many natural barriers against *mal 'aria*, and stand between his children and that host of diseases, various and fatal, which are almost certain to follow all new clearings. Nay, more, he selects the forest trees and transfers them at convenient periods of leisure to his open grounds, increasing the beauty of the one, and securing the posterity of the other. To promote the loveliness and grace of all objects which meet his eye, is—if he be a father, and would desire that his children should grow up in a proper taste for the harmonious, the beautiful and the gentle, as much the duty of the Farmer, as it is of the Poet and the Painter. There is a moral grace which the mind as decidedly derives from the contemplation of innocent and lovely objects, as in the daily study of abstractions which have this purpose for their end. Then, as his taste ripens and his judgment expands, smooth green lawns appear upon his landscape; the trees are grouped in patriarchal families about his habitation; his avenues conduct the eye through lovely vistas, into favorite haunts of solitude and beauty, while his fields, green and golden, lift their clusters and sheaves of promise, in profuse tribute to the indulgent Heavens which have smiled upon their increase. The Good Farmer may easily realize all these blessings and create all these beauties. These make the Golden Age—these restore the prosperity of his race. Worlds of moral discovery, volumes of latent good, benefits that bless equally the one explorer who seeks, and the fortunate many who find, lie beneath the surface, to be secured only by a fervent adoption, and the patient practice, of the few natural laws which I have here laid down. The picture might be enlarged; the canvas might receive a thousand new tints and aspects, all tributary to the prevailing sentiment which makes it beautiful, and leaves it pure. But the imagination of each must fill up the outlines for himself, and if thought co-operate with the desire, and the love of truth be a consideration, then will the performance be easy. Truth lies within our hearts and beneath our feet, even as the forms of beauty lie couched among the stationary rocks, and simply waiting for the ethereal fingers of the creative artist. If we seek we shall find. This is true of all the forms of human labor; but, that which is devoted to the cultivation of the earth, into which we must all be resolved, is sure, if properly pursued, of greater discoveries. Love, Charity, Peace, Religion, and numberless saints beside, work with the Good Farmer, and lovely beyond compare is the sweet progeny which spring from their co-operation. Only suffer them to see that you desire their help, and, oh! how happy will they be to descend at your bidding.

W. G. S.

Original.

CHARADE.

BY THE REV. J. H. CLINCH.

I.

Upon the coast of sunny Spain,
In Biscay's stormy bay,
A peaceful hamlet, near the main,
Sleeps in the morning ray,
And from its doors a swarthy train,
Wend slow their downward way,
To where upon the shining sand,
Their boats, secure from danger, stand.

II.

And soon with ready hands, they guide
Their light skiffs to the sea,
Where gaily on the waves they ride,
Like sea-birds wheeling free,
While the strong rowers side by side,
Keep stroke right merrily;
For on those waves their strength was nursed,
They brave them now to make my *first*.

III.

But ere they left the sandy shore,
Or took their seats on board—
Ere any hand had grasped an oar,
Or loosed the fastening cord,
Each from his home *a second* bore,
Where safely it was stored,
And there, within each boat it lay,
Ready to use when far away.

IV.

And when the daily toil was o'er,
Home speeds each laden bark,
And from the rustic cottage door,
Their course the maidens mark,
And with light song they seek the shore,
To hail the crews:—and hark!
While waiting on the level mole,
How gaily, sweetly sounds my *whole*!

Boston, Mass.

Original.

MARIUS AMIDST THE RUINS OF CARTHAGE.

A GLOW was on the bosom of the deep—
Day's orient monarch proudly had reclined,
The sparkling waves were sweetly lulled to sleep
With murmuring of the viewless, gentle wind:
The glowing west its gorgeous drapery wore,
Meet for the exit of a conqueror.

And soon bright stars had gemmed the azure sky
And proudly reigned in glory night's fair queen,
Where ruined columns towering gleamed on high,
Illumined with her soft and silvery sheen.
O'er the bright waters holy light was shed,
Where crumbling fanes enshrined the mighty dead.

The night breeze sighed amid the foliage green,
The gentle flowers sank gracefully to rest;
The sea was calm—and not a billow seen,
To mar the beauty of its fluttering breast,
And sculptured ruins, in proud grandeur lay,
Magnificent though vieing with decay!

Amid the stately relics of the past,
Stern Marius calmed the troubled sea of thought;
Those mouldering ruins o'er his spirit cast
A shade of sadness—a deep lesson taught.
His massive shield upon the earth was flung,
His spear reclining where the ivy hung.

And as the Roman viewed the glowing scene
In the deep silence of that lonely hour,
Bright images of glories that had been,
Swayed his proud spirit with a magic power.
Yes! the stern warrior's brow relaxed its gloom,
And consolation flowed from ruin's doom.

And now his voice is blending with the breeze,
And thoughts burst forth with all a warrior's fire;
Does memory wander o'er Levantine seas?
Imperial Rome such eloquence inspire?
No! Carthage claims th' ambitious general now,
Her zephyrs wave the plume upon his brow.

His thrilling tones swept o'er the silent deep,
As some wild strain with touching sweetness fraught,
Majestic temples woke from their long sleep,
As language then unveiled the glowing thought.
The soul's deep utterance passed its wonted bounds,
And princely fanes re-echoed back the sounds.

"Wake, Carthage! from thy long unbroken rest—
Rome's outcast son reposes on thy soil;
Thine is the power to soothe the warrior's breast—
Here respite may he find from battle—toil,
Where pillared temples their deep shadows cast—
The glorious remnants of the mighty past!

Here his wronged spirit with its bitter woes,
Hath turned for sympathy—nor vainly sought;
The heart's deep agony—its burning throes
May yield to the impassioned glow of thought,
With none to mark the strangely altered mien,
Or share the grandeur of th' impressive scene.

E'en the bright waves have ceased their restless play,
That all day danced in joyous melody;
And songsters carolling their blithesome lay,
Soaring on wings unfettered as the free,
Midst mouldering fanes and columns, seek repose,
While o'er the scene night's sable drapery flows.

And is there none to mark thy glories now?
Is no sad spirit musing on thy fate?
Thy gentle zephyrs fan no burning brow?
Does no proud soul ambitious to be great,
Amid the ivied fragments seek relief
And pour to thee, the eloquence of grief?

Yes! MARIUS, exiled by Rome's stern decree,
Thy solitary ruins still may bless,
They quell the spirit's inward agony,
While a deep sense of beauty's proud impress
Works of Ambition crumbling to decay,
Console the warrior with a spell-bound sway.

Rome viewed thy glories with a jealous eye,
The eternal city marked thy rising power,
And soon the clarion's peal—the battle cry,
Proclaimed th' arrival of the fated hour.
Thy noble sons were girded for the fight;
Determined warriors rallied their souls' might.

The voice of gladness and of mirth was hushed,
The sparkling goblet ceased its crimson flow,
Rich music was arrested as it gushed,
From hearts then burning with a joyous glow.
The trumpet's blast resounded 'mid thy walls—
Thy sons gained valor with its stirring calls.

"Long with untiring zeal the warriors fought—
Alas! they spilled their noble blood in vain;
Rome conquered and the deeds of carnage wrought,
Strewed the devoted city with the slain;
While Parian halls, and arch, and princely dome,
Mingled their ruins—levelled by proud Rome.

"Weep, Carthage! for thy fate demands a tear:
Weep! o'er the memory of the honored dead;
The musing warrior pauses to revere—
Such lingering glories round thy fate are shed.
Ambition's votaries this ruin wrought,
Yet still art thou enshrined in lofty thought.
With thee, Rome's last great rival was o'erthrown,
She proudly stands pre-eminent—alone!"

He paused—deserted shrines cast back the glowing strain,
The breeze sighed mournfully, then died upon the main.

E.

Kinderhook, 1841.

AVARICE.—To what crimes are not men impelled by the cursed thirst after gold. Avarice is one of the most odious passions that can strike root in the human mind, and we should ever most cautiously guard our hearts against its influence, for when its ascendency is once established, all the best and the most estimable feelings of our nature become paralyzed, or altogether supplanted, by this selfish and detestable passion.

Original.

THE EMBROIDERED MANTLE.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

"Florella, where are you going?" said Lady Katharine Hathaway to a young girl, who was sliding quietly out of the room, after having succeeded in engaging the attention of a beautiful child, just old enough to sit alone on the carpet, with the playthings spread around it.

"Only to gather a few cherries—" and the color deepened a little on her cheeks as she replied—"that grow by the old ruin, before the birds carry them all off."

"Cannot you take little Ellen with you? The doctor says we must let her feel the air and sunshine, if we wish to make a healthy girl of her."

"Yes, madam, if it be your wish," replied Florella, turning back and taking up the child with evident reluctance.

"Don't be gone more than an hour," said Lady Katharine, handing her an embroidered mantle to wrap round the child in case of a change of weather.

"No, madam, unless Ellen should be very quiet and should be loth to return so soon," saying thus, Florella hastening from the house, struck into a path which wound gracefully amongst the flowery hillocks and hollows that varied the surface of a broad expanse of ground covered with the freshest verdure, and which led in the direction of the old ruin.

Florella, now eighteen, had formerly belonged to a band of gipsies, which, two years prior to the time we commence our story, encamped near the old ruin several weeks, availing themselves of its shelter whenever the weather made it necessary. During this time, Florella frequently called at Hathaway Hall to sell willow baskets, which she wove with neatness and taste. Lady Katharine, who was struck with her extreme beauty and charmed with the grace and gentleness of her deportment, won from her a promise to leave her people, and come and live at the Hall, could she obtain their consent. Thinking, probably, that it might prove advantageous to them for one of their tribe to be an inmate of a family, rich and powerful as Sir Philip Hathaway's, they readily gave it. When she went to take her final leave of her kindred and friends, before their departure, she found that a gipsy whose name was Rodovan, a native of Spain, and a few years her senior, had been received amongst them. Never until then, Florella imagined, had she beheld the perfection of manly beauty. His athletic symmetrical form, his classic features, and his dark, but clear complexion, set off by lustrous eyes, black as night, and when he spoke or smiled, by those beautiful teeth characteristic of his race, might indeed have satisfied a more critical and fastidious judge. Rodovan was no less sensible of the uncommon loveliness of Florella, and had they met a week sooner, she never would have pledged herself to become the handmaiden of Lady Katharine Hathaway. He told his tale of love and they parted, though he was determined that it should not be for ever, and subsequently he found several opportunities, when the wanderings of the tribe happened to lead in that direction, to meet with the beautiful brunette, with whose charms he was as deeply enthralled as was Romeo of Verona, with those of the peerless Juliet. The evening previous, he had found means to apprize Florella that he should be at the ruin, the following morning, where he begged that she would meet him. Could she refuse? A whole year had passed since they had met, and her glass, as well as the clear fountain on the hill-side as she sat by its brink and braided her long tresses with flowers, reflected back to her now, a face and form of more exuberant beauty than a twelvemonth before, and she could not be blamed if she wished her lover to see that the rose of his heart instead of fading was brighter and fresher than ever. When arrived at the ruin, she wrapped the mantle more closely around the little Ellen, who had fallen asleep, and laying her down softly on the grass, in the shade of a tree, proceeded to the spot where her lover was to await her coming, and which was screened from the view of the inhabitants of the Hall by a part of the ruinous building. Bound by the magic spell woven by Beauty and Love, which seemed even to communicate its influence to the balmy atmosphere they breathed, and to give an aspect of tenderness, not only to the calm blue sky, but to the grey moss-grown walls of the ruin, that gave back, in softened tones, the echoes of their low, impassioned words—it is no wonder that a thousand things were left unsaid, when the harsh tongue of the chapel clock told that an hour had already passed. Florella started from the fallen pillar on which they were seated.

"I must go," said she, "Lady Katharine charged me to be gone only an hour."

"Why," said he, "should you longer remain a slave to the will of Lady Katharine? Suffer me to conduct you back to our people. Your mother mourns your absence and repents having let her bright forest-bird be imprisoned in a gilded cage."

This, and the eloquent appeals of his own love, enforced by his pleading looks, went to her heart, and her denial was uttered in a faltering and hesitating voice. He saw and urged his advantage 'till he obtained her promise to meet him again in the evening, to return no more to Hathaway Hall. They walked side by side until they came in sight of the tree where Florella had left the sleeping Ellen, and then, disengaging her hand from her lover's she bounded lightly forward. A wild shriek burst from her lips when she arrived at the spot, for the child was not there. Rodovan drew near and learnt the cause of her alarm. They searched a little near the spot, in the faint hope that she might have awoke and crept a short distance, and then yielding to the emotions of mingled terror and sorrow, Florella wrung her hands and wept bitterly. Suddenly drying her tears, she turned to her lover and placed her hand in his.

"I am ready to go with you now," said she, "for I can never bear to again look upon the face of Sir Philip or of Lady Katharine."

He waited not to reply, but half sustaining her trem-

bling form, he hastened with her to the banks of a river, and placing her in a light boat that was moored in the shade of some overhanging birches, and seating himself, with his paddle they were soon flying swiftly as a bird over the yielding waters. Half a mile distant, in the glade of a deep wood, was the encampment of the gypsies. Fearful of pursuit, they made immediate preparation to depart, and the next morning the sun rose upon them in a safe, and to persons unacquainted with the country, an inaccessible wild. When they had kindled their camp fire and firmly fixed the cross-sticks in the ground, by means of which they were going to suspend the kettle over the blaze in which their breakfast was to be cooked, they for the first time missed one of their number.

"Where is Liz Looney?" inquired one of them, who had not forgotten to cause the hen-roosts to do them tribute during their hasty night march, "she is the best hand at dressing fowls for the pot."

They all looked round, but Liz was nowhere to be found, and then, several called to mind that they had seen her leave the camp directly after Rodovan went to visit Florella, and no one could remember having seen her afterwards. The truth at once flashed upon the mind of Rodovan. He knew that he was beloved by her, and as the river in one place was fordable, she had doubtless followed him to watch his interview with Florella, and to revenge herself upon her rival, had taken the child. Florella's sorrow was but little ameliorated by this conjecture, as she feared that in attempting to return, she and the child had both been drowned; she however, for a long time, cherished a faint hope that she would rejoin them.

Lady Katharine, at the expiration of the hour, went to the window and looked out towards the ruin, yet she did not feel particularly uneasy until another hour had passed, and then she sent a servant to hasten Florella's return, who soon brought back word that neither she nor the child could be found. When it was ascertained that a band of gypsies had recently encamped on the opposite side of the river, Sir Philip and Lady Katharine immediately suspected that Florella had been enticed to join them, and had carried the child with her. A vigilant search was instituted without delay, which proved utterly unsuccessful. Long was it ere the voice of mourning for the loss of an only child, was hushed, in their late joyful abode; but time, the soother as well as destroyer, at length blunted the poignancy of their grief, though a melancholy had settled upon their hearts which nothing could dissipate. After the expiration of five years, a gentleman whose estate lay contiguous to Sir Philip's, while on a journey to Scotland, came suddenly one evening upon the band of gypsies to which Florella belonged. Having frequently seen her when an inmate of the family of his neighbor, he instantly recognized her, and demanded information respecting the lost child. She gave a simple and faithful narration of all the circumstances she herself knew, and informed him who they suspected had stolen it. As they had never, from that time, been able to obtain the least information concerning her, they imagined, as they had feared from the first, that in attempting to recross the river, she and the child had both been drowned. This account, which the gentleman, on his return communicated to the bereaved parents, while it extinguished the last latent sparks of hope and revived their anguish, had ultimately a favorable effect, as it terminated their anxiety and suspense. As there was no heir to inherit his rich and extensive domains, Sir Philip began to think it best to adopt one, and in his own mind, fixed upon the son of an old college friend, a smart, active lad, who had for some time been an orphan. He mentioned the subject to Lady Katharine, whose wishes being in unison with his own, Arthur Levering, having received the additional name of Hathaway, was from that time considered their son, and heir to Sir Philip's title and estate.

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Six years more had glided away, when a celebrated musician, by the name of Belmont, in company with his sister, was returning from Wales, where they had been to visit a brother. Mr. Belmont, with the assistance of vocalists belonging to his own country, and those procured from Italy, had, for a series of years, been in the habit of giving concerts during the fashionable season in London, and at other times in any place where sufficient patronage could be obtained. It was near sunset, and the surrounding country was wild and desolate. It soon became apparent that they had lost their way. As there appeared no vestige of inhabitants of whom inquiry could be made, after consulting with the driver, it was decided that they should turn back and endeavor to ascertain where they first deviated from the direct road. For a quarter of a mile they proceeded briskly, then the driver suddenly stopt the horses, being perplexed by the meeting of several roads. As they all appeared to be equally worn by travel, it was impossible to determine which ought to be taken, and as the driver observed that it would be luckier to turn to the right than the left, he was suffered to follow his own humor. The road being grassy, the carriage rolled along with but little noise, and they had gone only a short distance, when the sound of music, faint at first, but every moment growing more full, came floating by on the air. Soon a sweet female voice, somewhat infantile in its tones, singing an exquisitely wild and beautiful air, and accompanied by a violin was distinctly heard. As Mr. Belmont called to the driver to check the horses that he might determine with certainty whence the music proceeded, he observed a light wreath of smoke curling above a clump of beeches.

"Did you ever hear anything so wildly sweet?" said the enraptured Belmont to his sister. "That voice, with proper cultivation would be superior to the Prima Donna's I have engaged for my London concerts. I am determined to ascertain who the syren is, inhabiting these solitudes."

Saying thus, unmindful of the playful remonstrance of his sister, who warned him against being lured into danger, he sprang from the carriage, and was soon winding his way along a faintly traced footpath, several of which were discernible leading in the direction of the beeches. He was not long in attaining the summit of an eminence of easy acclivity, which, on the opposite side, sunk

abruptly down into a deep dell of the wildest and most romantic appearance. Half a dozen huts, sunk several feet in the ground, with sod-covered roofs, forming an irregular group on the opposite side of the dell, indicated the presence of a gypsy hamlet. A number of the inhabitants, both male and female, were moving about in different directions, or reclining negligently in the shade of the trees. Most of the latter, by being attired in garments of a bright scarlet, with kerchiefs of the same color wreathed not ungracefully round their heads, from beneath which strayed their coal black hair, imparted to the scene a novel and peculiar character. But there was another object which, to Belmont, was more attractive. Beside a fountain, that sparkled in the slanting sunbeams, as if some invisible fairy were pouring into it thousands of her hoarded gems, was a child, apparently ten or eleven years old, seated on a rock half imbedded in the ground. Her head was slightly elevated, and her complexion of a clear, pearly hue, contrasted finely with the rich, nut-brown curls, that fell so low as to mingle with the clustering columbines that grew at the edge of the rock. Her hazel eyes, darkly fringed with long silken lashes, had a deeper and intenser expression than is common in one so youthful, and the slight rose tinge on her cheek was evidently of that flitting kind, which waits only on exercise or excitement. Her dress of light blue—that and red being the two favorite colors of the gipsies—consisted of a velvet boddice ornamented with a tarnished cord of silver tinsel, a full skirt of similar hue but different material, and sandals, shielding not cramping the small symmetrical feet peeping from beneath it. The music had ceased before he attained the height, which commanded a view of the dell, but he felt sure that the beautiful child was the songstress. He was right, for in a few moments she commenced a strain wild and sweet as the one which attracted him to the spot, but far more melancholy, a middle aged gipsy accompanying her with his violin. Her voice for one so young, was of wonderful power and compass, and as Mr. Belmont stood listening, he felt determined to possess himself of one, who in a professional line, he doubted not would prove a rich treasure. As he was endeavoring to decide in what manner it was best to address her, a woman came from one of the huts and directing towards him the attention of the child, commanded her to return with her to her dwelling. Belmont hastened forward, and taking the woman aside, explained to her his wishes.

"No, no," she replied, "it will not do—evil will come of it."

"To you, or to the child?"

"To me. Should the child go, I would no more hope to lay my head down in peace, even in this wild and solitary place."

"She cannot be your child, or of your race."

"You have said the truth."

"But the ties of affection bind her to you?"

"No, those of necessity—I do not love her."

"She is subject to your control?"

"Yes."

"Then let me have her, and these five gold pieces shall be yours," said he, taking the number he mentioned from his purse and offering them to her.

The woman's countenance brightened as she said—"Will you promise not to inform against me if I let you take her? Shall I lie down at night without the fear of being dragged from my hut by those people you call officers of justice? What would the five gold pieces be worth to me in prison?"

"I can have no hesitation in promising what must be for my own benefit."

"She may go then if she will, and I think she will need but little persuasion. Remember to abide by your promise, for you are dealing with one that knows how to plant the thorn in the heart!"

As the woman had imagined, the child readily consented to accompany him, and running into the hut, and putting on a little scarlet cloak with a hood which she drew over her head, she told him she was ready to go. The people regarded the transaction with looks of curiosity, but attempted not to interfere. The man with the violin alone came forward.

"You will not," said he, "forget Peter and his fiddle, Lizette?"

"Never," replied the child, and the tears came into her eyes, as she gave her cheek to him to kiss."

"You will leave *me* with joy instead of sorrow," said the woman, "for I have often chided you without cause, only to relieve my heart of its bitterness. Yet remember that I heeded not the smile of the treacherous waters when they tempted me to bury you in their bosom, but still bore you on in my arms, though hungry and weary, and with a heart ten times heavier than the burthen I carried in my arms."

Her melancholy, half regretful manner, at once banished from the child's mind all memory of her former harshness and magnified her capricious kindness.

"I will not go," said she, "if you wish me to remain."

"Yes, yes, go," she replied, turning quickly away, "we shall both be the happier."

When at the top of the steep and rugged ascent, the child looked back. The few joys and the many sorrows of her short life came crowding into the brief space that she stood gazing into the deep dell. As she turned to resume her walk, the last lingering sunbeam that played upon her favorite fountain, departed.

"I have brought the syren with me," said Belmont, addressing his sister, as he placed the child in the carriage.

Familiar with the surrounding country, she informed them that they were pursuing an indirect road, and pointed out the way which would lead to the right one. It was Mr. Belmont's next care to ascertain how far distant they were from an inn, or other dwelling, where they could pass the night.

"We are only a few miles from Mat's" said the child.

"And who is Mat?" inquired Mr. Belmont.

"One of our people."

"But shall we find good accommodations?" said Miss Belmont, with some solicitude, as she pictured to herself what they might expect at a gipsy inn.

"Oh, yes," replied the child, with simplicity, "very

good—the house is a great deal larger and better than those you saw just now, sir," turning to Mr. Belmont.

He smiled, and inquired if there were no other house of entertainment which they would be able to reach that night. She informed him that there was none within a dozen miles, and they concluded, if the inn kept by Mat appeared to be tolerably decent, to remain there during the night. Miss Belmont, as they rode slowly along, from time to time, addressed a few kind words to the child, whose great beauty and an expression of melancholy, seldom shading the sunshine of a face so youthful, could not fail to enlist the kindness and sympathy of any heart open to emotion.

It was quite dark when they arrived within sight of the inn, which was an oblong building of considerable size, with a steep, thatched roof. The front apartments alone exhibited the luxury of glass windows, through one of which gleamed a light, showing "how far a *little* candle throws its beams." The sound of the carriage wheels drew Mat to the door, and several of his assistants to the outside of it, who awaited the approach of the vehicle with their pipes in their mouths, by means of which the air was so thoroughly perfumed, that a strong scent of tobacco-smoke, much to the annoyance of Miss Belmont, greeted their olfactory nerves, as the driver drew up the horses in front of the building. Extreme fatigue, however, caused Miss Belmont to feel comparatively resigned to the prospect of undergoing the fumigation, which would be unavoidable, should she enter the inn, rather than to proceed. Mat, although the equipage and the appearance of Mr. Belmont and his sister, in every respect, had never been equalled by any travellers who had before visited his humble abode, evinced not the slightest embarrassment, but with his hat, which had evidently seen much service, set jauntily on one side of his head, allowing the black elf-locks depending from the other at freedom to dally with the passing breeze, ushered them into an apartment tolerably clean and decent. Observing that the child was following them—"No, Lizette," said he, "you had better go into the kitchen, for, although the gentlefolks were kind enough to give you a lift in the carriage, they may not care to have your company in the parlor."

"I belong to them now," she replied.

"Yes," said Mr. Belmont, "She is under our care, and we will keep her in the room with us."

"She is not one of our people, it is true," said Mat, speaking to himself, rather than to them, "but if she go away, she will, like me, often think of the deep dell that is green in the spring, while the hill and the plain are still brown, where one may sit for hours on the warm, sunny rock, without fearing the blast that is whistling amongst the hills and watch the smoke of his pipe as it curls and spreads above him, 'till it looks like the soft cloud of the summer sky."

It was not long before supper was on the table, which certainly sent forth a goodly savor, though it is doubtful whether it possessed those valor-inspiring qualities of the famous repast with which Meg Merrilies regaled the Dominie.

The next morning, as the travellers were about to depart, Mat took the child aside—

"You are going to leave us, Lizette," said he, "and may be, you will find the station you were born to—but should you tire of being pent up in a grand house, and long for the freedom of your former life, come back, and Mat will be ready to divide his bread with you, if it be but little."

"Whether I ever wish to return or not, Mat," she replied, "I shall always love to think of your kind words,"

As she turned to go, he thrust a small parcel into her hand, saying—"It is of no use to me, and may never be to you, but there can be no harm in your taking it for it belongs to you. You had it on the first time I saw you. I obtained possession of it, no matter how, intending to give it to you should you ever leave us. Wear it, should it ever be your lot to meet with lords and ladies, but, at present, conceal it from them," and he looked towards Mr. Belmont and his sister.

They now called to her, and she hastened to join them. After two or three hours ride, they arrived at a large village, and Miss Belmont, as they were passing through the principal street, observing a milliner and mantua-maker's shop, determined to avail herself of the opportunity of procuring a different dress for Lizette, that she might not be an object of curiosity and wonder. Before leaving the carriage her little red cloak and hood were removed, and their places supplied by a shawl and bonnet. They soon afterwards alighted at the house of entertainment, where they concluded to remain and dine. A suitable dress, according to Miss Belmont's directions, was completed for Lizette in a few hours, and she appeared at the dinner-table attired more becomingly, if less picturesquely than before.

When they had once more resumed their seats in the carriage, Miss Belmont said to her—"You have not yet told us whether you have any name besides Lizette."

"They sometimes gave me another—the woman who had the care of me—but she made me promise not to mention it."

"We do not require you to break your promise," replied Miss Belmont, and turning to her brother, she said—"we must give her another name, it will appear odd for her to have only one."

"Yes, and it will be best to drop the Lizette. How will Ophelia Anville sound?"

"Extremely well, I think. Should you like to be called by that name?"

"Yes, madam, I should like the name very much, because Ophelia sounds something like Amelia."

"And why do you like it on that account?"

"Because Amelia is the name of a very beautiful lady who taught me to sing. My people seldom sing though they play on instruments."

"When and where did you meet with this lady?"

"In England last summer. All of us were there, and encamped in a wood near a castle. I one day wandered away in the fields by myself and met her. After that we saw saw each other often and she learned me a

great many songs. She taught me to read too, and gave me several books."

"Why did you not ask your people to let you remain with her?"

"I did, but the woman I belonged to, seemed to be frightened when I told her her name, and they left the place that very night."

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Mr. Belmont did not inform Ophelia why he had taken her under his protection until they arrived in London, and it was not until she attended a concert to listen to a favorite daughter of song, that she comprehended what would be required of her. All to her, appeared like a fairy scene. She was enchanted, and the future dawned upon her imagination wrapped in a soft and dreamy splendor, which she vainly would have attempted to describe. Mr. Belmont, who procured for her a celebrated Italian instructor, had no reason to complain of her proficiency. Her clear, flexible voice, and her correct ear, which ever warned her of the slightest deviation from the true sound, enabled her to master the most difficult passages. While she was taught to consider music as the great aim of her life, Miss Belmont, who presided over her brother's domestic establishment, took care to have her instructed in the more useful branches of education. As no person can attain to excellence in any art, although cheered by hope and sustained by the deepest enthusiasm, without experiencing moments of lassitude and despondency, so Ophelia, when sometimes required to repeat again and again some beautiful but difficult passage 'till it palled upon her ear, imagined she should never be able to perform in a manner acceptable to the public. Sometimes she even envied those servants of the household, who were cheered by no sweeter sounds from morning to night than the din and bustle of the kitchen, varied occasionally by the harsh street-cries which found admission through an open door.

Although Mr. Belmont, in a little more than a year, availed himself of the musical talents of his pupil in some of the more remote provincial towns, he had determined not to bring her before the public in the metropolis 'till she was sixteen, but the wonderful ease with which she poured forth those strains which required a waste of the very life-breath of others, determined him to shorten her novitiate, and nine months sooner than he had at first intended, the name of Ophelia Anville appeared in the London papers and in the concert bills as a vocalist of uncommon powers and of great personal attractions, who would make her debût on the first of December. Ambitious, sensitive and timid, yet not unconscious of her powers, Ophelia passed the intermediate time subjected to the alternations of hope and the most disheartening misgivings.

Not long before this period, Arthur, the adopted son of Sir Philip and Lady Katharine, returned from the university, where he had distinguished himself as much for his correct deportment as for his progress in literature and science. Sir Philip scarcely thought of the lovely child, who fifteen years before, was the joy and the sunshine of their dwelling, when he looked on his handsome and intelligent countenance and listened to remarks which showed that his intellectual powers were of no common order. Nor did the feelings of Lady Katharine remain impassive. Time had ameliorated if not banished her grief for the child that was lost, and she had learned to love the noble boy, who in his daily intercourse with her, was as respectful as affectionate. They had never since their melancholy bereavement spent a winter in London, and as they wished Arthur to indulge a little in recreation previously to his commencing the study of law, they decided to go thither in company with Lady Katharine's brother and his only daughter, who was of the same age as their adopted son. A few days after their arrival, Arthur entered the apartment where his parents, and Mr. Varnum and his daughter, Amelia, were sitting, with a newspaper in his hand, in which it was announced that there would be a public concert that evening, and that Ophelia Anville, a young English girl, possessing a voice of unrivalled sweetness and power, would make her debût. They were all fond of music, Amelia passionately so, and it was agreed that, could tickets be procured, they would all attend. Fortunately, a few remained unsold, and Arthur returned delighted with his good fortune. Our party were amongst the first who took their seats in the concert-room. The musicians were, as yet, moving to and fro amid the soft brilliancy of the gas lights shed over the orchestra, and occasionally a note drawn from the strings of a violin or the deep-toned violincello mingling with a softly breathed flute note, or the deep voice of the trumpet, floated along the vaulted ceiling.

Ophelia having completed her toilette, thought of the words of Mat, when he gave her the packet, but she had forgotten to take it with her, and it was too late to send for it.

"No matter," said she, "if it were here I believe I should not venture to wear it—it would be inappropriate."

"Should not venture to wear what?" said the girl who had assisted her to dress.

"Nothing but a mantle," she replied, as she entered the apartment adjoining the concert-room.

To prevent her thoughts from dwelling on the trying ordeal that awaited her, she employed herself in singing in a subdued voice, a song which had been set to music by one of the most eminent composers of the day, in a manner to develope the richest and most brilliant tones of her voice. Mr. Belmont entered.

"All is ready for the overture, Ophelia," said he. "You must forget that you are in the concert-room, and abandon yourself to the power of the divine art, as I have seen you do at our own fireside, and your triumph will be complete."

He took her trembling hand in his—led her to the door of the concert-room, whence she was handed to the orchestra. Arthur involuntarily started from his seat. He had never before beheld a face and form of such perfect loveliness. The expression of her countenance was so soft, yet so piquant—there was so much soul in the glance of her dark eyes, as she gave one timid look at the uplifted faces beneath her, that he became almost wholly absorbed in contemplating her, and was scarcely

conscious that the overture had commenced, ere it was finished. At its close, all, for a few moments, was silence. Then the symphony, displaying in its general character, the sweet and plaintive air, and occasionally, touches of the brilliancy and pathos infused into the song that was to succeed, was elicited in subdued notes from the various instruments, which had just filled the room with their majestic harmony. Ophelia *did* forget that she was in the concert-room, and ere the symphony was closed, gave herself up to the power of the art with which her deep and impassioned feelings seemed to have the gift of communing as with some real, but to all save herself, some invisible spirit. The joys, the sorrows, the enthusiasm of her young and lovely heart, gushed forth in sweet, almost unearthly strains in the solitude of her own chamber, when none were near to listen, and it was as if she had poured them into the bosom of a sympathizing friend. The symphony closed, and the first note of the song softly breathed on a flute, was, ere it died away, taken up by the rich and ravishing voice of the young debutante. As the stream of full, liquid melody gushed from her parted lips and floated along the vaulted roof, the audience were motionless as statues and nearly as breathless. The song ceased, and then, as if suddenly aroused from the spell of an enchantress, she was greeted with rapturous and reiterated applause. The voice of deserved praise has ever to its object those dulcet and seductive tones that irresistibly steal into the heart, and Ophelia, though not of a temperament to be unduly elated, could not but rejoice at her success. Evening concerts and morning concerts followed each other in rapid succession, and Mr. Belmont, as he had anticipated, began to reap a golden harvest. Arthur never failed to be present. He had neither eye nor ear for any one save Ophelia, and at length, prompted by the wild delirium of his passion, he resolved to obtain an interview with her. Lady Katharine penetrated the secret of his heart and disclosed it to Sir Philip. It had long been their wish to see him when at a suitable age, united to Amelia Varnum, Lady Katharine's niece, a desire which was favored by the young lady's father. He was consulted relative to the course it was best to take, and they all concluded that the safest way would be to return immediately home, not doubting that when he could no longer have opportunity to behold the fascinating songstress or listen to her voice, his passion would gradually die away. It was Wednesday when they came to this decision, and the following Monday was fixed upon as the day of their departure. Amelia was the first to inform Arthur, who, although she knew how to appreciate his good qualities, felt not the least inclination to have her destiny united with his, having met with a gentleman since her sojourn in London, for whom she entertained sentiments of a much livelier nature, who she knew only waited for a favorable opportunity to ask her hand of her father. Arthur listened with dismay, and with several half formed projects floating in his mind relative to effecting an interview with Ophelia, he left the house. He had proceeded only a short distance when he was joined by an acquaintance whom he would, at that moment willingly have avoided. As they turned a corner, they saw a woman wrapped in a long cloak with the hood drawn over her face so as mostly to conceal it, advancing to meet them.

"If there is not the gipsy woman," said the companion of Arthur. "What say you to having your fortune told? Her domicile is just at hand, and she is said to be well skilled in chiromancy."

Arthur, in his present state of mind, was willing, if possible, to learn his future fate, and replied that he should like to hear what she had to say. They informed her of their wishes, and she expressed her readiness to receive them in the evening.

"I shall attend the concert this evening," said Arthur, "but will come to you the moment the performances are closed."

He turned to go, as did his companion, but grasping the arm of the latter, she said to him, in a whisper—"Stay one moment. Is not that young man the adopted son of Sir Philip Hathaway?"

"He is."

"I knew I could not be wrong. His mother was a handsome, merry lass, who used often to befriend me. She is dead and gone—but he has her eyes and her own sweet smile too. Is he going to hear the young girl, called Ophelia Anville, sing to-night?"

"I believe he is."

"He loves some one he expects to meet to-night—his flushed cheek when he told me he should go to the concert informed me of that. May be it is the young singer. You cannot say that I have not mentioned the right one."

"Well, make the most of your knowledge then."

"Ay, that I shall," she muttered to herself. "The child shall not waste her breath in singing to the gaping multitude, if Liz Looney can help it."

Arthur and his companion did not fail to wait on the sibyl at the appointed hour. The apartment into which she admitted them, was low and mean, and the lamp on the table afforded too dim a light to pierce the gloom of the more remote parts. Divested of her hood, Arthur could perceive that her other features were in keeping with the black, piercing eyes which had peered upon him from beneath its shade, they being characterized by all the traits peculiar to her race with more than a common share of shrewdness and cunning, which when the darker passions were aroused took a cast of malignity. The black locks which strayed from beneath the red cotton handkerchief bound round her head, had, as yet, escaped the frosty touch of time, and her teeth were still sound and as white as ivory.

"This is, in the main, a fair palm," said she, as Arthur presented her his hand for examination, "though you have not been a stranger to sorrow, and poverty has threatened you. You love, and fate, though she promises you success, must be propitiated."

"In what manner?" inquired Arthur.

"By striving to gain the heart of her you love. Let no obstacles deter you. If you should, sorrow and lamentation will raise their voices in the halls of Hathaway when too late."

"But what if by obeying you, I should displease my parents?"

"What will displease them now, will be approved by them hereafter."

"How will they approve it? Explain yourself more fully."

"I have said enough. Do my bidding if you would not bring sorrow upon yourself and those you best love." She now turned to the other young man, and taking his hand, which she slightly examined, promised him success in his undertakings.

As they left her abode together, "well, Arthur," said he, "the gipsy has read you a riddle, which unless your head is better than mine, it will be hard for you to interpret. Think you not that Sir Philip and Lady Katharine will be proud to receive the young songstress as a daughter-in-law?"

"Speak not of them, I intreat you. I know how much I have to fear, but I am determined to obey the sibyl's command, so far, at least, as to seek an interview with her, if it be only to bid her farewell for ever."

"Trust me, Arthur, it will be a dangerous experiment, and I advise you to have nothing to do with the singer and forget that you have seen the sibyl."

"Your advice may be good, but I have not the resolution to follow it. I must see her."

Chance favored his intention. He had, in company with Mr. Varnum and his daughter attended a morning concert, and without any object in view save the pleasure of beholding the beautiful songstress as she passed from the carriage to the house, he hastened to the street where she resided the moment he left the concert-room. As the carriage drew up before the house, a groom led forward a high spirited horse, and Mr. Belmont, having assisted Ophelia to alight, sprang to the saddle, telling her that he should not return 'till evening. The animal having been trained in the country, knew little of "town life," and a porter's cart that moment approaching, propelled by the owner, was a sight so different from what he had ever seen before, as to cause him instantly to take fright. He commenced plunging and rearing in such a manner that none but an accomplished horseman could, for any length of time, have retained his seat in the saddle. Unfortunately, Mr. Belmont, who could have no pretensions at being able "to witch the world with noble horsemanship," was soon thrown with violence upon the pavement. Arthur assisted to raise him and to convey him into the house, and then ran for a surgeon. Upon examination, it was found that he had sustained such general injury as would probably confine him within doors for a week or more. Mr. Belmont ascertained the assistance which Arthur had obligingly rendered, and a few days afterwards, sent him a polite invitation to sup with him and to remain in the evening and listen to a few songs and duetts by Signor Palini, Miss Anville, and one or two others. Although he had suspected that Sir Philip and Lady Katharine would not approve of his accepting the invitation, he could not persuade himself to return a negative answer. In the concert-room, the beauty of the young songstress had fascinated, almost bewildered him. He had not been prepared for the retiring modesty and the soft dignity which, child as she was, distinguished her at her own fireside. From that evening, the few short intervals that she was released from her professional labor, Arthur was almost sure to spend in her company. Mr. Belmont had ever been kind to her, so had his sister, the year she had spent in the family prior to her marriage, but their quiet kindness, had never, on any occasion, exalted itself into what might be termed affection, and the warm and hoarded sensibilities of her heart, rebuked by their coldness, could only be poured forth in the touching and ravishing melody of her own voice. What should prevent them from gushing forth, now that they had found a natural channel, for Arthur had confessed to her his deep and devoted love. It was a fairy scene, full of sunshine and bloom, that now opened upon her, and she dreamed not that the storm-cloud might soon overshadow and destroy its beauty.

The Monday set by Sir Philip for their departure from the city, found Lady Katharine too ill to leave her room. One evening, more than a week afterwards, at the earnest solicitation of her, who perceived that her constant attendance in the sick room began to show itself in her faded complexion, Amelia, in company with her father and Arthur, once more attended the concert.

"I have before thought, and am now certain," said Amelia to her aunt, the following morning, "that I have seen this beautiful Ophelia Anville before, bearing a different name and under very different circumstances."

"Ah! we must tell Arthur of this," said Lady Katharine, eagerly, "undoubtedly there were good reasons for her exchanging her name, which she would not care to explain. When and where did you see her?"

"Three years ago—the summer I spent with Lady Sophia Raynham. She was with a band of gipsies that encamped near, and one day when she was wandering by herself I overheard her singing a song which I used frequently to sing in the evening, that I knew she must have learned of me, as the music as well as the words were composed by myself. Afterwards we met frequently, and I learned her several songs and airs. Last evening, she sang, among others, the very song, which, with her clear, bird-like voice, she was warbling in the fields when I first saw her. I then became certain that the celebrated Ophelia Anville was no other than the little Lizette, who three years ago, was leading the vagrant life of a gipsy."

"Why, Amelia, did you never relate to me these circumstances before?"

"It had become an old story the next time I saw you, and did not occur to me."

"You have heard in what manner our only child was lost?"

"I believe I have, though I was so young at the time, I retain no distinct recollection of it."

"I will tell you some time, but not now," said Lady Katharine.

The account which Amelia had given her, had re-awakened the hopes that long had slept, and she felt determined in her own mind to call on Ophelia and endeavor to learn something of her past life, the moment

her health would permit. She regretted the absence of her husband, who had left town that morning and was not expected to return until the ensuing day.

Sir Philip, who was aware of the state of Arthur's affections, had at length matured a plan which he trusted would crush his hopes at once and for ever. That very evening, as Ophelia, who had as usual been the star of stars, was about to give her hand to Arthur, that he might assist her to enter the carriage, she felt some one touch her shoulder. She looked round and beheld a man muffled in a cloak, with his hat drawn over his eyes. He thrust a sealed note into her hand and immediately disappeared. The moment she was alone, she broke the seal and read as follows—

"Sir Philip Hathaway demands an interview with you. He will be at the door when the clock strikes one, when he presumes he can be admitted without the knowledge of any other member of the family."

Had the writer of the note been in no way connected with her lover, its haughty and laconic style would have made her dread to meet him. Now, it needed all the fortitude she could assume to preserve a decent composure. An excessive sinking of heart accompanied her dreadful agitation, and a shadow of deepest gloom seemed already to be cast around her—blotting out life's golden sunshine for ever. When assured that all had retired, she softly descended into a room which opened into the hall. She looked at the time-piece on the mantel. The hour had come, and the next moment that single deep note which in the silence of night sounds so solemn and so melancholy, pealed from the lofty tower of a neighboring church. A low rap against the door—she opened it, and the same muffled form that had handed her the note, stood on the step. Having entered, he cautiously followed Ophelia to the small and secluded apartment she had selected for the interview. He smoothed the way by no preliminary remarks, but accused her at once of artfully inveigling the affections of his adopted son, who being but little accustomed to female society, felt the want of no attraction save a beautiful face and syren voice.

"I have said nothing to him on the subject," returned he, "for, in his present state of mind, I do not expect him to listen to reason, but this connexion shall be broken, or a disinherited son will be branded with a father's curse. Would you avert the doom?"

"Yes—but how?" said Ophelia, who pale and terrified had sunk into a chair.

"By flying this place without seeing him again!"

"Impossible—Mr. Belmont is to give two more concerts, and—"

"Mr. Belmont shall loose nothing by your absence—I myself will make him whole. I have a carriage in waiting at a short distance, and now is the time for you to go. Should you delay your departure, you will bring ruin and disgrace on him whose affections you have entangled by your arts, and destroy for ever the peace of my wife whom sorrow for a lost child came near crushing to the earth. Will you go, or remain and be the instrument of the fearful misery I have painted?"

Stupified with grief and terror at his harsh language, imperious manner, and above all by his unjust accusations, she rose, and without making any reply, moved mechanically towards the door. Sir Philip placed himself before it.

"Are you going to endeavor to elude me?" said he.

"No, Sir Philip. Suffer me to go to my room for a bonnet and shawl, and I will be here again in two minutes."

"Can I trust you—or do you mean to deceive me?"

Something like a pang of remorse for a moment visited his bosom, as with pale and quivering lips, she said—

"Oh, Sir Philip, though I am a poor and friendless orphan, I am not the base creature you take me for. I never made use of any arts to engage the affections of your son—I never attempted to deceive."

"Well, child," said he in a softened voice, "go to your room and procure what ever you please, but do not be long absent, as it is time we were gone."

Ophelia had never found a convenient opportunity to wear the mantle which Mat handed her the morning she left the inn—she had even of late almost forgotten that it was in her possession. As on opening a drawer it presented itself to her view, the injunction of the gipsy came fresh to her mind, and divesting herself of the shawl which she had already put on, she supplied its place with the mantle. She now hastened to join Sir Philip, whom she suffered to lead her from the house to go to she knew not whither.

—

Mr. Belmont was not greatly surprized at not meeting Ophelia at the breakfast table, as she appeared unusually fatigued when she returned the preceding evening, and more than an hour elapsed after the meal, before he would suffer any one to go to her chamber, not wishing her to be disturbed. When the apartment was found to be vacant, great were his astonishment and alarm. After a little reflection, he came to the conclusion that she must have eloped with Arthur. The circumstance of her absence was soon circulated in that section of the town, and the admirers of Ophelia's singing, mingled regret with their surmises. Mr. Belmont's conjectures with regard to Arthur, were soon terminated by the appearance of the young man himself. One person, a violinist, saw Sir Philip when he thrust the note into her hand, but as he was ignorant who he was, it added to the mystery and increased the alarm.

During this time, Sir Philip had conveyed Ophelia to an obscure inn, which, although at no great distance from London, was in a part of the country where there was but little travel. He had previously made an arrangement with the hostess to board her for an indefinite period, the time prescribed in his own mind being until Lady Katharine's health would enable her to return home. When Ophelia was about to enter the inn, she missed the mantle and returned to the carriage to look for it. It was gone, having probably slipped to the ground soon after she left her own door, as she only threw it lightly over her shoulder.

—

It was evening—Sir Philip had returned, and found Lady Katharine sitting by the fire. Perhaps the new

hope that had sprung up in her bosom made her forget the debility of her frame. She was just relating to her husband what Amelia had told her, when the door suddenly opened and a woman enveloped in a red cloak stood before them. Without speaking she unrolled a silk mantle, richly embroidered, and held in such a manner as to receive the full reflection of the wax candles burning on the table.

"Do you remember ever to have seen it before?" said she addressing Lady Katharine.

"How came you by it?" inquired she, snatching the mantle from the sibyl's hand and gazing intently on the rich clusters of buds and flowers she herself had wrought.

"It was round the child," quietly answered the sibyl.

"Yes, yes—and if you know what became of her tell me at once," said Lady Katharine. "What pleasure can it give you to torture me with suspense?"

"Send for her who is called Ophelia Anville. She perhaps, has seen the mantle, and may beshe has not forgotten Liz Looney, the gipsy, who has carried her in her arms many a weary mile."

"My good woman," said Sir Philip, "cannot you as well at once speak to the point."

"And if I do, how shall I know that no harm will befal me?"

"I will give you my word that there shall not, if I have the power to prevent it."

"Then will I tell you truly that I stole the child as she lay asleep under a tree by the ruins near Hathaway Hall. This mantle which was wrapped around her, I found early this morning before Mr. Belmont's house. It is many years since I have seen it before. I meant to have destroyed it, lest it should prove the means of bringing to light my guilt, but while waiting for a favorable opportunity it was stolen. From that time I knew the Power above watched over the child and intended some thing better for her than a gipsy's life, and the same Power, no doubt, now that I longed to see her restored to her rights, directed me to the spot where I found the mantle."

"Do you say that Ophelia Anville and the child you stole are the same?" said Sir Philip.

"Yes, the fair young creature who is earning her bread with her very life-breath is your daughter. I have told the truth, and I shall now have a light heart."

Having said this she left the apartment. After her departure Sir Philip remained some time without speaking, with his face partly veiled by his hand. There was a struggle in his bosom between pride and paternal affection, but the latter soon triumphed, and he resolved after endeavoring to procure a few hours rest, to again set out for the secluded inn. He felt rejoiced that he had not informed his wife that he had conveyed Ophelia from the city, and he assured her that an interview should take place between them as soon as her health would permit.

By break of day, he was once more on the road. It was about one when he arrived at the inn, and he requested the hostess to inform Miss Anville that he wished to see her immediately.

"Ah, sir, it will be but a dismal sight," replied she, "for the lady is in a high fever, and would not know her own mother, for she takes me for a gipsy, she calls Liz Looney. The doctor thinks her disease is owing to grief, or mental excitement, I think he calls it, and says she must be kept very quiet and see no company; but as you are the gentleman who brought her here, I suppose you must just look at her;"

"I should like to," he replied, and she conducted him into the youthful sufferer's apartment. She was singing snatches of one of those sweet and most melancholy songs, which had so often thrilled with rapture an admiring audience, and her dark eyes, which had lost their beaming softness, roved from object to object with that wild restlessness peculiar to insanity. Her cheeks were deeply tinged with the fever-flush, and many a tress of her rich brown hair had strayed from beneath the cap by which the landlady had sought to keep it in place, mingling with the folds of the snowy but crumpled sheets. As Sir Philip gazed upon her in silence, he fully realized the cruel and selfish part which he had acted.

We will not trace the progress of the disease, which would at one time assume a favorable aspect only to be succeeded by symptoms the most alarming. In a few days Lady Katharine who was able to perform the journey from London, was the first, as she sat by the patient's bedside, to mark the quiet dawn of returning reason. She continued the affectionate ministry, without revealing her name, until Ophelia could sit in her chair hours at a time, and even walk about the room.

One day as they were sitting together, Ophelia said hesitatingly, "Do you know, madam, whether Sir Philip Hathaway or any other person has inquired for me since I have been sick?"

"Oh, yes, Sir Philip and his wife have both been here. Mr. Belmont was immediately informed of your situation, who has related all he knows of your history, having first obtained leave of a certain Liz Looney, who has likewise imparted information which I hope will prove gratifying to you."

A slight blush flitted across Ophelia's cheeks as she heard the name of Liz Looney, but she immediately said—"Why should I feel ashamed at having once belonged to a band of gipsies, if young as I was, I felt above participating in their views?"

"Were you taught to believe that you were one of their race?"

"At first I was, but one day a brother of the woman who had the care of me, and had often shielded me from her violence, told me that my parents were wealthy and of high rank, though he was unable to tell me their name. I mentioned this to Liz, and she did not deny it, but said that they had adopted a child in my room, and would spurn me from the door as an imposter."

"Oh, no!" said Lady Katharine passionately, forgetting in the excitement of the moment her resolution to act with discretion—"their arms as well as their doors would have been open to receive you. I am your mother."

"And I am your father," said Sir Philip, who a moment before, unperceived, had entered the apartment,

"who hopes by his future care and tenderness to efface the remembrance of the cruelty received at his hands."

A radiant smile for a moment lit up the beautiful features of the restored daughter, and then in the fulness of her heart she buried her face in her hands and wept.

"There is one more," said Sir Philip, after a few moments silence, "who should not be excluded from a participation of our happiness—our adopted son is below, and I will call him unless I am forbidden."

As no objection was offered, he left the chamber and in a short time returned with Arthur, whose countenance indicated that he was not the least happy of the party.

"I shall forbear disinheriting you, Arthur, only on one condition," said Sir Philip, as he rose to leave the room.

"And what is that?" said Arthur, gravely.

"You must bind yourself to receive with the estate, the incumbrance of my daughter; but as it is rather a weighty consideration, I will leave you, with the assistance of Lady Katharine, to settle it between you."

—

Two years afterwards, a youthful pair, who had been a few months wedded, stood together beneath the broad-spreading boughs of an oak. The glossy foliage, now and then slightly rustled by the passing breeze, was enriched by the golden lustre of the setting sun.

"I have reason to *value* this," said the lady, who, as the breeze freshened, drew a silk mantle, richly embroidered, more closely round her—"for without its aid, I don't know that Liz Looney's story would have been credited."

As she finished speaking, a woman emerged from a ruin near by and approached the spot where they stood. Her naturally dark complexion was rendered still darker by exposure to the weather, but her features were handsome, and the expression of her countenance peculiarly pleasing.

"Ellen Hathaway," said she, "seventeen years ago, I left you sleeping in the shade of this goodly tree. I find you here now, lovelier even than you were then, and the dark shadow will no more come flitting over my heart, when I behold my own daughter, for I shall know that the heart of the lady who was once so kind to me, is no longer made desolate by the loss of hers."

"Ah, this must be Florella," said Ellen. "My mother has told me your story. If she was kind to you, why did you leave her?"

"Look at him," replied Florella, pointing to Arthur, "and you will find the answer in your own heart."

—

Among Ellen's friends, one of the dearest and most valued was Amelia. She had, for more than a year been united to him who won her heart the winter she spent in London, and they often, at each other's firesides, sang together those songs which they warbled beneath the greenwood tree, or in the cool shadow of the rock, the first summer they met, little imagining that they were bound by the ties of consanguinity as well as those of sympathy. Nor did she forget Peter, whom she left in the dell with his violin, or Mat, the landlord of the inn, but made a point of making each a handsome Christmas present, as well as of giving them what they prized more than silver or gold, kind words and kind looks, whenever they turned aside in their wanderings to spend an hour at the Hall.

Original.

THE BUCANIER TO HIS CREW.

BY ROBERT HAMILTON.

I.

"A SAIL! a sail! a sail!"
Shouted out the bucanier,
"It stands before the gale,
This way I see it steer;
Up, up! my comrades brave,
If they seek the rover's crew,
We are monarch's of the wave—
Need I tell you what to do?"

II.

"Lash the arrow, matchless ship!
To the bulwark of the foe,
Let the leash of battle slip,
And the blood of carnage flow,
Let the cutlass carve its way,
And our thunders cleave the sky;
No heart here knows dismay—
We conquer or we die!

III.

"Full fifty battles bold,
We have fought, my comrades brave;
And victory has rolled
Her banner o'er the wave,
That bore this gallant bark,
And still more gallant crew,
Through storm and tempest dark—
Need I tell you what to do?

IV.

"Nail the colors to the mast,
Let the pennant gaily stream,
Let the shout of battle last,
While day sends forth a gleam,
And when the murky shroud
Of darkness furls the sky,
Pause not—but shout aloud,
We conquer, or we die!"

THE ideas of right and wrong in human conduct are never observable in a young child. How many little acts of an injurious nature would he commit if not restrained, without knowing that they were injurious. He seizes every thing within his reach, without any sensations relative to justice or injustice. The humored child always thinks that he has a right to every thing that he desires, and resents a refusal as an injustice and cruelty. The little tyrant behaves, in his small circle, like great tyrants in their large spheres, as if the whole creation were at their disposal, or formed for their sole gratification.—*Cogan's Ethical Questions.*

Original.

A SUMMER'S EVENING RAMBLE.

"Ur! up! and go forth to the pleasant path, through the green fields, and by the beautiful river," said the sweet voice of one standing by me. "Up! up! and away."

"But, Cousin Edith—"

"Nay, sir, I know what you would say; I have, during the day,

'Mingled with the jostling crowd,
Where the sons of strife are busy and loud,'

and now released from the thronging cares and constant din of business, I seek this retired spot, and find—"

"How calm and quiet a delight
It is, alone
To read, and meditate, and write,"

said I, interrupting her, and uttering the *alone*, quite significantly emphatic; but however delicate the hint might be, the manner of conveying it made but little impression on my determined and persevering cousin.

"Alone! yes, and lonely! you strive in the race after wealth; you stifle generous emotions, and render exalted feelings subservient to the ruling desire of gathering together gold and silver, of increasing in stocks, and ships, and lands; and even when returned from the burden and the heat of business, you devote hours to calculations, as to anticipated successful returns, instead of enjoying 'the breath of heaven's sweet air.' Turn your eyes to the beauteous prospect before you and see,

'The lanes are full of roses,
The fields are grassy deep,
And leafiness and flow'riness,
Make one abundant heap.'

"Edith, a rose could not bloom more brightly than your cheek; the dew-drop on that rose, in the brilliancy of its shining, could not exceed the lustrous beaming of your eyes; the motion of the leaf, stirred by the gentle breeze, could not compare with the graceful waving of the hand, and the richness of the prospect is increased by the sweet herald of its beauty. But remit a portion of your rebuke, and acquit me of devotedness to a pursuit so absorbing as that of becoming rich. It is true, you see before me the figured sheet, but there are friends here with whom I converse, whose society I covet, with whom I live over hours which are past, and with whom I mingle my sympathies, silently, but yet, not less touching or sincere. The scene which you have pointed out, is indeed beautiful, but when the roses have faded, and the leaves have fallen—when the freshness and beauty are gone, what is there remaining to cheer the sight? Ah! to the joyousness of hope succeeds that feeling of loneliness which withers life. I know and feel the searching truth of some of the lines in one of these messages of my silent friends—

'The very flowers that in the May-breeze shake,
Bloom out together, and the blessed stars
Of night, walk not the pathless heavens alone,
But twinkle, though unseen, in blissful tunes
Of sympathetic light; all beauteous things
Hold mystic fellowship; and man,
Without a brother heart, how darkly doomed!'"

Edith's penetrating eyes rested on me, and a sudden glow spread over her expressive countenance, rendering it still more beautiful. The blush retreated, and the tear-drops filled her eyes, as she said, "Have I been so much in error, in imputing want of feeling?"

"Come, Edith, we will go forth, and converse awhile with nature. Now, Edith, let us rest on this grassy mound, in the inviting shade beneath this aged elm tree, and contemplate the scene around us. There is the ancient church with its modest spire, and yonder, the river throws back the beams of the sun, as the willows bend, and wave to and fro, with that soft and graceful motion which the artist finds it difficult to arrest for his painting, or the poet to delineate in his numbers. The 'solemn stillness' is undisturbed, save by the joyful twittering of the swallows as they flutter around the vane, or seek the eaves of the porch; by the low and varied sounds of insects fulfilling their short summer of existence, and by the hurried but not loud dash of the water, as turning from its regular channel, it precipitates itself over a small ledge of rocks. There is a gradual descent of the ground from the church to the river, and the kindly feelings of the villagers have prompted them to preserve, and to ornament the quiet spot. A low fence encloses the last resting-place of mortality, and the heaped up earth is covered with fresh sod, and friends often come, in fond and faithful remembrance, to speak to each other of the departed; perhaps, to shed a tear; assuredly, to have their hearts thrill with chastened joy, that the companions of their early days are buried, where their virtues are known and appreciated.

"Among the many records of the frail tenure of human life, you may perceive yon plain slab of marble, and perhaps read the lines inscribed thereon; to me they are as familir as household words.

'Sweet maid, associates fondly thought
'To strew thy bride-bed, not thy bier;'
But thou hast left a being fraught
With wiles, and toils, and anxious fear.
For us, remains a journey drear;
For thee, a blest eternal prime,
Uniting in thy short career,
Youth's blossom, with the fruit of time.'

"Laura Gale was indeed a 'sweet maid,' and at the mention of her name, she seems to be before me, as when she gained and delighted friends by the unstudied exhibition of genuine feeling. There is the countenance lighted up with winning smiles, stealing over the features in soft succession; there are the expressive blue eyes, in whose lustre the soul of purity and truth was contained; the unconstrained natural demeanor; the modesty of manner. These outward qualities were the heralds of the right affections, and the well-regulated principles within, and while her merry laugh was in heartfelt unison with the friends of her innocent mirth and pleasure, her sympathies were mingled with the grieved and burdened spirits. Were any of the poor villagers in sickness — there was one who provided the necessary attendance, and the delicacies so acceptable to the languishing; and she might be seen often at the bed-side, watching the restless slumbers, supplying the many wants, whispering hope and consolation, and soothing the hours of affliction, by generous and assiduous kindness. She had a sensitive spirit, but it was not of that morbid sensibility which weeps at the recital of

imaginary distress, and shrinks from the duty of relieving the really necessitous; she felt for the woes of others, and that feeling was not suffered to remain inactive, but was exerted in prompt and beneficent action.

"Her father was the clergyman of the district. Laura was an only child, and as her budding graces and virtues were unfolded, the happy parent felt and expressed his thankfulness to the Providence which had assigned so fair a plant to his protection, and in dependence upon supreme aid, nurtured it with deep and unbroken affection. And she flourished like a morning flower, and, alas! like it too, she suddenly drooped. It blossoms, blooms, and imparts sweetness and fragrance to the senses; its lively and varied colors please the eye; for a little while, the sunbeams gladden it, and in the hour, when it seems most thrifty, indicating a full and rich maturity, the sudden storm bows its lovely head and withers its beauty, but the perfume remains, marking the spot where it grew amid its kindred buds.

"As has been said, the villagers were the recipients of her kindness, but there were others who were admitted to a more intimate association. Among those who participated in this charming intercourse, was one, whose presence caused a deeper glow upon the cheek, animated the eyes with additional brilliancy, and whose words had an irresistible influence, seeking their way to the heart, where they were warmly received, and carefully treasured. I am not repeating a story of love, so I will only say, that it was determined by them, that they would unite their sympathetic interests in the 'sanctimonious ceremonies' of marriage. The announcement of this intention did not create any uncommon stir among the villagers, for their sagacity had already predicted the occurrence of such an event; their curiosity only extended to the time when this design was to be fulfilled.

"The morning of that day was bland and beautiful. The sky, as if in accordance with the gladsome feelings of the inmates of the village, shone forth in loveliness; but, ere that day had closed, a deep shade was thrown over its brightness, and of joy—

> 'The tone
> Was hush'd and solemn, like the cloudy groan
> Of dying thunder, on the distant wind.'

There were many persons gathered in the church, whose happy faces reflected the emotions of still happier hearts; her father, the venerable friend and single-hearted counsellor of the villagers, with placid joy upon his open countenance, commenced the service, and when the troth of each had been plighted, in fervency and truth, while the ready tear trembled in the eye, he invoked the blessings of Heaven upon the beings before him.

"The congratulations were many and undissembled, and were received in a spirit correspondent to the warmth with which they were tendered. The bridal party returned to the home of her childhood, which she was shortly to leave, and mingled in innocent festivities. The hour of the departure arrived, and Laura shared in the kind and dear charges oft repeated, the heartfelt embrace, the parting kiss, and the warm pressure of the hand, those endearments which the female nature so well understands, and so feelingly exhibits on such occasions. There was yet one to whom to bid farewell; she turned—was received into the arms of her waiting father, and with suppressed sobbings, hid her face in his bosom. 'Blessings be on thee, my dutiful child! blessings be on thy life. Thou hast been to me as 'my companion, my own familiar friend.' Image of thy now sainted mother, thou hast her excellencies and virtues; in thy new sphere of duty, continue to imitate her worth, and be happy.' He bowed his head, and the gushing tears attested the fulness of his heart. He raised himself, but the form of Laura was motionless. There was the same benignity of expression upon the face; the richness of beauty upon the cheek; but the life-pulse had ceased its beating, and was for ever at rest. She died of an affection of the heart, and

> 'Was call'd home, ere from her brow,
> One radiant trace of truth had fled.'

It is not not for me now to depict the grief of the bereaved parent, the anguish of the stricken bridegroom, or the sympathetic concern of friends. The sudden summons of death at such a time, and under such circumstances, is terrible, and so it was felt to be.

"On the following day the church was opened, and a coffin was placed before that altar at which its inmate had knelt in maiden bloom and modesty, to ratify a covenant of affection. How changed the scene! The father, who had united his daughter in her loveliness, to one whose heart beat in responsive and hallowed unison, sat with bended head, yet his face exhibited the calmness of resignation. Afflictive dispensation had removed his last earthly comfort, and feeling the bitterness of his present loss, he had grieved; but his sorrow was that of one in whom the hope of immortality forbade the expression of murmuring. His daughter had lived a life of piety, and could her death then be otherwise than happy! 'Her sun had gone down while it was yet day, but it was to appear again with renewed and undying splendor in a new Heaven. Although alone, yet he trusted to the faithfulness of a friend, whose dealings, if now enveloped in mystery, would hereafter be explained, and his wisdom and love be made manifest.

"The young husband seemed as if unable to realize the certainty of the scene before him. Were his hopes to die thus early, even in the freshness of their being? It could not be! And yet, why the saddened looks and swelling bosoms around? why the coffin and the pall? why those solemn words—'earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust?' Alas! his hopes had expired, and were about to be entombed with the lovely being who called them into existence. The coffin was conveyed to the grave, the earth was thrown upon it, the green turf placed over it, and she was left to 'the starless midnight of the tomb.' On each returning anniversary of her death, fresh flowers are put by friendly hands over the place of her sleeping, and some friends may often be observed to linger there in sweet recollection of virtues which have been, but which were suddenly quenched.

"But see! the sun has gone down, and the softened

tints of the sky indicate the approach of evening. Let us return homeward, thinking of her of whom you have just heard, and our reflections may be in this wise:

'Be thy name whisper'd, where the silver dew
Stealeth the leaves of clustering roses through,
With bright and freshening power;
And where the waters follow to the play
Of earliest sunshine, o'er the sands away,
At morning's hour.

Be thy name whisper'd, where the bough hath stirr'd
To the last nestling of the wearied bird,
Its silent mate beside;
And where the voice of mirth hath ceas'd to call,
And far o'er fading paths the shadows fall,
At eventide.

For, thou, whose beauty to the dust hath gone,
Wert soft or joyous as the eve or morn;
And therefore these should be,
In hearts fill'd up with visions to the last,
Of thy young smiles, and winning accents past,
Memories of thee.

Be thy thoughts counted, where the stars are bright
Within the chambers of the dreamy night;
Thy kindling thoughts, and deep;
And where through summer clouds, the lightning flings
Quick, tremulous sparks from its flashing wings,
To banish sleep.

Thine outward loveliness! where'er they meet,
Light, blooming forms and ever graceful feet,
And voices sweet and gay,
There duly, fondly, ere the joy be done
Shall rise to faithful lips, the praise of one,
Gathered away.

Thy grave! not far and lone its last repose,
As cold o'er some, alas! the mould doth close,
Dead in a foreign land;
Thou! with familiar things art gently laid,
And oft may they who with thy childhood stray'd,
Beside thee stand.

Thy rest! thy rest! go, where the sun is pouring
His golden glories unto souls adoring,
Beneath this blessed even;
Hath peace, hath confidence, not here its birth,
E'en 'mid the lowly temples of the earth?
THOU ART IN HEAVEN.'"

A. S. A.

Original.

THE SLEEPING INFANT.

BY LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

SWEET infant, beautiful as light,
That on the snow-drop's bosom glows,
When scap'd from wrathful winter's night,
It trembles thro' incumbent snows—
Amid thy cradle sleep, we watch
The varying thought that faintly gleams,
As tho' we fondly hop'd to catch
The angel whisper of thy dreams.

The *angel-whisper!* Tell us what
Is breath'd from that celestial clime,
Thou, nearer to its white-winged host
Than we, who tread the thorns of time:
Thou can't not tell—no words are thine—
But the pure smile that lights thy brow,
Is sure the language of the skies—
Oh! keep it still unchang'd, as now.

Original.

THE WRECK.*

BY THE REV. J. H. CLINCH.

WHEN lately sped with snowy sail,
A gallant barque before the gale,
The cold, blue waters sweep:
Far down beneath the icy waves,
In Ocean's dim and silent caves,
Many, who stood, at morn, elate,
Unconscious of approaching fate,
Rest in their last, long sleep.

Yet all who trod that busy deck,
Sleep not in death within the wreck;
A fragile boat, with human life,
Deep laden, braves the billows' strife,
And plies its dreary way:
God help them now through storm and night,
And glad them with the rising light,
Of yet another day!

But hark! 'Mid tempest and deep gloom,
Are sounds which speak a fearful doom!
Shrieks, struggles, oaths, in mingling tone—
The frequent plunge—the bubbling groan—
The brother's hurried, wild farewell,
To her who followed where he fell,
Stronger than death is love—
And desperate efforts to retain
The boat's deep side, but made in vain—
Gave to that night a darker woe,
Than storm or darkness could bestow,
Which time shall ne'er remove.

But one faint voice was heard that night,
Which oft shall come in dreams, to blight
The selfish heart of sin
Of him, whose ruthless hand could tear
The child from where he crouched, to share
The wave-shroud of his kin.
"*Cast me not yet*," it said, "*away—*
Give me a little while to pray!"
That touching plea could not avail
With hearts insensate as the gale,
Cold as the icy deep:
Scarce to his God one cry he gave,
Ere the young martyr parts the wave,
Which murmurs o'er his sleep.
The boat that labored in the storm,
Scarce felt the weight of that slight form,
But, oh! how could it float beneath
Its load of guilt and needless death,
When that young soul was cast away,
Death's undecked sacrifice and prey?

Ah! well for him who did the deed,
If, in *his* hour of utmost need,
When help is far, and death is near,
And his strong form shall shake with fear,
As life ebbs quick away,
He ask of Him, to whom, in vain,
No earnest lip or heart complain,
A little space to pray,
Well then for him, if o'er his soul,
Flash not with deep and stern control,
The thought that he had dared refuse
The very boon for which he sues.

* The ship William Brown.

Boston, 1841.

Original.

ALICE COPLEY.*

A TALE OF QUEEN MARY'S TIME.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

CHAPTER IV.

THE singular being whom we left concealed beneath the tapestry of Mary's dressing-room, witnessed but a small portion of the disgraceful scene which we have just described. When Philip retired from the Queen's presence in the first rush of his anger, she had no thought that he would return as was really the case, so withdrawing softly through the door, she closed it with care, that no breath of wind should stir the tapestry, and then darted like a lapwing along the passage to the apartments she had left. She was mindful to lock the private door, and looking eagerly around, she flung herself panting and flushed upon the pile of cushions with her sparkling eyes fixed on the door through which she every moment expected King Philip to enter. He did not come, and gradually she became dreamy and tranquilized by the pleasant stillness which reigned in the apartments. It seemed as if every object which could bring pleasant thoughts of a more sunny home had been lavished upon the little room. It was lighted only by a heavy arched window, but that had been turned into a kind of alcove filled with vases, snowy and rich with sculpture, each one teeming with rare plants, transported at great cost from foreign lands. In the day time, these plants formed a cool and verdant curtain, woven together in a thousand pleasant tendrils, and drinking life from the sunshine as it fell among the leaves and flickered faintly through the room. But daylight was gone, and those fragrant plants were only lighted up by a single lamp, chased and perforated, which emitted a sweet odor as it burned. The soft tinkling noise of dropping water fell with a familiar sound on the ear. It came from a miniature fountain of snowy marble which had been placed among the plants. It was a tiny thing, but very musical, and to the strange young creature who lay upon the cushions watching the bright drops as they flashed up among the leaves, it had a home voice, which brought tears to her eyes, and made her heart ache with memories of the past. She took up her lute, and began to play a sweet lively air, as if to cheat her soul of its memories, but it would not do; her thoughts were full of melancholy forebodings, so she turned her face upon the cushions and wept in silence. At last footsteps were heard without; she started up, dashed the tears from her long lashes, and again snatching up the lute, played a few careless notes before she arose to unlock the door.

"In tears, as usual!" said King Philip, glancing at her still humid lashes, and passing her without farther notice, he threw himself heavily upon the cushions she had left, and flinging aside his plumed cap, bade her bring him a cup of wine from the inner room. She obeyed him in silence, but her bosom heaved, and a tear was crushed in its passage by the quick movement of her eye lids. Philip drank off his wine at a draught, and it seemed to have a soothing effect upon his sullen spirit, for after remaining silent for some time, he turned to the young creature who was yet standing, and bade her take up the lute and give him some music. With a beating heart the strange girl placed a cushion at the imperious man's feet, and after a moment's pause, began a sweet but very melancholy strain, which she accompanied with a voice sad and broken, as if it gushed up from a well spring of tears. Philip started up with an exclamation of displeasure.

"By my princedom, Laura, this is too much, he said; "am I for ever and ever to be haunted by that strain? Must I come to this apartment for a moment's respite from the irksome society of my antedeluvian bride, only to find you reproaching me by your tears—your music, nay, by the very words of your song?"

"I did not mean to offend," replied the girl, while her small hand dropped tremblingly from the instrument. "My heart was full of home when you came in, so I but gave voice to the words that came uppermost. Nay, do not frown thus on me; I am weary and sad to-night; come," she added, looking up with an affectionate sort of timidity, and laying her hand on his, "one smile, and I will play the songs you love best 'till morning, if you will it so."

Philip did smile, but very faintly, and a sullen humor seemed still to hang about him. But feeble as was the pleased expression, it was enough to light up the humid eyes, and kindle the red lips of that young creature with a brilliant glōw of happiness.

"There, now I will give the very air with which a certain dark-browed prince came wooing the love of a foolish maiden in the orange groves of Arragon; nay, not that, or, in sooth, I shall weep again. Tell me of something else that will pleasure you; see, I am ready;" and lifting her brilliant face to the dark eyes fixed upon her, the beautiful speaker sat with her hand playfully poised over the lute-strings, like a snow white bird ready to alight. Just then her keen ear caught the sound of some person knocking for admittance at the door in the bed-chamber beyond. Down came the little hand, and instantly a gush of cheerful music filled the apartment. Philip sunk back upon the cushions, and lay with his eyes half closed, still far from giving any sign of pleasure, but not so sullen as he had been. Three different times did the listening girl hear the noise which had first startled her, from the bed-chamber, but on each occasion her execution became louder and more brilliant than before, though her face kindled with excitement, by no means derived from the melody she was pouring upon the careless ear of King Philip. Well she knew that no person save the Queen herself, would dare to knock for admittance at that door.

Careless of the music, and inattentive to the sound which had startled his companion, the Prince still lay upon the cushions, lost in restless thought. Though he both hated and despised his Queen, he was not entirely satisfied with his own conduct during their

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late interview with her. If not necessary to his love, she certainly was to his ambition, and even with his arrogant pretensions, he could hardly expect forgiveness for insolence so violent and unmanly, without some concessions, to which it chafed his haughty spirit to yield. Filled with these annoying reflections, he allowed the young creature at his feet to weary herself with efforts to give him pleasure, without even remembering that she was so occupied. At last, when she saw that all her gentle efforts to chase away his sombre mood were in vain, her own spirit became oppressed, the music gradually died from beneath her fingers, 'till, weary and wretched, her head drooped forward upon a bosom heaving with sobs which she could no longer suppress. This sound of renewed grief aroused the yet active resentment of the Prince.

"How is this? in tears again?" he exclaimed, starting to a half recumbent posture, and fixing his black, angry eyes on the unhappy girl. "Will there never be an end to these childish repinings? Have I not done every thing in the power of man or Prince to make you content? Did I not ransack half Spain to collect materials which might surround you with the familiar things and atmosphere of home? Look about, girl; can the Queen of England boast luxuries such as I have lavished on these apartments? Yet ungrateful and sullen you ever meet me thus, as if *I* had power to change the murky skies of this heathenish land for the sunny clime of Spain."

"It is not that, oh, not that!" sobbed the unhappy young creature. "I should not grieve, though certain that my heart may never again leap to the sunshine and blossoms of our own bright land, were *you* still the same, but alas, alas, when the sunshine of love has once died away from the heart, who can rekindle it? Let us leave this gloomy land, Philip!" she exclaimed, clasping her small hands, and entreating him with all the passionate eloquence of gesture and language which she so deeply felt. "You are not happy here; every thing is gloomy and sorrowful that we look upon. I knew that it would be so, when, in the blindness of my love, I consented to conceal my sex, outrage all that was yet pure in my nature, and follow you hither. The air is stifling which I am compelled to breathe in the presence of that hated and cruel Queen. Be just, Philip!" she added with still more passionate earnestness; right "those you have wronged, exert your boundless influence with Queen Mary, in a generous cause. Persuade her from the cruel persecution with which she pursues alike the innocent and the guilty—stay the bloodshed which, since our coming, has deluged this unhappy nation, and then let us go away. The breezes of our own blessed land will bring back the feelings which filled our bosoms before a wretched thirst for power brought us among a people to whom we have been as a scourge or a pestilence."

"And such I would be," rejoined Philip, who had been gazing in mingled anger and astonishment on the daring girl, while she gave utterance to language which would have been treason from any lips but hers. "They would not give me, love; I can command their fear, and despise their hatred; but these subjects are not for your counsel; be content to fill this pretty cage with smiles and music when I seek it as now; have done with weeping; be with me at day time as ever, and what more can you wish? Now go to your couch; I have much to ponder over before morning, and will even remain as I am. Nay, go, go, I would be alone."

The strange female withdrew reluctantly into the inner chamber, and left Philip to his own sullen thoughts. Hour after hour went by, and still he lay wakeful, but with his large changing eyes fixed steadily on the little silver lamp which poured its gentle light over the window. At last the sweet tinkling sound of water drops as they rained down into the fountain, had the usual lulling effect; his eyes closed drowsily, his head settled back upon the cushions, and he slept. Then the bed-chamber door softly unclosed, the young girl stole noiselessly across the floor, and placing herself by the pile of cushions, sat patiently watching his slumbers.

On the next morning, rather before his usual hour of rising, King Philip came from his private apartments, accompanied, as ever, by his favorite page. Without leaving one word of greeting or apology for his Queen, he ordered a groom to prepare horses, and still attended only by the boy, rode from the castle. This was the unsatisfactory information brought to Queen Mary by the messenger whom she sent to request an interview with her husband. She retired to her oratory weary from lack of rest, and grievously irritated by what she had learned, when Friar Joseph presented himself with information that Cardinal Pole waited without, much desiring an audience with her majesty on matters of deep interest. Never in her worst mood, had Mary denied herself to the good prelate. Firm in her friendship as she was, bitter in her enmities, she ever held him in reverence and affection, and when he entered her oratory, she arose to meet him, and for a moment the cloud of ill humor departed from her brow.

There was no witness to the interview between Cardinal Pole and his mistress, but it lasted more than an hour, and when he left the oratory, those who observed the good old man closely, saw that he was deeply pained, if not indignant, but whatever had passed, it seemed decisive, for, without a moment's delay, the old man descended to the body of retainers whom he had left mounted in the grounds, his tread somewhat firmer than usual, and his crimson robes sweeping the marble as he passed along. His servitors remarked that he mounted his mule as if unconsciously rejecting their wonted respectful assistance, and urged him toward London with a pace more rapid than he had ever been known to ride before.

CHAPTER V.

For many anxious minutes did John Copley gaze down upon the pale face of his child, as it lay nestled in his bosom, so helpless and death-like. He was destitute of means to aid her, so he sat down upon his dun-

geon floor, and folded her in his arms, gently as a shepherd might foster a pet lamb which the storm had stricken down. He was a prisoner, with no hope which could lead him away from death, still there was something like pleasure at his heart, as he felt the cold cheek of his gentle one pressed against it. If they were to die, it would be together, and it seemed to the strong-hearted man a mercy, that he might guard the spirit of his child like a blossom newly cropped, and place it, pure as when it sprang from thence, once more in the bosom of her mother, when they should all meet in Heaven. With his large hand he put back the golden hair from her forehead, and bending his cheek upon it, waited quietly 'till it grew warm again with returning life. At last he felt the arm which was about his neck, tighten its clasp, and a broken sob come to the reddening lips.

"God's blessing rest upon thee, my child; how fares it with thee now," said the good man, soothingly.

Alice lifted her head, but faintly, and in tears, for now that she was with her father, she felt weak and helpless as a babe. It seemed as if all her sufferings during the last twenty-four hours, had happened weeks since; her mind turned back upon them dreamily, and after a little time she wept herself to sleep upon her father's cloak, which he spread in a corner of his ample prison room, for, as yet, no couch had been provided for him, and he seemed utterly forgotten by those who held him in charge.

When Alice awoke, the grey light of morning fell softly through the grated window of her prison; her father still kept his patient watch by her side, and smiled upon her cheeringly as she rose to her elbow, and looked about the room, bewildered, and, as yet, scarcely conscious of her forlorn condition.

"Thou hast been blest with a long and sweet sleep, my Alice," said her fellow prisoner, "though on a couch somewhat of the hardest."

"Are you with me, father?" replied the yet dreaming girl, and with a faint smile she sat up, and covering her eyes, seemed striving to collect her thoughts. "Father," she said, at last, but without uncovering her eyes—

"What, my child?"

"How many days is it since all this happened? I mean since we were all happy together, down by the little lake?"

"One day, only one, my Alice."

"Alas, father, how much of sorrow can be crowded into one single day," said the young creature, looking mournfully into her companion's face. "Can it be only a little more than thirty hours since we could look up to the blue sky, and feel the free wind leaping amid the trees—since we were all free both of limb and will. I should think it had been a year."

"And so it is, if we measure time by events," replied her father, dropping into the train of thought which was gradually leading her mind from the state of apathy into which terror and fatigue had thrown it. "The stride of oppression with us, will be quick and fatal; a few hours ago, and we sat, as you say, beneath the pure stars which God has planted in the sky, to shine alike upon the just and the unjust. To-day we are here, helpless and in prison—to-morrow—"

"What of to-morrow?" inquired the gentle girl, looking anxiously up as her father hesitated to speak.

"To-morrow," replied John Copley, taking her hand, and clasping it gently in his, "to-morrow, my child, we may be with your mother."

"It was a kindly way of telling that young creature she must die. She almost smiled to hear it, and when she looked into her father's eyes, and saw them filled with solemn and tranquil light, she forgot all that must be suffered before death, and her heart grew strong with pleasant thoughts of Heaven. All at once a painful apprehension shot like an arrow through her mind. With a slight start, she again looked up, but her soft eyes had become keen with sudden fear.

"What troubles thee, Alice? art thou afraid to die?" She did not answer. "Speak, my child, and say if this fear be of the soul, or only a shrinking of the natural body from the fiery gate through which thou and I must pass into Heaven."

"Life is very sweet, and I am young to die," murmured the sorrowing girl, "but when you tread the dark valley and shadow of death, I shall not shrink from your side. Yet methinks there is one living for whom my spirit would mourn even in Paradise. When our sojourn here is ended, father, will *he* bear us company to the place of our rest?"

"Francis Huntly is in the hands of God, and his time may not be yet," replied Copley, "but bethink thee, my gentle child, how trifling is the span of human life, compared to eternity. Though we pass hence to-day, and he remain on earth the three score years and ten allotted to man, it will seem but a moment ere he joins us in that place of rest where time is unknown."

Alice buried her face in her hands, and remained silent for several moments; Copley thought that she was weeping, but after a time she lifted her head, and her features were composed though still sorrowful. "Do not fear me," she said; "I have strength to bear my appointed task."

She would have spoken farther, but a noise of bolts withdrawn heavily from their sockets, and the harsh sound of a key working in its rusty lock, arrested the words on her lips. She had scarcely time to look toward the dungeon door, when it swung open, and a man, whom she remembered to have seen before, as in a dream, entered the room, while two or three persons, who appeared to be under-keepers, stood grouped in the dark passage without the entrance.

Alice drew close to her father, and nestled her hand in his, as the man approached; her heart beat painfully, and the slight color that had returned to her lips, died entirely away. The man seemed utterly unconscious of her agitation. Human suffering was so familiar to him, that he really did not observe it when so noiselessly expressed.

"We have received orders to place your daughter in another room," he said, addressing Copley in a tone which he strove to render somewhat more courteous

than usual, for there was a quiet dignity about the prisoners which awed even his hard nature.

Copley bowed his head in silent acquiescence, but his countenance was convulsed, and in his eye there was a look of agony such as springs only from a strong heart, subdued by a stronger will. The trembling little hand which clung to his, seemed to rob his iron frame of its might. The keeper had scarcely crossed the floor, when his prisoner beckoned with his hand that he should come no nearer.

"Go, my child," he said, in a low choked voice, bending over the trembling young creature, who clung imploringly to his arm. "We cannot resist, and wherefore should we attempt it. Nay, loose thy hold, lest my own strength fail."

With a painful effort Alice checked the convulsive sob that sprang to her lips, and withdrawing her hand from its grasp on her father's, sunk to her knees at his feet.

"Father, give me thy blessing before I go."

The broken pathos of her voice arrested even the keeper who was advancing to bear her away. Copley laid his hand upon her head, and his voice rang solemnly through the dungeon.

"May the God of Heaven and of earth bless thee, oh, my child," and with these words John Copley bent down, pressed a kiss upon the forehead of his child, and motioned the keeper to take her away.

Alice was conducted through many a winding passage dark as her own forebodings, to an apartment even more gloomy than that occupied by her father. The dim light which struggled through a grated window, far up in the wall, died amid the cobwebs and dust which had hung there for ages, without shedding one ray upon the floor beneath. A small iron lamp, however, threw its light over a bed, and a portion of the apartment, rendering the remainder more gloomy by filling it with shadows. A couple of rude stools, with a bed, composed all the furniture in the room, and they seemed to have been brought there recently, and miserable as they were, for her accommodation.

It was a sad, gloomy place, but poor Alice was heartsick at parting with her father, and it mattered little to her how or where she was placed. When left alone in this dreary apartment, she sat down on one of the stools, and with her eyes fixed on the floor, strove to collect her scattered energies to meet the day of trial which she felt to be very near at hand. When with her father, she had relied on him for strength and protection, she had never, in her whole life, been taught to act for herself, he had ever been at hand to advise and lead her in the path of duty. Now she was alone, with no human arm to depend on for succor, no human voice to pity or cheer the deep solitude of her prison room. Still her spirit grew strong, and amid her utter destitution, she was tranquil. The bitterness of death seemed over when she was taken from the bosom of her parent.

"Now," she murmured, meekly folding her hands, and looking upward, "I have done with earth and earthly things; be thou, oh, father of mercies, my guide and support."

It was strange that it should have been so, but as Alice uttered this petition, a bunch of flowers dropped from the bosom of her robe. Amid all her agony of spirit and energy of motion, they had rested in her bosom, to start forth when her heart was soaring toward Heaven, and draw it back to earthly things again. She took the blossoms from the floor where they had fallen, and for the first time, began to reflect on the manner in which they had come into her possession. Who could have placed them on the table in her room at Windsor? Not Francis Huntly; he was in no frame of mind for idle gallantries when she last met him in the closet of Friar Joseph. Not her father; he, alas! was a prisoner long before those flowers met her eye, and at that time, their leaves were bright with dew. She had scarcely observed it there, but in her dungeon solitude, it became a matter of thought which would not leave her mind. The blossoms each moment became more precious; they seemed to her aroused fancy, sweet, silent companions, sent to cheer her solitude; drooping and withered, but more fragrant from that very cause. Perhaps even yet their brief bloom might be preserved to outlast the life warming the bosom on which they had withered; it was a sad thought, but still she cherished it.

Upon one of the stools stood a pitcher of water and some bread. She was athirst, but drank sparingly of the water, that enough might be left to cherish her treasure. The flowers were bound by a crimson riband, somewhat broader than seemed necessary for the support of things so frail, and after placing them in the pitcher, Alice still held the riband twined in her fingers. All at once she became conscious that some other and less pliant substance was attached to the silk, and bending down to the lamp, found a narrow slip of parchment lining half its length. There was writing upon it, but the characters were so delicately traced, that it seemed almost impossible to make them out by the dim light. She was crouching over the slender blaze with the parchment held so unsteadily in her trembling hand, that the words traced thereon seemed floating beneath her eyes, when footsteps smote along the passage, and stopped before her prison door.

Alice started to her feet, thrust the riband into her bosom, and stood gazing upon the entrance of her dungeon with burning cheeks and brilliant eyes, like a wounded gazelle, awaiting the death arrow. The door opened, and King Philip entered her prison. A cry of fear burst from the poor girl when she recognized her persecutor, but without heeding it, Philip moved forward. She stood trembling in his presence, when another person glided softly through the door, and disappeared like a shadow in a dark corner of the room. In the imperfect light, Alice could not distinguish his features even when nearest the lamp, but he was of diminutive size, and both in air and dress, like the Spanish page. Philip stood with his back toward the entrance, and the person, whoever he was, passed in unobserved, except by Alice. She believed the intruder to be the page, and felt a sense of comfort and protection in his presence.

Philip advanced close to the shrinking prisoner, and would have taken her hand, but she drew back, and in a trembling voice, entreated to be left alone.

"Nay, fair lady," said the bold man, glancing carelessly around the dungeon, "this place does not seem so inviting that I shall wish to stay longer than needful. By our Lady! the Queen provides but sorry lodgings for so much beauty, but it shall be thy own fault if they be not speedily replaced with such as even she has never known. One smile, most lovely maiden, to prove my homage to thy matchless beauty may hereafter meet its reward, and this very hour I will place thee outside this dismal pile, where thou may'st flaunt the haughty woman at will, even in her own palace, and she shall not dare to resent it."

Alice drew back once more, for he would have taken her hand. The indignant blood rushed to her cheek, and she again entreated, nay, commanded him to depart.

"Nay, haughty damsel, I *must* be heard now! My sour-tempered Queen has clipped those pretty wings, and given thee a cage somewhat of the closest, so thou hast no green covert to fly to, as in the park at Windsor."

"True, I am a prisoner, and very helpless," said Alice, with sorrowful indignation. "If you will persecute me thus, I have no redress, but remember, nothing but unjust bondage could detain me a moment in your presence. I cannot appeal to your princely honor, that has been so often basely violated, but if one feeling of manhood lives yet in your heart, leave me alone, that I may prepare for the death to which your wicked pursuit has consigned me."

"Say not that, sweet damsel," and for a moment Philip's brow flushed at the truth of her reproach. "If my too ardent love has driven thee to this sad state, it can make atonement. Consent but to look less scornfully upon me, and I will even yet compel the ireful Queen to set thee at liberty, and will bear thee far from her malice, to a land more lovely than thou hast yet dreamed of. Beneath the bright skies, and amid the orange groves of Spain thou wilt learn more lenity for my true passion, and thy life shall be like that of an eastern bird, bright with music and love. Nay, do not answer me yet," he added hastily, for the lips on which he gazed began to tremble with a host of scornful feelings. "Think but one moment on the alternative—a dungeon, dark and dreary like this—solitude for a few hours, and those hours filled with a dread of the death which will most surely come—for on thy own confession of heresy has the Queen condemned thee already. Then the mob of hooting men who will crowd about to gaze on the beauty of that form—to mock at its agony, as it writhes and struggles amid the hot flames—"

"Monster!" Philip started, for the voice which uttered the single word, was not like that of the wretched young creature who stood firmly before him, her face resolute in its expression, but white as marble. Yet it could be no other who had spoken. Terror at the painful picture he had drawn, might have changed her voice even as it had her features, but a moment of dead silence reigned throughout the dungeon as this conjecture passed through his mind. Alice turned her glittering eyes toward the corner whence the sound came. All was dark as midnight, but something was there, motionless, and more palpably black even than the shadows. Her first impulse was to spring forward and claim protection from the human being whom she knew to be shrouded in the gloom, but Philip spoke again, and with the impatience of a heart tortured beyond its powers of endurance, she turned upon him.

"Inhuman man," she exclaimed, and her voice did indeed sound unnatural—"even that—the crowd, the sneer—torture, and hot flames can I endure, rather than the mockery of thy base love; leave me—once more I entreat, command, that you leave me!"

"I will *not* leave thee to a fate so dreadful. In thine own despite thou shalt yet be taught to return a love which is no mockery; which is consuming my heart. Listen to me, thou sweet obstinate; never before this—never again can my heart know a passion such as it feels for thee. All that I have ever proved before, was indeed but a shadow to the intense love thy matchless beauty has inspired.

Philip had moved his position while speaking, and as the last words left his lips, Alice saw a pale face, shaded by a cloud of black feathers, gleaming in the dim light, a few paces behind him. It remained stationary a moment, and disappeared. Again it met her gaze, gliding like a shadow through the prison door. Directly King Philip was startled from his iniquitous suit by a noise in the passage, as of some heavy body falling upon the floor. He went out, and lo, prone upon the hard flags lay the Spanish page. He had fallen on his face close by the entrance of the dungeon. His cap lay a few paces off, and his dark curls swept the stones in scattered masses.

In order that his interview with the prisoner should be uninterrupted, Philip had dismissed all the keepers from the neighborhood of her dungeon, but secure in his ignorance of the language through which his conversation must be held, he had suffered the boy to remain in the passage. On seeing the condition of his favorite, the Prince lifted him from the floor with a touch of natural compassion, and carrying him into Alice's dungeon, looked anxiously round for some means of restoring him to life. Alice came forward and would have assisted him, but Philip put her hastily away, and kneeling by the pitcher flung the withered flowers across the room, and thrusting his hand into the water, dashed it profusely over the white face lying cold as death upon his knee. There was concern, and something almost like sorrow in the proud man's face as he was thus kindly occupied, and when all his efforts seemed in vain, he looked pained, and anxiously bending over the suffering boy, murmured in Spanish, what, by their intonation seemed words of familiar endearment. But all his efforts failed to bring back one ray of life to those deathly features. The lips remained white, the long black eyelashes lay motionless, and one little hand fell

languid and pale upon the floor. The Prince at last ceased his exertions, and again murmured in Spanish; but this time his voice was broken with what seemed to be a passionate burst of grief. He believed the boy dead, and even Alice Copley was, for the time, forgotten. The heart of that bad man was at length touched.

The page at last gave signs of life, but it was evidently no common swoon that oppressed him, for he revived with pain, and his breath seemed choking him. Alice impulsively stooped to unfasten the doublet from his neck, but again Philip put her away, and with his own hands undid the fastenings, but without removing any portion of the dress.

At last the boy opened his eyes and murmured something in Spanish which sounded like the very words which Philip himself had used. They received no reply, however, and as life and strength returned to his charge, Philip resumed his old manner; nay, he even seemed angry with the boy for being ill, and took him from the room before he seemed able to support himself.

Alice heard the door secured after her persecutor, and waited 'till his footsteps died in the passage, before she dared to draw forth the slip of parchment again. She could only make out the first line—

"Be resolute in your duty, and fear nothing; not a hair of your head shall be injured. Remain firm—"

A few more words followed, but dew had fallen over them from the flowers, and they were blotted out!

To be continued.

Original.

TO A SOUTHERN LADY.

BY JOHN C. M'CABE, M. D.

Oh! bright be thy home on that far distant shore,
Where the glad flowers bloom every month in the year;
Where the south winds come whispering the green vallies o'er,
And the joy-weeping dew-spirit drops its big tear.

When the day-god shall sink amidst islands of roses,
And moonlight shall shame with its radiance the day;
And the zephyr's soft wing on the bright stream reposes,
Think, sweet lady, think on the friend that's away.

Oh, think on the heart that throbbed for thee alone—
Those songs which we sung, (oh! the memory is dear!)
By that sweet winding river, e'en now the low tone
Of its lone breathing waves softly melt on my ear!

In your bright sunny south, where the birds ever sing
Their wild notes of love, 'mid the forests so green;
And nature has breathed an eternal sweet spring,
As she walks through her bowers of glorious sheen.

You'll remember, sweet one, when the twilight appears,
And gloriously brilliant the eve-star comes forth,
There are those who are looking through memory's tears,
And watching with thee from the cold distant north.

Sweet lady, farewell! we may meet never more,
But the tear-drop that falls is now telling to me,
That bright hours of the past shall thy memory come o'er,
And 'twere Heaven to know I'm remembred by thee!

Original.

A VISIT TO MADAME CATALANI.

FROM THE FRENCH.

One beautiful Sunday in the spring of 1836, I left Florence by the gate of San Gallo, to embrace a kind invitation which had been offered to me by Madame Catalani, once the most celebrated songstress of Europe, and who now resided in a beautiful villa a few leagues from Florence, contiguous to the small village of La Loggia, once the residence of the Grand Duke, but now bearing the name of the illustrious singer. Fortunately, that day, she had consented, for some charitable purpose, to assist in the celebration of the litany of the Virgin, with her daughter, Madame Duvivier, in the village chapel.

The mass was said by a venerable priest, upwards of eighty years, and the chapel was filled with the peasantry of the surrounding country. There were also a few distinguished personages present, among whom were Monsieur and Madame Gaetan Mura, and a noble Polish exile, the Count Potocki.

Madame Catalani assisted in the worship with her magnificent voice—the same voice which had enchanted all Europe, and won for her universal admiration, but here there were no splendid audiences to do her homage, no pit of La Scala, no boxes of San Carlo, no Parisian, English, or Russian auditories, no Congress of crowned heads, but poor peasants, with open mouths, and faces of wonder, gazed on, and listened with exstasy to the Queen of song. Seldom have I beheld a sight so touching. The celebrated songstress on her bended knees at the foot of the altar, was more majestically beautiful than aught I had ever witnessed in my travels. Her eyes were superbly brilliant, and her face full of emotion. Is was beautiful to behold Semiramis, as it were, renouncing her purple robes of Babylon, to give delight to the humble inhabitants of a little Italian village, praying to the Virgin, and pouring forth her strains of melody. It was delightful, also, to listen to the litany spoken in the true Italian. At the sublime invocations in the service of Queen of Heaven—Mystic Rose—Comforter of the afflicted, etc., her enchanting voice broke forth in the most melodious tones, and was responded to by the choir of the little chapel, with great sweetness, while the harmonious *Ora pro nobis*, was given with all that natural knowledge of music, aided by correctness of ear so peculiar to the Italian character. The great artist had lost nothing of her original powers, but seized upon every passage of invocation with a warmth of expression, and a seraphic enthusiasm, that gave a charm 'till now to me unknown of the purity of poetry and prayer. The divine voice seemed, at one moment, to ascend to the skies, and the next, to descend to earth, and die away in the midst of the lowly congregation. If aught earthly had been wanting to convince me of the truth of the passage—"*that the prayer of the church shall not fall to the ground*," this would at once have established my faith in its favor.

I have been at many concerts in Italy, but certainly I have never heard one to compare with this village

solemnity. I have since been present in the Sixtine Chapel at Rome, when the divine *Miserere* has been sung—when the Pope, the Cardinals, the holy college—all that was great and grand in Rome assisted in the service, but nothing could efface from my memory that simple village offering in the La Loggia Chapel, and, assuredly, if God does listen to pure devotion—and we know it is wrong even to make it a supposition—he did lend a favorable ear to that day's devotion.

At the close of the ceremony, Madame Catalani conducted me to her villa. All Florence cannot boast of such a residence. It is situated in the midst of citron and orange trees, with one front exposed to the winter sun, and another completely shrouded by a clump of umbrageous citrons. A complete colonade surrounds the body of the building, in which are several bass reliefs by the celebrated artist, Lucca del Robbia. On entering the villa, you are seized with a delightful feeling arising from the coolness which reigns around. An atmosphere of "*opulent serenity*" is presented to the view. Secure from the mid-day sun, you behold translucent waters flowing in marble channels, on their way to the baths in different places of the grounds, and every where are pavements of marble and mosaic—all that is elegant and rich in Italian art, is brought to bear in effect, and convey to the imagination the most delicious sensations of shelter from the meridian sun. The green Venetian blinds of a hundred windows are fluttering with the breeze from the Arno, and which roams through the innumerable stairways and galleries. Wreaths of arabesques every where entwine the walls. The corridors and alcoves are laden with the fragrance from the citron and orange trees. One may imagine himself transported to some palace in which the most celebrated painters had exhausted the whole force of their imaginative faculties in gorgeous designs. From the balconies you behold an illimitable horizon of azure, and far in the distance a range of mountains, bathed in a trembling haze of glory—before you lies "*the Lady Florence,*" as the city is termed, while the villas Strozzi and San Miniato on either side, give to her the appearance of an indolent nymph, stretching her arms ere she sinks into those of slumber.

A sumptuous *dejeuné*r awaited us in a charming parlor contiguous to the conservatory. The priest who said mass, had been invited, but he arrived only to excuse himself for not being able to join us at table; Madame Catalani, in the most gracious manner in the Tuscan language, endeavored to prevail upon him to do so, but the old man persisted in his refusal, excusing himself on the ground that he had other religious duties to perform, and after partaking of a cup of chocolate, retired. At table we spoke much about music, and principally about the French opera, so little known in Italy, 'till the *dejeuné*r being finished, each retired to stroll about the garden and the delightful grounds, while those who preferred to remain, beguiled the time with conversation or music. While wandering in the midst of a deep and shadowy grove, suddenly a mournful strain fell upon mine ear. Never had I heard any thing so sweetly melancholy; it seemed as if a choir of angels were mourning for the loss of a fallen seraph. I was at once entranced in a dream of delicious melancholy. It was Madame Catalani, singing the *Dies irae!* of the English church, that melancholy hymn which it is said was written on the marble of a sepulchre, with a branch of cypress. Never was surprize more unexpected: such is the ingenious and pleasing manner in which the hospitable hostess of the Catalani villa amuses her guests. At the finish of it I bent my steps towards the mansion, where an exquisite entertainment was awaiting the company. A profusion of the most delicious fruits and sparkling champagne, stood on magnificent tables of alabaster, and here upon the banks of the Arno, with our cups full of wine, surrounded by some of the loveliest women of Italy and France, we listened with ravishment to this celebrated funeral dirge. The breeze played through the orange trees, which, rich in blossom, shrouded the terrace. The sun descended with a languid and sorrowful aspect; a soft light played upon the windows, and a thousand shadows danced on the walls of the apartment.

All this day was one long concert. The days of Florence are made for music, and it is seldom if one finishes, before beholding the next. The piano was opened. The company arranged in the saloon, and the parts displayed on the desks. Madame Duvivier, the daughter of Madame Catalani, who possesses one of the most splendid contralto voices which Italy has ever heard, sang two duetts with her mother, one from *Norma,* and the other *la Donna del Lago la Semiramide.* At the piano was seated Madame Gaetan Murat, daughter of M. de Meneval, who was the friend of the Emperor. At every instant the visitors were arriving from Florence. The sound of wheels—the galloping of horses on the pavement of the court, the pompous announcements of the great names of the Italian aristocracy, but still nothing interrupted the music, nothing hushed the fury of the brilliant execution. The mistress of the house was Norma or Semiramis. We were in Babylon, or in the forest of Erminsul. No one disturbed himself who passed in or out of the halls; it was the beautiful passion of the art in all its divine enthusiasm. There were no forms of complaisance to the singer or the artist, no interchange of thanks and congratulations; each programme was marked for performance. The delight was not allowed to dull by the attempts at prelude and coquettish hesitation. All was conducted with spirit and true passion, *cavatina, cantiline polonaise, duo, trio, romance,* all were greedily snatched up. The piano paused not for the voice, nor the voice for the piano. Such was a musical *soiree* at the villa of Catalani.

It was, by this time, now far advanced. The golden streaks of day were circling the peaks of the distant mountains; one by one the stars were quenching their flames in the sea of morning—the dews were sparkling on the leaves of the citron and orange—the first note of the lark was heard sounding in the halls of Heaven—the company began slowly to drop away; each suited his fancy, and I, following the example, made my way to wander on the banks of the Arno. H.

Original.

LEAVES FROM THE JOURNAL OF A POOR VICAR IN WILTSHIRE.*

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

December 28th, 1764.

It is well to let the storm, in some measure, pass over, before we look to see the desolation it has made. We all slept quietly last night; and to-day we can speak calmly of what has come upon us. We have various plans for the future. In these, the bitterest thing is, that it will be necessary for us to be separated, at least, for a time. I can think of nothing better at present, than to procure Jenny and Mary places at service in respectable families, while I go about, and endeavor to obtain a situation that will yield a support to me and my beloved ones.

Mary has nearly recovered her former cheerfulness; and talks and laughs for the purpose of diverting our thoughts. Our plans are fixed in some measure; as soon as the new vicar comes, I will instruct him in the duties of the office, and then begin my journey; meanwhile I have written to some old acquaintances in Salisbury, begging them to try and obtain places for my daughters in respectable families. Mary is willing and active; her sister is well skilled in household work, and qualified also to undertake the instruction of children.

I have determined not to leave them in this village; it is a poor place; and the people are cold, and not disposed to befriend the destitute. The talk is all now about the new vicar. Some express regret that I must go away. It may be from the heart; I do not know.

December 29th.—To-day I wrote to the Bishop, at Salisbury, and laid before him my condition, and the helplessness of my family. I informed him that I had been many years an humble laborer in the Lord's vineyard, and asked his assistance in obtaining a place. He is said to be a kind-hearted, Christian man. I have little doubt he will be disposed to help me; but I do not expect much.

December 30th.—Misfortunes thicken! I see not now what can save me from a jaol! Yes, a jaol! it is inevitable!

I feel overwhelmed; every effort to recover my former strength, to regain my fortitude, is vain. I am incapable even of inward prayer. The blow is too severe!

A prison is inevitable! Let me repeat it, 'till I familiarize my mind to the hideous thought. May Providence protect my helpless children!

Perhaps a speedy death may end my misery! My heart is crushed; my brain is fevered. I cannot write now.

* * * * * *

I am now more composed; and I hope, in a better frame of mind. I know not what fearful feelings have overcome me: I have seemed, for several hours past, in a terrible dream. My body has been cold, but my heart was burning. Now I can look more clearly on the stern reality.

Then it is true, Brooks has hanged himself. Fieldson sent for me, and informed me of the fact. He had an official paper, and a notice of my liability for the hundred pounds, for it seems Brooks left a large accumulation of debts. He was thought a rich, and an honest man: I never dreamed of his coming to such an end.

Fieldson reminded me that the cloth-merchant, Withiel, of Trowbridge, held the bond for the hundred pounds. He had cause to pity me, under such a calamity —so unexpected, too! An hundred pounds! All we have in the world, if sold, would not bring one hundred shillings! The little property my wife brought, melted away during her long illness; there is yet a piece of land at Bradford; that must be sold at a sacrifice. But all is vain; I am a beggar; and must go to jaol if Withiel is not merciful. Payment of the debt is impossible!

Evening.—I am ashamed of my weakness. What! to fall into despair! almost to doubt of Providence! a minister of the gospel, too! I have reason for deep humiliation.

I have done all in my power; I have written to Mr. Withiel, candidly acknowledging my utter inability to meet his claim, and leaving it in his hands, to be indulgent, or to send me to the debtor's prison. Should he be disposed to kindness, I shall be grateful to him; if not, I must submit to circumstances.

Returning from the post office, I tried to nerve myself for the task of disclosing to my children the extent of our misfortunes. I wished to prepare them for the worst. Ah! the girls bore it more manfully than the man; more resignedly than the Christian minister!

I told them of Brooks' death, of my liability for the debt, and the possible consequences. Both heard me with deep and anxious attention.

Jenny embraced me, weeping softly. "To prison!" she repeated after me. "Ah! my poor dear father! You have done no wrong—and yet you must suffer so much! But I will go myself to Trowbridge; I will throw myself at Withiel's feet, and entreat his mercy!"

"No, Jenny, you shall not!" cried Mary, sobbing. "He would not forgive one farthing of the debt for all your tears. Merchants have hard hearts. I will go and hire myself to him as his servant; I will live on bread and water all the days of my life, 'till I have earned money enough to pay father's debt."

We all became more calm while talking over our plans; but all could not fail to perceive how hopeless they were. At last Jenny said—"Why disturb ourselves with fruitless schemes? Let us wait Mr. Withiel's answer. If he is inexorable, let us be resigned. Go, then, to prison, my father. Perhaps you will be better there, than at liberty, amidst hardship and want. And you need not be ashamed, for you go without guilt. We will both go out to service, and with our wages buy you every thing necessary for

* From the German of Zochokke.

* Concluded from page 108.

comfort I would not be ashamed even to be a beggar; for it is no sin to beg for my father. We will visit you as often as we can. You shall be well taken care of, and we will have no further fear."

"You are right, sister," said Mary. "We will not distress ourselves any further. I will not fear; I will be happy; as happy as I can be, while separated from you and father."

With such comforters, how could I despond? Fleetman was right when he said in parting, that I had two of Heaven's angels about me.

Sylvester Night.—The year is ended. It has been, through the favor of Heaven, a happy year, with the exception of a few storms It is true, we have sometimes had scarce enough—but we have had enough. It is true, my limited means have caused me many cares and perplexities; but even these have enhanced our enjoyment. It is true, I have not wherewithal to support life for me and my children, three months; but how many are there who know not how they shall live from one *day* to another! My present prospects are poor enough; but if the worst comes, as Jenny says, I shall know God watches over me, even in a prison!

No outward calamity can destroy the comfort of a good conscience; no favors of fortune can give peace, when the soul is troubled with remorse. I have cause to be very thankful!

He who knows how to want, is rich. He who is indifferent to worldly honors or contempt, hath indeed a good report. I understand our blessed gospel better from day to day, since I have learned in the school of adversity. The learned men of Oxford and Cambridge, write commentaries on the letter of the gospel; but teach not so much of its spirit.

Thus I close this year. I am glad I have kept a journal for many years. Every man would find it profitable to do this; for one acquires more knowledge of himself by this means, than in books of learning. He who keeps a daily record of his thoughts and feelings, may see, at the end of the year, how various are the pictures of himself. Man changes from hour to hour. He who says he knows himself, is right only in respect of the moment in which he speaks. Few know what they were yesterday; still fewer, what they will be to-morrow.

A journal is also profitable, inasmuch as it teaches us confidence in Providence. More instruction may be derived from the history of one man's thoughts and feelings during twelve months, than from the general history of the world.

I have learned from past occurrences, not to be depressed by misfortune; but to look for change, when things are at their worst. When all prospers with me, I become alarmed and apprehensive, lest I be not prepared for evil; on the other hand, when I seem most to be pitied, my spirits rise, my fortitude is strengthened. Besides, inevitable evil seldom appears so formidable on a near approach, as it did when viewed at a distance. Clouds are darkest when first they appear in the horizon, and many comforts have always been mingled with my trials, which have taught me to hope with trembling, not to be the sport of expectation. Woe to him who is so! he is following an *ignis fatuus* through a marsh!

New-Year's Morning, Jan. 1st, 1765.

I have something new and surprizing to record. This morning early, at six o'clock, while I lay in bed thinking of the sermon I am to preach to-day, I heard a knocking at the front door. Mary was already in the kitchen, and hastened to see who was the visitor at such an unwonted hour. In the faint light she saw the figure of a man, who gave her a large basket, and said, "Mr. ———" (she did not hear the name,) "sends the vicar this basket, and begs he will take good care of what it contains."

Mary brought in the basket, and then knocked gently at my chamber door. When I answered, she came in, wished me good morning, and a happy new-year, and said laughing, "Father, you must confess me a prophet! Here is the Bishop's mitre I told you of!" She then informed me of what had occurred; and regretted, as much as I did, that she knew not the giver.

While she went to fetch a light and call up her sister, I hastily dressed myself. I cannot deny that I felt some curiosity; for new-year's presents had been rare things with me. My most probable conjecture was, that my friend, the farmer, had shown his good will by sending me a basket of cold provisions; but why send it so secretly, and before day?

When I came out of my room, I saw the girls standing by the table on which the basket was placed, looking as if eager to get at its contents. It was carefully sealed, though the cover was full of slits, and a paper fastened to it, addressed to me. The basket was large, and rather heavy. I lifted up the cover carefully, with Jenny's help. A fine white napkin lay over the contents; that was removed; and it is impossible to describe our astonishment when we saw, underneath, a young infant, fast asleep.

The child seemed about eight or nine weeks old, and was sleeping on a blue silken cushion covered with a quilt of silk, bordered with lace. Its cap, also, was of the finest lace. We stood a few minutes in silent amazement, 'till at length Mary burst out a laughing. Jenny seemed rather inclined to tears than laughter. She touched its soft cheek with her finger, saying, "Poor little thing, it has no mother! How cruel to abandon so helpless, innocent a creature! See, father, see, Mary, how quietly it sleeps—unconscious of its condition! We will not disturb it. I will take care of it, and be its mother."

I embraced the compassionate girl, and applauded her charitable resolution. "You are both the step-children of fortune," said I. "God proves our faith; or, rather, he commends it. We will cherish the little forsaken innocent; for though we know not how we are henceforth to earn our daily bread. He knows, who has made us parents to this orphan."

We agreed not to disturb the little foundling's slumbers, but busied ourselves in conjectures as to who its parents could be. Without doubt they knew me, for the basket was directed to me. We could arrive, how

ever, at no satisfactory conclusion, and I devoted myself to looking over my sermon on Providence; while the girls were occupied in household affairs.

Evening.—I returned weary and exhausted from my labors. The roads were shocking; and I was obliged to walk; but my fatigue made me anticipate, with more delight, the cheerful welcome that awaited me at home. There stood the table, covered with its snow-white cloth; and upon it a flask of wine, the new-year's gift of a kind neighbor, which was refreshing indeed. And there was Jenny with the infant in her arms. Mary ran to show me the pretty bed they had found in the basket when the child awaked, with the store of baby-clothes; and a package, which had lain at the child's feet, addressed to me. I opened it eagerly, expecting to learn from whom the singular present had come. Within was a roll of twenty guineas, and the following letter:

"Reverend Sir:—To your well known humanity and kindness the unfortunate parents of this infant are emboldened to entrust him, imploring for him your fatherly care. We may one day be enabled to show you our gratitude, when circumstances permit us to make ourselves known. In the meantime, whatever your charity may prompt you to do for him, will not fail to be seen by us. The boy's name is Alfred. He has been already christened. The twenty guineas are for the first quarter; every three months you will receive the like sum. In conclusion, we beg you to receive our child, and commend him to the kind care of your noble-hearted Jenny."

Mary was wild with joy at our unexpected riches; though she soon recollected that the writer of the letter might have named her with compliments, as well her sister. We read the letter over and over, and would scarce believe our eyes, when we looked at the pile of guineas. To be delivered from want and pinching poverty so suddenly, so unexpectedly! And who could be the parents? I thought over all my acquaintance, but knew of none who could be in such circumstances, yet were able to pay so liberally for the support of their offspring. Well! I will not attempt to read the riddle.

January 2d.—Fortune loads me with her favors. This morning I received a letter enclosing twelve pounds, from Mr. Fleetman. He has paid me twelve pounds for my loan of twelve shillings. He must have succeeded beyond his expectations; indeed, he intimates that. He is too generous; and I cannot even thank him, for he has forgotten to inform me of his whereabouts. Heaven grant that my unexpected good fortune may not fill me with vain or high thoughts!

Now I have hopes of being at length able to liquidate Brooks' debt to Mr. Withiel.

My girls were delighted to hear the letter from Mr. Fleetman. Mary whispered, I know not what childish nonsense, in Jenny's ear, at which Jenny colored very much, and looked as if half angry with her sister. The young man is evidently an enthusiast; but I take his compliments with due allowance. This is part of his letter:

"When I left your house, my dear and excellent friend, I felt as if again about to quit the paternal roof for the turmoil of the world. I shall never forget my feelings while with you. Through life I shall cherish the remembrance of you, in your rich poverty—your christian humility and contentedness—your patriarchal simplicity and elevation of soul. Nor shall I forget your sweet, playful, endearing Mary; nor—I can find no word appropriate to your Jenny's loveliness. She seems to me a saint, whose touch hallows every thing earthly! I shall never forget the moment in which she gave me your loan, and spoke kind words of comfort to me. * * * * * * *

"I hope, ere long, to explain every thing to you. Pray present my kindest remembrances to your lovely daughters, if they will condescend to receive them."

So he has some idea of re-visiting Crekelad! I shall be glad to see him again. Perhaps the young man, in his enthusiastic gratitude, has sent me his all, in return for the trifle I lent him! I should be very sorry for that. He appears rather used to acting from impulse; but he has undoubtedly an honest heart.

The little Alfred is already a prodigious favorite with the girls. He is indeed a sweet child. We have bought a nice cradle, and several other necessary articles. The cradle stands by Jenny's bed; and she watches over him with the tenderest care.

January 3d.—To-day the new vicar, Mr. Bleching, arrived with his lady at the inn, and sent for me. I immediately obeyed the summons. He is a fine-looking man, of pleasant manners. He informed me that it was his wish, if I agreed to it, to enter, at once, upon his duties; but that I might retain the emolument 'till Easter. I answered that I had not the least objection; and should avail myself of the opportunity for seeking other means of livelihood. Yet it was my wish to deliver a farewell sermon in the churches where I had so long preached the gospel.

This he readily agreed to, and proposed to come this afternoon to my house, to look into the condition of the dwelling, so soon to be his own. His wife accompanied him on his visit. She is, apparently, of good family, and well bred, but haughty and overbearing. Nothing was right about the house; and my daughters she scarce honored with a glance. She noticed Alfred sleeping in his cradle—(she is, herself, about to become a mother)—and turning to Jenny, said, "You are young to be married!" Poor Jenny colored, and was about to explain, when I came to her aid. Mrs. Bleching heard me through with great attention, then put on an incredulous look, and shrugged her shoulders. This behavior I thought very unbecoming, but said nothing. I invited them to stay to tea, but the lady declined. Her husband seems completely under her sway. I need not add we were glad to be relieved from such visitors.

January 6th.—A letter from Withiel; he professes himself sorry for my embarrassments, and kindly bids me give myself no concern, at present, about Brooks' debt, as I shall have as long a time as I choose for the payment. He seems better acquainted with my circumstances than I supposed; but he alludes to them delicately. His letter has taken a great weight off my mind; and I rejoice yet more to find a man so humane and honorable. He shall not be deceived in his opinion of me. As soon as I can, I will go myself to Trowbridge, and pay him on account, the twelve pounds I received from Fleetman.

Jenny assures me her rest is never broken by little Alfred, and, indeed the child is remarkably quiet, only waking once during the night, when she gives him a drink, and he goes to sleep again. Yet I cannot help feeling some anxiety about the girl. She is not so lively as she used to be, though she insists that she is

happier than ever. Sometimes she falls into absent fits, and sits silent, with her needle-work on her lap; and if one of us speak to her, she starts, and asks what it was we said. This, undoubtedly, comes from the interruption of her sleep, though she will not acknowledge it. I wish she could be persuaded to take some sleep during the day, but that she will not do.

It cannot be possible that her girlish head is turned by Fleetman's praises! She asked me for his letter, to read, and has not given it back to me. There it lies in her work-basket. Perhaps she has forgotten it.

January 8th.—My farewell sermon was heard with tears by my parishioners. I did not know they loved me half so well. From all of them I hear expressions of affection and regret, and many have loaded me with presents. My house has never been so full of good things of all kinds, as it is now. We overflow with abundance. But I can readily dispose of what we do not need. I know many poor families in the village, and Jenny knows more than I do. These shall be made happy with us.

I could not deliver my farewell sermon without deep emotion. It was written with many tears. I am quitting what has hitherto been my world, my business, my pursuit in life. I am thrust out of the vineyard like a useless servant; yet have I labored therein, not as an hireling; I have planted some promising vines, and pruned many. I am driven from the field of my labors, where I have wrought with care and hope and honest zeal, and fervent prayer. I have sought the bed of the sick, and shrunk not from fatigue, so I might administer strength, and comfort, and holy hope to the dying. I have warned sinners to turn from their evil ways; I have filled the destitute with joy; I have led back the lost to the way of life. All this I say without pride; these souls are knit to mine with the strongest ties, and now that tie is broken. Why should not my heart bleed? But God's will be done!

Most gladly would I ask the favor of Dr. Snarr, to allow me to remain, and perform the vicar's duty without salary, had not my successor already entered upon his office! I am used to poverty and hardship from my childhood; I should not fear them, now that I have enough, and more than enough, with the money sent and promised with Alfred, to keep me and my daughters from want. We could be happy, and lay by enough for days of sickness or adversity. I would never more complain of wind and weather, however often and severely they beat upon my grey head, were I only privileged still to preach the word of God to my dear parishioners!

But that may not be; and I will not murmur. The tears that fall upon this sheet are not tears of repining discontent. I have never prayed for riches or prosperity, nor do I pray for them now. But oh, Lord! let not thy servant be dismissed entirely from Thy service, while he has yet strength to wait on Thee! Grant that I may again enter into Thy vineyard, and with Thy blessing, win souls!

January 13th.—I have to record the particulars of my journey to Trowbridge. I arrived late at night, and much fatigued with walking, at the good old town, and actually overslept myself next morning at the inn. When I had dressed myself in clean clothes—(I think I have not made a better appearance since my wedding-day, so carefully had Jenny prepared my best suit!)—I left the inn, and went to Mr. Withiel's residence. He lives in a large and handsome house.

He received me, at first, rather coldly; but when I informed him who I was, he invited me to walk into his office. Here I thanked him for his kindness towards me; and related the circumstances under which I became surety for Brooks, with matters that had taken place since. I then counted out the twelve pounds, my first payment, and laid them on the table.

Mr. Withiel looked at me with a smile, and seemed moved. At length he reached me his hand, shook mine cordially, and said, "My dear sir, I am better acquainted with you than you think, though I have never seen you before. I know you for an honest man. Take back your twelve pounds; I cannot receive them from you; let me rather add something." He went into an adjoining room, and fetched thence a paper. "You know this," said he; "here is your own hand writing—your signature to the bond of security. I make it a present to you and your daughters." He tore the paper in two, and placed it in my hands.

I could not speak, overcome with surprize and gratitude. My eyes were wet. Mr. Withiel saw that I was endeavoring to thank him, and said, "Not one word more, my dear sir! that is the only way in which I will suffer you to thank me. Indeed, I have done nothing wonderful; I would freely have forgiven poor Brooks the debt, had he spoken openly to me."

Ought it not to rejoice the heart of a Christian to see the fruits of his faith in such men? Truly it did mine. Mr. Withiel then introduced me to his wife and his son, and insisted upon sending for my bundle of clothes from the inn, and having me for a guest while I remained in town. His hospitality was princely. So unaccustomed am I to splendid furniture, that I hardly knew how to make use of what I saw.

The next day my kind friend sent me back to Crekelad in his carriage. I prayed for blessings upon my benefactor. My girls wept for joy, when I showed them the torn bond, and joined with me in thankfulness that so heavy a burden of care was thus unexpectedly removed from my heart.

January 16th.—This day has been truly remarkable; I shall never forget it, nor cease to be thankful, I trust, for all the blessings bestowed upon me.

We were together this morning; Alfred in his cradle, which Mary rocked while she read, and Jenny sewing by the window. Suddenly she started up, and became pale as death. We asked what was the matter. "He is coming," she replied; and the next instant Fleetman entered.

He wore an elegant travelling suit, and looked remarkably well. We all greeted him cordially; he embraced me, kissed Mary, and begged Jenny's pardon, while he kissed her hand, for the fright he had caused her.

I bade the girls bring out wine and cold meats, to entertain my guest and friend in rather better style than before; but he declined my invitation, having left, he said, his company at the inn. Yet at Jenny's entreaty he changed his mind, and consented to stay and lunch with us.

When he spoke of his "company," supposing, of course, he meant a theatrical company, I asked if they expected to play here in the village, adding, that it was too poor a place to hope for much encouragement. Fleetman laughed, and said, "We will act a piece or so, but it shall be without pay." Mary was delighted to hear this; she had always wished, she said, to see a play. She told the news to Jenny, who just then came in with the tray of refreshments.

"Have you many actors in your company, Mr. Fleetman?" asked Mary. He replied, "Only a gentleman and his wife, but they are both excellent performers,"

Jenny looked unusually grave. As she set down the things on the table, she asked, looking towards Fleetman, "And you, sir—are you going to perform?"

I thought there was some sadness in her voice. The young man seemed to think so too. He did not answer for a moment; then stepping nearer to her, he said almost in a whisper, "That, dear Miss Jenny, depends upon you."

My daughter looked down and blushed deeply, but made no reply; and I confess I was rather at a loss to know what he meant. Indeed, the embarrassment seemed general, 'till Mary put an end to it by some sprightly remark, and we sat down to table. Fleetman poured out some wine, and asked my eldest daughter to drink with him. She did so, and he seemed, at once, to recover his vivacity. When we rose from table, our guest went to the cradle, and asked many questions about little Alfred. I related the circumstances of my singular new-year's present, and my vain conjectures as to who had sent it.

"I can give you some information respecting that," said he. "The new-year's present came from me."

"From you!" exclaimed I and the girls in a breath.

"Yes, from me; and now, my dear friend, it is time to let you into the mystery. I am no comedian, but a baronet, and my name is Cecil Fayrford. My sister and myself have been long kept wrongfully from the estate we inherited from our late father, by an uncle, who made some difficulty about the will, and involved us in a lawsuit. We have lived, 'till very recently, on a little property left us by our mother. My sister suffered much from the tyranny of our uncle, who was her guardian. He had promised her in marriage to one of his friends; whereas she was betrothed to the son of Lord Sandom, whose father, meanwhile, was bent on forcing his son to wed a rich heiress he had in view. The lovers, persecuted as they were, resolved on a private union; and shortly after, their marriage was solemnized without the knowledge of either my uncle or Lord Sandom.

"Alfred is their son. My sister went, under my protection, to reside in a country place, where she could have the benefit of sea bathing, as her health was delicate. I engaged to provide for her infant's being taken care of. I had heard—you will wonder at this—of the Christian virtues of a certain vicar of Crekelad—virtues which shone in obscurity and poverty. I came hither with the express purpose of seeing and proving you. Will you pardon my stratagem? I ascertained that I had not been deceived in your character, and that I might safely trust you with the care and education of my little nephew.

"Fortune took a turn sooner than we expected. My sister did not return to my uncle's house; but we shortly had the satisfaction of hearing that the suit was decided in our favor, and we restored to our rightful possession; and within a few days the news came that old Lord Sandom was dead. His son immediately made known his marriage, and came to claim his wife. There is now no need of keeping Alfred's birth a secret. His parents have come to take him with them; I have come to take you away also, if you have no objections.

"The situation of Rector of ———, is in the gift of my family, whose representative I am; and it is now vacant. It is worth two hundred pounds a year, besides the tithes. You, my dear friend, have lost your place. Will you take this, and remove into our neighborhood?"

God alone knows what I felt at these words—at thus seeing a field open for my labors, with provision so far beyond my necessities or merits. I felt tears coming in my eyes, and could only press my benefactor's hand. Mary embraced me joyfully; Jenny snatched the baronet's hand, and kissed it; but he was gone before we could find words to thank him.

In less than half an hour he returned, bringing with him Lord Sandom and his lady, a lovely young creature, who, without heeding us, ran to the cradle where the child lay, kneeled down and kissed his fair cheeks, and wept tears of deep emotion. Her husband raised her, and begged her to be composed. She then apologized to us for her odd behavior, and thanked me most feelingly for the care I had taken of her boy. Turning to Mary, she repeated her expressions of obligation; but the lively girl disclaimed them, and pointing to Jenny, who stood by the window, said, "My sister, there, is the boy's mamma!"

Lady Sandom went up to my eldest daughter, and looked at her a moment in silence; then with a smiling glance at her brother, she took Jenny's hand kindly. The poor girl seemed abashed at being the object of so much gratitude. "I cannot thank you," said Lady Sandom, "so warmly as a mother's heart prompts me to do. But I wish, lovely Jenny, that you would take me for a sister. Here is my poor brother;" the Baronet came nearer as she spoke; "will you not take pity on him, and let me be really your sister?"

Jenny answered, blushing, "He is my father's benefactor."

"Do not be unkind to him, then; if you but knew how he loves you!"

The Baronet took my daughter's hand and kissed it. She tried to draw it away. "Will you make me unhappy?" asked he. "I shall be wretched without this hand." Jenny suffered him to keep it, and leading her

to me, the Baronet asked me to receive and bless him as my son.

"My daughter!" cried I, "you are, perhaps, at this moment, bewildered, as I am. Collect yourself, and answer, as to a most solemn question. Can you love this young man? Consent not to wed him, unless you can love him!"

Jenny could find no words to reply, but the glance she gave the Baronet, when I thus spoke, and her trustful look towards me, quite satisfied me that she thought him worthy of her affections; and I invoked the blessing of Heaven upon their union.

The delight of all parties, and the childish glee of my youngest daughter, in prospect of the approaching wedding, I cannot attempt to describe, nor my own feelings for the rest of the day. My heart is too full of happiness. I hope, in a day or two, to be in a more serene frame of mind.

Author's Note.—Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield* appeared in London, about 1772.* This circumstance is mentioned, because it is barely possible that the accomplished writer may have taken the first idea of his entertaining work from a fragment of the "Journal of a Vicar in Wiltshire," which had, in 1766, been published in the British Magazine. It was there stated to be a faithful history, and it is evident, owed little to the embellishment of fancy. I cannot find that any more of the Journal has been published; probably the humble-minded Vicar was solely induced to present this extract to the world, by the consideration that the story of this marvellous event in his life—in all likelihood the only event worth recording—would be fraught with instruction to those who read it.

* According to Goldsmith's Life, prefixed to his miscellaneous works, complete in one volume—the Vicar of Wakefield appeared in 1766.

Original.

THE TWO CUPIDS.

BY ANNA CORA MOWATT.

O'er mortal hearts two Cupids reign,
Of both was Venus mother;
In olden days but *one* could chain,
Though worldlings now the second feign,
Is mightier than his brother.

The younger, whom men latest knew,
To earth belongs, not Heaven;
Bright eyes hath he, and keen their view,
A lip so sweet you'd deem it true,
And wings to him are given.

With Beauty's locks he plumes his dart,
But, some say, ofter far,
With gold entwined his arrows part,
For such more surely pierce the heart,
Yet leave behind no scar.

This breath from Heaven the other drew,
And still he rules on high;
His voice can hearts of steel subdue,
And false his light shaft never flew,
Though sightless in his eye.

They err, who deem this god hath wings,
Or Time, his claims can sever,
Round changeless souls his bond he flings,
And, where his myrtle branch once springs,
It lives and blooms for ever!

Original.

MY LOST FATHER.

BY HANNAH F. GOULD.

Sacred the hour, when thou, my sainted father,
Wast of thy worn-out, sinking clay undressed
Gently, by his pale hand, who comes to gather
Time's weary pilgrims home to joy and rest.

Noiseless, and clear, and holiest of the seven,
That day when thy last earthly sun went down.
Thy Sabbath, closing here, began in Heaven,
Whilst thy meek brow changed ashes for a crown.

Hushed was the evening—not a zephyr swelling,
Heaved the tree blossom or the woodbine-leaves;
Silent, the bird that sang about thy dwelling,
Slept where she nestled, close beneath its eaves.

Cloudless the moon and stars above were shining,
When time's last ray to thy mild eye was shed;
While death's cold touch life's silver cord untwining,
Brought his chill night-dews on thy reverend head.

Ninety full years of pilgrimage completing,
Here didst thou linger 'till one Sabbath o'er;
'Twas holy time—thy pure heart stilled its beating;
Pain, work and warfare, were to thee no more.

Meet hour for one obedient, meek and lowly,
Wont the command—the day of Heaven to keep,
Called, at its evening to the High and Holy,
Calmly in Jesus thus to fall asleep.

Sweetly thy form, that seemed a blissful dreamer,
Told by its features how the spirit smiled,
Through the dark shadowy vale, by thy Redeemer
Led to His kingdom like a little child.

Nature's full hand, that on thy natal morning,
Clothed earth to greet thee in the flowers of May,
Brought them renewed, thy burial-spot adorning,
When four-score years and ten had rolled away.

Now has the robin, by thy window flying,
Off from thy home, where late she built her nest,
Leading her young to where thy dust is lying,
Taught them to sing a requiem to its rest.

There has it joined the ashes of my mother,
Faithful—re-wedded to its only bride;
And there your latest-born, my younger brother,
Your fond hearts' care, sleeps closely by her side.

Yet, angel father, over Jordan's water,
Is it so far, that now thou canst not see
Back to the shore where lonely stands thy daughter,
Sprinkling its rocks and thorns with tears for thee?

Art thou so distant, visions of thy glory
May not be granted to her mortal sight,
When she so long watched o'er thy head so hoary,
Smoothing its pillow 'till that mournful night?

For, here so oft a painful path of duty,
Thy patient feet with steady steps have trod,
They have passed up to meet the King in beauty;
And, oh! thy blessed eyes in peace see God.

Original.

THE LAST OF THE BRIGANDS.

BY ROBERT HAMILTON.

After a residence of some months in Italy, I was on the eve of departing for Paris, having feasted my eyes upon the various wonders in the land of the Cæsars, still there was one which I regretted not having seen more than all the others. This was no less than a brigand—a *bona fide* brigand, about which personages so many tales have been told, ballads sung, and dramas founded. So anxious was I to behold one of these romantic gentlemen, that I almost was tempted to make an excursion into the mountains, and at the hazard of my liberty if not my life, scrape an acquaintance with a Massaroni or a Rinaldo Rinaldini. How far I would have carried my purpose into effect, I cannot answer, as it was anticipated by my beholding "*the last of the Brigands*," as Cooper beheld "*the last of the Mohicans*."

I had halted at Civitta Vecchia, with some other travellers, and sought accommodation at the only habitable hotel of the city, but with my usual luck, I found the house completely full, and the contents of the larder consumed by five English families, who had arrived about some two hours previous. Weary, hungry, and out of spirits, I requested to be shown to a couch, so that I might, at least, forget my disappointments, in slumber; but in this I was likewise unsuccessful; the last had been given up to an admiral, and "they could give me no bed," so said a pretty Italian servant maid. "*N'mporte*," I cried; "in that case, I imagine I shall have to take the ground for my couch, and the sky for my covering," and I was about withdrawing from the hotel.

"No, no, sir," interposed the host, "you shall, at least, have shelter, but you must content yourself for some hours, until I can make accommodation for you."

"Willingly!" I replied, "and in the meantime I can view 'the Lions' of your city. Pray what is worthy of observation in Civitta Vecchia?"

"Nothing at all, sir, nothing at all, unless you can procure admission to the citadel. There you will see the famous Gasperoni and his band, the terror of Terracina, and the Pontine Marshes."

"Enough, my good friend," I cried, in exstacy, finding, when least expected, the wish of my heart about being gratified; "enough; say no more. From whom can I procure this admission?"

"If you call upon your Consul, I have no doubt but he will at once oblige you."

I was not long in doing so. He received me politely, and handing me an order for admission, desired a soldier of the Pope, who was in attendance, to wait upon and conduct me to the citadel.

The citadel of Civitta Vecchia was erected under the superintendance of Michael Angelo, who was as excellent an architect as he was an artist. It is ornamented with statues, and designs in fresco. Large bastions overhang the sea which washes its base, and all betokens its construction to be of the most durable material and workmanship. The place, however, is almost left to defend itself. There are only a few soldiers, and some rusty cannon, for its guardians, but these are more for show than substance. The principal defence consists in the pontifical escutcheon nailed against the door, which is regarded with respect, fear, and veneration.

On our road, the officer spoke of Gasperoni, informing me that he had committed as many as forty-five assassinations with his own hand. "There is something," said he, "which always makes me shudder when I stand in the presence of this horrible bandit. He has desolated, in seventeen years, the whole country around, slaying, burning, and destroying, but listen, and I will tell you one of his most terrible acts.

"A few years since, an English nobleman, with his daughter, a young female of great personal attractions, was stopped, on his way to Naples, by Gasperoni, who took from him his gold, and every article of value, and then permitted him to depart, but detained the daughter, whom he carried off with him into the mountains, until such time as the father would send a ransom for her. The unhappy nobleman, on his arrival in Rome, foolishly set a price upon the head of the Brigand. The indignation of Gasperoni was roused against the aristocratical pretensions of the Englishman, in daring to set a price upon the head of such an *illustrious chief*, who had declared war against the Pope, and in fifteen different battles subdued the pontifical dragoons. 'It was an insolence,' the brigand said, 'he could not suffer,' and, accordingly, one morning the nobleman received a small box addressed to him, which, on opening, he found, to his horror, to contain the head of his daughter."

At this recital I started back several steps. I almost repented that I had sought admittance to the citadel; it was like entering a den of tigers; nevertheless, my curiosity was aroused, and having reached the fortress, I made bold to venture within its walls.

To our left rose a high bastion, mounted with several rusty cannon, which overlooked and commanded a spacious court, in which some twenty or thirty brigands were walking listlessly about. By a flight of steps we descended. At our entrance, they all stopped short, and saluted us with awkward politeness. I returned their courtesy, but felt by no means at ease in the midst of such sanguinary guests. We regarded each other for some time, without speaking, 'till, at length, I ventured to inquire for their chieftain, *Gasperoni*. All of them at once pointed to a man who stood in the door of what appeared a little apartment. He deigned not to advance, but contented himself by saluting me with an air of stoical indifference. A conversation I feared would be difficult to establish, and assuming an air of *nonchalance*, which I had by no means in my heart, I said, "Well, Gasperoni, I trust that you find yourself comfortable in this citadel?"

"As well as any one can, where there is no true freedom!" he answered, shrugging up his shoulders, which was with him a continual habit.

"But you could easily, I think, obtain it, if you thought it worth your while. You are, comparatively, quite unguarded."

"True, signor, but myself and comrades have pledged our word to remain here until such time as the Pope shall grant our pardon; he has also promised us liberty, but he seems to have forgotten it," and shrugging his shoulders again, and crossing his arms, dropped his head upon his bosom.

The guide drew me aside into a corner of the court, and said, "I will explain all that has past, signor. Gasperoni had become tired of the life he had led for fifteen years among the mountains. One day, when confessing to the curate of a village, he informed him it was his wish to abandon the calling of a brigand, and requested his advice how to obtain pardon for his crimes. The priest promised to write to the Pope, and endeavor to further his wish, and, if possible, procure permission for him once more to mingle with society. For this Gasperoni felt thankful, but stipulated expressly that his comrades should also partake of the remission. Negociations were accordingly entered into between the priest and the head authorities. The government had a great interest to gain in disbanding the brigands. They had completely desolated the route to Naples, assassinated travellers, exacted contributions, and committed all kinds of dreadful excesses. The soldiers who were sent against them, it was found, drank with them, instead of fighting. The country people also sided against the military, because they were certain of always receiving some portion of the booty taken by the bandits. The only troops who were really faithful, were the dragoons of the Pope, but then the mountains were inaccessible to a body of horse, and served as capital strongholds for the brigands. At last, government agreed to treat with Gasperoni, through the medium of the priest, and their answer was, that the Pope consented to grant life to Gasperoni and his band, on condition that they made a formal act of Christian submission, and were content to remain prisoners in the citadel of Civitta Vecchia, 'till such time as he thought fit to extend to them their liberty. The terms, Gasperoni, for a long time, considered, but at last overcome by the influence of the priest, and on a solemn promise that he would intercede with the Pope in person, for their pardon and protection, they consented to deliver themselves up, and marched voluntarily to prison. Several years have now passed over, but the grace of the Holy Father has never been extended to them, and I fear me it never will. Moreover, the Pope has given them all he promised; he will keep them here if he does right to society, for they are a set of dangerous men."

I placed myself exactly opposite Gasperoni. He had not the least resemblance to the brigands whom we see represented upon the boards of our theatres. His features were regular, and a mild and intellectual expression played upon his face. His hair was black, and fell behind him in long plaited masses; he spoke good-humoredly, and in an easy and careless manner, but his action was stiff and awkward, unlike the rest of his countrymen in this characteristic. I was informed by my guide, that he seldom deigns to converse with strangers, and but little with his band, as if he felt himself superior to all around him, but that when excited, his face becomes pale, his eyes inflamed, his language quick and expressive, his lips convulsed, and his whole frame powerfully agitated. Such was the brigand who stood before me—the man who had committed five and forty assassinations in his time.

"What is your true name?" I asked of him. "It is said that you are sometimes called *Barbonne*."

"That is my name in the mountains, but my real name is *Antonio Gasperoni!*"

"You have a high reputation in Italy; they talk of you like Cataline or Spartacus, and other illustrious compatriots who declared war against their country."

At this he smiled modestly, and bowed his head, while I continued the conversation.

"What induced you to take to the mountains?"

"A quarrel that I was involved in at Naples."

"A quarrel? Ah, Gasperoni, that was too little a cause to make you mingle with such society. There must have been some reason greater."

"Yes! for in that quarrel I killed mine enemy."

"Ah! that alters the case. How long have you followed the profession of a brigand?"

"Seventeen years!"

"You have been wounded, I conjecture, have you not?"

"I have."

"In battle?"

"In battle!"

"With the soldiers of the Pope?"

"Soldiers!" he exclaimed with a sneer. "No, with the dragoons."

"I have heard of your affair with the charcoal burners; it was a brilliant one, and which has won you favor in the eyes of all Italy!" At this his whole visage changed; for a moment his eyes glared with the most frightful brilliancy, and the next a deep gloom overshadowed his countenance.

"Will you have the kindness to relate to me the particulars of the affair? I should be pleased to hear it from your own lips."

"Willingly, Signor; it is a simple matter, and to which more importance has been attached, than it ever was deserving of. Listen!"

I did so, and in which I was joined by the band, who anxiously clustered around their chief, to hear the narrative of that action, in which some of themselves had been actors.

"There were seventeen of them," said he—"seventeen of the myrmidons—these imps of darkness. They had sold themselves to the soldiers of the Pope. For myself, I believed them friends. We ate and drank together in the same cabin. I had placed no sentinel, depending on their confidence—a great fault, Signor—a great fault; nevertheless, I was on the alert. Well, in the middle of the night, I heard the footsteps of soldiers; they were yet a league off, but my ear would not deceive me. 'Treason, comrades!' I shouted. 'Treason;

stand to your arms!' In an instant they did so; escape was useless; we were completely surrounded. The enemy advanced 'till within twenty paces of the cabin, when I ordered my band to fire. The engagement was furious. With my own hand I killed four, and would have doubled the number, but for a wound which I received in the arm, behold!" and he pulled up the sleeve of his jerkin and displayed the scar of a frightful gash. "We endeavored to effect our escape, but on every side we were hemmed in. They were determined to capture or kill every man of us, and had it been the pontifical dragoons, they would have accomplished their purpose, but by our determined valor and desperation, we contrived to force their ranks, with the loss of only two of my comrades; but this was nothing. Three days after, in the silence of the night, I descended from the mountains. I conducted my band to the cabin of the charcoal burners. The miserable wretches were asleep. We knocked. A voice within cried, 'Who's there?' Open! I replied—open to your *friends the soldiers!* They knew my voice, One of them cried out, 'Open not, it is Gasperoni!' With one blow of my musket I burst in the door. We entered, burning with vengance. We massacred all that could be found, all! it was just, was it not? The true reward of treason. I counted fifteen dead bodies. Others, I knew, were still lurking in the cabin. I fired it in every direction. Ah! ha! ha! ha! then rose the screams of agony, the shrieks of terror, and the cries for mercy, but my heart was steeled. Slowly but surely did they perish a sacrifice to my vengeance. Yet three—three contrived to elude me. At their escape I shed tears of anger. 'I will find them yet,' I exclaimed, 'I will find them if Italy contains the caitiffs,' and I *did* find them. But how, how, you would say? Listen! Two years after this punishment of treachery, in company with some of my band, we entered a little *auberge*, on the sea coast, in quest of refreshment. We were completely unknown. Around a table were several peasants seated, and among them I discovered the fugitives from my vengeance. I said nothing; they thought I had not perceived them, and they quietly secreted themselves in a dark corner of the cabin. As I raised the wine I had ordered, to my lips, I drank '*Confusion to all traitors.*' My companions looked upon me with surprize; they could not comprehend my meaning. 'Behold, then!' I cried, pointing to the trembling creatures. In an instant were they dragged to my presence. 'Welcome, signors, welcome! I have been searching for you every where, and now that we have met, we must not part without some strong remembrance of each other.' They fell at my feet pale and trembling; they prayed for mercy. 'Mercy!' shouted I; yes, 'such mercy as the tiger shows to the yeanling, expect from Gasperoni!' I beckoned to my headsman; he approached, and with the weapon of his calling, the next moment they were lifeless at my feet. 'Have I not spoken the truth?" said he, appealing to his band.

A sign of the head and hand was simultaneously given by each of them, as a *moral* certificate of their chieftain's veracity.

"Yet strange things are said about you in the world, Gasperoni."

"Yes, yes, I am aware there are a thousand lies afloat about me."

"The daughter of the English nobleman, who offered a premium for your head—he—"

"It is not true," he cried, interrupting me. "I know what you would say. You, like the rest of the world, have been deceived. I never killed a female in my existence."

"Yet you have carried off many into the mountains, have you not?"

At this question he smiled, and tossed his head with an air of self-importance, winking his eye, and compressing his lips, as if to say, "that is my own affair, signor."

"Doubtless, Gasperoni, you regret the life you have quitted. If the holy father should grant you pardon, how would you employ your liberty?"

"I would be an honest man—return to Naples, and seek for employment."

"That, I fear, you would find difficult. Have you any acquaintances there?"

"None, signor! but I am tired of the life of the mountains. I have lived there fifteen years, but then I was young, and the singularity of the life pleased me; but I am now growing old. I suffer from my wounds, and am in need of repose."

"Are all these your comrades?"

"All of them!"

"Is he that you call your headsman here?"

"Yes, signor, behold him!"

Had a serpent glided into my hand, I could not have been more alarmed. The fellow was standing at my left side, and most familiarly placed his arm within mine. There was something hideous in his aspect; his figure was long and meagre, his eyes grey, his flesh cadaverous, and his look quick as the lynx's, while he was busily employed in regarding attentively my apparel, as if he should like to have been its owner.

"What is thy name?" said I, thinking to divert his attention. He turned his grey eyes upon me, his lips parted slowly, and in a harsh low voice he replied—"Geronimo!"

"Thou wast the executioner for Gasperoni, wast thou not?"

"Oh! yes," he answered, in a kind of imbecile manner.

"Hast thou killed many in thy day?"

"Oh! yes! thousands! I like to kill—kill *you*, if Captain say so;" and he clenched my arm firmly.

I started back from his grasp; a burst of laughter broke from the group. Geronimo took no heed, but coolly pursued his occupation of examining my costume.

"But, gentlemen," said I, addressing the party, "you all appear contented and happy, and, from your appearance, I should judge you are well taken care of."

A bandit with an enormous paunch came from among the gang, "Oh, yes, signor," said he, "the Pope does not neglect us. We eat well, drink well, and sleep

well—are comfortably clothed, and have besides, two *pauls* each, *per* day."

"Two *pauls*; how does that happen?"

"Why, you see, signor, it is the policy of the government to treat us well. It is to their advantage to keep us from the highway, to prevent passengers from being robbed and murdered."

Before I departed from the citadel, I examined them particularly, but saving Gasperoni and his headsman, there was not one worthy of the pencil of the artist. They had the countenances of good easy burghers, who might have been confined "*on suspicion of debt.*" I know not if they had ever worn the picturesque costume of the brigand, such as the artists have given to the Neapolitan bandits, but their garments then were of the style of the lower order of Italians; grey pantaloons, brown vests, and blue stockings, destroying all poetry of their profession. They showed none of the beautiful attitudes which we so much admire in the lithographs, when standing or reclining among their native mountains, under a bright Italian sky. They were indifferent to all around them, their arms crossed, their eyes inexpressive, and their brows unruffled. Such was the band who, for fourteen years, had desolated the neighboring country—had made the soldiers of the Pope tremble, fought battles with the dragoons, and rifled the rich Englishmen; those self-elected taxers of the Appian way. Probably they will die in the citadel, waiting for their pardon, and thus the race become extinct. It will be good for the traveller, but bad for the artist. The country of Italy, without brigands, is like the desert of Syria without caravans. Thus every where is poetry stifled by morality and civilization. The East still retains, in some parts, its primitive habits, but even the Turk is beginning to assume those of the Christian; his sherbet is exchanged for the grape, while the Sultan has his coat and his boots imported from London, and his beaver from Paris.

Original.

TO MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

Thou wearest not upon thy brow,
A jewelled coronet;
But *mind* has twined her circlet there
With gems of genius set.
And there's a deeply magic spell,
In all thy song entwined;
For thou hast poured in golden verse,
The treasures of thy mind.

And nature's glowing loveliness,
Thou sketchest pure and bright;
From the frail insect, to those orbs
That light the shrine of night—
The lowly forest flower that springs
Beneath the branches twined;
And the pure fragrance which it breathes
Upon the summer wind.

The flitting shadows as they play,
At twilight's gentle hush—
The "woven shades" of forest dells—
And fountain's sparkling gush—
And all the golden shades and hues
That deck the sunset sky—
The misty clouds which lightly float
On heaven's canopy.

But higher strains than these, thy lyre
Has poured in silvered lay;
For thou hast pictured passion's tide,
In all its "mystic sway."
And thou hast lent a sweeter charm
To childhood's sparkling eye,
And twined the silken cord of song,
Round laughing infancy.

And e'en *affliction* from thy touch,
A softened grief has stole;
For thou dost paint in gentlest strains,
The sorrows of the soul.
But, oh! the brightest gems that deck
Thy tiara of song—
Are those in which thy *Maker's* praise,
Thy harpings sweet prolong.
And when thy lyre on earth is still,
Its strain shall never die,
But join, [with Israel's minstrel king,]
The music of the sky.

S. E. M.

Huntington, Conn.

Original.

THE ROSE'S REMONSTRANCE.

BY EPES SARGENT.

"From my maternal rose-bush torn,
In all my young and dewy bloom,
And to thy purer shelter borne,
I still could glory in my doom.

"What though the dawn's reviving gale,
The noonday sun were mine no more?
Thy breath was sweeter to inhale,
Thy smile a dearer radiance wore.

"And I was happy, though decay
On each frail leaflet was imprest;
I could have breathed my life away
Gladly on thy congenial breast.

"Then, in my last, my dying hour,
Ah, why expel me from thine eye?
Take back, take back thy homesick flower,
And I will be content to die!"

This was the last sigh of the rose;
It drooped—it faded fast away;
But, though its leaves in dust repose,
Its soul is prisoned in this lay.

Original.

MANŒUVREING;

OR, FIRST AND SECOND LOVE.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

"Is that the doctor's gig, Mary? Quick, arrange these pillows, and throw that rose-colored shawl on the arm of the sofa—not there, you stupid creature; fling it carelessly, so that it may reflect its faint glow upon my cheek."

The speaker was a delicate and pretty woman, who in the dim light of a judiciously shaded apartment, seemed to have scarcely numbered her five and twentieth summer, though the broad glare of daylight might have discovered the fact that some *ten* additional years could be counted among her past possessions. Reclining on a couch, supported by lace-bordered pillows, with the folds of her white dress so disposed as to display the symmetry of her figure, while one small and delicately slippered foot was allowed to peep out as if by accident, she really looked exceedingly interesting. Hastily concealing the novel she had been reading, and assuming the languid air of habitual suffering, she awaited the entrance of the doctor, whose footsteps were already heard upon the stairs. As he approached, she raised her eyes timidly to his face, then practised that quivering of the veined and fringed lids, which a Juno-eyed woman can so well perform, and finally dropped the long lashes over her dark-blue eyes, as modestly as a maiden of fifteen. It was, in reality, a very pretty piece of acting, and such the doctor seemed to consider it, for he stood calmly beside her, and not until all these little manœuvres had been effected, did he attempt to feel her pulse, or to inquire into her state of health.

"Ah, doctor, you are very good to come so promptly," said the patient, "I have had such a wretched night, that I could no longer dispense with your advice. You must come and see me every day, my dear sir. Your presence does me almost as much good as your prescriptions."

The doctor bowed gravely. "You flatter me, madam. Perhaps your fears induce you to magnify your own danger as much as you do my skill."

"No, doctor, I feel that my hold upon life is exceedingly frail; a disease like mine may prove fatal at any moment."

"What do you suppose your disease to be, madam?"

"Ah, you want to inspire me with hope by your question, but your kind artifice cannot deceive me, doctor. You are doubtless aware that I have an affection of the heart?"

"An affection of the spleen, rather," thought the doctor, as he gravely replied—"I am not aware of the existence of any symptoms which can warrant you in forming such an opinion."

"Alas, my dear sir, the symptoms cannot be mistaken—palpitations of the heart, frequent fits of tremulousness, constantly recurring attacks of nervous agitation, lowness of spirits, and loss of appetite, are certainly tokens of ill-health."

"Yet, these symptoms might be attributed to many other causes besides the serious one you have mentioned. Change of air, exercise, constant occupation both of mind and body, would probably remove all the ailments which alarm you."

"I wish I could think so, but alas!

> 'Who can minister to a mind diseased,
> Or pluck from memory a rooted sorrow?'"

The doctor was busily engaged in counting the lady's pulse and did not choose to hear her pathetic remark.

"You have a very good pulse," said he, "depend upon it you are only a little nervous."

"Allow me to ask you one question, Doctor Selwyn, do you not think that a physician, in whose hands we place our very life, and who is responsible for the priceless gift of existence, should be made fully acquainted with the state of his patient?"

"Certainly, madam," replied the doctor, arching his heavy brows as he spoke.

"Then you must permit me to encroach upon your valuable time for a few minutes, for the history of my disease is the history of myself. I will not dwell on the details of my early life, with those you are already acquainted, since you cannot have forgotten the beautiful scenes of Woodlands where we were so long companions in youth. Alas! it were better for us sometimes if we could cease to remember early scenes and early friendships." The widow sighed and cast down her eyes, a tear was glittering on the fringed lids as she raised them to the doctor's face, but no answering emotion met her timid glance. He had taken out his snuff-box, and was, at that moment, helping himself to an enormous pinch, so that he lost the fine effect of a tearful blue eye. Mrs. Merton continued—

"You are probably aware of the persuasion which my parents used to induce me to wed Mr. Merton. He was a man whose character I will not attempt to depict—the grave has closed over his faults and it is not for me to sit in judgment upon his memory. Suffice it to say, that he possessed no feeling or sentiment congenial with my own. Sordid, avaricious, narrow-minded and jealous, he could neither understand nor appreciate the character of the warm-hearted, enthusiastic creature, who, in the fulness of her heart, suffered herself to be persuaded into a union with age and ugliness and wealth."

The doctor gave a loud hem! and took a second pinch of snuff. Mrs. Merton sipped some *eau sucré* from a Venice glass which stood on an *ormolu* table beside her, and continued—

"During the ten years of my married life I suffered the most cruel of all martyrdoms, for it was the martyrdom of the spirit. Mr. Merton never ill-treated me in the usual sense of the term, he allowed me to indulge to a certain extent in the pleasures of society, and surrounded me with what are called the comforts of life, but alas! for the poison that mingled its deadly draught with every cup of enjoyment he could provide no antidote. Unity of feeling and reciprocal affection were wanting, and without these, what are all the richest treasures of earth?" The pretty widow paused for a moment, and pressed her perfumed handkerchief to her eyes, while

the doctor fidgetted on his chair, and let his cane fall rather heavily upon the floor. She was not slow to perceive these evidences of agitation in the eccentric bachelor, and fancying she had made an impression, she hastened to conclude.

"Will you be at any loss, my dear doctor, to conceive how such a state of feeling should produce disease of the heart. The mind acts fearfully upon the physical frame, and the continual bickerings, the constant disquiet, the total absence of sympathy, which I suffered, threw me into a state of nervous agitation, which has now led to habitual illness. I have now given you as exact a statement of my case as I dare trust myself to describe. If I have concealed from you *one sorrow*, the heaviest and most heart-rending of all—a sorrow which has weighed upon me from the days of my earliest womanhood, and added its unutterable bitterness to my wretched lot—if I have hidden from you *one* secret recess in my heart—you will, I trust, forgive me—that deep cell of memory must never be revealed to mortal eye—and *least of all to yours*."

Completely overcome by her emotion, the widow buried her face in the pillows while she extended one fair hand to the imperturbable doctor, but whether to have the pulse counted or the fingers pressed, we cannot undertake to determine. Doctor Selwyn, however, never forgot his business—he grasped the wrist instead of the soft rosy palm, and thrusting his box into his pocket, he rose to leave the trembling patient.

"Your present agitation convinces me, madam," said he, "that you are a little nervous; allow me to recommend a few drops of sal volatile in a glass of water. I will call again to-morrow, since you desire it, and this afternoon I will send you an asafœtida pill, which you will be so good as to take upon going to bed."

With these words the doctor bowed and withdrew, but as he descended the richly-carpeted stairs, there was a lurking smile on his usually grave countenance, while an arch expression of merry malice glittered in his dark eyes.

"An asafœtida pill," exclaimed Mrs. Merton, starting up from her graceful attitude of grief, as the hall-door closed behind the doctor, "an asafœtida pill indeed! upon my word, Harry Selwyn has become a perfect brute. Well, well, patience must do what one stroke cannot accomplish. He loved me in the days of his early youth, and I do not despair of winning him yet. Oh, if *forethought* were only as wise a counsellor as *afterthought*, how many errors we should avoid in this world. Who could have dreamed that Harry Selwyn, the playmate of my childhood, the awkward college-boy who made love to me so fervently and yet so pedantically, would ever have become the favorite of a fashionable coterie! Fifteen years have passed away since we were romantic lovers—alas! for the flight of time—yet it seems to me but yesterday since I wandered with him around the lovely scenes of his native Woodlands. I wonder if he ever felt resentment towards me for the sudden disruption of our intimacy—it is true, we were not betrothed, but every thing that love could dictate, save the final vow which binds heart to heart for life, had been uttered; and this only remained unspoken because Harry was too poor to wed. Ah, me! my soul used to vibrate to his voice, as it has never done since to any joy or sorrow in existence.

> 'No more—no more—oh, never more on me
> The freshness of the heart can fall like dew!'

The pure fancies of girlhood have long since been forgotten amid the glittering gauds of worldly vanity. I chose my own course, and if my path has been one of thorns, it has at least led me to the hill-top which I sought. I sacrificed the best years of my life for gold, and now my gold and my still fair face shall win back the lover of my youth. I will yet bear the honored name of him whom men delight to praise, and now, though my youth be past for ever, I will slake, from the long sealed fountains of affection, the thirst which has been to me a life-long pang."

While the widow remained thus buried in that pleasant sort of revery which blends pensive recollection with bright anticipation, the doctor was driving rapidly through the crowded streets, making amends by increased speed, for the time which he had wasted on the fair victim of sensibility. He possessed too much acuteness not to perceive her designs upon him, and the recollection of past scenes only seemed to add a tinge of bitterness to the contempt which they excited. At that period of life when the passions of early manhood blend themselves with the pure fresh feelings of the boy, he had renewed a childish intimacy with the beautiful girl, and had yielded up his whole soul to the impulses of a first affection. But he was no match for his lady-love in worldly wisdom. *His* life had been spent in the study of books—*hers* in the acquisition of the "*arts of design*," as taught in a fashionable boarding-school. She had entered society with every disposition to become an accomplished coquette, and the enthusiastic collegian was an excellent subject for her first attempt. Whether owing to her inexperience in the delicate science, or to his noble qualities of character, we cannot say, but she certainly committed the great mistake of allowing her affections to become somewhat involved. It was the triumph of nature over art, but as she never again, in the whole course of her life, was guilty of a similar error, the most zealous votaries of worldliness may excuse this single instance of deviation into the path of truth. Beautiful and vain, she had determined to run a brilliant career in the circles of fashion, and she well knew that the vista which ambition opened before her could not be terminated by "love in a cottage." For more than a year, she made the young student her sport and tool, practising upon him the arts which she afterwards exercised on a wider field, and learning, from her influence over his true heart, the extent of woman's power. Then—when her hour of vain triumph came—she turned coldly from all his love, and plunged into the gayeties of society, without one sensation of remorse for the crushed and blighted feelings over which she had trampled in her course. After exhausting the enjoyment which she found in the admiration of the butterflies of fashion, she accepted the richest of her suitors and took up her abode in one of the gayest of

our Atlantic cities. There she became distinguished for ostentatious display, while it was whispered that her neglect and indifference embittered her husband's life, and drove him to intemperance as a resource from domestic discomfort. His death finally released her from the responsibility of those duties which she had so carelessly performed, and she found herself a widow with greater joy than she had looked upon herself as a bride. She obtained, by recourse to law, the dowry which his will had denied her, and removing to another city, she determined to carve out a new path to notoriety. To her surprize, she found her old lover established in wealth and fame, and the idea of gratifying her early affection, together with her present ambition, soon suggested itself. With all her wealth, there was one charmed circle into which the widow could find no entrance—"the exclusives"—those ephemera, who having but a day to exist, bask in the sunshine of fashion as gaily as possible—remembered that Mr. Merton, her late husband, had commenced life as a Chatham-street pawnbroker, and therefore she must not be admitted to the society of the *élite*, who had been all their lives trying to forget their honest mechanic progenitors. Dr. Selwyn, however, the lineal descendant of one of the original patentees of the land, possessed of a moderate fortune, fine talents, skill in his profession, musical taste, considerable eccentricity, and being withal a *bachelor*, found ready access into all circles. The B——'s and the C——'s, who looked with contempt on Mrs. Merton's emblazoned carriage and liveried footmen, delighted to engage Doctor Selwyn at their parties; and the most aristocratic of our republican damsels was proud of receiving a bow from the courtly physician. These things first awakened Mrs. Merton's recollection of long forgotten "*love passages*." She consulted her mirror, and she did not see any thing to make her despair, but she did seem to be aware of the fact, that it is easier to awaken a new flame than to rekindle an extinguished one. The charms which, in their rich maturity, might have won many a boyish heart, were powerless when directed against a case-hardened bachelor on whom rested the experience of some forty years. Yet, unconscious of the difficulty she should encounter, she determined to attack him with such a variety of weapons that some one among them must take effect. As a physician, she prepared for him the artifice of failing health and undoubted dependence upon his skill—as a "*ci-devant jeune homme*," she offered the fascinations of extreme deference and attention—the most subtle of all flatteries to those who are falling into "the sear and yellow leaf," —as the man of sensibility she exhibited to him delicately shadowed pictures of past enjoyments, and dimly traced visions of future happiness—and to the lonely bachelor, whose celibacy her vanity attributed to his early disappointment, she meant to lift the veil which shrouded her heart of hearts, and disclose to him a glimpse of secretly cherished affection which had outlived time and change and even marriage.

The inimitable Dickens tells us that "there are two sorts of people who despise the world—those who feel that the world does not appreciate them, and those who receive the homage of society while conscious of their own worthlessness." The worthy Doctor belonged decidedly to the former class, for, although wealth and honor had fallen to his lot, he knew that they had been bestowed by accident rather than by a sense of justice in society. He remembered his early struggles with poverty and neglect, and he knew that he owed his rise less to the talents than to the lucky chance which enabled him to rescue from a disgraceful death a member of a rich and fashionable family. His knowledge of their secret secured him their patronage, and such was the foundation of his future fortune. He was aware, too, that, even now, he was estimated rather because he was "the fashion," than on account of his really noble qualities, and therefore it was that he concealed his warm feelings beneath the veil of cold politeness, and garbed his originality of mind in the rude attire of eccentricity. But his early disappointment had given a coloring to his whole life, for it had taught him a lesson of distrust which he never forgot. Whatever might be his faith in man, he had none in the truth of woman. He looked upon the whole sex but as so many puppets in a rare show, moved by the secret springs of avarice or interest—set up to be admired for a while and then sold to the highest bidder.

The Doctor pondered long over the palpable affectation of the widow, and with an inward chuckle, anticipated the final disappointment of her plans; but he determined to humor her whim, and, while he kept himself quite free, to observe her skilful manœuvres. He was still full of such thoughts when he entered one of those abodes of poverty, to which his charity led him much more frequently than he allowed the world to know. A young girl who had broken her health by the arduous labors of the needle, and was now on the brink of the grave, with a pulmonary attack, was the object of his present attention. She was only a poor sempstress, the mother, for whom she had long toiled, had recently died, and there was none left to feel interest in the dying girl. She was neither gifted nor beautiful—she gave him neither golden fee nor sweet looks, and yet the Doctor felt her gratitude a full reward for his daily visit to the poor patient. He was musing upon the strange events of fortune and character which his profession enabled him to study, and as he ascended the creaking stairs, he could not but contrast the luxurious apartment he had just left, with the bare floor and uncurtained bed which now met his view. He no longer found his patient alone, however. A female, whose loose wrapper concealed her figure, while a close cap shaded her features, was her companion, and engaged in administering some nourishment as he entered. She immediately disappeared however behind a screen which stood across the room, and he gave no further thought to the matter except to congratulate the patient upon having found a friend to attend her. A faint flush crossed the cheek of the pale girl as he took a seat beside her and uttered the words of soothing kindness. He felt that the hour had come when the physician's saddest and severest duty was to be performed, and he did not shrink from the task. Gently but firmly he acquainted her with her true con-

dition, and warned her that, though the dart of death might remain suspended for many days, yet she must fall beneath it ere another moon had waxed and waned. He quieted her agitated feelings, awakened her mind to higher thoughts, and while he strove to detach her hopes from earth, he endeavored to fix them upon the rock of ages. He reasoned with her, he sympathized with her, he opened the pages of the Sacred Scriptures, and read with thrilling pathos the lofty promises, the winning persuasions of the Book of Faith. Who would have believed that he, who thus smoothed the pillow of disease and death for the child of poverty, was the same being who, among the prosperous and happy, appeared so cold, so unimpassioned, so almost heartless. He little knew that one of the very beings whom he so much contemned, now listened to his words with breathless wonder and interest.

Clara Leslie, though not beautiful, was pretty enough and rich enough to have shone as a belle in society, had not her intellectual and moral nature elevated her beyond the paltry distinction. Her undeviating rectitude, her frank truthfulness of character, and her superiority of mind had made her rather feared than loved in the circles to which she belonged; so that though she had reached her eight and twentieth year, she was still Miss Leslie. Even her bankstock and improved real estate could not embolden a man of fashion to seek the incumbrance of so much plain-speaking integrity and clear-headedness in a wife, while Clara, never having seen any one with whom she would have felt willing to pass her life, was quite content to find herself verging on "*old-maidism.*" She was called eccentric because she dressed plainly, kept no carriage, and never danced, and having obtained the reputation upon such slight grounds, she took advantage of it to persue her own course, without regarding the gossip of a coterie. She had conceived a great dislike to Doctor Selwyn, because she believed him to be acting a part foreign to his character, though what that character really was, she was unable to discover. His bland courtesy could not blind her to his recent contempt of the sex, and, on several occasions, when some of his courtly compliments had contained a lurking sarcasm, he had been made to feel the sting of woman's wit from the lips of Miss Leslie. Of course he had but little liking for her, and although she interested him by the blunt honesty with which she uttered her opinions, yet, probably, had each been asked to depict the character of the other, the portrait would have been any thing but flattering. Yet in one respect a great similarity existed between them. Clara Leslie was a creature of the most benevolent feelings, and the haunts of misery re-echoed to her footsteps far more frequently than did the halls of mirth. She did not pour her alms into the shallow and widely diffused stream of *associated charities*, but she visited in person the abode of want, and saw with her own eyes what was needed by the sick, the destitute and the sorrowing. She supplied *just what was required, just at the proper time.* She provided not only for the physical but also for the moral necessities of the poor, for she well knew that food, and clothes, and fuel, were often valueless unless proffered by the kind voice of sympathy. This was the person, who shrouded from recognition by her coarse garb and the dimly lighted room, had taken her station by the bedside of the humble sempstress, and ministered to her wants until a proper nurse could be procured. This was she who had listened to the pure precepts of religion and the tender soothings of kindness, from the lips of the fashionable doctor.

Weeks passed away, while Doctor Selwyn, occupied in his usual round of duties, paid his daily visits to the fair widow and to the dying sempstress. The widow grew no better; her "affection of the heart," seemed to threaten a fatal result to somebody, but whether to the patient or the physician remained yet to be decided. In the mean time the young girl gradually declined until life was but as the glimmer of a wasted lamp—then, and not 'till then, when the worn and wearied spirit of the suffering invalid rendered her so nervous and irritable, that only the constant presence of her kind benefactress could quiet her restless excitement—did Doctor Selwyn first learn that the patient and devoted nurse of the poor sufferer, was the eccentric, the sarcastic, the haughty Clara Leslie.

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"My dear doctor, why did you not come last night? I really was afraid I should not live to see the light of another day. Did you not receive my note?" said Mrs. Merton, faintly, as Doctor Selwyn entered the room.

"What is the matter, madam, has any unfavorable change taken place since yesterday morning?"

"Alas! I fear so. I have been dreadfully excited. Old Mrs. Sowerby came to see me yesterday afternoon, and some of her ill-natured gossip agitated me to such an excess, that I have scarcely slept. The palpitation of my heart is frightfully increased, and I have not been able to overcome my faintness long enough to dress."

The doctor looked at the lady's lace cap, curled locks and ruffled morning dress, and silently felt her pulse.

Mrs. Merton continued—"I wish that woman would not come here with her ridiculous stories—will you believe, doctor, she told me you were actually going to be married to that queer old maid, Clara Leslie! It was too prèposterous for belief, but the mere surmise excited me to a degree almost fatal to my poor nerves. Do allow me, my dear sir, to contradict the report on your own authority."

"You have my authority, madam, for stating that I do not *anticipate* any such union," said Doctor Selwyn, quietly.

"I knew it—I knew it!" exclaimed Mrs. Merton, quite forgetting her faintness, as she rose to an upright position. "Oh, doctor, if you only knew how easily I am excited on a subject which—which—lies so near my heart—if you could but know what I felt when I heard that you were about to waste the rich treasure of your affections upon that cold-hearted creature. Forgive me—I know not what I say. Heavens! you look agitated," (the doctor was trying to repress a smile,) "have I betrayed my long-hidden feelings? Oh, forgive me—forget what I have said—alas! I am fearfully bewildered!"

All this was said with the prettiest air of excitement in the world; the upturning of her soft and tearful eye —the clasping of her small hands—the heaving of her agitated bosom—even the slight dishevelment of her long tresses, all added grace and beauty to the picture, for Mrs. Merton knew just at what point to stop, and never allowed *elegant sensibility* to run into the excess of *vulgar emotion*. Tears are apt to make the nose red, and therefore Mrs. Merton's weeping was confined to a gentle suffusion of the large blue eye, while her gentle sighs never degenerated in plebeian sobs. Burying her face in her cambric handkerchief, she appeared quite overcome with her feelings.

"Do not suffer yourself to be thus agitated, my dear madam," said the doctor gravely, while a mischievous smile lurked on his lips, "be assured I shall not misinterpret the feelings which lead you to be so much interested in my welfare. I came this morning with the intention of making a communication to you on the subject, which will set all idle reports at rest for ever."

Mrs. Merton started and looked timidly in his face. "He is going to offer himself," thought she, as she suffered her hand to fall *accidentally* upon his arm.

The doctor rose, and taking the lady's unresisting hand, said—"You have not only my authority, dear madam, for contradicting the report of my being *engaged* but I will also give you a full and sufficient reason for its falsity—I was, last evening, *actually married* to the lady in question. Miss Leslie is now Mrs. Selwyn, and as the carriage which is to bear us to Woodlands is now waiting my return, allow me to offer you—*my adieus.*"

Original.

THE WARRIOR'S DEATH.

Within yon dark and silent room,
The hearts of men are moved with grief;
Press'd downward by the fearful doom,
That waits their grey-hair'd chief.
And thou, oh, woman, fearing war's alarms,
Art near to rest the hero in thy arms!

Stretch forth thine hand thou courtly one,
And put the gilded curtains by;
See how the glass of life doth run!
Behold a warrior die!
His cheek hath caught a fearful pallor now;
Death's hand is weighing heavy on that brow!

Though earth hath bickering and strife,
He feels it is a blessed spot—
Its hearts are all so full of life!
But he can tarry not.
The Conqueror comes! his spirit must obey
The iron hand that beckons it away.

Go, bring the blade that erst he wore,
That stainless in it scabbard lies;
And place it with his plume, before
The dying warrior's eyes.
Ay, furl the standard—beat the muffled drum!
A hero goeth to his long—long home!

The twain are brought. He grasp'd the sword,
And kiss'd with livid lips the plume;
And cried—"Ye chosen of your lord,
Go with me to the tomb."
And from his eye a strange wild meaning shone,
That said—"The grave is not for me alone!"

At length when soft the twilight fell,
Amid the silent gush of prayer,
The warrior's spirit sigh'd "farewell,"
And sought the upper air.
And on his brow traced o'er with steel and flame,
A calm like that of Summer's evening came!

W. G.

Original.

TO SUMMER.

Sad in thy presence, Summer, forth I go
And wander by the brook and sparkling rill,
That with a tuneful murmur gently flow
From the cool springs far on the leafy hill.

And there I think, beneath the grateful shade
The willow and the elm throw o'er my head,
Of the drear change relentless Time hath made—
Of loved ones sleeping with the silent dead.

They too did love, in other days, to greet
With me thy coming from thy southern home,
But now their friendly voice, with accents sweet,
Cheers not my heart, like sunlight, in its gloom.

They watched the swallow soaring to the sky,
Or lightly skimming o'er the meadows green:
I too now watch it—but with trembling eye,
While wandering where their footsteps oft have been.

They heard the robin blithely caroling,
And thrush low singing from glad spray and bower:
And joyful to each heart seemed every thing,
With sweetness blending in that gladsome hour.

But they are gone who shared their joy with me!—
No eye now answers to affection's smile!
Still, glorious Summer, do I welcome thee,
And greet thy presence, though I weep the while.

How sad my heart when thy low mystic voice,
From waving field and woodland deep, I hear,
With smiling Nature bidding me rejoice,
For I can only answer by a tear.

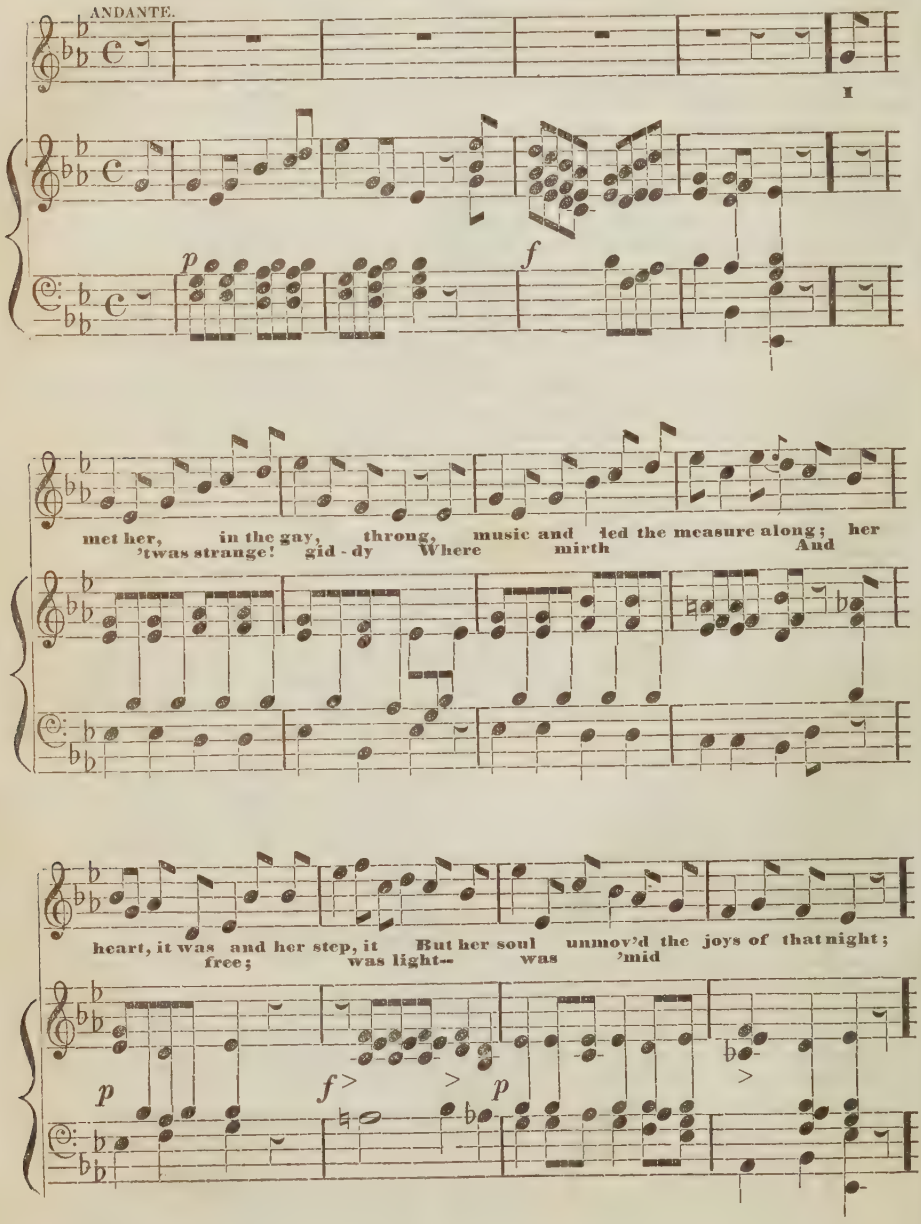
Yet I do love thee, Summer, though there be
A thousand tearful mem'ries round thee cast—
For thou dost ever mirror back to me
The joys and gladness of the cherished past.

R. H. B.

THE FIRST MEETING.

A BALLAD.

COMPOSED AND ARRANGED BY JAMES G. MAEDER.


ANDANTE.
1
p
f
met her, in the gay, throng, music and led the measure along; her
'twas strange! gid - dy Where mirth And
heart, it was and her step, it But her soul unmov'd the joys of that night;
free; was light-- was 'mid
p
f
p

SECOND VERSE.

The passion was whispered, her blushes betrayed
The gentle return of the timorous maid;
And the faith that was pledged on a feeling so new
Yet survives in that bosom, still constant and true.
Ah! who would not wish, for a life, to secure
Devotion and bliss of a passion so pure;
Though a tear dim its lustre, its light will not die--
It will ever shine on, in a happier sky.

Original.

NEW-YORK, TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

BY JOHN INMAN.

Yes, only twenty-five years ago—when it was only a quarter of a century younger than it is now, New-York was a very different City from this which we inhabit; different in extent, in appearance, in the character and habits of its population. Strange that only a quarter of a century could bring about such alterations! Not the least remarkable feature thereof being just the reverse of what takes place elsewhere in the lapse of time. Other cities grow old—New-York seems to juvenize, in aspect, at least, like the snakes that cast their skins annually, and so present themselves, every summer, in all the freshness of novelty and youth. Our people seem to hold in perfect abhorrence every thing that tells of hoary antiquity; they cannot be content to let any thing remain as it was in the days of their fathers, and find nothing to reverence in aught that reminds them of the past. Every one among us, that owns a house, seems to make it a point of conscience to "freshen it up" every year or two, with a coat of new paint; the carpenters and masons are set at work upon it, every five years or thereabout, putting up a new front, or, at least, a new door and "stoop," and changing the fashion of the windows, if not adding a story or two; and the man who does not pull his house down altogether, and build up a new one, in the latest fashion, after a dozen or fifteen years of possession, may be cited as a hater of innovations.

I have many years to live yet before I can set up any claim to admission among that vague but respectable class, denominated "the oldest inhabitants;" yet my recollections of New-York are so widely variant from the existing reality, that I can hardly persuade myself, sometimes, that the City along whose streets I rambled in boyhood was, in truth, the identical "Commercial Metropolis" of this year of grace, eighteen hundred and forty-one. The name alone is unchanged; and, by the way, it is not Mr. Washington Irving's fault that the name has not been pitched aside, nor the spirit of change allowed to triumph in absolute victory. Give me your pleasant company, gentle reader, if you have any respect for the things that were, and are not, while I present to your view some reminiscences of New-York in 1815, when I was a school-boy. If you can recognize them as a contemporary, such renewal of the past will afford you a melancholy pleasure, as it often does me; if you are too young to remember, perhaps it will, at least, amuse you to read of what was, and compare it with what is now.

The City is more changed in extent even than in the style of building and in general aspect. Canal Street, as it is called now, or, "The Canal," as it was then, might actually be considered the northern limit; for, although Broadway was a street, and a tolerably well built street, as far up as Bleecker Street, the space on either side of it, to the North River on one hand, and to Chatham Street and the Bowery on the other, could, in reality, be regarded as nothing more than suburbs. I remember perfectly well the old stone bridge that spanned "The Canal"—the deep and ugly ditch that lay beneath—the great expanse of waters called "The Meadows," that occupied the present site of Hudson Street, Sullivan Street, Thompson Street, Laurens Street, etc,, and of Canal Street itself, in the lower part, and the dreary bog, or, rather, quagmire, denominated "The Collect," that existed somewhere in the neighborhood of the "House of Detention," alias, "The Tombs;" I say *somewhere*, for, in truth, the whole appearance of that region is so changed, that I cannot undertake to decide exactly where the "Collect" was. Fearful tales were current in those days, touching that same quagmire. It was a foul and ill-favored spot enough—a muddy and offensive hole, in which all the washings from the high ground on the right were gathered, and whence they lazily descended through the "Canal" into the "Meadows," and thence into the river. It was said, and religiously believed, among the boys, at least, that to fill up the "Collect" was no more possible than the invention of a perpetual motion; that earth and stones had been emptied into it, thousands upon thousands of cart-loads, with no decrease of its depth or extent; and that millions more, if thrown in, would leave it still the same. Nor was this all; murders were said to be any thing but uncommon in its vicinity, which was, in truth, a rascally bad neighborhood; and scarcely a week passed in which some new story of dismal screams heard ringing along the waste at midnight, and of bodies plunged into the black abyss, was not added to the traditionary lore of the schools, and passed from mouth to mouth over the whole city.

"The Meadows," too, were an object of no little awe to the juveniles. These "Meadows" were a series of large ponds, connected by lagunes and bayous, as they would be called at the south—lagunes and bayous in miniature—and extending irregularly, as well as I can now judge and remember, from somewhere about Wooster or Laurens, to Greenwich Street in one direction, and from Canal Street to King or Hammersley, or, perhaps, even beyond that, on the other. They were not very deep, but quite deep enough to drown a truant school-boy; and as they were famous skating-grounds, when covered by ice, few winters passed without several accidents of this nature, which, of course, were duly multiplied in the process of narration. In summer, the boys would swim in the "Meadows," in pure contempt of their mothers' warnings, and this season, also, furnished an occasional job for the coroner.

Somewhere in Grand Street, and as well as I can make out, not far from the site of what is now called Centre Market, was a hill of very respectable altitude, which we school-boys used to denominate Bunker's; whether it had any title to that renowned appellation, out of *our* nomenclature, is more than I am able to say. This hill was a famous play ground; for, being considerably steep, and its sides consisting of loose gravel, with only a patch of starved grass here and there, it was great fun for us to slide down from the top, to the no small detriment of our unmentionables. From the hill

to Anthony Street, or, perhaps, even farther, to Pearl, was a bare common, bounded on the west by the yard fences of the houses fronting on Broadway, and on the east by Orange Street, which then ran skirting along the edge of a slight elevation. The only objects that diversified the surface of this common were a turpentine distillery, the noisome slough already described under the name of "The Collect," and a small infinitude of pig-styes. The only houses that I *remember*, fronting on Broadway, and looking over the common at the rear, were the two built and then occupied by Cooper and Price, the managers—since converted into the Carlton House. There were others, of course, that have escaped my recollection; but I know that the line of edifices on Broadway was by no means continuous, for it is distinctly borne upon my mind how I used to cut a cross from Broadway to Bunker's Hill, almost any where. By the way, it just flashes upon my memory that there was a little shanty of a market house upon the common, just back of Broadway, to which, I remember, Jarvis, the painter, used to *send* one of his big dogs with a basket in his mouth, having within it a note addressed to his butcher, directing him what meat and vegetables to despatch by return of dog, for dinner. The dog was a faithful messenger, never loitering by the way, nor violating the trust reposed in him by helping himself to the contents of the basket, after it was loaded.

But the common became, at one time, the scene of an event that caused an immense excitement among all the schools in the city. I remember perfectly well the time and the manner in which it came to the knowledge of my school, situated in Broome Street, between Elm and Mulberry. It was an afternoon in summer—five o'clock, that anxiously desired hour of dismissal for the day, had come, and a posse of us had rushed, as usual, with abundance of whooping and uproar, to the hill in Grand Street, for a scramble up, and a roll down its sides. But our attention was quickly drawn, when we had reached the top, to an assemblage of persons, far away upon the common—as well as I can remember, just in the rear of the Carlton House, that is now—who seemed to be gathered round some object on which all were gazing intently. Our curiosity was alive in a moment, and away we all scampered, heels over head down the hill, and over the common, like a drove of young colts, startled by the approach of a stranger.

Arrived at the spot, we found a number of carpenters busily erecting a sort of stage, or long platform, but for what purpose not one of us could imagine. It was nearly completed when we came up, and we had not long to wait for a solution of the mystery. Solution amazing and delightful! For quickly a number of men and women, in gorgeous habiliments, made their appearance from a shed that had been put up—the men in jackets of blue and red velvet, richly embroidered with tinsel, tight small-clothes, white stockings and pumps, and the women in satin robes, splendid with glittering spangles; and both men and women had on their heads plumed caps, that, in our estimation, far surpassed in magnificence even the brass-fronted helmets of the Governor's Guards—at that time the *ne plus ultra* of military foppishness. The personages in question were, in reality, a miserable troupe of strolling circus-riders, without their horses; but as yet there had been no circus in New-York, and though we had all heard of such wonders, the "sports of the ring" and the marvels of "ground and lofty tumbling" were experimentally unknown to us.

The performances were sorry enough, I dare say, but to our unsophisticated judgment they were glorious beyond expression; and by the same token, I remember that I caught a very sufficient rattaning when I got home, some hour or thereabout after dark, for being so long on the way from school.

The next evening, nevertheless, found me again a ravished spectator of the show, the fame whereof was, by this time, bruited all over the city—that is, among the school-boys—and I suppose every school in New-York had its representatives among the crowd of gazers. The performers danced on the tight rope, leaped over poles and ribands, jumped through hoops covered with paper, and threw somersets by the dozen; but the prime favorite was the clown, whose traditional jokes and grimaces seemed to us the very perfection of humor and drollery. Grimaldi himself never elicited more hearty applause, or more obstreperous laughter.

There was no charge for admission, of course, and the sole reliance of the exhibitors for guerdon, was upon the voluntary contributions of the spectators, collected in hats by the clown, and two or three others of the troupe. It was not long, however, before a different system was resorted to. There was, at that time, a large piece of ground vacant, but enclosed, at the corner of Broadway and Prince Street—the very same ground which, of late years, has been transformed by the taste and genius of Niblo into a garden worthy to be the residence of a fairy queen. To this enclosure our friends of the common flitted, after a few nights of performance, and here their proceedings and preparations assumed a much more imposing character. Horses were added; a proper ring was constructed, poles were set in the ground for the tight rope and slack wire, and an enormous spring-board was introduced, to give more effect to the somersets. But there was one feature of the entertainment which made it very unpopular with us youngsters, compared with the humble beginning on the common, of which it was what may be called the second phase in progression. There was a charge for admission to the show; and as shillings were not so often to be found in the pockets of school-boys then as dollars are now, we were driven to the necessity of quarrelling for knot-holes—few, alas, and most inconveniently small—and venting our maledictions upon all builders of high fences. Moreover, there were atrocious hangers-on of the establishment—stable-boys, probably, and the like—who used to prowl round the enclosure, and cuff the ears of all unlucky urchins detected in getting a peep for nothing, through the knot-holes aforesaid. In short, the second stage of the incipient circus soon grew into disfavor with us of

the rising generation, and we were almost ready to join with our staid seniors in the anathemas they heaped upon it, as a corrupting and ruinous innovation—a fearful step in the progress of the age to licentiousness, and altogether a mere invention of Satan. I have an indistinct recollection that it was complained of as a nuisance, if not actually presented by the grand jury. Nevertheless, it grew and flourished, and in process of time, from this little root, sprang up the luxuriant crop of amphitheatres, arenas, circusses, and other establishments for the exhibition of horsemanship and human dexterity, by which the morals and manners of the age have profited so largely.

At the time of which I write, there were but two prominent places of public amusement, over and above the unfledged concern of which I have just been speaking. These were the Park Theatre and Vauxhall Garden. Of the former I can say nothing, for until I had approached within a short step of manhood, I had but one exstatic enjoyment of its unspeakable and glorious wonders, and that was long subsequent to the date assigned at the beginning of these "random recollections," to which I mean to confine myself as closely as possible. That one visit to the Park, by the way, was to hear old Incledon; but I was too young to appreciate his merits—if he had any left. All the impression left upon my memory is that of a stout, red-faced, elderly gentleman, singing a great many songs, with a large quantity of mashed potatoes in his mouth. Such, to me, was the idea conveyed by his voice and manner, after he had lost all his teeth.

But Vauxhall was a crowning glory of my younger days. And really it was a very superb affair—much more so than any other thing of the kind we have ever had since. It extended from Broadway to the Bowery, having its principal front on the latter, and was laid out with a great deal of taste and skill, after a fashion somewhat antiquated indeed, but by no means wanting in beauty. The principal walks were spacious, and kept in exceedingly good order, while a multitude of narrower avenues ran winding among the shrubbery, which was close, thick and luxuriant; and some of the finest trees I ever saw, either in this country or any other, lifted their tall heads, and spread wide their huge branches in various parts of the garden. Then there was an equestrian statue of Washington, larger than life, of lead, the horse rearing prodigiously, and the immortal deliverer sitting as erect, and looking as serene as though he were taking his ease in an elbow chair. Then there were arbors for people to sit in and eat ice-cream—or make love, if they thought proper—secluded little nooks, with two seats and a table, just large enough for a tête-a-tête, and so embowered in foliage that the occupants might almost realize the advantages of solitude, even when the garden was thronged. Beds of flowers, too, were not wanting; nor music; nor a jet d'eau; nor dainties for the palate; nor fireworks.

These last were exhibited only on special occasions—three or four times in the course of the summer, the grandest display being always on the fourth of July. The end of the garden toward Broadway was reserved for the pyrotechnics, a sufficient space being railed off, so that none could approach near enough either to do mischief, or lose the best point of view. Rockets, suns, wheels, saucissons, stars, and revolving fires of all names and hues, were set off in great perfection; and the concluding piece, for several years, was always "the rattlesnake chasing the butterfly"—a very beautiful combination of fires and movements, which I have never seen any where else. Afterward, if I mistake not, there was a grand eruption of Etna got up for the *finale*, a huge mountain being constructed of boards, from the sides of which fire streamed in profusion, while hundreds of rockets and other projectiles shot up from its summit.

Old Delacroix, the proprietor or lessee of the garden, was one of the most remarkable men, to look upon, that I ever saw. His ugliness was almost superhuman. A tall, gaunt Frenchman, with a shambling, one-sided gait, and certainly the most unprepossessing countenance that ever looked out from under a hat. His clothes seemed never to have been put on, but thrown on with a pitch-fork; and although he was rich enough to wear the best that tailor could make, they were coarse in material, and hideous in fashion. For very hardness of feature, and grimness of expression, he was a terror to all the boys that encountered him, but for all this, he was, I believe, a kind-hearted man, and very honest and punctual in his dealings. He lived long enough to see the greater part of his garden cut up into streets and building lots, by which he made money, and to build an immense hotel in Broadway, just above Pine Street, by which he lost heavily, and finally died out of the way, not many years since—at what age I know not, but looking, at least, a hundred and fifty.

My budget of recollections is by no means exhausted; indeed, I may say that it is but little more than fairly opened. Nevertheless, the reader may not find the same pleasure in overhauling its contents that I do, and I would not impose upon good nature. Here, then, I close for the present. If more is desired, I shall be happy to furnish it, on receiving an intimation to that effect through the publisher.

Original.

TO MY SISTER.

THY little fingers on my cheek—
I feel them playing hide and seek;
Thou'rt tossing to the gentle air,
The parted masses of my hair;
Thy warm breath fans my pallid brow—
Dear sister once—an angel now.
I saw thee in thy coffin-bed,
With mocking pillow 'neath thy head;
With muslin fine, and laces trim,
To decorate each lifeless limb.
Death's token was upon thy brow,
And yet I see thee living now.
Alas! 'tis fancy. Thou art not,
Yet art eternal. In no spot
Cribbed or confined, thy infant soul
Takes in at single glance the whole.
Creation opes its book to thee,
And life no more is mystery. T. D. ENGLISH, M. D.

Original.

INDIAN GRATITUDE.

BY MRS. EMELINE S. SMITH.

A MERRY shout rung upon the wandering breeze, as a group of glad children emerged from the confinement of a school-room into the gay sunlight and balmy atmosphere of summer. There was a music in that shout, breathing the very spirit of freedom, happiness, and hope; a music which echoed all the rapturous feelings of childhood, and which burst from the heart and lip only in that sunny period of existence.

It was a beautiful sight to see these fairy creatures, tossing the curls from their beaming eyes, and dancing away over the pleasant landscape that surrounded them. Their career afforded an apt illustration of the manner in which we perform the sweetest portion of the journey of life. Now they would speed onward, with the fleetness of the wind, after a butterfly that flitted before them, and anon they would linger by the way-side and gather wild flowers to garland their joy-illumined brows. Thus they went on, meeting pleasure at every step, and finding, in each successive object that presented itself to their eyes, a new source of enjoyment.

After varied roamings here and there, the light-hearted wanderers found themselves upon the banks of the river that skirted their homes. It was a beautiful stream, and it presented a fine picture as it went sparkling away in the mellow sunlight, through the green and pleasant hills that enclosed it. But the children had no eye for its beauties; their attention being suddenly and entirely absorbed by a novel, and to them, startling object. Drawn upon the shore among some overhanging bushes which had prevented their seeing it until they were quite near, they beheld a frail bark canoe. It contained a young Indian woman, who held an infant, and a dark-browed man who bent his piercing eyes frowningly upon the little group of tremblers before him. Many of these children had never seen an Indian, for the tribes once inhabiting that portion of country had long since departed to more western climes, but they had all heard vivid and terrible descriptions of the red-man; and all listened to tales of savage barbarity until their cheeks paled and their frames shuddered with apprehension. The sudden hush of their merry voices, and the quick shadows that settled upon their bright faces, told the alarm with which they regarded the strangers. For one moment they stood spell-bound by fear, and the next they turned and fled from the spot. But, one of them, a pretty and resolute-looking little girl, still remained. She stood gazing at the boat and its occupants, with a timid curiosity, that expressed itself most eloquently in every lineament of her innocent face. She appeared desirous to obtain the good will of the strangers, but she knew not how to make the first advances towards acquaintance. At length she remembered having heard that the Indian race were peculiarly susceptible to kindness, and that they never forgot a favor. Yielding to the impulse awakened by this reflection, she turned and darted away. It was nearly half a mile distant, but her rapid footsteps soon traversed the intervening space. There she gathered a basket full of gifts—fairy play-things, toys, trinkets, cakes and fruits, were all mingled together in hurried and strange confusion. With a load which was almost too much for her strength, she hastened back to the boat and laid her offering at the feet of the strangers. They recived it with many simple expressions of gratitude, and the little girl, finding her benevolent desires still unsatisfied, took from her neck a costly and beautiful string of coral, and clasped it around that of the infant. The smile of delight that beamed upon the face of the mother at this act of kindness to her child, and the grateful expression that crossed the dark features of the father, were more eloquent than words, and the giver felt herself amply rewarded. At that moment, another Indian, who had been to the neighboring village, and for whom the strangers had been waiting, returned, and they prepared for departure. As they sailed away the little girl stood looking after them with that deep feeling of satisfaction which warms the heart after the performance of a generous deed. She then left the spot to rejoin her companions, and soon forgot, in wild sports and joyous pastimes, the simple act of kindness she had performed.

Years after this little incident, and far away from the spot where it transpired, a proud steamer was ploughing its pathway through the tranquil waters of a noble river. The season was spring, in its first brightness and beauty; the time morning, in its first flush of rosy loveliness, and the scene one of Nature's fairest in its wildest state of magnificence.

The boat was ascending the Mississippi river, and as it careered along through that picturesque region, many an admiring eye was bent upon the fine and ever-varying landscape. Among those who seemed most gratified by the exceeding loveliness of the scene, were two persons who were themselves the objects of much admiring attention. They were both young, both beautiful, and both happy—happy to a degree beyond all measure, if the radiance of the face revealed aright the sunshine of the soul. The gentleman possessed a handsome and dignified face, with a form such as our dreams bestow upon a hero of ancient days. He seemed a fit protector for the lovely and delicate being at his side, who looked up to him with an expression of firm and trusting confidence, which was itself a perfect type of the holy faith of woman. It was easy to discover that this young couple had chosen to tread the path of life together, and that, as yet, their way was strown with the most beautiful flowers of hope.

From their youth, beauty, and superior refinement of manners, the newly married pair, for such in truth they were, seemed the "observed of all observers." But none gazed upon them with more apparent interest, than a group of Indians, who composed a portion of the boat's passengers. These Indians were the last remnant of a once powerful and warlike tribe, who were now leaving their homes and heritage to seek a resting-place in the wild regions of the far west. One of these dark-browed men, in particular, manifested a peculiar admiration for

the young bride. He gazed earnestly and unceasingly upon her face; he lingered near to catch the sound of her voice, and wherever she moved, his eyes followed her, as if they were fascinated by some magic spell.

The boat was passing through a portion of the stream wider and more picturesque than any it had yet traversed. The river had become narrower, the current much more rapid, and dark rocks and high hills frowned in savage grandeur on either side. As the crowd of passengers were gazing in voiceless admiration upon the wild magnificence of nature, the silence was suddenly broken by a fearful noise. There was a mighty shock—and then arose the mingled sound of many voices, crying out in tones of agony and terror—"We are lost!" The steamboat had struck some hidden and fatal obstruction in the river, and her strong timbers were crashing and severing like a frail sapling in the stroke of the thunderbolt. There was no time for deliberation—no chance for selecting a mode of preservation—the boat was rapidly going down, and the many terrified beings, thus suddenly menaced with destruction, sought each the readiest means of avoiding death. Some leaped boldly into the rapid current and swam stoutly towards the shore; others, who could not swim, clung eagerly to some frail object which was to be their support in the deep waters to which they were about to commit themselves, and many ran wildly about upon the decks, frantically calling upon some loved name, or seeking some dear friend who had, perhaps, already met a dreadful doom.

Among those who acted, in that trying moment, with firmness and composure, the young pair above alluded to, were conspicuous. As soon as the husband became assured that the destruction of the boat was inevitable, he calmly divested himself of some portion of his attire, whispered a few words of encouragement to his companion, and then twining his left arm around her slender waist, he leaped into the water. He was an expert swimmer, and imagined that he could easily bear his light and lovely burthen in safety to the shore. But this hope was destroyed by an unlooked for accident. In springing from the boat he struck his right arm violently against a floating plank, and when he endeavored to raise it he found it rendered powerless by the shock. This was truly alarming, but with great presence of mind he entreated his wife to cling firmly to the support thus thrown in their way. All that he could now do, was to lay hold of the plank himself, and look around for assistance. There was none near—nothing that met his eye could afford the faintest hope of rescue! As he felt the powerful current rapidly bearing them down the stream, he strove to raise his disabled arm to guide their frail support towards the shore. But his efforts were vain, and the remorseless waters seemed eagerly hurrying him on to destruction. He could have resigned himself calmly to the fate which now seemed inevitable, but for the fearful thought that his beloved wife must share it. This agonizing reflection, added to the pain of his wounded arm, rapidly diminished his strength. Despair began to paralyze his energies, and he struggled in vain against the faintness that was fast overpowering him. He imagined himself dying, and called out to his companion—

"Cling firmly to the plank, dearest, and God will send thee aid. I die—farewell!"

"No, no!" she screamed, in the shrill accents of indescribable anguish, while she loosed her hold of the plank and clung frantically to his sinking form. "No, no, if thou must perish, I will not be saved. Better far to die with thee than live to lament thy loss." At the same moment she relinquished all efforts to keep herself from sinking, and resigned herself to a power which she believed to be death. But it was only insensibility stealing over her, and after a time she awoke as from a strange and troubled dream. The noise of rushing waters seemed still sounding in her ears, and her form yet seemed tossed about at the mercy of the restless waves. For some moments she vainly endeavored to recall the remembrance of what had occurred. She was lying upon a little island in the middle of the stream. Some person was carefully supporting her head; and looking up to ascertain who was near her, what was her astonishment to behold the dark featured Indian who had so strangely and earnestly regarded her during the voyage. This brought the remembrance of the recent catastrophe vividly to her mind, and uttering a faint low cry of anguish, she darted a glance of fearful inquiry around. That look was answered by beholding its object lying near, weak and almost exhausted like herself, but safe from the terrible fate that had threatened him. Then joy, unutterable joy, took possession of her heart. She asked not how they had been saved, she cared not to know—it was enough to see the beloved one whom she had last beheld sinking beneath the wave, now safe and unharmed before her; and a sense of holy gratitude and tranquil happiness, excluded all other thoughts.

The greeting of the young pair was such as might be imagined between persons, like them, rescued from the very grasp of death. When the first deep gush of fervent happiness passed away and allowed other thoughts to arise, they turned to their kind preserver to offer the warmest acknowledgements for the service he had rendered them. He received their thanks with a smile, but when they spoke of reward for his noble deed his features expressed dissatisfaction. His reply to their offers of reward was characteristic of the Indian race, for it expressed all that was necessary in few but fitting words. It also explained that which before appeared mysterious in his conduct.

"Maneko," he said, "wants no recompense; he would scorn to receive pay for what was only an act of duty. The beautiful white girl has forgotten the poor Indian whom she long ago befriended, but he can never forget her. The gift she took from her own fair neck still rests upon the bosom of his child, and the remembrance of her kindness is still warm in the heart of his wife. Many times have the forest leaves withered in the breath of Autumn since the little white girl smiled kindly upon the strangers. She was then like a spring flower just opening its beauties to the light, and she is now like a tall tree standing in the pride and glory of its

summer loveliness; yet, Mancko remembered her again, despite the change, and his heart warmed with the desire of returning her kindness. It has pleased the Great Spirit to grant him an opportunity, and now his soul is satisfied."

And thus it was! The grateful Indian had recognized the fair young bride as the child who had, a number of years before, conferred upon him a slight, but never-forgotten favor. In the fearful moment of the boat's destruction, he had resolved to save her, or perish in the attempt. For some time his kindly intentions were frustrated by the confusion of the scene, and by the disappearance of the lady and her husband. When, at length, he did discover them, they were floating far away down the river, and it required his utmost exertions to reach them. Even then he would not have been able to save them, if they had not been near a little island, which afforded a safe and secure resting-place to the insensible couple and their almost exhausted preserver.

Thus were two young beings rescued from a fearful death, and restored to hope and happiness, life and love, by the influence of one little act of kindness. Surely deeds of benevolence are like

"Flower-seeds by the far winds strown;"

they take root in almost every soil—they spring up in the most rugged and lonely places; and they shed light and grace and beauty around the most desolate scenes!

Original.

STANZAS.

Since young Apollo on Parnassus kept
The dances of the muses with his lyre,
The soul of symphony has never slept,
Nor Calliopé lost her martial fire,
While at her voice the war-sword leaves its sheath,
Euterpe sweetly sings from every summer wreath.

When twilight calls me musing to the bower,
And Hope and Love the fondest fancies wake,
How sweet amid the stillness of the hour,
Soundeth the mellow flute from distant lake,
And as each day-tint from the mountain fades,
Breathes over hill and dale its witching serenades.

It bringeth every rosy dream of even,
That whispers to me from the spirit-home,
For what was erst of earth is now of Heaven,
And gently to my couch of dreaming come,
Born on its zephyr-wing from sphere unknown,
Sweet voices of the loved one who was once my own.

Now worshippers in lovely circles steal,
For evening prayer along the sacred aisle;
How solemn sounds the organ's lofty peal,
Throughout the olden temple's mossy pile,
While the last twilight o'er the arches creeps,
And 'mong deep shadows lingering, with lone echo sleeps.

H. W. N.

Original.

DAILY THOUGHTS.

BY HENRY B. HIRST.

I.

How cool the morning wind that freshly steals,
Thro' the raised lattice to my fevered brow.
Winged spirit of existence which reveals,
In the soft breathings of its liquid flow,
A consciousness and pride in its own heart,
Of the deep luxury its sighs impart.

II.

The linden boughs that sweep the window-pane,
Bend softly down to meet its gentle kiss,
With a low music like a fairy strain—
Glad nature's orison, telling that bliss
And hope and life and light are all her own,
In the sweet hymn breathed to th' Almighty's throne.

III.

The air is of the south, and seems to bear,
Her wild bud's fragrance on its unseen wings;
And music of glad waters falling there,
And song of birds and other sylvan things
Who revel in its luxury, and elate
Seem with the rapture of their woodland state.

IV.

It playeth with the blossoms on the stand,
My mute companions! How their petals thrill,
Beneath the fannings of its kisses bland,
As tho' each thought him on his native hill
And it their native air. All 'neath God's seal,
Blossom and trees, as man, have sense to feel.

V.

Afar, from a proud mansion, I can hear
The music of the mock-bird and the thrush,
In vying harmony, creep to mine ear;
Flowing as free as tho' their native bush
Was 'neath them in the sunrise, and on high
Above them lay the pure and placid sky.

VI.

Morn in the city. O'er me I can see,
Quivering in the sunlight, the small fly,
That seems a very atom unto me,
Beneath the broad expanse of trackless sky;
Yet, as *it* seems, in consciousness am I
That same small atom in eternity.

VII.

God infinite and mighty and alone!
I thank thee for this blessing. I am one
Who deems the sinner's offering to thy throne,
From his frail soul in grateful feeling done,
Like heavenly music grateful to thine ear—
For Thou turn'st not away from hearts sincere.

Philadelphia. 1841.

Original.

NIGHT.

'Tis night; o'er heaven's blue steep
A shadowy mantle of dark hue is drawn;
And the bright stars which keep
Their watch-fires there, are kindling one by one,
While, like a line of silver, pure and high,
The crescent moon hangs in the western sky.

'Tis night; the peasant hies,
Toil-worn and weary, to his home and hearth;
And care his bosom flies,
As kindly voices greet with love and mirth;
For dear ones welcome, at the daylight's close,
And bless for him, the season of repose.

'Tis night, beside the helm,
The pilot leans, and with unsleeping eye,
Surveys the starry realm;
Trills forth a song to bid the dull hours fly;
While wakeful fancy unconfined doth stray
To friends, and home, and country far away.

'Tis night, and dimly burns
The lamp beside the sick man, pale and wan,
While feverishly he turns;
And sighing, watches for the far-off dawn;
And wondering much the while, when blessed with health,
That men should ever toil, and strive for wealth.

'Tis night, care-worn and weary,
The mourner finds, in tears, a sad relief,
For, like the lone heart, dreary,
The sober darkness seems akin to grief;
And stricken hearts love not day's joyous hours;
But seek communion with the pale night flowers.

'Tis night, the warrior dreams
Of laurel wreaths, won in the battle fray;
The home-sick stranger turns to native scenes;
The poet to a wreath of fadeless bay;
The maiden to her plighted vows of love;
The Christian to a stainless world above.

Night, solemn night, thou stillest
Within my heart, each peace-disturbing thought,
Night, holy night, thou fillest
My soul with rays from Heaven's own altar caught;
Thou speakest when thy shades are gathered round,
In voices sweet, which day's wild mirth had drowned.

Lord, from thy starry throne,
Or curtained in thy cloudy mantle sun,
When the deep thunder's moan
Peals forth sublime, and sheeted lightnings come,
For thou, in storm or starlight, ever seems,
The muse of Heaven, the very queen of dreams.

JENETTA H. WILLIAMS.

Original.

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

Ah, happy child! her grave is green,
And fresh the scattered flowers,
Warmed only by the summer sun
And wet with summer showers.
I would it might be ever thus—
For deep my spirit grieves,
To think that on her little bed,
Will fall the withered leaves.

A week ago—and down her neck,
Fell heaps of sunny hair;
I never saw, in all my life,
A creature half so fair.
Life blossomed in her cheek of rose—
Beamed in her azure eye,
Oh, Mary, dear, who ever dreamed,
That thou wouldst droop and die?

I saw, where she was lain, a man,
Grey with the touch of years;
His fingers pressed his wrinkled face,
And through them trickled tears.
He doubtless wept that one so young,
So beautiful was gone;
While he, the worn and bowed with age,
Was feebly living on!

I saw her sweet companions
Approach by twos and threes;
Some stood and sobbed beside the grave,
And some fell on their knees.
They came to see her when she died,
And they had come to shed
The grief that swelled their little hearts,
Where lay their darling—dead!

More precious than the vanished light,
Her tender lamp did burn—
The vanished light will shine again,
But she cannot return.
Gone, gone—and all is gloomy now
That was so fair to see;
Leave, seraph, leave thy home in Heaven,
Or let me fly to thee!

ORDER.

"If the head aches, all the members of the body are more or less disabled," says the Latin aphorism. So in the body politic, and throughout the various departments in which the multifarious concerns of this world are transacted, if the presiding genius to whom is entrusted the direction of any particular branch should be found incompetent, from whatever cause, he must be replaced, or disorder suddenly creeps into the affairs under his superintendance, and soon renders his office a useless burden to his employers.

Original.

PRESSED FLOWERS AND THEIR ASSOCIATIONS.

Almost every one has a habit of recalling past events by associating them in their memory with some particular object or other, the sight of which will, at any time, bring them back again to the mind with the most perfect distinctness. Flowers are my associates. I never receive any particular pleasure, without instantly memoralizing it with a flower; and there is hardly a book in my possession, whose leaves do not bear the impress of several of the "fairies sweet tenements."

There is a volume now before me filled with such fair mementos of joys departed! As I turn its pages over, many a vision of past delight rises up before me, and had each sweet blossom the gift of speech, it would take more than one volume to hold the tales "they could unfold."

Here is a bunch of pressed violets! Well do I remember, as I gaze upon them, the pleasant walk I once had in the woods of C———. It was during the early part of May. The leaf was just putting forth its soft green, bursting with glee its cone-like bud; when first among the forest flowers, the gentle violet peeped up from its bed of leaves, and sent forth its sweet breath to join the general rejoicing, that every where welcomed the coming of the joyous spring.

I had commenced my walk with a saddened brow; but who can feel sweet nature's

"Mild and healing sympathy"

glide into the heart, and not leap up with gladness! Very soon did my thoughts exchange their gloomy coloring, for the rich tints of nature's own inspiring hues.

Far through the tangled woods I pursued my way, now pausing to gather wild flower, now listening to the music the feathered denizens of the forest-city poured forth so richly; and now resting upon a moss-covered seat, gazing up and around, upon the glorious loveliness of creation, and wondering how Sorrow and her numerous retinue, could find a resting-place within such a world of beauty!

At length, with a heart more subdued in its desires, and glowing with grateful feelings for its numerous blessings, I turned my course homeward. As I emerged from the forest path, I espied, half covered with lifeless forest leaves, a bunch of violets, larger and more deeply blue, than any I had yet seen. Eagerly I plucked them from their lowly bed, determining long to preserve them, as a memorial of an hour spent within Nature's temple, in full communion with her invisible spirit, and my own heart.

And here they are again; as welcome now, faded though they be, as when all glowing with life and beauty, I bore them from their own bright home; for the charm of memory and sweet thoughts dwell upon them, and they bring to my spirit again the holy teaching of nature's oracles.

Here is a piece of blue 'Anemone,' 'Capé Jasmine,' and a 'Daisy.' Ah! the vision of a young and happy group rises up before me; and the merry scenes of a pleasant afternoon, spent with some friends now far away, are again presented to my view.

We were standing upon a piazza that overlooked a beautiful garden, filled with every variety of plants, when one of us, a fair young girl, with a spirit as bright as the blossoms themselves, proposed our holding a conversation in flowers. So sending one of our beaux into the house for our bonnets, we bounded down the green slope before the door, and were soon eagerly engaged in our pursuit.

Ah! what a delightful time it was! How cheery the ringing laugh went forth from each young heart, and with what a cry of delight we received our flowers, and read their sentiments. And then, after having exhausted our store of knowledge on the subject, it was proposed that one of us should play the sybil, and present to each of the others a bouquet of flowers, whose sentiments would most accord with his, or her character.

The gravest and most sensible of our company was chosen to the office, and it was agreed upon all sides, that he acquitted himself much better than could have been expected from one who held the "spoils," and who could have done as he pleased with them.

We left the garden in high spirits, adorned with our emblems, and it was determined amongst us, carefully to press and preserve them, as a memento of that happy time.

Most preciously have I kept mine; and as I gaze upon them, I feel assured, that amid all the scenes of enjoyment I have since been engaged in, none have exceeded the pure and healthful pleasure of those delightful moments spent among the flowers.

Here is a pressed blossom of the 'lily of the valley.' It was given to me by one as pure and sweet as itself. Dear Lizzy was amongst my earliest friends; and though now married, and the mother of a beautiful boy, she has still the same gentle and affectionate disposition that distinguished her girlhood.

Many a sweet token of her love have I received, and not the least was the gift of these sweet flowers. She had been riding out a few miles from her home, to visit a relative whose garden abounded with these fair emblems of purity; and though her time was very limited, and her hands well filled with other things, yet nothing would do, but she must cull the finest of the garden's treasures, to bring to the friend who loved them so well; and with a smile and a kiss that made them doubly dear, she presented them to me.

They have been preserved amongst my most treasured things; and I never gaze upon them without a feeling of pleasure; for the simplest gift of affection is dearer to me, than all the gold and precious stones in the world.

Here is a bunch of "wild wood flowers." brightly they bring again to my view, another delightful walk in the woods, and a host of petty adventures, that will take some time to enumerate.

I was not alone this time, and my companion, a bright sparkling creature, whom Nature would spoil, if

she could, was as fond of the forest and its treasures, as myself.

It was about the middle part of May, when I went to pay a visit to a dear and venerated friend, who resided in the pleasant village of J———. The spring had been very backward this year; indeed, there were those who said we had no spring at all. But I think the delightful day of our walk made up, for at least, a whole week of wet weather; and as we had about a dozen such days during the three months called spring, we were not quite so bad off as some people wanted to make us out.

During my stay with Mrs. G., a grand-daughter of her's came to visit her from the city; and a very delightful time did Nannie and I have together. But of all the pleasant things that then happened to us, and that will longest remain on the memory, and be the brightest to look back to, was our walk in the woods.

It was upon the very last day of May, and never did the sun shine upon a fairer one. There was quite a contrast between our equipments, when we sallied forth in our walk. Nannie could not get quite over her city notions, and wore a dress more suitable for Broadway, as I laughingly told her, than the tangled scenes we should have to encounter.

For my own part, having already had as much experience in hedge-torn dresses, and bramble-caught bonnets, as I needed, I had most seriously concluded, henceforth, to leave all finery at home, when visiting the wood, and robe myself in garments more distinguished for use than beauty. So I doffed my home dress, and donned a good stout calico, with shoes and gloves to match; but the pride of my invention, and the merry jest of all who saw it, was my bonnet. Never was any thing more simple or appropriate.

A large newspaper, (the 'New World,' for instance,) doubled and drawn up together on one side, something in the shape of an ordinary sun-bonnet, with another smaller one plaited on behind, to protect the neck from the sun, and a string passed over it, when on the head, to keep it there firmly, is all that is required to form it.

It sits lightly and pleasantly on the head, and is not caught half so often by the branches and brambles, as one of straw or muslin; besides, it requires no doing up, and when destroyed, five minutes will readily make another; and newspaper is cheap enough, I fancy. Then again, it gives its wearer the advantage of showing a head full of intellect, though it may be but outside, so I sincerely hope, all things considered, my bonnet invention will be taken into consideration, by all the "ladies bright," who love to visit Nature in her wild-wood haunts.

But I must go on with an adventure. After having climbed over two fences, and crept under another, encountering, as usual, plenty of thorns and briars, we found ourselves entering the forest; and oh, what an enchanting view burst upon our sight!

There were the stately "sylvan lords," bending lightly over a brook that mirrored back their lofty forms, whilst it bore outstretched upon its bosom, the quivering, yet deeply rooted forms of the graceful 'water lily.' Never was any thing more beautiful, or more ardently longed for, than were those sweet "Queens of the River." Oh! how patiently we encountered the tangled labyrinth of brambles and branches that surrounded the brook, in hopes of being able to draw some of them out of their gem-like bed; but all in vain. Poor Nannie's flounces were continually being caught in the thorny bushes, (and many a rent did they receive,) quite preventing her from making half the efforts her ardent longings prompted; and the stick I had armed myself with, to reach them, was most provokingly too short; whilst a longer one was beyond my strength. Never were damsels so disappointed!

So after all our endeavors, we had to leave them as we found them; contenting ourselves with the idea, that they would have died in a short time, had we caught them; and that no where could they look so beautiful as in their own bright element. So we were fain, at last, to turn from them, and gather sour crabs that we found clustering round the branches of the trees that surrounded the margin of their pure home.

Then we turned again into the high way, to seek an opposite wood, where the flowers grew in the greatest variety and abundance. Upon our way thither, we were met by a lady and gentleman of our acquaintance, who had been looking for us, with the intention of joining our wanderings; so we all proceeded together into the world of beauty, nature had provided for us.

Far through its tangled scenes we held our way, pausing, at times, to gather the sweet blossoms that so thickly clustered beneath our feet; and whilst our companions walked on before us, Nannie and I could not help repeating to each other, many a sweet lay of the poets, recalling, as it were, in poetry, the beautiful scenes before us. Then, too, we encountered, frequently—

> "A violet by a mossy stone,
> Half hidden from the eye,
> Fair as a star, when only one
> Is shining in the sky:"

bringing those sweet lines of Wordsworth continually to our lips.

At last we reached a bowery dingle, where we found a large moss-covered stone, most invitingly placed for us to rest upon. So down we sat, laughing, chatting, and adorning ourselves with flowers, until the declining sun warned us to think of returning.

But ah! our walk home was not to be accomplished as quietly as we supposed. Hardly had we got a short distance on our way, when all our poetical ideas were put to flight, by Nannie's suddenly screaming, and rushing forward to our companions, who were a little in advance of us. I followed quite as swiftly, though hardly knowing why, when the loud barking of dogs burst on our ears, and two splendid looking animals came bounding upon us!

Oh, what a scene it was! We, trembling and clustering together, like the deer themselves, at the sight of their mortal enemy, whilst our knight stepped boldly forward, holding up his cane to the rogues, who skulked off fast enough, when they found one of the lords of

creation with us. And then, how, in spite of our fears, we laughed, and wondered where all our courage was. Poor Nannie was the greatest coward, and she did nothing but tremble for some time afterwards; we even had to stop again, beside a pretty stream at the entrance of the wood, until she could recover herself.

Just as the sun was setting in his gorgeous panoply of crimson and gold, we neared our home, laden with the sweet treasures of the forest, and ready to do justice to grandma's good cheer. Then after having described our walk and its adventures, to Mrs. G., who always takes such smiling interest in our young pursuits, and laughed most heartily at them, we closed the evening with poetry and conversation.

Time has followed swiftly since that pleasant time, and my delicate blossoms of remembrance have quite lost their sweet hues; but their forms, faded and frail though they be, will ever express most distinctly the fair scenes with which they are associated.

And now, for a time, I must bid adieu to these fragrant memories of the past; but when another hour of leisure presents itself, perhaps some other of them may give forth a voice, and tell of pleasant scenes that happened, during their short life of bloom.

MARY A. COFFIN.

Original.

THE COCOA-NUT TREE.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

Oh! the green and the graceful! the cocoa-nut tree!
The lone and the lofty—it loves like me
The flash—the foam of the heaving sea,
And the sound of the surging waves,
In the shore's unfathomed caves.
With its stately shaft, and its verdant crown,
And its fruit in clusters drooping down;
Some of a soft and tender green,
And some all ripe and brown between;
And flowers, too, blending their lovelier grace,
Like a blush thro' the tresses on Beauty's face.
Oh! the lovely—the free,
The cocoa-nut tree!
Is the tree of all trees for me!

The willow—it waves with a tender motion,
The oak and the elm with more majesty rise!
But give me the cocoa, that loves the wild ocean,
And shadows the hut where the island-girl lies.

In the Nicobar Islands, each cottage you see,
Is built of the trunk of the cocoa-nut tree;
While its leaves, matted thickly, and many times o'er,
Make a thatch for its roof, and a mat for its floor;
Its shells, the dark islander's beverage hold—
'Tis a goblet as pure, as a goblet of gold.
Oh! the cocoa-nut tree
That blooms by the sea,
Is the tree of all trees for me!

In the Nicobar Isles, of the cocoa-nut tree
They build the light shallop—the wild, the free;
They weave, of its fibres, so firm a sail,
It will weather the rudest southern gale;
They fill it with oil, and with coarse jaggree,
With arrack and coir, from the cocoa-nut tree,
The lone, the free,
That dwells in the roar
Of the echoing shore,
Oh! the cocoa-nut tree for me!

Rich is the cocoa-nut's milk and meat,
And its wine—the pure palm wine is sweet;
It is like the bright spirits we sometimes meet—
The wine of the cocoa-nut tree:
For they tie up the embryo bud's soft wing,
From which the blossoms and nuts would spring;
And thus forbidden to bless with bloom,
Its native air, and with soft perfume,
The subtle spirit that struggles there,
Distils an essence more rich and rare,
And instead of a blossom and fruitage birth,
The delicate palm-wine oozes forth.
Ah! thus to the child of genius, too,
The rose of Beauty is oft denied;
But all the richer, that high heart, through
The torrent of Feeling pours its tide,
And purer and fonder, and far more true,
Is that passionate soul, in its lonely pride.
Oh! the fresh, the free,
The cocoa-nut tree!
Is the tree of all trees for me!

The glowing sky of the Indian Isles,
Lovingly over the cocoa-nut smiles,
And the Indian maiden lies below,
Where its leaves their graceful shadow throw:
She weaves a wreath of the rosy shells,
That gem the beach where the cocoa dwells.
She binds them into her long black hair,
And they blush in the braids, like rose-buds there.
Her soft brown arm, and her graceful neck,
With those ocean-blooms, she joys to deck.
Oh! wherever you see
The cocoa-nut tree,
There will a picture of beauty be!

Niagara, July, 1841.

Who will be hardy enough to assert that a better constitution is not attainable than any which has hitherto appeared? Is the limit of human wisdom to be estimated, in the science of politics alone, by the extent of its present attainments? Is the most sublime and difficult of all arts—the improvement of the social order, the alleviation of the miseries of the civil condition of man—to be alone stationary, amid the rapid progress of every other art, liberal and vulgar, to perfection? Where would be the atrocious guilt of a grand experiment, to ascertain the portion of freedom and happiness that can be created by political institutions?—*James Mackintosh.*

LITERARY REVIEW.

INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL IN CENTRAL AMERICA, CHIAPAS AND YUCATAN, *by John L. Stephens: Harper & Brothers.*—Mr. Stephens is certainly the prince of travellers, both in adventure and description. Here are two volumes of the most choice material, selected, we may almost say, at our very doors—material affording invaluable knowledge to science and mankind in general. Scarcely had our traveller exhausted all that was curious and interesting in the regions of the sacred and classic countries, but we find him, having travelled over this singular and almost unknown territory and presenting us with the fruits of his indefatigable research—discovering for us the remains of a highly cultivated race, which must have existed anterior to the earliest records extant of America. His descriptions and comments on these singular objects, as well as his observations on the present state of the country, its inhabitants, and their manners, as also those on Chiapas and Yucatan, render it a most invaluble, as well as a most delightful work. One great and excellent peculiarity, and one which is possessed by Mr. Stephens, is a total abandonment of all affected and profound terms, as well as all studied mannerism of style. You peruse his writings with the same interest, as if listening to their narration from his own lips, 'till you find yourself unexpectedly at the end of the volumes, and feel as if you could again commence their perusal with fresh delight.

THE MARTYRS OF SCIENCE, *by Sir David Brewster: Harper & Brothers.*—The lives of Galileo, Tycho Brahe, and Kepler, the celebrated astronomers who flourished at the end of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth centuries, form the contents of this volume—and to the student of science and the general reader, will be found most interesting, imparting much information upon the subjects of these biographies, as well as of the most prominent individuals who existed in their time. The character of Galileo is excellently drawn, all that is valuable and useful being retained and perspicuously written, a merit seldom to be met with in this department of letters. There is no elaborate and mystified style manifested, no technical phraseology adopted, too generally the characteristics of scientific biographies, the writers making them principally a medium for expressing their own tenets and professional ideas. Sir David Brewster, than whom no man is endowed with a more comprehensive intellect and scientific knowledge, has carefully avoided this besetting sin, and given a correct and graphic illustration of the lives of these celebrated men, accompanied with a few terse and apposite remarks on their moral, social, and scientific characters. It is one of the best numbers of this excellent series of publications.

ICELAND, GREENLAND, AND THE FAROE ISLANDS: *Harper & Brothers.*—An interesting and instructive volume, and one which has been greatly wanting in the department of history. Isolated and almost unknown to the mass of humanity, it is singular to learn how vast an influence these islands have exercised upon the physical, moral, religious and even literary character of mankind. We congratulate the publishers upon this addition to the "*Family Library*," as it is decidedly one of its most valuable issues which has yet appeared.

JOURNEY IN THE WEST, *by Mrs. Steele: J. S. Taylor.*—This unpretending volume is characterized by sound sense, a quality which is ever displayed in the writings of Mrs. Steele. The various counties, their geological qualities, institutions and inhabitants, are all minutely investigated and described in a plain and pleasing manner. For the traveller, we know of no work more suitable—while to the emigrant, in many cases, it will be found to contain much useful information.

THE QUEEN OF FLOWERS: *Lea & Blanchard.*—This is a beautiful little volume, splendidly ornamented with colored plates of the different species of "the Queen of the flowers," and illustrated in a series of letters. We have not for a long time beheld a more appropriate present for the youth of both sexes.—*Carvills & Co.*

LA DEESSE, AN ELLSLER-ATIC ROMANCE, *by the Author of 'Straws:' Carvill & Co.*—We have read this pretty little volume and laughed heartily at many of its quaint expressions and truly original witticisms. The fête champêtre of Slims and the Blasted One, *alias* the serenade row at the American, are most *pindarically* hit off. The poem is beautifully printed, and with the admirers of the facetious Straws, will, we have no doubt, become an especial favorite.

THE UNITED STATES MAGAZINE: *G. & H. Langley.*—This excellent Magazine having passed into the hands of the above enterprizing publishers, is a pledge that it will be conducted with taste, liberality, and talent. We wish it every success.

LIFE AND LITERARY REMAINS OF L. E. L., *by Leman Blanchard: Lea & Blanchard.*—Mr. Blanchard has written just enough to render this biography interesting. He has given us a sketch, which is frequently better than a finished picture. We have all the prominent features of her personal and literary career, and they are descanted upon with great discrimination, impartiality and justice. Too truly has the poet said, "Those whom the gods love, die young," and in poor L. E. L., we have a most melancholy illustration. A sweeter poetess, if we except Mrs. Hemans, never struck the lyre, and a more artless, amiable, and virtuous, although maligned being, never walked through this world of envy. Mr. Blanchard has labored assiduously to disseminate a confutation of the suspicious circumstances attending her demise, still we cannot bring ourselves to receive them as perfectly satisfactory, or consider the clouds of mystery which yet hang around her fate, to be fairly dispelled. The second volume is composed of several new unpublished essays and poems, characteristic of her beautiful genius, and of course most acceptable to her admirers.

THE MARRYING MAN: *Lea & Blanchard.*—A novel from the pen of "The Old Bachelor," is a guarantee of excellence, and those who peruse the Marrying Man, will not be disappointed. It is founded upon fashionable life, is smartly written, and full of striking incidents and situations.—*Carvills & Co.*

THE LADY OF REFINEMENT, *by Mrs. Sandford: James Loring.*—We believe that never at any one period have so many volumes been issued from the press of both countries, relating to the female character, and the writers of which, for the greater part, being all competent to the task. Among them, the Lady of Refinement is one of the very best, written from matured experience and is well worthy of perusal.

LECTURES ON THE SPHERE AND DUTIES OF WOMAN, *by G. Burnap: J. Murphy.*—This volume, among the many which on every hand are springing up in reference to the true position of woman in society, is the best we have ever perused. It is written with a dispassionate judgment, a sound knowledge of its subject, and in a spirit of great liberality. There is no arrogance of opinion, no dictatorial precept, or hostility to other sects and their principles advanced. In Mr. Burnap is combined the man of manners, the philanthropist, and scholar, and, above all, a strict observer of human nature. The duties of woman, and especially of the American female, are ably defined and correctly animadverted on. We take pleasure in recommending it as a work that all parents should place in the hands of their daughters, and the husband in that of his wife.

JOSEPH RUSHBROOK, *by Captain Marryat: Carey & Hart.*—Captain Marryat has struck out into a new line of character, and in which he promises to be as successful as in his nautical one. The present work is full of interest and originality of plot—he also, departs not, too much into the regions of folly, but continues to keep his eye on nature and probability. We are certain it will be popular among all novel readers.

CHARLES O'MALLEY AND BARNABY RUDGE.—We have received the last numbers of these works, which continue still to progress in interest.

THEATRICALS.

PARK.—At this theatre, during the past month, Mademoiselle Ellsler has been "the bright particular star," and notwithstanding the solar season of the year, her singular popularity has attracted full and fashionable audiences; indeed, we believe that hardly has the theatre ever been as well attended as on the three first nights of her engagement, the very lobbies being crowded with anxious gazers, who were quite contented to catch a single glimpse of the *danseuse*, so as to be enabled to say they had beheld *the divine Ellsler!!!* "There is something more than natural in this, if philosophy could find it out." For ourselves, we are willing to award to her the full meed of praise as a proficient in her art, but we totally condemn the dissolute mania which places the art of dancing above the dramatic genius of our country. This is a great and destructive feeling of the American character; it is governed by no discriminating principle as to the false or true standard of art and talent, fashion, altogether, being their guide, while imposition, too often, by the aid of wealth or private interest, is placed above the humble and meritorious. Is it not a painful and melancholy characteristic of an enlightened country, to behold its inhabitants showering their means upon, and servilely doing homage to an altitudinarian? We hear of "*the poetry of motion*, of "*the grace*" of "*the soul-like Fanny*," of "*the symmetrical limbs of the beautiful Ellsler*," of her "*angelic looks*," 'till the heart faints and sickens at the sound, and this, too, by individuals who are as ignorant of the art and its rules, as a *Yahoo* or a wild Indian. We behold, also, the *elite* of our cities, encouraging, and pretending to a knowledge of the *beauties of dancing*, regarding this artist as the *celestial* of *human* perfection, as we once heard her termed, and even aping her as the very *arbiter elegantiarum* of society. No expense, no sacrifice of time, are, by them, considered as too extravagant, to witness an art which a French writer has defined to be only "a regular motion of the body by leaps and steps, beating time to the sound of instruments." What, we candidly and coolly ask of them, is to be learned, or what benefit can be derived from such exhibitions? The advocates of her cause may answer, you behold the elegance of the human figure —yes, such elegance as would not, in any other class of society be countenanced, but strongly excite the honest indignation of every person who venerates the cause of morality and modesty. We have said that we believe her to be a proficient in her art: but is that art to be permitted to run riot in the paths of indelicacy? When an author, endowed with the rarest gifts of intellect, prostitutes these gifts to the dissemination of vice, and the injury of society, is he not frowned down, and avoided as a dangerous being; and although we are perhaps compelled to admire his genius, yet we are doubly so to despise the means by, and the cause in which he employs it? so is it with Mademoiselle Ellsler. The display of her talent is as perfect as study and the rules of art can make it, but then that very perfection is calculated to injure the interests of society, and sorry are we to perceive that the very persons who should present an example to our rising, and especially the female part of our community, are those who countenance the exhibition, are loudest in their praise, and most abject in their adulation. Some people have said, in opposition to the grounds on which we have based our remarks, that the manager is to blame in having engaged her; but to this we say, certainly not. The manager found that the pure and legitimate could receive no supporters, and at last, to preserve himself from ruin, and to gratify the morbid curiosity of the public, he acceded to, and engaged the *divine Fanny*. Poor *Mr.* Shakspeare was displaced from his pedestal, and *Mrs.* Terpsichore exalted in his stead, and all this solely to gratify a loose and immoral taste, to aid in the dissemination of what is deadly injurious to the present age, and a stain upon our character, as a country of moral and independent freemen. Of the other performances, we have, after this, but little to say, knowing that they are but mere vehicles for the powers of the *artiste*, and her *corps de ballet*. The principal of them, if we may term it so, as it is a combination of dance and song, was the operatic ballet of the Bayadere. It was badly represented in the singing department, and apparently hastily got up Ellsler made little or no impression in it. The recollection of *Augusta* and *Lacomte* was paramount in this instance.

BOWERY.—A succession of sterling plays have been performed here to very excellent houses. Mr. Hamblin and Mrs. Hield sustaining the leading characters. The most of these plays we have already commented upon, and as there is no new or particular feature, we deem it unnecessary to enter again into criticism. We may, however, mention that the performances of Mrs. Hield are marked by a correct adherence to the text, a judicious taste in costume, and a thorough knowledge of the stage, but a sameness runs throughout her acting, which frequently mars its effect. Individuality is a great essential in the dramatic art, and without which no performer can ever attain to eminence, yet we are well aware that an actor or actress who has to support the whole range of the principal parts in a theatre, seldom is, or can be great, or even respectable; hence we are ever willing to congratulate those performers who evince a correct knowledge, if not a great one, of their art, and such is the case with Mrs. Hield. She is a sound and useful actress, one who never offends, but invariably gives satisfaction. Her representation of Emma, in William Tell, although not a character to test the ability of the actress, was an excellent performance, as was the Tell of Mr. Hamblin, into which he infused great power and feeling. A satirical and amusing little sketch, entitled, Heels *versus* Heads, written by the editor of the Atlas, has been produced at this house with decided success. It is a capital hit at the prevailing Ellsler mania, pointedly written, and was received with just appreciation by the audience. A clever young lady, Miss A. Lee, supported the principal character, and in her imitation of the popular dancer, displayed considerable tact and talent. She is a neat and pleasing dancer, but we would caution her against the flattery of friends, and the injudicious applause of the multitude. Though last, yet best, have been the performances of Mr. George Holland, whom many of our play-goers will recollect as having been the particular favorite at the Bowery some years since. Time has laid his hand but lightly on him; he still retains his faculties unimpaired. The same quaint and irresistible humor characterizes his acting—the rich laugh, the buoyancy of spirits, and the flexible and mirth-moving features, are as fresh and forcible as ever. He is, at this moment, one of, if not the best comedians the American stage possesses, and we were happy to perceive that as such he was appreciated by a New-York audience. This establishment is now closed for the summer season, but will, we understand, re-open during the present month, with an increased combination of dramatic novelty.

CHATHAM.—J. R. Scott has played a long and tolerably successful engagement, supported by Mrs. Thorne, Miss Mestayer, and Mrs. Anderson. We hear of a decline in the success of theatricals, but certainly it is not visible at the Chatham Theatre, for a steady and saving audience to the treasury is nightly congregated within its walls, a distinct class of play-goers from every other theatre in the city, so that whatever attraction is elsewhere presented, militates little or none against the Chatham. The performances are generally correctly given, but of late, we have beheld some glaring violations in several of the principal actors, a carelessness of their author—in fact, in some instances, a total unacquaintance with the subject matter altogether, a slovenliness in costume, and a demeanor of bravado, as if they rejoiced in these derelictions of duty. We would, at any time, rather praise than censure, but when such infringements upon the sense and taste of the public become so palpably flagrant, we are compelled to point them out to prevent their recurrence. Out of kindness, we will not, at present, mention names, deeming this hint sufficient to lead to an amendment of the evil.

OLYMPIC.—Mr. Mitchell will begin his campaign early in September; his speculation in Philadelphia, we understand, did not meet his expectations. Mr. Crummles will find "there is no place like home." He cannot do better than content himself in New-York.

EDITORS' TABLE.

"*Maledicus a maleſico non distat nisi occasione.*—QUINT."

In a former number we referred to our having been the first who set the example to periodical publications in giving original articles by native authors, as also securing for our columns the service of foreign ones. The first has never been disputed but by *insinuations* from a certain quarter, the second has, and to which we now present a confutation in the evidence of incontrovertible fact. In July, of 1836, we published an original tale from the pen of Mrs. S. C. Hall, the celebrated delineator of Irish character, which our readers may find on referring to the pages of the "Companion," and since then, we have *frequently*, at a great expense, procured and published original articles from many other foreign writers. We mention this to show that we have never advanced an assertion which *we* cannot substantiate, as also to correct any erroneous impressions which too zealous individuals have been attempting to circulate at the expense of the "Companion." We are, perhaps, wrong in deigning to attach so much importance to so trifling an affair, but a constant repetition of petty insinuations has induced us thus to defend our just rights, and refute the unfounded allegations of envious detractors. It will be perceived that the present number is embellished with a magnificent plate of the Fashions, as well as a beautiful steel engraving, both unequalled by any contemporaneous publication, at the same time we are happy to inform our readers that it is our intention, hereafter, to present them every month with two similar engravings, or, when a fashion-plate cannot *correctly* be given, (for we profess to publish nothing but what is obtained from the most authentic sources in this department,) a landscape and pictorial subject will be substituted, thus rendering the "Companion" the most elegant ladies' magazine in America. This our readers must be aware, can only be accomplished at great additional expense, but which we value not while our exertions are encouraged and rewarded by a generous community. The "Companion" is now acknowledged to be the *ne plus ultra* of taste and talent, and so long as we hold at command our present ample resources, nothing shall be lacked to sustain its high reputation.

The Fourth of July.—The Sixty-Fifth anniversary of our country's Independence, was celebrated with every demonstration of respect and rejoicing worthy of so noble an occasion—an occasion which had its origin in a cause unprecedented in the annals of nations, for purity of principle, strength of devotion, and fearless and unconquerable courage. "When a prince whose character marked by every act which defines a tyrant, was no longer deemed fit to be the ruler of a free people," was deprived of his power by that little but sacred and ever hallowed band of fearless spirits, who in their own persons representing the citizens of America, "pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honors," to bid defiance to all foreign sway—who in the midst of gloom and despondence, when not one solitary star of hope illumed the horizon, raised the banner of independence, and after a struggle of many years, true to themselves and the cause of freedom—when every inch of soil was disputed with the myrmidons of foreign power—when son and sire had mingled their blood together on the plains of war—when thousands of freemen had perished in the glorious strife, at length beheld the sun of freedom burst forth in cloudless splendor upon their beloved country, and the creatures of tyranny wither in its blaze. Alas! not one of the fearless and noble fifty-six spirits who first severed the chain of tyranny now exists—but what of that, their good deeds live after them, their names are enshrined in the hearts of their countrymen, their memories will live unforgotten through all future time, and prouder and far more glorious will be the adoration paid to the Fathers of American Independence, than to the greatest monarch or triumphant conqueror of earth.

Musical.—It is with extreme pleasure that we have to record the very successful appearance of a youthful debutante, in the person of Miss Jane Sloman, as a performer on the piano forte. Unknown and unheralded she came before her audience, relying solely on her genius to secure their favor, and truly happy are we to testify that a more brilliant reception never, perhaps, awaited any candidate in a public profession. Her performance was listened to with the most profound attention, and at the close of each recital, long and enthusiastic applause from every quarter greeted her. Her execution is truly wonderful, her taste of the most refined order, while her command over this most difficult of all instruments, excites the surprize and admiration of every beholder.

Watering Places.—The various watering places, we are pleased to say, are fast filling up. If times are bad our citizens are determined at all events not to be deprived of their pleasure, and although at all times we are advocates of economy, yet if there is an allowable extravagance, we certainly say it is pardonable in the enjoyment of rural amusements. There is, perhaps, no city in the world whose vicinity affords so many beautiful resorts, as New-York, all of which are approachable at the utmost in a few hours—and we are happy also to learn that many of the hotel-keepers are suiting their charges to the character of the times. This is as it should be. The days of folly are past, prosperity had intoxicated us, and when disaster burst upon us like a thunderclap, we were not prepared to meet it. We have, however, passed nearly through the ordeal—we find that retrenchment in every department must be the order of the day, and among others, our summer recreations must be directed on the principles of prudence. All this will be, however, more beneficial to the visitor, for it will preserve him both in health and pocket. Formerly these trips were attended with the most extravagant and foolish acts, and instead of proving a benefit to the sojourner, were in most respects to him an evil. But enough of moralizing. The sweet and joyous summer is smiling over us—let all who can avail themselves of the shade and shelter of the country, while we venture to suggest to them the following places—Coney Island, Bath, Rockaway, Staten Island, Fort Hamilton, Oyster Bay, Long Branch, Newport, and numerous others, where comfort and convenience are moderately attained, and a speedy conveyance to the city can at all times be commanded.

New Music.—"The Chieftain's Daughter," words by G. P. Morris, music by H. Russel. "There stood a Star in the Heaven's Blue," words by J. G. Percival, music by N. A. Baldwin. "On Thee I Thought," words by William By, music by J. G. Maeder, are the titles of three very pleasing ballads, published by Firth & Hall. "President Tyler's Military Waltz," by W. Benziger—"Quadrilles," from Balfe's Opera of Falstaff, by L. Negri, and "The Anniversary March," by C. M. King, have been also published by the same gentlemen.

August Fashions, 1841.—We give this month three different modes of walking dresses, from which our lady subscribers will be able to select that which they deem most appropriate. All of them are of the latest Parisian fashion, and may be depended upon for their exactness, both in description of material and manner of make.—Robe of fancy colored silk or muslin, with clasps of silk, and studded with single roses—corsage, long and similarly ornamented—black or white silk mantilla, trimmed with lace. Tuscan bonnet, cottage style, with flowers—*or*—Silk robe with flounces, with full plaits running from the shoulders to the waist—tight sleeves—cottage bonnet, with a wreath of flowers inside and decorated with flowers.

Evening Dress—White muslin or lace robe, over which is a *tablier* skirt of silk, in three equal parts, open at the sides and ornamented with flowers—corsage tight and low on the shoulders—sleeves very short and full. The hair is generally worn in the most simple manner, either in ringlets with a fillet of ribbon or pearl round the head, and ornamented with flowers, or plainly braided—but, the latter is the most prevailing fashion, and considered to be the most becoming. This part of the ornament, is, however, more guided by taste, and fashioned so as to suit the countenance of the lady, and of which we deem our fair readers most able to judge.

THE RIVALS.

THE LADIES' COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, SEPTEMBER, 1841.

THE RIVALS.

"Good morning, madam," said Arthur Heartbright, as he entered the parlor and advanced to Miss Wieland, who was seated in a handsome damask chair, in trifling conversation with a young gentleman, who, at the appearance of Arthur, seemed surprized, and in return, coldly acknowledged a similar salutation.

"Good morning," responded Miss Wieland.

"I have called to have the pleasure of waiting upon you to the exhibition. I perceive, by the journals of the day, it will close to-morrow."

Miss Wieland cast a look of confusion at the gentleman with whom she had been in converse at the entrance of Arthur, and the young gentlemen looked suspiciously at each other. A dead pause ensued.

"Shall I have the pleasure of your society, Miss Wieland?" asked Arthur.

"Why, really, Mr. Heartbright," answered Miss Wieland, "it had completely escaped my memory, and I have just promised Mr. Douglas, here, to accompany him to the Floral exhibition." The gentlemen glanced at each other sulkily, which, Miss Wieland observing, continued, "Oh! I beg pardon; it had also escaped me that you were unacquainted. Mr. Douglas, Mr. Heartbright—Mr. Heartbright, Mr. Douglas," and she elegantly swung herself in her chair, and cast her eyes over the pages of a volume.. The young gentlemen advanced towards each other, and exchanged the cold and formal grasp of introduction.

"I am sorry that Miss Wieland's memory should have been so treacherous," said Arthur, "but perhaps Mr. Douglas will waive his invitation to my prior claim, and join us in our visit to the academy."

A frown settled on the brow of Douglas, while, in a proud tone he replied, "That depends, sir, solely on the pleasure of Miss Wieland."

"Exactly so," answered Arthur, "and by her decision I am willing to abide."

The young lady was puzzled; she knew not how to answer; prevarication could not avail her; she had given her promise to each of them, and she could not reply without offending one or both. At length, after a pause, she stammered out, "Settle it between you, gentlemen."

The rivals were nonplussed at this diplomatic answer, and feeling it a point of honor and pride that neither should yield, each took his station by the fireplace, while a breathless silence reigned in the apartment, broken only by the monotonous sound caused by Miss Wieland in her rocking-chair.

How long the parties might have continued so, it is difficult to tell, had not Hannah, Miss Wieland's waiting-woman, entered, to inform her mistress that Mr. Fitzfaddle waited to convey her in his carriage, on a short country excursion.

The announcement acted like a shock of electricity on Douglas and Heartbright. The former seized his hat, which, in his confusion, he dropped, and stooping to recover it, brought his head in contact with the corner of the piano. Arthur wished her the adieus of the morning, and much enjoyment from her excursion, and quitting the room, was followed by Douglas, in not the most placid humor, suffering as he did from chagrin and the pain arising from his contusion.

The two crest-fallen swains, on reaching the door, beheld the elegant equipage of Francis Fitzfaddle, Esq., in waiting for Miss Wieland, with the effeminate owner reclining in one corner of the carriage, from whose person a thousand perfumes exhaled to the contamination of the bland breezes of a beautiful June morning, at the same moment Hannah affectedly told the servant that her mistress would be with Mr. *Fitzstraddle* immediately.

Heartbright and Douglas looked at each other, and burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, and descending to the pavement, Arthur parodying the lines of Pope, repeated as follows:

> "*Wealth* makes the man, the want of it the fellow,
> The rest is all but leather and prunello"—

and together they proceeded up the crowded pathway of Broadway.

"Confound that piano," exclaimed Douglas, "it has given me something to remember her for this month to come."

"Better to remember her a month than to have her for a life time," said Arthur, gaily, but your brow shows tokens of discolorment, and luckily here is my residence; will you do me the favor to enter?"

Douglas felt his pride, at this generous offer, humbled, and all animosity to Arthur to vanish. It is singular how calamity makes acquaintance; how the heart clings to a brother in misfortune. It is a beautiful principle implanted in our natures by the all wise Creator, to make us know the helplessness of our condition, by showing how truly dependent we are upon each other. Douglas bowed and thanked him kindly, and entering the dwelling, in a few minutes our two heroes were snugly seated together.

A miniature case lay upon the table, partly open, and as Douglas seated himself, he recognized the limned features of Miss Wieland, which, Heartbright perceiving, remarked, "You see I have a copy of your lady love. I hope you are not offended"—and he placed the miniature in the hands of Douglas.

"By no means," replied Douglas, placing it upon the table, as if it had scorched his fingers, "by no means; I most willingly concede to you the preference. Pray when do you hope to possess the original?"

"When there is not another woman to be had in the world."

At that moment a loud crash, followed by the scream of a female, burst upon their ear. They rushed to the window, and beheld a lady and gentleman tumbled from their carriage by the breaking of the axle, and completely covered with the thick black mud of Broadway.

"Heavens!" cried Douglas, "it is Miss Wieland."

"And Mr. Fitzfaddle also," added Heartbright, laughing, and they raised the window and looked exultingly upon the scene, as it was apparent that fright was the only suffering which the lady experienced.

As there was no store in the neighborhood, the coachman knocked at the door of Heartbright, and requested permission for his master and Miss Wieland to enter. Fitzfaddle and our heroine knew not it was the residence of Arthur, and it may easily be imagined that the feelings of the unlucky pair were not soothed when they were received by him at the door. He expressed his regret at the accident, and hoped they would be soon able to proceed on their "*country excursion*;" and conducting the lady to an apartment, he was followed by Fitzfaddle, minus his hat, and part of his coat, and entirely covered with the *delectable* mud of Broadway. Douglas, who had met the unfortunate couple at the door with Arthur, followed, enjoying their calamity, and almost unable to retain his merriment from breaking forth into a burst of laughter, but neither Fitzfaddle nor Miss Wieland had, as yet, perceived him, and it was only when they reached the apartment, that the lady, almost aghast, in a voice of shame and confusion faintly exclaimed, "Ah! Mr. Douglas!" and she looked unutterable things.

He bowed politely, and Arthur having again extended to them the hospitality of his house, took the arm of Douglas, saying, "Come, Douglas, shall we proceed to the exhibition?" Douglas bowed assent, and they quitted the sufferers. A fresh carriage was soon procured, and the lady and gentleman were conveyed to their respective dwellings.

Fifteen years after this, two splendid mansions rose in Broadway, not far from the scene of Fitzfaddle's disaster. On their doors were inscribed the names of Douglas and Heartbright; they were the mansions of our young friends, who, singular to relate, had, on that very day which we have chosen for the time of our story, at the exhibition, become acquainted with two beautiful and wealthy sisters. Love soon followed, and marriage was the sequel. A young and lovely family had blessed their unions; happiness and contentment reigned in their bosoms, and our two rivals were now not only in name, but in affection, brothers.

Miss Wieland still lives in single blessedness, but suitors, like angel's visits, are few and far between, while poor *Fitzstraddle*, as the pert Hannah once denominated him, from reverses of fortune, is residing in a plain but comfortable residence in the suburbs of the city, enjoying, like Miss Wieland, the lonely delights of celibacy. R. H.

Original.

AN EXTRACT.

From the Polish of Mons Niemcewicz.

BY WILLIAM G HOWARD.

A distinguished Polish exile—Julian Ursin Niemcewicz—recently died in the city of Paris. This pre-eminent patriot, philosopher and poet, was, for several years, in the early period of his life, a citizen of the United States, whither he had fled with his illustrious companion in arms—the immortal Kosciusko. During his residence in this country, he married a beautiful and accomplished lady, who expired in New-York about eight years ago. In a poetical epistle written in his native tongue, and addressed to an intimate friend in Poland, Niemcewicz, has recounted, at large, the most striking incidents in his brief sojourn upon our shores; not the least interesting portion of which is comprised in the subjoined extract, which happily alludes to his marriage, and his rural retirement in this land of freedom.

I.

When an exile from home, with deep sorrow oppressed,
In the new world a pilgrim, unknown and unblessed;
With no light to illume the shadows that spread,
Like the gloom of the sepulchre over my head;
My lonely condition made woman's bright eye
Mould the beautiful tear-drop of sweet sympathy.

II.

But her feelings of pity were soon changed to love,
Glad Seraph of Mercy, bequeathed from above!
With the gift of her fond heart she sweetened my woe,
And made hope's dying embers with fresh brilliance glow;
Since then my neat cottage, my meadow, parterre,
And freedom's sweet pleasures have been my sole care.

III.

How oft has Aurora, from his soft couch of blue,
Found me cutting the fresh grass all pearly with dew;
Or engrafting a shoot on the thriving young tree,
While all nature was smiling in beauty and glee;
Oh! delightful employment! with pleasure how rife,
Are the exquisite scenes of a pastoral life!

IV.

Far away from the crowd of the giddy and vain,
From the thraldom of tyrants—the rude and profane;
From the folly of idlers that cumber the earth,
And waste life's precious season in profitless mirth;
Ambition and avarice disturb not the breast,
While hope points the soul to the realms of the blest.

V.

So pure were the joys, and so peaceful the life,
That I shared with my lovely, affectionate wife;
I might have been happy could man but forget,
When his country with deadliest foes is beset;
But too oft bitter thoughts would convey me away,
In the stillness of midnight, the bustle of day,
O'er the foam-crested waves of the dark-rolling sea,
To thee, distressed Poland, once peaceful and free.

Original.

THE WIFE'S DUTY.

A TALE OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

BY MRS. E. R. STEELE.

"The Bible!—He alone who hath
The Bible, need not stray.—*Montgomery.*

THE sun of a midsummer day was streaming brightly down upon a charming landscape in the west. A broad and noble river there rolled its tumultuous waters, strewed with the wreck of forests, and turbid with the soil which in its violent career it had torn from the shores along which it had passed. Upon one side of the shore, there stood a range of the loveliest and most singular looking hills—high rounded green cones, called by the French inhabitants, Mammelles. Nothing could be softer than the smooth emerald herbage which covered them, looking at a distance so like velvet, but upon nearer approach, proving to be forest trees of every shade and shape. From these hills the eye roved opposite across the river, over a beautiful prairie of level green land, irradiated by masses of flowers of every brilliant hue, glowing and sparkling in the sun's warm beam.

There was no eye to gaze upon all these beauties, for the animals were taking their siesta in the shade. Nought living was seen in all the landscape, save an occasional deer, who came gliding down the long shadowy vistas between the hills, and after drinking from the river and giving a long gaze up and down the stream, trotted gracefully back to his forest haunts again—or a paroquet, glittering with various colors, as if coated with jewelled armor, flashing in the sun's light as he flew from tree to tree.

At length an old negro was seen slowly descending the rocks which protruded from the side of the hill, and seating himself beneath the shade of a cotton-tree, threw his fishing tackle into the stream, and a deep silence reigned undisturbed, except by the rushing of the mighty Mississippi.

Suddenly a loud and regular sound broke upon the stillness—the negro starting recognized the noise as the bursts of steam from a high-pressure engine, and withdrew behind a mass of rock just as a large Mississippi steamer with its three decks, loaded with people and merchandise, rushed past at the rate of fifteen miles an hour. At that moment, with a loud crash, its speed was stopped—it swerved from its course, quivered throughout its whole frame, staggered a little, and then began to sink! It had struck upon a snag, (a trunk of a tree,) which imbedded in the mud, stood erect in its path, and thus had wrecked it. One loud shriek of terror burst from every bosom, and then all were seen seeking by every means to save themselves. Boxes, benches, chairs, every moveable thing was thrown over, and after them came the hapless passengers. The old negro had sprung from his seat, and now stood with his hands raised, his eyes and mouth wide open, gazing upon the scene in astonishment and fear.

"Gora Massa, what a curus ting!" he at length exclaimed. "Whar the steamboat gwoin now? What she gwoin do nex? Gracious! she's sinkin!—and thar go the folks in the river jus like ants when you pour water in their holes, swimmine all ways. Gracious! thar's some comin here—they'll find us out—what's to be done? Missus will be 'stracted to be found out. Here they come to this shore whar no one for nearly a year has come, 'sep I and misses, and massa Julius. How 'mensely provokin the steamboat mus needs sink jus here! Thar's a man swimmine, and bringin a gal on a cotton-bale—I'll hide, and don't care a picayune if they drown or no," sinking behind a rock, old blackey concealed himself from view.

A young man with the aid of a life-preserver around his neck, was floating to the shore, guiding a bale of cotton upon which was tied his mother, an elderly lady. They were near the shore, when the swell of the sinking vessel upset the bale and the lady was in danger of drowning. With a desperate effort, the youth endeavored to rescue his mother, who cool and strong-nerved, battled stoutly with the waves. Suddenly the old negro sprang from behind his entrenchment, exclaiming—"'Spose I mus help you since you will come ashore, any how," and taking each by the arm, he landed them safely, and retreated ere they could thank him. The lady seating herself upon a stone looked towards the river, but the dreadful scene, the sinking steamer and drowning passengers presented, so appalled her that she fell nearly fainting upon her son's shoulder. Recovering she entreated him to aid others, but so rapid was the tide that all had floated past, or were lying upon the sands of the cruel Mississippi.

The youth turned to his mother—"Dearest mother," he said, "you must not sit here in your wet clothes—perhaps the old man who assisted us will lead us to some shelter." Looking behind the rock, he perceived the negro, and addressed him, asking him to show them the way to his house.

"My house!" growled the negro. "I got no house."

"Well, your hut, cottage, or whatever you call it."

"I got no house, no hut, no noting."

"Surely you live some where?"

"I lib here."

"What, and sleep here—no, no, do not try to deceive me—you are well dressed, and no doubt live well. Come, lead on, and if it be only a cave or bower it will shelter my mother."

The negro sat doggedly down upon a stone, and threw out his fishing line. The youth in a rage shook his fist in his face, and threatened him in violent language, when his mother begging him to desist, laid her pale wet hand upon the old man's arm, and said in a gentle tone—

"My good friend, I see you are reluctant to receive us, and can guess at your reason—you think you will have two desolate beings thrown upon you who will consume all your provisions, and perhaps rob you. My son has money about him and will pay you doubly for any thing you may give us. Come, you see I am in a

wretched state, and shall perish if left all night upon this shore."

The faithful negro was in a great state of perplexity, and sat motionless, with the big tears falling over the ridges of his ancient cheeks.

"Yes," said the youth, "I can give you bills upon any bank in Missouri, or specie, gold or silver, from an eagle to a pic."

"It is not that," said the old man, pushing back the gold. "I am most successively obligationed to you, young master and you misses, for your generositedness," making a profound bow, "but to tell God's trut, poor negro hab no house, nor no habitation of his own whatever, I am a sarvant, and lib with people who had jus as leave see a rattle-snake as folks, and if I bring folks to them, will be most disagreeable pleased wid me. So you mus please 'squse poor negre."

"Is there a lady in the house?"

Here the faithful slave was posed—must he tell a lie, or must he betray his mistress? After shaking his head a while, he said with another bow—"I hope misses will not consider me obligationed to correspond to her question."

"Well, I will not ask," replied the lady, "but I know you have a mistress, so hasten good fellow and tell her a lady has been shipwrecked, and begs for a shelter and dry clothes until another steamboat passes, when she will return. Say I will not even ask to see her if she do not wish it, as you can bring me every thing which I shall need."

With a heavy sigh the negro arose and ascended the rocks. After a short time a young female was seen coming down the hill followed by a little boy and the old man. She advanced to the lady and took her hand.

"My faithful Pompey has kept you here long in your wet clothes," she said, in a gentle but mournful voice. "I have a cabin above, which although rude will give you shelter if you will accept it."

"I am sorry to intrude," said the lady, "but you see my situation,"

"Say no more, but ascend I entreat you. It is true, I hoped—wished—expected," said the young female, correcting herself, "never to see a human being more—but fate has thrown you upon our shore, and I shall do all in my power to render you comfortable."

A short walk carried them up, and behind the hill where, in an open space in the deep forest, was a log cabin, so entirely covered with the creeping multiflora rose, as to look like a pink tent pitched beneath the green trees. It was of that kind of houses common at the south and west, consisting of two cabins under one roof, between which was an open space, floored and furnished with benches at the side. Within, it was comfortably fitted up, and the wrecked travellers, after some refreshment, retired to their rooms and sunk to repose. It had been arranged over night that Pompey was to stop a steamboat, in which they were to embark, the next day, but when the morning came, Mrs. Choteau, the traveller, was ill with an attack of the fever and ague, and unable to rise. Three days she passed in bed nursed by the kind hostess. On the fourth morning, she felt so much better that, although alone, she arose and seated herself upon the bench in the centre of the cabin. Her son with the negro was hunting in the woods, and the hostess was engaged with culinary preparations. All was silent—

> "——The silence there
> By such a charm was bound,
> That even the little woodpecker
> Made stiller by her sound
> The inviolable quietness;"

and the lady gazed out with pride, as her eye fell upon those lordly trees,

> "Green robed senators of mighty woods."

There were the giant sycamore, its white limbs contrasting with the green foliage—the lordly tulip-tree, with its yellow flowers, stretching a hundred feet above the soil—the pawpaw, and graceful pecaun, the lofty and slender maple, its starry leaves turning out their silver lining at every breeze—the white elm, and many others, tall and beautiful, from whose high summits huge vines hung down, covered with pretty blossoms, and some with grapes—on one of these the pretty boy was swinging. Throughout each green "dingle and bushy dell of the wild wood" merry birds were carolling and springing from tree to tree. A melodious voice near her caused the lady to turn, and she beheld her hostess with a graceful step, culling vegetables in the little garden, who joining the birds in their harmony, sang with great skill and sweetness a verse from an opera air. Her bronzed skin, her dark hair and deep black eyes, did not belong to the northern nations whose descendants are spread over our land, and the lady deemed her one of the Spanish or French race who first settled those plains, the shade on her dark cheek deepened by exposure. Suddenly she ceased singing, and with her bright eye dimmed, slowly advanced to the house, seated herself upon the bench without observing the lady, and covering her face with her hands wept bitterly. The lady placed her hand upon the arm of her young hostess.

"My child," she said, "pardon my boldness, but this is no home for you. How you came here, or why you remain, I do not ask, but your manner, your accomplishments, tell me you were educated in the haunts of men, most probably the centre of a loving and admiring circle. Let me beg you to return for this is a sad life for you here."

"Yes, sad enough," said the young lady, wiping her eyes, "but the world is far more dreary."

"You are too young to quarrel with the world—you have years before you in which you may remedy your evils. If wealth or friends are lost, more may be found. Come, you have left the world rashly—let me beg you to return." Sighs were the lady's only answer, and she continued—"If you will accompany me, I will be an unchanging friend."

"Ah, no, no! I can never leave this retreat."

"You may command all the seclusion you wish with me. I have a large plantation and a spacious house in Alabama, and many slaves—and you and your boy will be charming companions in my solitude. To-morrow I

shall leave here, but cannot bear to separate from you. Give this a little consideration, madam, for this is not a fitting place for you to educate your boy, or for you, so young a female, to remain. You are innocent, I know," said the lady, in an inquiring tone, "and need not fear the world."

"Ay, innocent!" said the hostess, her dark eye flashing proudly, "and even not suspected. Listen, and see if I can well return. When you have heard my story, you will see the world does not want me." The story was as follows—

Laura M. was not of Spanish or French descent, but inherited her bronzed skin, her dark hair and eyes from her ancestors, the ancient lords of America. Her father, Mr. B——, a trader among the Indians, had married a beautiful Indian girl, daughter of a powerful Sioux chieftain. He removed to Saint Louis with his daughter, then quite young, and placed her in a convent, where she received an excellent education, and was taught various accomplishments. Some years after, Mr. B——, removed again, to the shores of Lake Michigan, where a town grew up around him. His house was large, he was wealthy, and entertained a great deal of company, while his pretty and accomplished daughter was the belle of the place. A young officer of the army, who passed through there on his way from Mackinaw to the south, saw Laura at a ball, admired, loved, and shortly after married her. Her mother had been some time dead, her father died soon after, and the young couple, with the wealth which was left them, revelled in the elegancies and amusements of fashionable life.

In the west and south, and in the military stations upon the frontier of the states where there is frequent intercourse with the Indian inhabitants, marriages some times take place, and the children mix without comment with the other young persons of the place. The Indian descent and dark skin of Laura, had been no objection to the young lover, but when he placed her among the fair daughters of the Atlantic cities, where her origin was considered almost degrading, he felt first, a *wish* his wife were fairer, next *regret* she was so conspicuously dark, and at last became ashamed of her Indian blood. No act of his, no open disagreement had severed them—by gradual degrees the breach was slowly opened, assisted by his morbid feelings, and the arts of a silly woman. As I said above, Lieutenant C——, had not given her descent a thought when he married his wife in that frontier town, so far from the haunts of fashion, but when he introduced his bride to his friends in a New-England city, he found her appearance created a great sensation. At entertainments all crowded around them to see the *Indian lady*, and his acquaintances, without any intention of hurting his feelings, were asking him how his Sioux bride relished civilized life—while in one instance he heard some idle boys in the street call out —"There goes the Indian squaw!" Lieutenant C——, was of a very sensitive nature, and keenly felt these remarks. His wife, however, was ignorant of them, and frequently wondered at the quantity of cosmetics which her husband brought her, urging her to use them. They set out to visit some friends who resided in the country, and staying at the same place was a young lady who had before met Lieutenant C——, and from some attentions towards her, fancied him her conquest. Her heart, however, did not suffer much when she heard of his marriage, for the sufficient reason, that she was of the race of those who are born without this part of the human frame. I do not know how that happens, but perhaps the iron and silex, which is found in our blood, in their case all centres in the place usually occupied by a heart, in others, and metal and flint take the place of flesh. Nature, as a compensation, and to enable those unfortunates to conceal this defect, generally gives them attractive persons, and sweet toned voices. This lady, possessed a winning countenance and gentle artless manner, joined to a knowledge of the world which enabled her to assume every virtue which she knew she did not possess. Miss A——, soon perceived Lieutenant C.'s weak point, and in return for the slight she had received, tormented him mercilessly.

One day, she reminded him of a mutual acquaintance, and told him of her marriage. "By the way," she said, with the utmost simplicity and sweetness, "I thought you would have married her, you admired *fair* women so much—and do you know I was so surprized when I heard you had married an Indian!" Another time, in the most artless innocent way, she entreated Mrs. C—— to put on her Sioux dress—a costume she had never worn, nor even her mother since her marriage —and dance a war-dance. Apparently not noticing the writhing of the Lieutenant nor the confusion of his elegant wife, she explained to the tittering young folks, the war-dance she had seen in Washington, described the naked painted figure, the feathers and other points of their adornments.

When setting out for a stroll one summer afternoon, upon the lawn, Mrs. C——, was leaving the house without her bonnet, when the siliceous lady, with great earnestness, insisted upon her returning for it.

"I know it is irksome for you to wear it," she said, with great kindness, "as you have never been used to a bonnet in your native woods, but if you take care of yourself, my dear, you will grow fair in time."

"You know, Laura," said her husband, with a sharpness he had never used before, "I have objected to this custom of yours. Do pray take more care of yourself."

Slowly they walked down the lawn, Laura feeling at first a confused mixture of sensations which she could not analyze, and fearing there was more in this than met her ear. At once, however, the mist cleared away—every hint, and word, and sign, which had before escaped her, now seemed written with fire upon her heart, and with a glance she saw what she imagined her true position—she had lost the love of her husband and was the scorn of his eastern friends! As her husband and the party passed on, Laura lingered with the pretext of examining a flower, and as she stood with her form gracefully bent, or smilingly replying to the remark of a passer, the sun could scarcely look down upon one more wretched or more heart-broken. Poor creature, she had no religion, and consequently when earth deserted her, no Father in heaven to turn to—she thought of her

earthly father now in his grave, and yearned for a place at the side of one who would not despise her blood and nation. With a wild throb of anguish she gazed around upon the earth and sky, but there was no light to brighten her future years, no hope of escape from her destiny. She retreated to a secluded spot near the river, where throwing herself upon the grass, she watched its flow while thoughts of early home and affection passed over her heart—and

> "Dreams treasured up from early days,
> The holy and the tender,—"

and voices long silent spoke again in her ear, while bitter tears, her first tears of anguish, swelled from her mournful eyes.

The young couple removed to other scenes, and Laura concealed her grief so carefully that no one suspected its existence. Her husband was kind, and upon the birth of their boy, his joy brought happiness again to her heart. But her boy was as dark as his mother, which was a source of annoyance to the father.

When the little Julius was a year old, his parents again visited in gay society, and Laura once caught her husband's eye fixed upon her with a pained expression, and recollected she was sitting in a circle of fair women. There was also a juvenile ball, where among the young city children, the dark skinned boy was very conspicuous. Lieutenant C—— overheard a gentleman ask if the child were a mulatto, and turning away, he exclaimed—"Curse on the Indian brat!" His wife, unknown to him, stood at his side and heard the whole. She spoke not, but quivered in every limb as if a heavy blow had shaken her. That night she could not sleep; her husband, although slumbering, was restless—and once started up exclaiming—"She is no Indian! no Indian!" thus depening again the wound that was reaching his poor wife's heart.

The next day Lieutenant C—— reminded his wife of her oft expressed wish to visit an uncle whom she had never seen, and advised her to go that day, with her son, her faithful old Pompey who had been a slave to her father, and his daughter, who was just her age, and according to a custom in the states where slavery prevails, had been given to her when a child, and had never left her since.

"Will you go with me?" she asked.

"I cannot get leave of absence now but will join you in a few weeks."

This was his intention, but his sensitive and wretched wife took it as a predetermined banishment from his presence; imagined she was to remain always from him with her uncle; and, with all the pride and passion of her nature aroused, rashly resolved to rid him of what she thought his hated wife, and never again to enter her husband's doors. And so, at the will of others we may say, these loving but too sensitive and erring hearts were severed.

Collecting some money which belonged to her, she turned towards the west, resolving to end her days in the convent where she had received her education. The nuns could not receive her with her retinue—she wandered further, until hearing by accident of that lonely cabin, she purchased it, and had remained there ever since, her servant procuring every thing she needed from a neighboring town. A letter which she directed to her husband while on the road, telling him the Sioux woman and boy should never shame him more, gave him the first intimation of her knowledge of his feelings, and awoke remorse in his heart, that for so slight a cause he had wrecked her peace and his own happiness.

"And so you undertook the great step of abandoning your husband's house with no other guide than your own sensitive feelings?" said Mrs. Choteau, when the hostess had finished.

"To whom could I go for counsel? I had no intimate friends, and no relations near me."

"We are not left thus without friend and counsellor in this world of perils, dearest. Your Father in heaven would lead you right if you prayed to him to direct your steps. Did you pray to him?"

"Pray! alas, I never prayed."

The lady heaved a deep sigh, but said—"If you could not pray of course you could not thus approach your father and friend above. Still even in this case we are not without aid—God has sent us a book containing instructions in every circumstance and situation of life, which if we consult will never fail us." Laura looked inquiringly up. "The Bible, my child. Did you ever read it?"

"Ah, no—my father and mother possessed none, and even I fear had little religion. At the convent I scarce saw one, and my husband went rarely to church."

"You are very unfortunate never to have been shown the truths of religion in your youth, and now reap the consequences. I always consult this volume, and have never found it guide me wrong. You believe in the truths of this book?"

"Oh, yes, dear madam."

"Well, let us see what it tells us in your case." Taking out a pocket bible the lady opened and read—"'Let not a wife depart from her husband.'—If you had read that command you would not have left him." She then continued—"'The wife is bound by the law as long as her husband liveth,'—'Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands,'—'for the husband is head of the wife,'—'and the wife see she reverence her husband.' We are also commanded to be keepers at home, and obedient to our husbands. Here then, my child," continued the lady, "is a *wife's duty*, and if you had consulted this book you would have been now a happy wife. If you had *reverenced* your husband, you would have submitted in quietness to your lot, and with an humbled spirit waited until your faithful untiring affection, and cheerful performance of every duty, had won his love back again. You are both young, he but just of age you say, and you much younger, and both strongly attached—when a few years of the hey-day of youth had passed, his wife and children would have become part of himself, and he would have laughed at his silly nervousness, regarding your appearance. Again—if you had opened this volume, you would have been *obedient* to your husband as commanded, and instead of deserting him, you would have gone to your uncle, where a few weeks

absence would have taught your husband your value, and he would doubtless have sought you with renewed affection."

"Oh, foolish, wicked creature that I have been," exclaimed the weeping wife.

"Nay, I have not yet done," said the lady, who was one of the *downright* cast, and never flinched from her duty, however, disagreeable to herself or others. She saw a young creature going wofully astray, and determined to set her right. This lady would have made a good surgeon, and would have probed every wound coolly, in spite of her patient's struggles. "Moreover, we are told not to defraud or go beyond each other," she continued, "and of the pattern-wife in the Proverbs it is said—'she does good and not evil all the days of her life,' to her husband. You, on the contrary, have done evil towards your husband—you have deprived him of a wife's attentions and have taken from him his son, his only child—"

"Oh, spare me, spare me!"

"No, I cannot spare you, dear," said the lady, "you have drawn your son from his father's protecting arm, and deprived him of the benefits of education."

"Yes, yes, I acknowledge the wrong I have done!" said the penitent Laura.

"We all in some measure shape our conduct by the books which we read," said the lady, "you have only studied romances, and by their light you have walked—let me entreat you in future to consult this sacred volume, and you will never go astray. It tells us in this page, 'cease to do evil and learn to do well,' you must retrieve the evil you have done, and as commanded above, submit yourself to your husband."

"Oh, I will fly to him!" said the wife. "Take me, dear lady, I shall never know peace until folded in his arms once more."

"Softly, my dear," said her monitor, "you are not to fly into his arms a favored wife as you would have been if you were returning from a visit to your uncle—you return a humbled wife seeking pardon. You must write to him praying to return, and ask his wishes towards you, saying you are willing to be guided by his commands. But cheer up, dear madam. Come to my house. I will conduct this difficult affair for you, and promise not to scold you more."

When the next steamboat passed, our party embarked and after floating a week upon the mighty Mississippi, reached the plantation of Mrs. Choteau. The army register was consulted, where it was seen Lieutenant C——, had been stationed at Jefferson Barracks, in Missouri, and had left it some months since in order to travel for his health. Where to find him they knew not—but young Choteau volunteered to repair to the Fort, to make inquiries. After sometime he discovered Lieutenant C——, ill with a burning fever, in a miserable hut in Louisiana, where he was attended by only an old Indian woman of the house. When Choteau first entered, young C—— was delirious, but in a short time he recoverd sufficiently to converse.

"Have you no friends who could come to nurse you?" asked Choteau.

"Alas, no!" replied the sufferer, "they are all far away, and beside have families of their own to attend."

"Have you no wife?"

C—— did not reply, but became very faint, and as Choteau observed how his question had shaken him, he almost regretted he had made it—however, as he had a purpose to answer, he persevered, and repeated it.

"Yes—I have a wife," he replied.

"Then why not send for her? She would no doubt fly to you, and you require a loving female hand to smooth your pillow."

"Ah, no, no, she will not come. It is nearly a year since she abandoned me from an idle fancy that I did not love her. God is my witness how I loved her! Still I did not deserve her, for I wounded her sensitive feelings deeply, and for a circumstance of no moment. It was in search of her that I came here. I traced her to Saint Louis, and from thence I was on my way to the Sioux tribe, where she may have taken refuge, when anxiety threw me into a fever, and I stopped at this hut."

"Do you wish to see her again?"

"Oh, why torment me with these questions? Ah! I see!" he cried, looking eagerly up in the young man's face, "you know where she is—you have seen her! Do not trifle—oh, bring her to see me, and let me behold Laura and my young boy once more!"

The husband and his romantic wife were re-united. By the advice of the good Mrs. Choteau, Lieutenant C—— resigned his commission, and purchased a plantation near her, where, far from fashion and even society, she, in the performance of every wifely duty, and both practicing the great matrimonial secret, mutual forbearance, enjoying the pleasures of religion and good works, passed their days in peace.

Original.

THE FIRST GRIEF.

The sun was sinking o'er the verdant hills
Of Eden printed fresh with angel steps,
And shadows cool'd the air—when Adam pass'd
With Eve, slow ling'ring, their frequented path,
Where every flower that glads the senses grew
Tangled in wild profusion. They had tasted
Forbidden fruit beneath the midday sun,
And slept an unaccustom'd sleep 'till now
When length'ning shadows chill'd the early dews
And quench'd the sunbeams in them. Hand in hand
They moved, 'till one and then the other paused,
First Adam and then Eve, while each by turns
Gazed on the other's downcast eyes and drew
A sigh from its deep fountain. Adam first
Broke silence; but his voice trembling and harsh
Startled his pensive consort, who in turn
Reading his agitation, had stooped down
To pluck a bud away, as she was wont,
In sportive innocence. Soon as she touch'd
The fragrant shrub, a thorn new born of evil
Pinched her fair finger, while a sudden shriek
Proclaimed her agony. The crimson drops
Stained the white roses. Silently they turn'd
And gazed upon each other, man and wife;
Their eyes were dimn'd with tears and their full hearts
Burden'd with woe unutterable, rose
Stifling their respiration. The first grief
Was twin-born with dead Innocence. RUFUS DAWES.

Original.

JOSEPHINE AT SAINT CLOUD.

From the French of Madame Saint Hilaire.

The Empress Josephine possessed in her heart all the treasure of maternal tenderness; this gentle affection which she carried to an extreme, naturally bestowed itself on the young. Groups of children were continually about her person, in whose conversation she loved to mingle, and whose innocent happiness she delighted to promote, by little marks of affection and kindness. Scarcely a week elapsed in which she did not make large purchases of splendid toys, for the purpose of distributing them with her own hands; and seldom did she fail to accompany her bounties with some prudent recommendation. How often have I seen the little *salon bleu* in the Chateau of Saint Cloud decked out like a shop, for the sale of opera trinkets. On new-year's day, especially, did this new bazaar present a splendid appearance. Upon entering the little hall of Josephine's baths, you almost fancied yourself entering one of the beautiful *salons* of Giroux; on all sides were displayed jewels, laces, porcelain, chrystals, and sweetmeats. I have seen there, rolls of *sucre de pomme*, which resembled the marshal's batons; and dolls as large as life—tambours and trumpets, were arrayed in great numbers, by the side of regiments of light cavalry, composed of lead.

On the evening of the first January, 1805, the Empress, knowing that she could not, on the morrow, leave the Emperor, during any part of the day, on account of having to receive several distinguished guests, and officiate at the deputations which she expected to arrive at the chateau, gave orders to one of her ladies of honor, to inform those friends whom she had invited with their children to spend the new-year's day with her, not to present themselves until the fourth of January at Saint Cloud, whither she was immediately going, for the purpose of preparing a fête for their reception.

The much wished-for day at length arrived. At twelve o'clock, noon, a stranger would have supposed that the Empress was a schoolmistress. All the trinkets, arms, and sweetmeats, had been conveyed from Paris on the preceding evening. At one o'clock her Majesty announced that she should herself proceed to the distribution, and the whole assembly entered the hall of prodigies. Both small and great, coveted with eager looks the numerous toys displayed in every direction. Josephine, with that grace of manner for which she was so remarkable, delivered to each of the children the present allotted to his or her share; after which, they all embraced her, addressing to her some little compliment, with the exception of those whose emotions of joy caused a temporary absence of memory. To those who were destined to enter the military school, the Empress distributed her gifts with reference to their future career. Some received a case of mathematical instruments, others, a sabre; nearly every one of the boys wished for a pair of pistols, but the number was not sufficient to supply all. Immediately on their entrance, the younger portion of the children had taken possession of the wooden horses and guns. Josephine gave to the girls, a comb, a watch, or a necklace.

The distribution completed, the joyful assembly made such an uproar, that Josephine was obliged to quit the field, and retire to her boudoir, to prevent being absolutely deafened; but scarcely had she departed, when a warm discussion arose. The little boys having unanimously decided that they would play at *war*, wished forcibly to enlist the girls; these opposed, *en masse;* and some among them protested loudly against this kind of violence. Then the young Achille N———, the son of an officer whom the Emperor esteemed and loved, who had elected himself chief of the troop, decided that those of the little girls who had shown themselves most obstinate, should be shut up in the citadel, until they consented to obey him, by ranging themselves under his banner. Now the proposed citadel was an elegant sleeping apartment, situated on the side of the hall of Josephine's baths; it was lighted by a window formed of a single and unblemished plate of glass, and hung with green silk, bordered with silver bees.

A debate arose on the propriety of forming a council of war, in order to judge, and even to shoot the little Emma who had placed herself at the head of the opposition, when, fortunately, one of the ladies of honor interposed her authority, threatening Master Achille with dry bread at the approaching feast, if he continued to prevent the little girls from amusing themselves as they pleased, whom, for greater precaution, she conducted into the *citadel*. Once separated there was no more dispute, but the clamor was redoubled. Josephine, on hearing the noise of their mirth, appeared in an extasy of delight; but Napoleon, who, in the meantime, had arrived at Saint Cloud, and whose cabinet was situated below the little *salon bleu*, ascended to his wife's room, and inquired of her, in a half gay, half serious tone, the cause of so much noise. "You should distribute your favors in my absence," said he; "I will go myself, and beg your little guests to be quiet; and if they continue to make the same disturbance—"

"Oh! no, Bonaparte; you will frighten them, poor darlings! What would you have? They are amusing themselves playing at *war*. Don't you make more noise at the same game? Pray do not go; I will send some one to quiet them."

"Ah! if they play at *war*, I shall not be sorry to see how they conduct the game." Saying these words, Napoleon goes on tiptoe to the door of the *salon:* he listened a moment, and heard these words:

"Forward! Charge! Dead! I've killed him," and similar exclamations, mingled with sighs and tears, and the most immoderate laughter. The Emperor turns gently the handle of the door, and shows himself "Ah! what have we here?" said he, in a serious tone—"there's crying here."

At these words the little troop raise their heads, and lower their arms; all stand motionless from surprize and fear. Napoleon cast his eyes over this band of *petite diables*, and could not forbear a smile at the grotesque fashion in which each had adorned himself. Here, one had made, with a sheet of paper, a three

cornered hat, to which, in the absence of a cockade, he had attached a gingerbread figure. There, one had placed a little nest on his shoulder, to imitate the dress of a hussar—another—the little Adolphe, had drawn on his face, with Indian ink, a pair of mustachoes, and had made of the tippet of a little girl, a sash, into which he had thrust a pearl paper-knife, as a substitute for a poniard; his sleeves were rolled up to his elbows, and in each hand he held a pistol. In this disguise Master Adolphe had so singular an appearance, that the Emperor seated himself, in order to take a leisurely survey of him. At length he motioned him towards him, and holding him between his knees:

"What is your name, Mr. Braggadocio?" asked he.

"My name is Adolphe."

"I suppose it was you who shouted so loudly justnow?"

"I have cause to. Achille will never permit me to be General; he will always be it himself.

"And who is this Master Achille?"

"There he is, below;" and Adolphe turning round, pointed with his finger to a little boy, rather taller than himself, who had made a cuirass of a music book, on which sparkled a star of sugar candy.

"Ah! ah!" continued Napoleon, I will speak to him—this Master Achille—who will not allow others to be *General;* that's not fair; each should be General in his turn," And tapping Adolphe on the ear, let him go, and called Achille, who gambolled towards him, and at a single bound, placed himself astride the knees of the Emperor.

"What is your father's name, Achille?"

"He is General N———."

At the mention of this name the Emperor's face brightened; he drew the boy still nearer to him, regarding him with benevolence, mingled with tenderness.

"N———, saidst thou? he is one of my best friends, and a brave man! and what do you intend to be yourself, one day?"

"I will be like papa; I should like to have handsome gold epaulettes, and a large sabre, that will cut well."

"Diable! and what will you do with it?"

"I will kill all the enemies of our country."

"Indeed! but I hope they will be all destroyed before you are old enough for these things."

"And then, I wish to have the cross of the Legion of Honor, attached to my neck by a red riband, as papa has it—how fine it is! but not like this;" and he tore from his breast the star of sugar candy, and commenced eating it.

"This is indeed quite another thing," said Napoleon, "but you are in a hurry; how old are you at present?"

"I shall be ten years old on the day of mama's fête."

"Well, and in twenty years from—"

"But I cannot wait so long; papa has said that I should be an officer at eighteen.

"Your father judges of you by himself; however, that depends upon yourself, and, in the meantime, hold!"—and the Emperor drew from his pocket a fourteen franc piece, which he gave him, adding, "when you shall have broken your sabre, here is something that will buy another;" then bidding him rejoin his little comrades, enjoining it upon them not to make too much noise. "Adieu, my children," said he, leaving them, "amuse yourselves, but do not hurt one another."

The advice of the Emperor was not followed to the letter, for the little Adolphe, jealous, no doubt, that the Emperor should have given Achille money, while he received but a tap on the cheek, sought a quarrel, under pretence of not being willing that the most distinguished should be at the head. The dispute became rather warm, and would, perhaps, have terminated unpleasantly, had not the announcement been made at that moment, that the feast awaited them. All discordant feelings were immediately forgotten in the prospect of the good things which were prepared for them.

The little troop arranged themselves in two ranks, laying aside all consideration of size or grade, and marched rapidly towards the citadel in question, repeating in chorus, rran, rran, plan, plan, rran, rran, with an accompaniment obligato of drums and trumpets, the noise of which was perfectly deafening.

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It was in the commencement of the year 1814, nine years after the occurrences above mentioned, that Europe, which had so lately marched with us, obedient to the orders of Napoleon, was in league against us. As usual, the grand army performed prodigies of valor; and after as many victories as combats, and more successful each day, the Emperor, on the sixth of March, established himself at Craonne; and so to speak, encamped in the very midst of the bivouacs of the Russian army. There, during the night, he reconnoitred, in person, the different positions of the enemy; and the following morning, at day-break, the whole army was arranged in order of battle. At eight o'clock the cries of the soldiers announced the presence of the Emperor, and the action commenced. The success of the day depended on the definitive possession of a rampart which had been taken and lost, alternately.

It is four o'clock—the day is declining, and nothing is yet decided. Napoleon casts a look of indecision upon his old guard which is stationed behind him. He had but to give the order, and all would be completed in an instant—perhaps he is about to pronounce the word, when an aid-de-camp arrives at full speed, crying, "The Emperor! the Emperor! where is the Emperor?"

Napoleon advanced, covered with mud, having that morning fallen into a fosse.

"What news do you bring," said he.

"Sire," replied the aid-de-camp, dismounting, "we have taken the rampart."

"*Enfin*!" cried the Emperor, "bring me my horse!" And while his mameluke held the stirrup, he continued to address the officer, who, pale and bleeding, seemed to support himself with difficulty.

"Who sends you, the Marshal, or the General?"

"Sire, the General was killed upon the rampart, by a Russian grenadier; and I—"

He could say no more—his eyes closed—he staggered and fell.

"Attend to this officer," said Napoleon; "he is Captain! one moment, gentlemen; wait!"

And detaching the cross of honor from his neck, he put it on that of the wounded officer, who seized the hand of the Emperor, pressed it to his lips, and said in a faint voice, "Ah! sire! I die happy. I said well to your majesty, nine years since, at Saint Cloud, that I should one day merit the cross." Then striving to collect his strength, he attempted to rise; cried "Vive l'Empereur!" and expired. During this time, Napoleon had observed him attentively, as if seeking to recall something to his recollection; the last words of the young aid-de-camp had startled him.

"Yes, yes, I recollect," said he, at length, in a voice quite choked with emotion, "*pauvre enfant!*" and turning his head to brush off a tear, he put foot into the stirrups, and mounted his horse. Then passing a troop of his own guard, he exclaimed, "Out of the saddle, grenadiers! the battle is won!" and he continued his route, followed by his état-major, to the prolonged cries of vive l'Empereur.

The following morning, Achille was buried with the honors of those who die for their country.

Two days afterwards, and while Napoleon was making arrangements to take Rheims from the allies, who occupied that city, he perceived General N———, and sent for him.

"General," said he, your son is dead on the field of honor."

"Sire, I know it."

"He has left a sister, has he not?"

"Yes, sire, she had but him and myself—"

"And me!" replied quickly, Napoleon; "you forget *me*, General. I have signed her admission to my Imperial Institution at Ecouen. I take upon myself to provide her trousseau and marriage portion. I have already decorated her brother! General, I have, this morning, made you *grand cordon de la Légion d' Honneur*; come, embrace your Emperor." And Napoleon extended to him his arms, into which the General rushed, giving free course to his tears.

I see from time to time the daughter of General N———, who entered at Ecouen, and passed from thence to the *Maison royale de Saint Denis*.

Napoleon had not time to provide her marriage portion, as he had promised, having been sent to languish in exile on the rock of Saint Helena.

The remembrance of her brother is ever present to her heart, and it is but a few days since that she pointed out to me, in a picture-frame, placed over the fire-place, a crown of laurel, the leaves of which were yellow and dried, and which was the first that Achille had received from the academy. A child's sabre, the same that was given him by Josephine at Saint Cloud, and the cross of the Legion of Honor, which the Emperor had detached from his own breast at Craonne, to lay upon the then palpitating heart of her brother.

THE difference between a rich man and a poor man, is this—the former eats when he pleases, and the latter when he can get it.—*Sir W. Raleigh.*

Original.

SEBASTIAN BACH AND HIS FAMILY.*

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

PART I.

IT was on Sylvester night of the year of 1736, that a man, closely wrapped in his mantle, and his hat drawn over his brow, was leaning against the wall of the castle at Dresden, looking upward at the illuminated windows of a mansion opposite. Music sounded within, and the burst of trumpet and the clash of kettle drum accompanied, ever and anon, the announcement of some popular toast. A moment of silence at length intervened, as if one of the guests were speaking aloud; 'till, suddenly, in a jovial shout, the name "Natalia" was uttered, and every voice and instrument joined in tumultuous applause.

The listener in the street turned to depart, but the next instant felt himself seized by the hand, and looking up, saw the royal Page M. Scherbitz.

"*Bon soir—mon ami!*" cried the page, pressing cordially the hand he had taken. "I am right glad to have met you; I have sought you the whole evening, but never dreamed of finding you here. What are you doing?"

"Philosophizing!" answered the other, with something between a laugh and a sigh.

"*Bon!*" cried the page—"and just here, opposite the Lord premier's mansion, is the best occasion, I grant, but not exactly the best place for it. Besides it is terribly cold! You will have the goodness, *mon ami*, to come with me to Seconda's cellar? We shall not fail there of some capital hot punch, and excellent company." And taking his friend's arm, he walked with him to a then celebrated Italian house of refreshment, on the corner of Castle Street and the old market.

Signor Seconda received his guests with many compliments, and officiously begged to know with what he should have the happiness and honor to serve milord, the page, and milord, the court organist. The page ordered hot punch, and passed, with his friend, into an inner apartment, which, to the surprize of both, they found quite empty.

"They will be here presently," observed Von Scherbitz. "Meantime, we will take our ease, and thaw ourselves a little. *Parbleu!* there is no place on earth so delicious; and I thank fortune, so far as I am concerned, that I can spend the night here! *Eh bien!* make yourself at home, friend."

The other threw off his hat and cloak, and stood revealed a handsome man, of about five and twenty, of a figure tall, symmetrical, and bold in carriage, and a countenance, whose paleness rendered more striking the effect of his regular, noble, and somewhat haughty features. About his finely chiselled mouth lurked a satirical something whenever he spoke; there was a fierce brightness in his large dark eyes, which some-

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* A tale from the German.

times, however, gave place to a wild and melancholy expression, particularly when he fixed them on the ground, suffering the long lashes to shade them.

"You are very dull to-night, *mon ami!*" said the page, while he pressed his friend to a seat next him "Has any thing happened? *Non?* Well then, banish your ill humor, and be merry, for life, you know, is short, at best."

"Never fear," replied his friend. "My resolution is taken, to live while I live, in this world. Yet have patience with me, that I cannot go all lengths with you at all times. You know I am but a two years' disciple."

"Pah! *one* year sufficed to spread your fame in *music* through Europe! Who knows not the name of Friedemann Bach? You have but one rival, the admirable Sebastian, your father!"

Friedemann colored deeply as he replied, "How durst I think of comparing myself with my father? If *my* name is celebrated, whom have I to thank but my father? Beside him, I feel, with pride as well as pain, his greatness, and my own insignificance. Ah! my love for him elevates me; his love crushes me to the dust, for I know myself unworthy of it!"

"Nay, you are too conscientious," observed Scherbitz.

"Too conscientious!" repeated Friedemann, with a bitter smile.

"Yes!" returned Scherbitz, "I know not how otherwise to express it. What is the head and front of the matter? The old gentleman is, in a certain respect, a little strict; *pourquoi?* because he is old! you are young, impetuous; have your adventures, and your liberal views, and conceal them from him, not, mark me, out of apprehension, but because things he has no power to change, might cause him chagrin. *Enfin!* where is the harm in all this?"

Friedemann was sitting with his head resting on his open palm. At the last question he sighed deeply, and seemed about to make a quick reply, but on a second thought, only said, passing his hand over his brow, "Let it alone, Scherbitz; it is as silly as useless to discuss certain matters. Enough, that I have strength, or, if you will have it—perverseness, to enjoy life after my own heart. Let us be merry, for here comes the punch!"

Signor Seconda entered, followed by two attendants, carrying the hot punch, with glasses, serving his guests at the round table in the midst of the apartment, and providing for the new comers, who entered one after another. These consisted of several officers, and some of the most distinguished musicians and painters then living in the capital.

"Said I not—*mon frère?*" whispered Scherbitz, to his companion, "said I not, they would be here presently? See: Monsieur Hasse," he said aloud, as he rose to greet a distinguished looking man, who just then came in. Hasse returned his salutation, and after a rapid glance round the company, seated himself at a distant corner table, and motioned to an attendant to take away the light just placed on it. The man obeyed, and set before him a cup and a flask of burgundy.

"The poor fellow," observed Scherbitz, in a low tone to Friedemann, "dismisses the old year with an 'Alas!' and greets the new with an 'Ah, me!' *tout comme chez nous!* If *he* drink much to-night, 'tis all in honor of his fair Faustina. Well—" he lifted his glass, to drink with Freidmann.

"I am sorry for him," replied Bach; "but why not separate himself from the wife no longer worthy his esteem and love? They say it is out of gratitude for her having taken care of him when an unknown youth; but this gratitude is weakness, and will be the destruction not only of the man, but of the artist. All his works show too well what is wanting in him—namely: strength. In every thing he writes there is a softness, the offspring of deep, hidden sorrow. But not the grief of a man; it is, if not thoroughly womanish, the sorrows of a stripling!"

"Is it not on this account that he is the favorite composer in our world of fashion?"

"Very possibly; but I am sure he would give much not to be so, on *this* acount!"

Their discourse was here interrupted; for many newly arrived guests took their places at the table. The glasses were rapidly emptied and replenished; the conversation became general, and assumed more and more a jovial character.

An elegant groom of the chambers, whom a mischievous lieutenant of the guard had enticed thither, and introduced, before he was aware, into the midst of the company, occasioned infinite amusement among the guests, whose unbridled festivity he endeavored to awe, by a mien of importance. His efforts, however, produced a contrary effect from that which he intended; and after he had joined the revellers in pledging a few toasts, he was, himself, the merriest of all. He laughed, he strode about—he clapped applause. Friedemann watched the scene with secret pleasure; it nourished the scorn which he, in common with others who stand ill with themselves, cherished for the whole human race. He could not refrain, now and then, from stealing a glance at the corner where Hasse sat, apparently indifferent to all that was passing about him.

"Apropos—sir groom!" cried Scherbitz, suddenly—"what was that admirable poem you had the pleasure of presenting to a famous *artiste*, a few days ago?"

The groom winked at him with a smile, pursed up his mouth, and said, "Monsieur Scherbitz, at your service—the poem runs in this way—

'On earth's warm breast the pensile beams fall goldenly and bright—
The mountain gales, the merry flowers—are swelling with delight;
But nothing can such rapture yield, unto this heart of mine,
As—oh, Faustina Hasse, that radiant neck of thine!'"

"Ah! *c'est bien dit, sur mon honneur!*" cried Scherbitz.

"Is it not?" returned the groom, self-complacently;

"it is composed by our best poet, and I paid for it five August d'ors, besides a tun of stadt beer."

"Here's to the 'radiant neck,'" cried out one of the guests with a laugh. All joined in the toast, and the glasses crashed.

Hasse rose from his seat, and approaching the table, said, with a courtly bow—

"Messieurs! I commend myself to your remembrance and all! To-morrow, early, I leave Dresden, to return to Italy, perhaps for ever."

The company were astonished. An officer asked—"How, Monsieur Hasse—you leave us? And your lady—?"

"Remains here," interrupted Hasse, with a smile of bitterness. There was universal silence. Hasse, turning to Friedemann, and offering him his hand, said mildly, though earnestly—"Farewell, Bach! Present my adieus to your esteemed father, and tell him he may depend on hearing something good, one day, of the disciple of Scarlatti. May Heaven keep you from all evil!" He then, visibly affected, left the room.

Friedemann looked after him with much emotion, and murmured, "Poor wretch! and yet, would I not exchange with him? I might be the gainer!"

Peals of laughter interrupted him; they were occasioned by the comical groom, who, scarcely master of his wits, was going over the secret *chronique scandaleuse*, to the amusement of his auditors, relating the most suprizing events, in all which he had been the hero, though few of them redounded to his honor. From these he went on to others; from the *chronique scandaleuse* to the disputes of the artists; in all matters of gossip, proving himself thoroughly at home, and, finally, as the crown of all his merits, avowing himself a devoted adherent of Voltaire, whose epoch had then just commenced. The chamberlain received a full tribute of applause; the clapping of hands, cries of "bravo!" and fresh toasts, attested the approbation of the spectators at his speech, not the less, that the speech was unintelligible. At length he fell back in his seat quite overcome, and was asleep in a few moments. This was just what his mischievous friends desired. They stripped him of his gay court dress, and put on a plain one; some wild young men then carried him out of the house, and delivered him into the custody of the watch, as a drunken fellow whom no one knew, to be taken to the great guard house. The company then amused themselves with imagining the terror and despair of the poor groom, when, awakening on new-year's morning, he should find himself in his new quarters.

The last hour of the old year struck, like a warning, amid the mirth and festivity of those guests; they heeded it not. Clamorous revelry filled up that awful interval between the departing and the coming time; revelry echoed the stroke of the first hour in the new year, mingled with the tumult of the storm that raged without; nor was the bacchanalian feast at an end, 'till the morning broke, troubled and gloomy. The revellers, then, one after another, reeled homewards; Friedemann Bach alone retained the steadiness of his gait, and his self-possession. The youthful vigor of his frame enabled him to withstand the effects of a night's festivity; but the bitter contempt with which he had early learned to look upon the ordinary efforts and impulses of men, had found sufficient to nourish its growth.

On the morning of the new year, Friedemann, pale and disturbed, was pacing up and down his chamber, when Scherbitz came in.

"The compliments of the season to you!" cried the ever merry page. "Health, contentment, fortune, and all imaginable blessings!"

"The blessing is here!" sighed Friedemann, handing his friend an open letter.

Scherbitz read it through, and said, with some appearance of emotion—"*Mon ami!* your papa is a dear, charming old gentleman, whose whole heart is full of kindness for his Friedemann; every line of this letter expresses it. May he have a long and happy life! But I pray you, for the thousandth time. to recollect that it is quite impossible to satisfy, honestly, all the claims of such distinguised virtue of the olden time. Believe me, *mon ami*, the time will come when we, madcaps as we now are, shall be pointed out as wig-blocks that frown upon the disorderly behavior of our juniors. The wheel of time rolls on, and no mortal hand can check its course; it should suffice that we keep ourselves from falling, and being crushed in the dust beneath it."

"Can we do that?"

"*Mon ami!*" Do *I* not stand, albeit I am a page forty years old? And look you, I know that I shall remain so, as long as I serve my lord faithfully. I might have opposed the all powerful minister, and the country would have glorified me; yet I am a *page*, no captain, at forty years of age! I have been the talk of the capital, yet I stand firm!"

"And your consolation?"

"A knowledge that it has always gone thus in the world; that I am not the first whose life is a failure; that I shall not be the last; a perverse determination to live through a life which a thousand others would end in despair; in fine, curiosity to see what will be the end of the whole matter. Be reasonable, *mon ami!* I am really something of a hero! Were I an artist, as you are, I should have nobler consolations, than perverseness and curiosity. Enough, of my own insignificance; but let me ask you, have you forgotten the heroic Händel, whom, three years ago, you welcomed here in the name of your father?"

"How could I forget that noble being?"

"Ah, there I would have you, friend! You tell me yourself, Händel is not, as an artist, like your father; his fantasy is more powerful, his force more fully developed; he soars aloft, a mighty eagle in the blaze of eternal light, while your father, a regal swan, sails majestically over the blue waters, and sings of the wonders of the deep. Well! we all know Monsieur Händel an honorable man—a man *comme il faut;* yet, how different is he from your father! What the one, in limited circles, with calm and earnest thought, labors after, what he accomplishes in his silent activity—the

other reaches amidst the tumult of a stormy life; amid a thousand strifes and victories. Yet your father honors and loves him, and blames him not for the path by which he travels towards the goal. It is also your path, and is not the worst that you might take. So—*en avant—mon ami!*"

"You forget," said Friedemann, gloomily, "you forget that Händel, in all his wild and agitated life, never lost himself; and that his belief was such as he might acknowledge even to my inflexible father."

"That, I well remember, friend; and also that if Händel had been born in 1710, instead of 1687, he must have had more liberal views of certain things than he now has, if he thought it worth while to spend time upon matters of belief at all. He is a mighty musician; he lives and lets live; and credit me, did, as others do, before he was your age; Faustina Hasse could tell you many pretty stories thereof, if she placed not so much stress upon outward demeanor."

"He never played the hypocrite to his father!"

"Because it was not worth while to lie to the old dupe; and now, *mon ami*, do not flatter yourself you can mislead a page forty years old! To speak fairly and honestly, your repentance and your—*pour ainsi dire*—profligacy, have a cause very different from that you have chosen to assign. I tell you, between us, there is another secret, whose discovery you dread far more than the unmasking of your petty hypocrisy."

Friedemann reddened as he asked, "What do you mean, Von Scherbitz?"

"Ha, ha!" laughed the page, "you need not look so gloomy, because I have guessed the truth. *Non, non, cher ami*, if you really wish to keep your secret, you must govern your eyes better, when the name, 'Natalia' is uttered. *Parbleu!* your last night's behavior opposite the minister's palace, was not necessary to convince me, that you have looked too deeply into the dark eyes of the little countess."

The flush on Friedemann's cheeks gave place to a deadly paleness; but mastering his emotions by a violent effort, he said, in a husky voice—

"You have discovered all; but you will be silent—will you not?"

"*O ma foi!* said I not, *mon enfant*, that I only warned you to be cautious before others? I will be silent, as a matter of course, and so, no more of it. Farewell! I am going to the guard-house, to see the happy waking of our noble chamberlain! You go to church, to edify the faithful with your organ-playing; come afterwards to Seconda's, where the groom shall give a splendid breakfast as his ransom. Courage! be not too philosophical! I hate the old Italian who made you so melancholy!"

The page departed, and Friedemann, having dressed himself, left his house to go to the church of Saint Sophia.

The service was at an end; the organ's last tones died tremulously along the vast arches, like the sighs of a suppliant angel. All was still again, and the worshippers departed from the sanctuary. Friedemann, too, arose, closed the instrument, and descended from the chair, more composed, if not more cheerful, than he had gone there. Just as he was going out, he felt himself clasped in a pair of vigorous arms; and looking up, with a joyful cry of—"Ah, my father!" flung himself on the bosom of Sebastian Bach.

"God's grace be with thee, on this new year's morn," cried Sebastian, clasping his son to his heart. "And my best blessing! Yea, a thousand, Friedemann! You made my heart leap, ere yet I saw you, with pure joy! Truly, you have bravely—*greatly* acquitted yourself, in this morning's work! Ay, you know, to make others skilful in our sacred art, was ever my pride; Heaven will not reckon with me for presumption! nor must you take it for such, when I say—that as you were always my dearest pupil, you have become my best! Now conduct me to your lodgings, Master Court-organist; Philip is already there, and unpacking; for eight days I purpose to tarry with my Friedemann. We have been long separated, and though you wrote me charming letters, that, as you know, between father and son, is not like discoursing face to face, with hand in hand!" So saying, he took Friedemann's arm with affectionate pleasure, and walked with him towards his dwelling, talking all the while.

A new surprize awaited Friedemann there; for his younger brother, Philip Emanuel, in the three years that had flown since his departure from Leipzig, had grown a stately youth, and, as his father testified, a ripe scholar in his art. He was a gay, light-hearted boy, "a little subtle upon the organ," as his father observed, with a smile, "and certainly more at home on the piano; but a true and pious spirit, that scorned disguise."

Friedemann suppressed a sigh at the last remark of Sebastian, and gave his brother a heartfelt welcome. A servant in a rich livery interrupted the conversation. He presented a note to Friedemann, and said he was ordered to wait for an answer. Friedemann colored as he took the billet, opened it, glanced at the contents, and said briefly, "I will be there at the appointed hour." The servant bowed and disappeared.

"Ha!" observed Sebastian, with a smile, "it seems our court-organist has to do with very distinguished people."

"It was the livery of the lord Premier," said, Philip.

Sebastian started, and asked, "Eh, Friedemann, is it so? A domestic of his excellency, the Count von Bruhl, comes to your house?"

"He was sent," replied Friedemann, with some embarrassment, "only by the niece of His Excellency, the Countess Natalia."

"Eh? you are acquainted with the young lady, then?"

"She is my pupil. This billet instructs me to come to her this afternoon, to arrange a concert she wishes to give, on her aunt's birth-day."

"Eh? how come you to such an honor? I thought those matters were under the jurisdiction of M. Hasse?"

"My dear father, as the young lady's music-master, I cannot well decline commissions of the sort, especially as they here promote one's reputation. With regard to

M. Hasse, he departed hence early this morning; we shall no more have the pleasure of hearing new songs from him."

"Hasse gone hence?" repeated Sebastian, with astonishment—"the excellent, amiable Hasse? Eh? where is he gone? Tell me, Friedemann!"

"It is a long story," replied his son, with a meaning glance at his young brother.

The father understood the hint. "You may go 'till meal-time, Philip," he said, "and amuse yourself by seeing the city." Philip bowed obediently, gave his hand to his brother, and quitted the room. "Now, my son," said Sebastian, "we are alone; what has happened to M. Hasse?"

Friedemann gave him an account of Hasse's departure—of his contemplated journey to Italy, and the well known cause of his disquiet and exile. Bach listened attentively; when his son had ended, he said, confidentially—"It was right that Philip should not hear such a tale—and that you suggested it to me, to send him away. Hem! at court, indeed, all is not as it should be; there is much said in our Leipzig, as I could tell you, about it. Well, one must not listen to every thing; our most gracious elector and sovereign means well with his subjects, and whoever is a faithful subject, will acknowledge that, and speak not of things which he who commits them has to answer for. We will say no more about it; you will go this afternoon to her gracious ladyship, and I warrant me, know how to demean yourself. I have cared enough, methinks, for your manners." Friedemann pressed his father's hand, and looked fondly on the good old man. "Tell me, now, sir court-organist," continued the elder Bach, "what you have been doing of late. You have sent me but little for a long while; I hope you have not been idle."

"Surely not, my father! I have worked assiduously, but have done little that satisfied me; and what does not satisfy me, I would rather destroy, than venture before the world. In art, one should accomplish the best, or nothing at all."

"No, no!" cried Sebastian, interrupting his son; "that would be, indeed, a hard condition for many, for the greatest number among those who earnestly and honestly devote themselves to art, who find therein, often, the only consolation and happiness of their lives. The chosen are few—the called are many! And trust me, Friedemann, the called are not held in less esteem for the sake of the chosen, if they prove themselves true laborers! Art is like love. We all bear and cherish love in our hearts, and whether the bosom is covered by a regal mantle, or by a beggar's cloak, love, which dwells within, owns but *one* home—Heaven. Could the highest and the best alone avail in art, how should we and our equals stand? I can do little, but my will is honest, and vast is my reward! Yes! I am, as regards earthly good, like the poor man in the Evangelist; yet I would not exchange with a monarch! I rejoice in humility over my success, great or small, as it may be, and for the rest, I submit me to the will of God!"

"Oh, that all had your apprehension of Art, my dear Father; that all would strive to practise it as you do!"

"*You* will, my boy!" said Sebastian, tenderly. "I find much that is excellent in your *Fughetten*. Be not too severe with yourself; and remember that the fresh, free impulses of a young heart, are ever accordant with the dictates of justice and truth."

"They are, indeed!" murmured Friedemann, gloomily.

His father continued—"Since we are permitted, my boy, to meet on this new-year's morning, allow me to ask how it stands with you in other respects? Eh, Friedemann, will you not soon seek out a wife among the daughters of the land? I warrant me, the court-organist need not seek long, to find a comely and willing damsel. Eh? speak, boy!"

"Dear father! there is time enough!"

"Pah! pah! I was not as old as you are, when I espoused your mother, and by my faith! I would have married sooner, if I had had my place. So make haste, Friedemann! 'Early wooed, has none rued!'"

"It is a serious step, father."

"That is very certain, and I am sure you would not take it precipitately; but I pray you, dear son, do it speedily. How merry a grandfather I shall be! and if the child is a boy, he must be named after me; and I will teach him his first notes. Ay, 'tis very true, marriage is no child's play; I can tell you, son, I have toiled unweariedly, oft oppressed with care, to furnish you, my boys and girls, with your daily bread. Yet, has not the Almighty blessed my labors? Have I not brought you all up happily, to be brave men, and skilful musicians? It is singular, Friedemann, that from my great grandfather down, all the sons of the Bach family have had taste and talent for music. Friedemann, do me a favor, and take a wife with all speed; if your boys have the hereditary genius—ha! how delighted I shall be! Look you—as I wrote down my last fugue, I thought of my sons, and of you, particularly, and confessed myself happy! I used often to think I might write something, like the old masters, which, centuries hence, could edify and delight men—that they would love my memory. May I be forgiven if there was aught of worldly arrogance in the thought. Now, however, I have become less ambitious; but I have *one* vision, in which my fancy will revel as long as I live! It is this—how rapturous will it be—when all the Bachs meet together in the Kingdom of Heaven, and unite in singing to the glory of God—their 'hallelujahs' resounding for ever and ever in the presence of the Uncreate—who was, and is, and shall be! Friedemann! child of my heart! let me not miss you there!"

"Father!" cried the young man, and sank overpowered at Sebastian's feet.

The elder Bach, unacquainted with the wo that struggled in his son's breast, saw only, in his agitation, a burst of filial feeling. He laid both hands on the head of the kneeling youth, and said, devoutly, "God's peace be with you, my Friedemann, now and ever, amen!"

Friedemann arose, pale, but with a smile on his face. He kissed his father's hand, and slowly withdrew from the apartment; but scarcely was the door closed

behind him, than he rushed impetuously through the hall, down the steps, and through the streets to the open space, where he threw himself on the frozen earth, hid his burning forehead, and cursed aloud his miserable being.

After the lapse of an hour, having collected and composed himself, he returned to his father, and conversed with apparent cheerfulness. The elder Bach, chatted at table with Philip, who was required to give him an account of all the magnificence he had seen in the capital. The splendor of Dresden had reached its utmost under the administration of the luxurious and prodigal Count von Bruhl; and no court, not even that of Vienna, rivalled the Polish Saxon in this respect.

After dinner, the father reminded his favorite that it was time to dress, so as to be in season at the minister's palace; and Friedemann hastened to do so. With a beating heart, with feelings that partook both of pleasure and despair, he found himself at the palace. As he entered the hall, a side door was suddenly thrown open, and a small man, with striking features, soft, clear blue eyes, richly dressed, and with a blazing star on his breast, came forth: it was the minister himself. As Friedemann stopped and bowed to him, he advanced, speaking in the gentlest and blandest tone imaginable—

"*Ah! bon jour*, Monsieur Bach! Much happiness with the new year! My niece has sent for you? I am pleased to see you so punctual; I see, with satisfaction, you are attached to our house, and shall remember your zeal when it will do you good. I shall improve the first opportunity to convince you by deeds, of my good will. Now, to the Countess!"

He nodded to the young man, smiled, and skipped out of the door, and down the steps to his carriage, which soon drove away with him.

Young Bach looked after him, and murmured to himself, "Can he have guessed my secret? The smile of that man ever bodes disaster! Well, come what may, what can make me more wretched than I am? On, reprobate!" He crossed the hall, and passed through one of the galleries towards the apartment of the Countess Natalia.

"This way," said the maid, who was waiting for him in the ante-room, and without further announcement, she opened the door of the cabinet, where Natalia, charmingly dressed, was reclining on a divian. Friedemann entered.

Natalia arose quickly, and stood a moment gazing earnestly on her visitor. She might have seen twenty summers; her figure was not tall, but perfectly symmetrical, and voluptuous in its rounded fullness; her head was beautiful, though not classical in its contour; a curved nose, and a pair of well defined, though delicately-pencilled eyebrows, gave an expression of decision and pride to her countenance, while the exquisite, rosy mouth, and the eyes shadowed by their long lashes, exhibited more the character of softness and tenderness. A profusion of dark hair floated ueconfined over her neck, and relieved the outline of her somewhat pale, but lovely face.

She stood still a moment, before Friedemann, who cast down his eyes embarrassed; then approaching, she laid her small white hand lightly on his shoulder, and said, in a mild voice—"Tell me, Bach, what were you doing last night so late, opposite our house?"

Friedemann raised his dark, flashing eyes to hers, but dropped them the next instant. Natalia continued—"I saw you plainly, as I stepped a moment out on the balcony for a breath of fresh air—and I knew you at once. You were leaning against the castle wall; it seemed as if you were waiting for some one. Come—Bach, answer me!"

The young man struggled down his emotions, and after a pause, said coldly—"You sent for me, most gracious Countess, to honor me with your commands respecting the arrangement of a concert."

Natalia turned her back pettishly, and cried in an angry and disappointed tone—"Thus—haughty man! you thank me, too weak of heart! for my trust—for my concessions! Out on thee, ungrateful man!"

Friedemann's pale face became crimson, and in a subdued voice, which had something in it absolutely terrific, from the deep sorrow and the wild passion it expressed, he replied—"What shall I—what can I say to you? Look at me, and enjoy your triumph! You have made me wretched—but I conjure you, let me have the only consolation that remains—the conviction that I alone am to bear the wrath and curse of offended heaven!"

"Friedemann!" cried the maiden, shocked, and she turned again to him, her eyes suffused with tears—"spare me, master, this agitation, I entreat you!"

"I will *not!*" returned the young man, impetuously, "I will not spare you! you have yourself torn open, in cruel sport, the wounds of this heart! Look, how it bleeds! and yet, oh, fate, cannot cease to beat! I will not spare you! you are the only being on earth, to whom I dare unveil myself; I have purchased that right, with my happiness here and hereafter; and this only, last right, none shall tear from me! I gave you all! truth for falsehood—pure, undying love, for frivolous, heartless mockery!"

"I mocked you not!" protested Natalia, looking earnestly at him. "Believe me, I meant well."

"With *me?* Did you love me?"

"Ask me not."

"Natalia, answer! did you love me?"

"How can it help you, if I tell you I loved? Are we not parted for ever?"

"No! by my soul! *no!* If you love me, nothing on earth shall part us! For the sake of your love, mark me—I would not spare even the heart of my father, though it should cost his life! But I must know—if you have loved—if you yet love me! If you have not, if you do not, I will ask—woman! wherefore did you tempt the free-hearted youth, who lived but for his art, with encouraging looks and flattering words? Wherefore did you give—"

"Hold, unhappy man!"

"Wherefore?" repeated Friedemann, with a burst of passionate grief.

"I honored your mind—your genius—your heart."

"And you loved me not?"

"You will madden me with these questions!"

"And you loved me *not?*"

"I could not see you suffer—I wished to restore your peace—to have you acquiesce—"

"All, that you gave without love, I *despise!* If you do love me, how can you bear to think of becoming the wife of another?"

"Ah! you know well, my station—the will of my uncle—"

"And *my* happiness, *my* peace is nothing to you?"

"Why can you not be calm—happy, when you know that my affection is still yours—that I can never love another!"

Friedemann's brow kindled, he stamped fiercely with his foot, and muttered—"Hypocrite, liar, coward! and all for the sake of a coquette!"

"Your passion makes you unjust and weak," said Natalia, with displeasure. "I am no coquette. Is not the story of my education familiar to you? My parents died early; they were poor, but descended from one of the oldest families in the land; my proud uncle, whose nobility was younger, surrounded me with all the state and splendor his power could command. I will not indulge in self commendation, for I early perceived the worthlessness of all this magnificence; but it is *something*, that I yielded not to temptation, which, in the midst of pomp and luxury, approached me in a thousand enticing shapes. It is much; I dare commend myself, therefore, and be proud; for I had no loving, careful mother, to teach me the lessons of virtue. I grew thus, to womanhood, flattered by puppets, by venal slaves, by smiling fools, for I had not yet seen *man*. I saw you—I *loved* you; must I excuse to you my too mighty love?"

"Ah! Natalia! what must I think? You love me, yet scorn to be my true and wedded wife! You love me, and will marry the creature of your uncle, whom you regard with indifference—with aversion! Must I never know what to make of you?"

"You must know that calculation impels me not to this step, but a sense of duty."

"Sense of duty?"

"Yes! and towards you. I feel that as your wife I could *never* make you happy—could never be happy myself. You are a great artist, can accomplish much; but you cannot rise beyond a certain sphere—and I—think you it would be so easy for a princely maiden to fulfil the duties of a quiet citizen's wife? And, were I willing to sacrifice all for you, where should we find a refuge from the pursuit of my incensed uncle? Nay—if we even found that, in some desert solitude, how long could the high-minded, ambitious artist, endure this inglorious concealment?" Friedemann looked mournfully on the ground, and was silent, the lady continued—"If I knew you discontented, could I be happy? Or you, if you saw my grief? I will do all for you that a woman in my circumstances can do for her beloved; my uncle's minion can never obtain any portion of my heart. I will live for you alone! And you—live for your art and me!"

"And must I enjoy your affection as a dishonorable thief?" asked Friedemann, angrily.

"Our regard cannot remain concealed—yet, for your sake, I will bear the condemnation of the world!"

"And the world's scorn? No—you shall *not!* The woman whom I love—for whom I am miserable—for whose sake I have deceived father, brother, friends—that woman shall none dare to scorn! Farewell, Natalia! we never meet again! Be, what your future husband is not—be noble and true! And believe me, low as I am sunk, *all* virtuous resolution has not yet left my heart! I must be unhappy, but no longer utterly wretched, for you shall *esteem* me!"

"Friedemann!" cried the maiden, and threw herself weeping on his breast, "I honor, I admire you!"

Here the waiting maid entered hastily, and not without alarm, announced the minister's approach.

"Recollect yourself!" whispered Natalia, as she disengaged herself from the arms of her lover.

"The minister cried in a cordial tone as he entered—"Ha! Monsieur Bach, here still? I am delighted to see you again. Well, *ma chére nièce!*" turning to the blushing girl, "how goes it? Is all arranged for the concert—and will it suit?"

"I hope so, most gracious uncle!"

"That is charming, my love; my wife will be enchanted with this kind attention. You, my dear Monsieur Bach, will certainly arrange all for the best, of that I am assured. Come very often to my house! understand—very often! I place the highest value upon you and your talents."

The young man thanked him, somewhat bewildered, and took his leave.

"A strong head, and great, great talent," observed the minister, looking after him, while he took a pinch from his jewelled snuff-box. He said more in his praise, then passed to indifferent subjects, and at length retired from the apartment, after having pressed his lips to the white forehead of his niece, who dutifully kissed his hand.

As Friedemann left the palace, the Page rushed hastily from round a corner to him, and asked—"Whither?"

"Home!"

"Not there. Come with me instantly to Faustina's."

"Are you mad?"

"More reasonable than yourself, *mein engel!* Out on the blindness that cannot see the trap the wary bird-catcher has laid for the bird!"

"What mean you? What is the matter?"

"*Sacre-bleu!* Come to Faustina's with me, or you are to-night on the road to Konigstein! The Lord Minister knows all!" And he led him away.

—

Twilight had come on; Philip had called for lights, and placed himself beside his father, who, sitting at the table, was diligently perusing Friedemann's last exercises and compositions, giving what he had read to his son, for the same purpose. At last, looking up, he asked—"Well, Philip, what think you of our Friedemann?"

"Ah, father," replied the lad, "do not make sport of me! But, indeed I know not how to express what I

think and feel. I am moved, rapt—I admire my brother. It seems to me often as if I were reading something of yours; and then all is again so strange to me—so different from yours—I feel troubled—I know not why. In short, I cannot feel undisturbed joy in these compositions."

Sebastian looked grave and thoughtful for a moment, then turning, with a smile, to his son, he said—

"Yes, Philip, there is to me also something strange and paradoxical in Friedemann's works; and this is more the case in his exercises and sketches, than in his finished pieces; yet I am not disturbed; yea, I deeply rejoice therein."

"Rejoice?" repeated Philip, and looked doubtingly on his father; the latter continued—

"I know what you mean by this question; your own light, glad spirit, accords not with the earnest, oft gloomy character displayed in Friedemann's works. Heaven knows, he inherits not the gloomy from me, though I have always dealt earnestly with art; but, observe, Friedemann's character is not yet fixed. All assures me there is something great in the man; but he is hardly yet determined how to develope it. He seeks the form, by which he shall represent what lives within him. I have examined closely and dispassionately; it is not a father's partiality that leads me to speak as I do. Friedemann seeks for himself a new path to the goal. Will he succeed? I hope so, when I reflect that every strong spirit has sought and discovered a new path, winning what his predecessor would have given up as impossible. I know not if I deserve so high a degree of praise as has been accorded to me; but this I know, Philip, and acknowledge, that from her origin, Art has ever advanced, and still advances, and that her temple is not yet completed. Will it ever be? I think *not;* for the perfect dwells not on earth; yet, therefore, is Art on earth so divine and eternal, that we may ever long for her fairest rewards, and strive after them with our best strength."

"It is so," said Philip, struck with his father's remark; "if one thinks he has accomplished something worthy, he soon finds there exists in his fantasy images far nobler and fairer, than with all his industry and taste he can produce."

The conversation was interrupted by a stout knock at the door. The elder Bach answered by a "Come in!" the door opened, and two tall men entered, and inquired for the court-organist.

"I expect my son every moment," answered Bach, and asked if the gentlemen had any message to leave. They replied that they were friends of the court-organist, and would wait for his coming. They seated themselves without farther ceremony; Sebastian also resumed his seat, and endeavored to introduce general conversation. But his politeness and his trouble were in vain; the two visitors only answered in monosyllables, and in a tone by no means encouraging, so that an awkward silence soon prevailed, and Sebastian, as well as Philip, wished, with all their hearts, for Friedemann's arrival. Still Friedemann came not; but after the lapse of a quarter of an hour, the door was opened without a previous knock, and the page, von Scherbitz entered.

"*Bon soir!*" cried he, in a different tone, while he fixed a keen look on the two strangers, who rose from their seats as they perceived him.

"Whom have I the honor—" asked Sebastian, somewhat surprized at the unceremonious intrusion.

"Von Scherbitz," replied he, "page in the service of His Majesty, and a friend of your son, Friedemann, if so be that you are the Elder Bach."

"I am," returned Sebastian, smiling. "My son must be in soon; these gentlemen, also his friends, are waiting for him."

"Friends?" repeated von Scherbitz, "Friends of Friedemann? So, so!" He placed himself directly before the two men, who were visibly embarrassed, and looked down. The page stood awhile in silence; at length he said in a cold, ironical tone, "Messieurs! you are come too late, in spite of the haste with which His Excellency thought proper to send you, and indeed you are here quite unnecessarily. Go, messieurs! Carry your lord the compliments of the page, M. Scherbitz, and tell him the court-organist, Bach, is with the Signora Hasse; I myself took him there, informed his majesty of my doing, as in duty bound, and have already obtained my pardon!"

The two men started up and left the apartment, without answering a word; the page threw himself on a seat, and burst into loud laughter.

The elder Bach, who knew not what to make of the whole scene, stood in blank surprize in the middle of the room, looking inquiringly at Philip, who, with equally astonished and anxious looks, was gazing at the page.

At length von Scherbitz ceased laughing, arose, approached the old man, and said with earnestness and respect, "Pardon, Master Cantor, for my strange behavior; I will explain it to you; I have much to communicate, but to you alone. It concerns your son, Friedemann—"

"My son?"—'My brother?' cried Sebastian and Philip in the same breath. "Where is he?"

"As I told those men," replied the page, "at the house of Signora Hasse."

"And what does he there?" asked Sebastian.

"I must tell you alone."

"Go, Philip, to your chamber," said the father mildly; and as the boy lingered, he repeated with more earnestness—"go!" With a look of anxiety the youth retired.

Sebastian, full of serious misgiving, seated himself, and said, "Now, M. Scherbitz, we are alone; what have you to tell me of my Friedemann, whose friend you are pleased to call yourself?"

"I am his friend!" said the page, not without feeling; "and that I am, I have not first proved to-day!"

"And those two men, who marched off so quickly, when you told them my son was at Madame Hasse's?"

"Were in no way his friends—*tout au contraire,*

mon ami! and on this account I wish to speak with you."

"Speak, then, M. Scherbitz!"

Scherbitz seemed at a loss in what manner to communicate to Bach the information he could no longer keep from him. For the first time in his life, in the presence of that worthy old man, his bold levity deserted him. Sebastian sat opposite with folded hands, his clear and searching eyes fixed steadily upon him. Recollecting himself, at last he began—

"Your son, Friedemann, my good sir, has told me how different, even when a child, he always was from his brothers and sisters, in that, with an earnestness far beyond his years, he apprehended and retained whatever moved his fancy."

"Yes, yes, it was so!" exclaimed Bach. "This peculiarity endeared the boy to me at first; but in later years it has made me anxious for him."

"You have brought him up strictly, sir."

"Very strictly, M. Scherbitz; in the fear of God, as is a parent's duty! yet I have constrained him to nothing—and only when he was convinced, have I led him strictly to follow his conviction. He who discerns the truth and the right, and obeys it not, is either a fool or a knave; not a man!"

"Ah! my dear sir, may not an excess of strength lead a well-meaning man out of the way; yea, even to his ruin?"

"That is possible; but he should reserve his strength to struggle, not weakly yield. He should either rouse himself, and atone for his faults, or perish like a man."

"Heaven grant the first!" murmured the page.

"Do you fear the last?" asked Sebastian, quickly, and alarmed.

"No, M. Cantor; I trust Friedemann's strength to rise again."

"To rise again? Monsieur, tell me, in few words—what of my son?"

"Well, then! you have brought up your son as a man of honor; but you, yourself, sir, are too little acquainted with the present ways of the world, to be able to shield him against the dangers that beset the path of youth, when, without a guide or counsellor, he enters the great arena of life. Your son, 'till then, had known nothing of the world, beyond his paternal dwelling, and your church of Saint Thomas. He was called to Dresden. He was received as the son—as the first disciple of the famous Sebastian Bach; it was soon found that he was himself a master in his art. Esteem, admiration, were his; the great treated him with favor, his inferiors flattered him as the favorite of the great. Is it surprizing that his head was somewhat turned, and that he forgot his place? Yet all would soon have been right again, when he learned to separate appearances from realities; but, as ill luck would have it, the young Countess de Bruhl employed him as her music-master. In a word, your son loves her!"

"Is the boy mad?" cried Bach, angrily, and rising from his chair.

"Gently, papa!" interrupted the page; "if you knew the young Countess, you would confess, that for a young man like your son, it would be impossible not to love her; particularly as she was resolved to be loved; and, in truth, she has excellently well managed it!"

Sebastian sank again on his seat, and his brow became clouded; the page continued—

"Friedemann struggles bravely against his passion, but the little Countess would not allow resistance."

"Poor Friedemann!" sighed the father.

"When the first violence of his passion was over, he thought upon his father. He would have torn himself from his beloved—but could he? ought he? Every thing was against their union. Was he to discover all to you, who had no misgiving? Disturb your peace, and that of your family? He resolved to bear all the anguish alone; the resolution was a noble one, but it made him so much the more wretched, since he, who so reverenced truth, had to dissemble with his father."

"Cease, M. Scherbitz!" said Sebastian, in a low, mournful voice.

"I have little more to say, M. Cantor. "Friedemann's conscience gave him no peace day or night; and he suffered much from the fear of discovery He fled to dissipation for relief; there were about him younger and older libertines. Thus I became acquainted with him; I, whose life has been an error! I would fain have aided him; but I saw then was not the time. His grief was too new; his passion reigned too fiercely in his breast; I looked to time for the cure, and sought only to keep him from too wild company. I was not always successful. He himself has broken off his connection with the Countess."

"Heaven be praised!" cried Sebastian with joy; the page continued—

"First hear me out, M. Cantor; the minister discovered their intimacy. He swore your son's destruction—there I have baffled him; but I cannot prevent the necessity of Friedemann's quitting this place."

"It needs not!" said Sebastian, with quickness. "My poor son shall go hence; he needs comfort, and he can find it only with me!"

"He may come to you, then?" asked Scherbitz."

"What a question! Where is the father who can repel his unhappy child? And I know, sir, how unhappy my poor Friedemann must be; for I know, better than any other, his fiery soul! Bring him to me. I know he has ever loved his father; he must learn, also, to trust me with filial confidence!"

"My good sir!" cried Scherbitz with emotion, taking Sebastian's hand, and pressing it to his bosom, "had I had such a father, I should have been something more than a page, in my fortieth year. Your Friedemann is saved!"

He left the apartment. Sebastian looked sadly after him, and murmured to himself, "Ah! you know not what is in my heart, and that I dare not speak the whole truth, if I would save my boy! My fairest dream is melted away—the dream I indulged, of finding in my first born a friend, pure and true—such as I have sought my life long in vain! Oh! now I acknowledge, the truest friend, the purest joy, is Art! Without her, where should I find comfort? All thanks and praise to

Him who has given the children of earth such a companion through their pilgrimage of life!"

He passed from the room into an adjoining dark one, where a small but excellent work of Silbermann's was set up; he opened the piano, played a prelude, and began, with a full heart, the beautiful melody of an old song by Paul Gerhard, the first verse of which ran as follows:—

"Commit thy ways, oh, pilgrim,
And yield thy sick heart's sighs
Unto the faithful caring
Of him who rules the skies!"

More steady, more powerful rose the harmony; it filled the apartment, and was heard even in the streets, where it brought peace and consolation to more than one sick heart, as the passers by stopped to listen!

In a luxuriously decorated room, lighted by a splendid astral lamp, reclined on a rich ottoman, Faustina Hasse, the most beautiful woman, and the greatest dramatic singer, not only of her own, but perhaps of all times.

She wore a simple, white robe, of the finest material; a costly necklace of pearls was rivalled by the snow of her lovely neck; her lofty brow was somewhat paler than usual, and a touch of melancholy about her mouth softened the pride that generally ruled the expression of those exquisite features.

"Let him come in!" said she, carelessly, to the waiting-maid, who had just announced a visitor. The maid withdrew, and the minister, Count von Brühl entered, with a low and courtly bow. Faustina replied by a slight inclination of her head, and without changing her own easy position, motioned him to a seat. The minister sat down, and began smilingly—

"My late visit surprizes you, does it not, Signora?"

"I am not yet aware of its object."

"Oh, that is plain! I am a good spouse, as is known; in fourteen days comes my consort's birth-day, and I intend giving a fête, as handsome as my poor means will allow. But how will it surpass in splendor all other fêtes in the world, if Faustina Hasse will honor it with her presence! Will the Signora let me sue in vain?"

"I do not sing, my lord minister."

"How have I deserved, Signora, that you should so misinterpret my well meant petition?"

"Will His Majesty honor the feast with his presence?"

"He received graciously his most faithful servant's petition, and was pleased to promise me."

"Good—I will be there."

"Divine Faustina! My gratitude is unbounded!"

He kissed her hand, and was about to retire. Faustina started up hastily, and cried with flashing eyes—

"Hold—a word! The minister stood still. "Where is Friedemann Bach?" asked she.

The Count could not suppress a start of surprize, but he answered blandly—"This question, most honored lady, from you—"

"Where is Friedemann Bach?" repeated Faustina, with vehemence. "I *will* know!"

"Well, then; he is probably on the way to Koningstein."

Faustina smiled scornfully, and asked—"For what?"

"To save him from yet severer punishment. The whole parish is disgusted at the scandalous life their court-organist leads, who, if he edifies the devotional with his organ-playing on Sunday morning, celebrates the wildest orgies with his fellow rioters, at Seconda's, on Sunday night!"

"And what is done with his fellow rioters?"

The Count von Brühl shrugged his shoulders, and replied dejectedly—"They are of the first families."

"And therefore pass unpunished? Very fair, my lord minister! But you are mistaken; Bach is not on the road to Koningstein; he is here, in my house, and has seen his Majesty."

"How, signora!" cried the Count, really shocked—"what have you done?"

"Silence—I command you!"* said Faustina, haughtily. The minister was silent, and she continued—"His Majesty knows all; knows why you pursue the unhappy youth, and would bring unspeakable misery on the whole family—and such a family! Heartless courtier! You cannot comprehend the worth of such a man. Friedemann must leave this city, but he goes freely, and must not be unprovided for. Give him another place, one worthy of his genius. That is His Majesty's will!"

She left the apartment. The minister stepped, in much embarrassment, to a window, looked out into the darkness, and drummed with his fingers upon the pane. When he turned round, he saw Friedemann and the page, who had entered the room. There was a storm in his breast, but he suppressed all signs of agitation, and walking up to the young man, said in a gentle, though earnest tone, "Monsieur Bach, it grieves me much that you must leave us so suddenly; but since that cannot be helped, we must yield to what is unavoidable. You will go as soon as possible to Merseburg; the place of organist in that Cathedral is vacant, and I have appointed you to it. Adieu!" And he retired.

"*Bravissimo, mon comte!*" cried the page, laughing as he looked after him—"where is there a better actor? Roscius is a poor bungler to him! But now, *mon ami*"—he turned to Friedemann—"come with me to your father. Courage! he knows all."

"All!" repeated the poet, and with a look of despair he followed his friend. They passed out into the open air. It was a clear winter's night; the stars glittered in the deep blue firmament, recording, in burning lines, their hymn of praise to Infinite love; but in the heart of the young man dwelt hopeless anguish.

The pious melody Sebastian sang, was yet unfinished, when they arrived at the house. They entered. Philip, who saw them first, hastened to tell his father. Sebastian came into the room; as he approached his son, he said, "You come back to me—you are welcome!"

* Historical.

"Can you forgive me, father?" murmured Friedemann, fixing his looks gloomily on the ground.

"You have deeply sinned against your first, your truest friend; but I trust you will have ability to amend and I *have* forgiven you!"

"And without a word of reproach?"

"Your own conscience has suggested more than I could say; it is now my part to console you. Come with me to our Leipzig, and if I alone cannot comfort you, why, the others shall help me!"

"No, by my life!" cried Friedemann, looking up boldy. "I pass not again the sacred threshold of my home, 'till I am worthy of you—or quite resigned to despair!"

"Is that your firm resolve?" asked Sebastian.

"It is, my father! Henceforward I will be true to you. I know not if I shall overcome this anguish, but I will struggle against it, for I have yet power! If victorious, more is won than lost! But if I am overcome—"

"Then come to my heart, Friedemann!"

"I will!"

Sebastian held out his hand to his son. Friedemann flung himself into his father's arms.

The next morning they parted. Sebastian returned to Leipzig, and Friedemann prepared for his journey to Merseburg.

To be continued.

Original.

THE SAILOR BOY.

God guard thee, sailor boy, when on the billow!
Keep thee from tempests, and from Ocean's bed!
Long be his smile a halo o'er thy pillow—
A crown of glory round thy youthful head!
Kneel thou when stars from forth the azure heaven,
Come slowly to be mirrored round thy bark!
Then in the solemn hush of holy even,
Pray, if thy heart be faint—thy "soul be dark!"
When from thy fevered dream in terror starting,
Thou shalt look forth to meet thy mother's smile,
May memory freely from its stores imparting,
Give hope anew thy sorrows to beguile!
Though waters girt thee by no haven bounded,
And thy tired vision wearies of the sea,
Think of thy home by pleasant scenes surrounded—
Of hearts whose anxious throbs are all for thee!
Thou who wert once with tenderest pity shielded—
Whose boyish sorrows never passed unshared—
These priceless blessings thou hast freely yielded,
Nor can their faded beauty be repaired!
Thou may'st return; but chains so rudely broken
Will ne'er again thy restless spirit bind!
Of untold love our prayers shall be the token—
Of wishes precious, and with tears resigned!
Through weary days may Israel's God direct thee;
In clouds that temper the too fervent ray!
By night the fiery pillow still protect thee,
A guide unerring 'mid thy trackless way.

IONE.

Original.

THE BLOSSOM AND THE GREEN LEAVES.

I DREAMED that I was wandering in a garden, a very beautiful one, such as my waking vision hath never seen, and Fancy but seldom pictured to me. I had looked and admired, 'till, overcome with weariness, I sank down upon the green turf bank at my side, to collect, if possible, my scattered senses. Then there came over me a deep sense of the glory God has thrown over this lower world, and with it, such a feeling of my own physical and spiritual deformity, that I could but weep. "Ah! why," thought I, "why is it thus? why is such a keen perception of the bright and beautiful, given to those who have so little within themselves calculated to waken, or keep alive such susceptibilities? why, but to make them wretched, dissatisfied with themselves, and envious of all that is beautiful around them?" There was a low, sweet murmuring at my side, and I looked up. A flower of exquisite beauty was blooming near me; its colors were so pure, and so delicately blended, and in its form and position there was so much grace, that I could not refrain from audible admiration. Again I heard the same soft murmurs, and the Green Leaves—for from them the voice proceeded—replied, "Yes! so it is! they all admire the lovely Blossom, and bestow upon it every word of endearment and praise: but no one thinks of, or cares for the Green Leaves! Ah! why were we made? why live here from day to day to nourish and adorn and be despised for that proud beauty?"—and the Green Leaves drooped, for they were sad—and I thought how like my own were their feelings. Again I looked up; a fairy being stood over them; for she had heard their complainings, and hastened to comfort them. "Ah! my Green Leaves," she said, "why are you drooping? why are you envious of that fragile blossom? May you not be as happy as that? Reason with yourselves, sweet ones; would you all be Blossoms? How then would you exist? and if you could, where would the beauty be, without the variety you now afford? Mortals would then be weary of the Blossoms, and sigh again for a Green Leaf. And what matters it though they do lavish their praises upon it now, and forget *you?* Do not their praises injure it? Do they not rudely take it from its own sweet home, that it may minister, for an hour, to their enjoyment, and then throw it carelessly away to droop and die? Beside, my Green Leaves, do I not love you as well as I do Blossoms? And to you, mortal, I would say, receive instruction from this. I know what your thoughts have been—that, like the Green Leaves, you have been repining, because your Creator has denied to you that beauty which He has lavished upon Nature, and upon some of your fellow creatures. But mourn not; though God has made some as the sweet Blossoms, and some as the Green leaves, yet you are all equally beautiful in His sight, when you perform, with an humble heart, the duties he has assigned you." The fairy vanished, and I awoke. It was only a dream, but I often think now, when mingling with the world, that there are comparatively few Blossoms, while the Green Leaves are many but that God loves them all.

VIOLA.

Original.

THE SPECTRE STEAMER;

OR, HUGH NORTHUP'S OATH.

A TALE OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'LAFITTE,' 'CAPT. KYD,' 'THE QUADROON,' 'BURTON,' ETC., ETC.

It was in the spring of 1839, that I left New-Orleans, in the splendid steamer Saint Louis, for Saint Louis. The morning was clear and brilliant, and the atmosphere of that agreeable elasticity which inspires the dullest with good spirits. We backed out slowly and majestically from our birth at the pier, and, gaining the mid-river, began to ascend the stream with rapid but stately motion. I stood upon the "hurricane-deck," with fifty other passengers, admiring the view of the city as we run swiftly past it. Street after street terminating in a strait line in the cypress swamp, appeared and disappeared, and turret, spire, and terrace receded rapidly in the distance. The half league of shipping lying "three deep" against the pier, and waiting for their freight of cotton, presented a grand and imposing spectacle. They were Americans and of all European nations, principally English and French; and as every ship wore her flag half-mast in honor of a captain of one of them who had died the day previous, their appearance was at once solemn (from association) and brilliant. Who that has ever visited New-Orleans in the winter season, can forget the fine effect of this wide-stretching crescent of shipping that enfolds the city at either extremity, like wings?

At length we left behind us the shipping and the huge cotton-presses lining the river shore abreast of it. The Capitol-like dome of the Saint Charles, the dark tower of the Cathedral, and the lofty roofs of hotels, sunk rapidly from the eye, or were lost in the smoke that overhung the city; and on either shore the eye was relieved by the agreeable substitute of sugar-fields, woodlands, and pretty villas. We shortly passed the picturesque village of Carrolton, with its handsome racing buildings and fine "course," and the remainder of the day, sailed between noble sugar-plantations, extending a league inland from the river. The eye never wearied gazing on the pleasant residences of the planters, with their steep dark roofs, light verandahs and vine-clad galleries, and upon the orangeries, gardens and groves of old trees, that thickly adorned the river banks for full thirty leagues above the city. The whole shore was, indeed, a continuous village of villas—a rural street, thronged with horsemen, private equipages, visiting from plantation to plantion, foot-travellers, lads and maidens, negroes and negresses! As we ran along close to the bank it was like driving through a village street; we could converse with the pedestrian on shore, peep upon the tea-table party in the open hall, and keep company with the bonnetless ladies, taking an airing, driving in their rapid barouches, on the levée. The whole scene was delightful and novel.

At length night came on, and the horizon on every side was illumined with vast flames rising from pyramids of dried sugar-cane, which the slaves take pleasure in kindling at night. From the upper-deck the sight was grand, and as the darkness deepened and the fires increased in number and size, it became truly sublime. Before us, half an hour after sun-set, the whole horizon seemed in a blaze, and the red glare glowed and flushed the sky to the zenith. It seemed as if Tartarus was ahead, and that we were rushing into its fiery caverns! and, with the streaming sparks pouring from our black chimnies, the roar of the escape-pipes, and the thunder of the dashing paddles, the "infernal" idea was, on reflection, by no means diminished in its force. The night was still, and the flames rose in vast columnar height, o'ertopped by clouds of murky smoke, that, rolling sluggishly onward, eclipsed half the stars. The river, reflecting on its breast so many fires, seemed itself a lurid lake. I had never before, nor have I since, beheld so singular and wonderful a spectacle! We remained on deck 'till near morning, deeply interested in the extraordinary scene. For the distance of one hundred miles, which we run in the night, the fires blazed on either shore 'till morning! We seemed to be sailing along in a sort of majestic triumph, our way illumined by bonfires! Conceive a river a mile in breadth lighted for a hundred, nay, two hundred and fifty miles, as it proved to be, by columns of flame half a mile from each other, on either bank of the river. Such was our first night on the Mississippi!

The next day we ascended between shores less highly cultivated and far less picturesque. We had exchanged the wide sugar fields and the noble villas of the planters for cotton plantations and their ruder habitations. Baton Rouge, with its French-looking edifices, its old church and handsome barracks, with its beautiful suburban lawns and green esplanade, wooed and won our passing admiration.

As the sun set, its last rays gilded the summit of the bold promontory on which Natchez is situated, and its effulgence was reflected back to us from its towers and domes and thousand windows. The next morning, we beheld the sun rise over the romantic city of Vicksburg, which is certainly one of the most imposing towns in the valley of the west, beheld from the water. On leaving this place, we began to enter the wild and vast region of that portion of the great valley, watered by the Mississippi, upon which the hand of cultivation has been but little bestowed. For hundred of miles this noble stream winds its majestic and tortuous way through an almost unbroken wilderness, save here and there, where an adventurous woodman has planted his hut, and at long intervals on some favorite site some new settlement. It was on the fourth day after our departure from New-Orleans, that our huge steamer entered the wildest portion of this dark and inhospitable region. The gigantic forests stood silent and vast on either shore, as they had stood for centuries. Evening approached and we entered a narrow *shute*, but little broader than to give room for the passage of the steamer, so that the shadows cast from either bank met mid-way in the channel, and, while twilight was yet in the sky, enveloped our course in the deepest gloom. Thus we went on, now winding

our way between an island and the main, now stemming the broad current of the full river, now hugging the shore to take advantage of the eddy. I had gone below at ten o'clock to retire; but feeling wakeful I took up "Hoffman's Winter in the West," and read until the steward simultaneously pronounced over my head—"It is twelve o'clock, sir," and extinguished the cabin lamp. I then went to the deck to breathe a little fresh air before going to my state-room. On gaining the hurricane deck I was struck with the brilliancy and beauty of the night. The stars really sparkled and danced in the deep heavens, and the dark, still bosom of the river was as thick and dazzling with them as were the skies. How silent and dark reposed the walls of forests of cypresses on either hand! How black their shadows that seemed to descend below the very foundations of the river! We were, at the moment, in the very centre of the stream, crossing over from one point to another to enter the "cut off," across the peninsula of "Horse-Shoe Bend," the mouth of which was indicated by a break in the shadows in the water ahead of us, rather than visible in the shore itself, which was dark and impervious to the eye. I walked forward as we neared it, to the pilot's-house, within which he stood at the wheel. He was a fine old weather beaten man, about fifty-four or five years of age, with just gray enough sprinkled amid his black locks to bear testimony to the long service he had seen. Loitering by his wheel of nights, I had gradually formed an acquaintance with him, and found he possessed a noble frankness of manner, good common sense, though uneducated, and much general intelligence, united singularly enough, to a strong bias towards superstition. He had been a boatman on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, before, said he, "Sich varmint as steamers was thought on." His name was Paul Fink, and he was cousin to the celebrated Mike Fink, whom the late lamented Morgan Neville has immortalized in one of the happiest American tales ever written.

I now approached him as he stood alone at his wheel, his head enveloped in a fox-skin cap, and his person wrapped in a white shaggy pea-jacket, (for we were now in a latitude many degrees higher than New-Orleans, where four days before we had worn straw hats and summer garments. Forward of the wheel-house, twenty feet from us on the part of the deck above the boilers, sat one of the passengers smoking a German pipe—a very extraordinary looking man—dark, silent, and mysterious, who had attracted much curious notice on board, both from the passengers and crew, otherwise we were alone on the vast and silent deck.

"A fine night, pilot," I observed in an indifferent tone, as I wrapped my cloak closer about me and leaned against the window of the wheel-house.

He made no reply at first, but fixing his eye steadily upon the boat's course as she approached the mouth of the "Horse Shoe cut-off," gave the wheel two or three rapid revolutions and shot into its narrow inlet with that skilful and unerring certainty for which the pilots of the Mississippi are so remarkable. We now seemed sailing, so dark and gloomy was this passage, through a forest cavern, with only a narrow opening to the stars overhead. The long, pendant branches of the willows and cypresses, swept our decks, and the deep roar of our escape-pipes penetrated the lofty avenues of the eternal forest, and echoing and re-echoing, filled the wood with a continuous resounding thunder. Onward we went, our only guide through the gloomy passage, the stars twinkling between the trees, that, towering from either bank, nearly met their tops midway the channel.

"Yes, sir, a pretty night," responded the pilot, after we had fairly entered the 'shute,' and casting a glance at the stars, he rolled his quid in his cheek, expectorated the superfluous juice, and gave his wheel a half turn to starboard.

"It surprizes me," I said, after a moment's silence, wishing to draw Paul into conversation, "that you can steer with such accuracy amid this deep darkness. The water and the forests are equally black to my eye—it is impossible for me to distinguish the bank and water-line of either side of the channel."

"It's all come o' practice, all practice," he said, carelessly, "and then there's somethin', too, in the boat's being used to the channel. Why this steamer knows every inch o' the way between Orleans as well as I do. She'd make the trip alone, if she on'y know'd how to keep her steam up herself! Her old nose is just as familiar with the mouth of every 'shute,' as you are with the way to your own mouth! I could go to sleep here at my wheel, if 'twant for the discredit o' the thing if the cap'n should come up and catch an old pilot at it, and she'd run herself! But, talking o' steam-boats running themselves," said Paul, ceasing his professional praise of his steamer, lowering his voice and speaking in an awed under tone; "there's a boat on this river, sir, that has been runnin' alone this last twelve-month, and never has yet got to her port."

"Ah, what is the story about her, Paul?" I inquired, seeing my superstitious friend was in the humor of talking.

"I'd tell it to you, especially as we are off agen Horse-Shoe Bend, if—" and here Paul cast a suspicious and uneasy look towards the silent passenger, who, at that instant, rose from his seat and wrapping himself in his long, black cloak, began to pace the deck athwart-ships; "I'd tell it you, sir, if that old hunks was out o' the way. There's somethin' about that varmint I don't much like! He's on deck always all my watch, and the other pilot swears he is all his'n. Now a man what sits up all night and no watch to stand, *is* queer! I give sich critters a wide berth as I would an ugly snag. Do you like the varmint's looks, stranger?" All this was spoken in a low tone close to my ear, as I leaned in the window of the pilot-house.

"I don't see any thing very suspicious in his loving the deck these fine nights," I said, laughing; "you always find me here, Paul, during the most of your trick at the wheel."

"That's true, and glad I am to have you on deck in

my watch; but there's a mighty difference, I tell ye, stranger, between a man that comes and talks like a Christian man with the pilot when the boat is running steady and he can listen to him, and one who never opens his crackers to man or beast, but goes stalking about the decks like a shadow in black, or sittin' in the cap'n's chair there, smoking a German pipe as if his insides was a furnace. No, no," continued Paul, bringing his wheel *to* half a dozen spokes, and eying the passenger suspiciously; "I tell you there is no good in him, and you'll see before the trip is through." Here the old pilot shook his head ominously, renewed his quid, and brought the boat *to* a point and a half, which he had let her fall off while talking.

I watched for a few seconds, unconsciously, the movements of the mysterious passenger, against whom Paul had taken up so strong a prejudice, as he slowly paced the deck a few feet forward of the wheel-house, the fire in the bowl of his pipe glowing at every whiff and lighting up his thin, swarthy visage. I could see in him, however, no more than a tall, thin, bilious looking gentleman, either a Porteguese or an Italian, with dignified yet taciturn manners, one who loved the company of his pipe better than the companionship of his species. So turning from him I asked Paul to explain to me what he meant by his wandering steamer, that had never reached her port.

"Well, I'll tell it you, and there was never a better place to tell it than here in the Horse-Shoe-Bend, which God grant we were well out of."

"Is it a dangerous place?" I asked, struck by Paul's earnest manner.

"For one league above and one league below, I never go through it without the prayers my mother taught me on my tongue. God help me! did you hear that?"

"What?" I exclaimed, starting.

"That steamer ahead! Do you hear her blow?" he cried, in such real alarm, that I could not help sympathizing in it. After listening a moment, I could hear nothing but our own boat. He seemed also in a moment after to be convinced that he was mistaken, and was inclined to attribute the supposed noise of a coming boat to his fancy.

"By heaven, I could have sworn it!" he said, taking a relieved breath.

"Why should a boat coming down alarm you, Paul?" I inquired.

"Did you ever hear of an earthly steamer coming *down* a shute, stranger?" he asked, with something like slight contempt. "Don't every Christian boat in descending the river, take the broad open stream to have the full advantage of the current? You don't know every thing, stranger, yet!"

I acknowledged my ignorance of a great many things, and begged him to relate what he knew about the lost steamer. Paul gave a preliminary turn to the wheel, discharged half a gill of distilled tobacco into the huge spittoon at his feet, and casting a suspicious glance after the mysterious passenger, who had walked aft, and was now indistinctly seen a hundred feet distant from us, standing over the stern of the boat, gazing down into the boiling wake—he thus began—

"You must know, stranger, Saint Louis has the finest steamers that runs on the Mississippi river! She takes a pride, as she ought, in makin' 'em larger, handsomer, and faster than those of any other city. Louisville and Cincinnatti has more of 'em, but none of 'em can come up to the Saint Louis craft for prettiness from stem to stern and real race-horse speed. This here very identical animal we are now walking at ten knots through this 'shute,' is a specimen! Well, you see, the merchants vied with each other who should build the best boats, and the captain's who should make the shortest trip between Saint Louis and Orleans. This very Saint Louis, you are now on board, I saw built and launched, and a prettier varmint never swam than she was when she had got her engines and boilers aboard, and started from the pier on the first trip to Orleans, with sixty thousand dollars in freight! Was'nt she a beauty? I was the first man that took her wheel and stuck her nose down stream! She steered like a duck! and she had scarcely shaken off the smell of the nigger-tracks on her decks in Saint Louis, before she was along side o' the levee in Orleans! Three days and twenty-one hours runnin' eleven hundred miles! See her walk up stream now! Is'nt she a picture, stranger?"

I having assented to the truth of his panegyric upon his favorite boat, and Paul having brought the boat too from a yaw she had unkindly taken as he was warmly speaking in commendation of her, he thus continued—

"Well, you see, the trip we made was *a brag!* Not a captain in Saint Louis could hold up his head after we got back in *five days* against stream! There was living there then, one Captain Hugh Northup, who had always hated our captain, the two having commanded rival steamers. It was said he had been engaged in no honest livelihood before he came to Saint Louis, where he brought a great box of gold and silver with him and another of jewels. But somehow he grew in favor and invested money in steamboats, one of which he went captain of himself, and it was while running this boat he fell out with our captain for always beating him in his trips. So, you see, when he heard of our brag trip he swore like a pirate that he would beat it or be blown to the devil. Well, he sells out all his shares in other boats, gets together all his money and turns too to build with it a steamer that shall beat every boat on the river. Well, stranger, he was a year at work on her, and a power of money he laid out on her, and a pretty thing she was as ever two eyes looked upon. She was just the size and tonnage of this here boat, the Saint Louis—but her model! was'nt it a beauty to look at? Our captain could never see it as she lay upon the stocks, without swearing and spitting out his quid. Many a good quid o' old Virginny did that new boat make the cap'n lose. Well, stranger, this new boat was launched, and when she had got all her fixins aboard and lay along side the levee, she, a *leetle bit*, cut out in shine the Saint Louis, I tell ye. All her cabin works was mahogany and bird's-eye, touched off with gilding. Her furniture was rich enough for the President's house, and

her carpets alone cost twenty-four hundred dollars! Her engine and boilers were the best that could be made in Amerikey. All Saint Louis came aboard to see her, and Captain Northup gave a ball to a thousand people in her cabins. Well, he got her ready for her voyage; nothing was lackin' to make her complete—not even a silver tooth-pick for the steward! The day she was to sail, Captain Northup invited all the masters of the steamers in port and some of the big merchants to a sort of a dinner-breakfast at eleven o'clock, in the forenoon. Every body went that was invited, because they knew the champaign would be spilled a few. And want it? I reckon it would take three schoolmasters to count the empty bottles! When the last bottle was brought on, and every toast had been drunk under the sun, Captain Northup got up on his feet, and with his champaign glass in his hand, said, in a loud tone so as to be heard by all—

"'Now, gentlemen, I'll give you a sentiment—THE LUCIFER!' (for so he had named his boat') *and her crew!*'

"'The Lucifer and her crew,' repeated fifty voices, and the toast was drank standing.

"'Thank you, gentlemen,' said Captain Northup, with a flushed cheek; 'now listen to me. There have been boasts of brag trips between Saint Louis and Orleans! Such boasters shall be for ever silenced by the Lucifer. I am her captain, and I've got the devil for my chief-engineer. I sail this day at four o'clock, for New-Orleans, and if she is one hour over three days on her trip, I'll up steam and drive her to hell! I here *swear to God, that, slow trip or quick trip, I will take but one meal between the two ports!*'

"This mad oath was received by the excited table with uproarious applause, to which every man gave the *coup*, by dashing his empty glass upon the board. Hugh Northup looked round with triumph.

"The company broke up, and that afternoon the Lucifer left Saint Louis, in the sight of ten thousand spectators. I saw her from this very dock, for we lay there as she got under headway. In ten minutes she was out of sight, beyond the southermost bend of the river! Never did I see a steamer walk out as she did! You'd have thought seventy devils were flying off with her down stream! Not a soul in Saint Louis but believed Hugh Northup would beat every other boat that ever floated!"

Here the "reach," opened a little, and Paul suspended his narration to bring the boat's stem more sharply to the current, and as he did so, he looked around and listened with apprehensive expectation of hearing or seeing something unpleasant.

"Hark! by my soul, that was the blow of a boat!" he suddenly cried, grasping his wheel with a firmer hold.

"I hear it," I said, after a moment's listening, "but it is a great distance off. Probably a steamer in Horse-Shoe-Bend, going down."

"No—the Bend is off to the south-east of us, five miles across, and this comes from the north and west—dead ahead! Do you hear it? It is coming nearer," he cried, with a voice husky with emotion and terror, if a stout old pilot like Paul Fink could feel terror.

True enough, I could hear, as if about two miles ahead of us, through the forests, the deep regular blowing of a large class steamer. I listened, after witnessing Paul's emotion, not without singular sensations as each booming note succeeding a louder and louder, reached my ear.

"Why should this coming boat alarm you, Paul?" I asked, on observing by the light of the wheel-house lantern that his face was rigid and pale, and that his lip muttered broken sentences of the Lord's prayer.

"It is the Lucifer, Captain Hugh Northup," he said, hoarsely, "from the day she left Saint Louis, she has never been heard off, in an honest and Christian way, and it is the seventh day of this month, a twelve-month, since she sailed. Lord have mercy on the souls of those who sailed with that captain!"

"She has been heard of then?" I asked, with much interest, as the regular blow of the still distant boat fell on our ears.

"She has been seen and passed by more than one boat since then—but ne'er a pilot who laid eyes on her lived seven days after it."

"Where and how was she seen?" I inquired with wonder.

"Here! in the neighborhood of Horse-Shoe-Bend, and only in the middle watch! It is said she is always seen coming down with a full head of steam on, with a skeleton figure at the wheel, who hails in an unearthly voice, and implores to be told the way to New-Orleans, saying in a most pitiable tone, that he has got lost among the shutes, and that it seems to him instead of going towards his port, that he is going round and round in a sort of Horse-Shoe-Bend, and for ever sailing in a circle. This, it is said, he utters with mingled groans and curses, enough to chill mortal blood; and when he can get no reply, he begs mournfully for something to eat, saying he has eaten but one meal for many, many a long month. There is nobody else to be seen on board, but a tall, black looking man, who acts as engineer."

"This is a strange story, Paul," I said, amused, yet seriously impressed by his superstition.

"If 'tis strange, 'tis true, sir," answered Paul, with solemnity. "God in mercy keep me from meeting the Lucifer with her skeleton captain and infernal engineer this night. I shall be glad when I'm well out o' the Horse-Shoe."

"But no boat could pass us in this narrow channel, Paul, not even the Lucifer, if she should be coming down."

Paul shook his head and sighed, while his lips audibly pronounced a short prayer.

"I don't hear the blow of the boat now, Paul," said I, listening; "it must have been some boat passing by in the main bend of the Horse-Shoe."

"The wind has changed," he said. The pilot then bent his head forward to listen, but the roar of our own escape-pipes prevented his hearing, and he pulled the

little bell for the engineer to stop the boat. The signal was immediately obeyed, and for an instant we remained motionless and silent, save a low, suppressed respiration from the steam-pipes. The regular *blow* of a steamer, but a short distance above us, was now distinctly heard. A few moments suspense convinced us that it was descending the "shute" which we were ascending. Paul looked at me as much as to say, "Do you hear the Lucifer now?" and breathed hard and heavily. I was silent from an indefinable awe. The sound was heard also by the mate and his watch on the forecastle below us. He sprung up the ladder and leaped from the fly-wheel upon the hurricane deck.

"Mr. Fink, I do believe there is a boat ahead, in the 'shute,'" he cried, hastening to the wheel-house, and addressing the pilot.

"I know it," said Paul gravely, "and we shall all know it before long. It's Hugh Northup's boat."

"Then the devil will have his pick out of our crew before the week's out," said the mate, with a reckless manner to which sudden fear gave a kind of desperation. "I should'nt care myself," he added after a moment's silence, "if it were not for Anna and my little boy at home." He then folded his arms and leaned moodily against the wheel-house, with his head fallen upon his breast.

The descending steamer, of whatever character she might be, was now rapidly approaching us through the darkness of the forest-walled passage. Her *blow* echoed through the glades of the wood sharp and clear, and the dash of her paddles in the water could be plainly distinguished. Paul stood firmly at his wheel and kept the boat closely hugging the starboard shore, to give the stranger a birth, though there seemed to be only room for us alone in the confined and tortuous channel. He was pale as death, his lips set, and his eyes fixed upon the point where he expected to behold the boat appear. Louder and louder resounded the deep roar of her escape-pipes, and the dashing of the water, as her paddles strongly beat it. Suddenly through the gloom and intervening trees, her furnace-fires gleamed along the water! Above her prow was set her blood-red signal lantern, and on her stern a blue one! These lights plainly designated her character.

"It is the Lucifer, Mr. Fink. God help us!" groaned the mate.

"Amen!" responded Paul, with emotion, whirling his wheel like lightning to bring the head of his boat as close shoreward as possible, for the strange steamer was bearing directly down the middle of the "shute," under a full head of steam.

"She will sink us as true as heaven!" cried Paul, putting his helm hard down, 'till he almost forced the boat in among the trees.

"Never fear," said a deep voice close beside us, "for the Lucifer can find water where other boats would ground."

We turned with suspicion to where the words came from, and beheld the passenger in the black cloak. He immediately passed on to the forward part of the hurricane deck, and stood there, calmly surveying the alarming approach of the other steamer. Down she came upon us with fearful speed. She was but twice her length off and when I expected that the next breath we should come together with fearful collision, to our surprize and wonder, we beheld her turn from her straight course directly into the forests! The huge trees bent low with their tops of thick foliage before her path, and seemed to form a sea of green billows, lighted up by her furnace-fires, over which she rode proudly and majestically. Making a graceful sweep athwart our bow, we heard her bell ring to stop her engines, and our engineer in his terror, stopped his also. A thin, ghastly figure, attenuated to a skeleton, now sprung out of her wheel-house, with a trumpet in his hand, while a fearful looking being leaving the engine came upon the guard, and laughed mockingly as the other hailed us, in a shrill, horrible voice—

"What steamer is that?"

No one answered on board, though the whole of our crew of boatsmen and firemen, with the captain and numerous passengers, now crowded our decks, gazing with horror and suspicion upon the hellish steamer, as she rode on the billowy trees of the forest.

"For the love of———"

"Ha, ha, hah!" laughed the infernal engineer, and we could not hear whether the wicked and miserable being said "God," or not, but he continued in a most piteous tone—

"Tell me the route to New-Orleans! I have been sailing and sailing and sailing, 'till my crew have died one by one—my mates have died, my pilots grew mad and drowned themselves, my engineer is dead—"

"Ha, ha, hah!" laughed the fearful being beneath him on the deck, "ha, ha, hah! you lie, Hugh Northup!"

The poor wretch moaned and groaned enough to melt a stone; and walking aft as his boat drifted away on its green sea, he cried—

"Oh, then, for the love of—"

"Ha, ha, hah!" laughed his infernal engineer, and we could not hear his adjuration, but we could hear him continue—

"Give me some food, some food, some food! I perish with hunger. I have eaten but one meal for more than a year! Oh, give me food, if you will not show me the way to New-Orleans, that I may eat again!"

Not a word was spoken on board our boat—but a deep groan was emitted from every bosom. The poor wretch then clasped his hands, and seemed lost in hopeless despair, such as no mortal man could look upon without fear. At length he cried, imploringly—

"Send me then, I beg of you, good christians, a pilot for I am too ill to steer my own vessel longer—perhaps he would bring me to Orleans."

There was a dead silence for an instant, when the passenger, whom Paul had taken such a prejudice against, answered from the hurricane deck—

"Ay, ay, send your boat!"

The poor, miserable captain, at the sound of his voice, uttered a piercing shriek, and falling on his knees, he wrung his hands piteously, as if a fearful fate, more

dreadful far than that he still endured, awaited him. The infernal engineer immediately sprung into the boat, and sculled towards our steamer. It was dry and leaky, and threatened to sink with him. The Lucifer, herself, was also old and tumbling to pieces; her chimneys were red with rust; her guards broken; her wheel-houses torn, and the paddles on the wheels half gone, and her whole appearance that of premature decay and neglect—a splendid wreck!

We watched in silent expectation the approach of the yawl. It came along side, and the passenger in the black cloak sprung into it. The next moment he stood beside Captain Hugh Northup, on the deck of the Lucifer.

"How do you, captain," he said, in a voice which we all distinctly heard; "you look ill, methinks. Well, you have been twelve months making your voyage, instead of '*three days.*' Slow sailing, captain, for a 'brag trip.' Well, it can't be helped. You know the alternative of your failing?"

The poor captain remembered his oath, and covered his face with his withered hands.

"As you may not be more fortunate in finding the way to the infernal regions, than you have been in finding that to New Orleans, I have come to pilot you.—Ho! sir engineer, up steam and drive to h—!"

Immediately the forcastle was thronged with a demon crew, who began to "fire-up" with appalling activity. The boilers and chimneys grew red hot with the intense fires, on which, with hellish cries, they never ceased piling wood. The engine was set in motion—our black cloaked passenger took the wheel, which at his touch, became a wheel of fire, and the accursed steamer got once more under full headway. The poor, miserable captain the while, paced his decks with looks of despair and speechless horror. Away flew the doomed boat, illumined from her red hot chimneys and enveloped in a veil of lurid light. We gazed in silent terror. Onward and *downward* went the doomed vessel. The forest yawned—the earth opened, and she entered a vast inclining cavern on a river of molten fire. Downward and onward she descended beneath the forests—beneath the water, and gradually disappeared in darkness and gloom from our horrified gaze. As she sunk from our sight a scream that made the blood curdle in our veins, mingled with demoniac laughter, reached our appalled and shrinking ears. Then all was still, and darkness and gloom took the place of the late fearful spectacle. The forests stood around us as before, in stern and silent mystery; the water wore its former placid look, reflecting the stars from its bosom, and all nature was as before.

For a few minutes not a word or sound escaped the breathless crowd upon our decks. Paul was the first to recover his presence of mind, and pulled the bell for the boat to proceed. I was gazing upon his face at the moment he did so, and saw that it wore a look of melancholy resignation—such as a condemned man shows when at last he has resigned himself to his fate.

In a short time, the throng, more or less affected by the terrible spectacle it had just witnessed, silently dispersed. I was left alone with Paul and the mate, who had all the while, from the first, remained immoveable moodily leaning against the wheel-house. We had by this time cleared the "shute," and were running at large in the open river, with the broad, bright skies open all around us.

"Well, Paul," I said, by way of an interjection, as an assent to the truth of all he had related to me in reference to the "Lucifer."

"Seeing is believing," he said, in the deep tone of subdued emotion. "Sir, I am a dead man!"

"Oh, no, Paul," I said, laughing, to cheer him in his gloomy forebodings.

"Sir, I shall not live a week."

"Why do you think so?" I inquired, touched with his serious manner. He made me no answer; and after addressing one or two more remarks to him, and receiving no further reply, I was about to leave the wheel-house and descend to the cabin, when the mate caught my hand as I was passing by him.

"Pardon me, sir; but if you will be so good as to give these little things to my wife—Paul will tell you where to find her—and tell her—" Here his voice choaked with emotion. "Tell her I died blessing and praying for her."

He grasped my hand warmly, pressed it hard, and then clasping his hands above his head, leaped into the deep river. A boat was lowered, but the doomed mate was never seen more!

When the steamer reached Saint Louis, the body of her pilot, Paul Fink, was borne on shore upon the shoulders of four men!

Reader, this story is no dream, like many of this marvellous and supernatural kind, which, when you get to the end, the writer very coolly tells you that he dreamed it all. It is a true and veracious story, all but the incredible part of it, which we will not insist too strongly on forcing upon the belief of the skeptical.

"There are more things in Heaven and Earth," dear reader, "than are dreamed of in philosophy."

J. H. I.

Original.

A SUMMER'S NOON.

Nature is faint, one hot continuous glare
Darts from the orb of fire—the concave blue
Boasts not one cooling cloudlet—and the air
Glows like volcanic vapor. Every where
Reigns silence—trees, shrubs of varied hue
In scentless beauty hang—the zephyr too,
Is dried up in the hot meridian flare.
Alone, the butterfly, an emblem, roves
That life is still in nature—and the peal
Of village-bells, from yonder clustering groves,
With lazy sound athwart the landscape moves,
While to the shade the languid cattle steal,
All's wrapped in lethargy 'till evening's wing,
Fans into life again each drooping thing.

H.

Original.

ALICE COPLEY.*

A TALE OF QUEEN MARY'S TIME.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

CHAPTER V.

Once more our story returns to the room in which Queen Mary was in the habit of spending her mornings at Windsor Castle. It was the second day after Alice Copley's arrest, and since that interview of violence in her dressing-room, Mary had not seen her young husband. She had been informed that he returned from London late on the previous evening and had remained in his own apartments ever since. Weak in her affections as she was ruthless in her bigotry, she had no fortitude to wait for the usual hour of his visits, but immediately after entering her morning apartment, sent a messenger to request his presence. The royal emmissary found Philip ill at ease, and as anxious for a reconciliation, though from different motives, as his consort, still he made a show of reluctance, and it was more than an hour before he presented himself in answer to her pacific summons. When he did appear he was as usual attended by his favorite page, but the boy seemed still suffering from the indisposition that had so strangely seized him at the tower. There was no color in his cheek and the fire had entirely departed from his eyes, leaving them dim and full of suffering, but it would seem larger, and with a power of expression which made the heart yearn pityingly toward him.

The greeting which passed between the royal pair was stiff and constrained. Philip knew that his only hope of dominion in the realm, depended on the weak fondness of the woman whom he had outraged, he almost feared, beyond all hopes of forgiveness, and now that he had been so decidedly repulsed by Alice Copley, the passion which had led him to an extremity which he at first little contemplated, began to change to that sickening hate which the base counterfeit of love alone is capable of assuming, and he was ready to go hand in hand with his cruel consort in persecuting the unhappy girl, even to a death of torture. Mary, on her part, had been excited with fears that her young husband would, if opposed in any favorite desire, abandon her and return to Spain, as he had more than once threatened, and though her heart panted for revenge on her unwilling rival—though she had rudely refused to hear one word of expostulation in behalf of the prisoners from the good Cardinal Pole—had Philip made the release of John Copley and his daughter the price of a reconciliation with his Queen—she would probably have yielded them up. But the haughty Prince had been too severely humbled in his self-love, and without one sigh of compunction he abandoned the young creature whom his own evil passions had driven into the toils of death.

After a few constrained inquiries after his Queen's health, Philip requested the Page to bring his lute, more from a wish to relieve the disagreeable awkwardness of silence which followed, than from a desire for music. The boy went as desired, but with nothing of the alacrity or show of spirit which he had formerly displayed. He knelt at his master's feet and began to tune the instrument, but paused in his task, and with his eyes fixed upon the floor, fell into a fit of musing. When Mary supposing his strange conduct the effect of timidity, arising from her presence, graciously strove to re-assure him by commendations of his previous performances, he looked in her face with an abstracted air, as if utterly unconscious of what she was saying. He began to play, however, but languidly, and at last broke off in the middle of an air and placing his lute on a table, sat down as if forgetful of the royal presence.

"You forget in whose presence you are," said Philip, sternly.

The boy arose to his feet, and for a moment the old fire kindled his eyes.

"Your gentle favorite seems ill," said Mary, with some show of womanly sympathy, "methinks he has grown both pale and thin since he last accompanied your grace to our presence."

Philip looked keenly at the object of her remark, but his eye fell beneath the calm, mournful glance, which met his gaze. The boy seemed heart-broken.

"Our own leech shall attend him," resumed Mary, glad of any indifferent subject of conversation.

"It will do no good;" replied Philip, quickly; "he grieves for home—these cold skies are too chilling for his tender frame. He shall return to Spain in the next ship."

A smile of sorrowful meaning passed over the boy's face, but he did not speak.

The mention of Spain sent a cloud to Mary's brow and all three sat in silence—when Father Joseph entered the room. He seemed surprized at seeing Philip, and paused a moment at the door as if to conceal a folded parchment which he held in his hand. Mary arose hastily and approached the priest, as if she knew the subject of his visit and wished to avoid it. If Friar Joseph observed her anxiety he gave no evidence of it, but placing the parchment in her hand, informed her in a low voice, that a messenger had come express from Bishop Boner, in London, craving her royal signature to the warrants, which, according to her desire, he had caused to be made out for the execution of John Copley and his daughter. He also informed her that the secretary of Cardinal Pole had just arrived at the castle with a letter from the noble prelate, which he desired to deliver to the Queen in person.

Mary looked impatient and annoyed. "Let him wait," she said, "an hour or two hence we may grant him an audience. But, though we would not do aught to displeasure our good father, the Cardinal, if this letter relates to the subject of our last interview, it can be of no avail that his messenger should see us."

"He did not say to what his message related," replied the priest. "Is it your grace's pleasure that he should wait?"

"Let the choice rest with him," replied Mary, turn-

* Continued from page 177.

ing away, "we may be constrained to repeat our answer to the good Cardinal's petition, but it must still be the same," and moving toward a table, she placed the warrants which she had received upon it with an air of sullen constraint, for she felt, without seeing it, that Philip was keenly watching her movements.

The priest still hesitated. "The messenger from Bishop Boner also requests an audience regarding these troublesome heretics," he persisted.

"Let him also wait," replied the Queen, sharply.

"Nay, Sweetheart," said Philip, "I pray you that both these persons be admitted at once. Some information regarding this Copley and his heretic daughter was brought to my ear on the day of their arrest, which created in my mind some doubts of their guilt. But yesterday, availing myself of your grace's royal signet, I visited them in the Tower, and in person examined them touching the dangerous heresy with which they are charged. For—though it has pleased the good people of this realm to charge me with urging forward those proceedings against heretics which have been deemed necessary to the preservation of our blessed church, I would that none should be condemned unjustly. In my strict examination of these persons, whom it grieves me to think were so long near the sacred person of your grace, they seemed utterly contumacious. Yet, in our love for the good Cardinal Pole, it were better, perchance, that we listen to all he may urge in their behalf, before the signature be placed to that fatal parchment."

Never was astonishment more plainly betrayed by human features, than that which overwhelmed Queen Mary's at these words. Even Friar Joseph for a moment lost his almost immoveable composure, and looked keenly in Philip's face, as if doubtful of his sincerity. The page alone betrayed no symptoms of surprize, but a close observer might have remarked something in the expression of his face to wonder at. It was too mournful and serious for triumph, and yet there was a shade of stern resolution there which gave to his beautiful features a degree of dignity unnatural to them. Though he remained quiet, powerful thoughts were evidently at work within, and his apparently careless eye marked all that was passing.

"Be it as you desire, my lord," said Mary, most graciously, after she had recovered from the state of bewilderment into which Philip's words had thrown her. "We shall be most grateful for your aid and countenance in this troublesome matter," and turning to the priest, she gave orders that Cardinal Pole's secretary should first be admitted to her presence, and after him, the messenger sent by Bishop Boner.

When Francis Huntley presented himself before the Queen, he was received with a degree of kindness which almost awakened a feeling of hope within his bosom that she might yet be persuaded to deal less cruelly with her victims; and this faint delusion was even strengthened by her manner, as she perused the Cardinal's letter. He little knew that her seeming gentleness arose from the certainty of dealing vengeance on the head of her rival, unrestrained by a fear of the consequences which might follow from her vindictive lord. Her heart was exulting in its power, like a hound suddenly freed from the leash, and this feeling poor Huntley mistook for the triumph of womanly compassion over bigotry and wounded self-love. Her first words, after carefully perusing the letter, were calculated to continue his mistake.

"Our reverend cousin, the Cardinal, tells us here," she said, glancing again at the letter, "that he is ill in health, and sorely depressed in spirit. We trust that his ailment is of no serious character."

"My uncle has not been well since his visit to Windsor, yesterday. He has been much depressed in mind since then, and being too feeble for the effort himself, has sent me hither to plead with your majesty to reconsider his request. On my knees, lady, let me entreat you to grant his prayer; he has ever been a most faithful servant to your majesty and the Catholic church, but he holds the welfare of these prisoners near at heart, and pleads with you to show them mercy." Huntley had flung himself at Mary's feet, and with his soul in his words, continued to plead with her. "Mercy is a sweet attribute, lady," he said, "both sweet and natural to a woman's heart—oh, extend it—in my noble uncle's name I entreat—to those who have never sinned against your grace, save by the exercise of a right to think for themselves in—"

"Ha!" exclaimed Mary, drawing hastily back.

"I did but say," resumed the youth, thus admonished of his danger, "what the prisoners might themselves think an excuse for the unbelief which has placed them in such jeopardy. Nor did I intend my words to be understood as coming from the Cardinal."

"The Holy Virgin forbid!" exclaimed Mary, crossing herself. "But arise, good youth—retire to the closet of our holy confessor, while we again read this despatch from our beloved cousin, the Cardinal, and prepare a fitting answer. Retire and it shall be brought to thee anon."

Mary extended her hand as she spoke, and the youth, pressing his lips gratefully upon it, left the room with a lightness of heart which he had not known for days. Her gracious manner had completely deceived him.

After Huntley left the room, Mary sat down and with her own hand wrote a letter to the Cardinal Pole, for though resolute in pursuing her own vindictive wishes, she was anxious to preserve the good will of a man whom she had ever held in reverence. The answer to his petition was decisive in a refusal, but softened by expressions of personal regard. The writer urged a pious care for religion as an excuse for the proceedings which he deprecated, and with many protestations of undiminished favor, besought him to cast the subject from his mind as one utterly unworthy of the interest it had excited there. Before the letter was sealed she gave it to Philip for his approval, and then despatched it to the secretary by the confessor, when he returned, after conducting Boner's messenger to her presence.

This man was received graciously, as the secretary had been, for his errand was one very gratifying to the Queen.

"And how fares it with our true friend and trusty

servant, the good Bishop Boner?" she inquired, as the man presented himself reverently before her.

"He was well in health when I saw him this morning, but sorely pressed with care and vexation, brought upon him by heresies which are daily ferreted out among your majesty's rebellious subjects; scarcely an hour passes that his pious soul is not grieved by some new case of apostacy. So zealous has been his labor in the cause of Holy Church and of your grace, which is in sooth one and the same thing, that those who hold his welfare at heart, suffer much with fears least his person and life, even, be in danger, so mighty has that monster heresy become in the land, and so loud is the popular outcry against him."

"He has been faithful in the holy cause and shall not lack his queen's protection—say this much to comfort him, good fellow, on thy return," replied Mary, betraying some slight indication of impatience at the fellow's long harangue. "And now say briefly what message he bade thee deliver with that document—we mean regarding the guilty persons sent to the tower two days since, from the castle here."

"The right worshipful bishop, may it please your grace, bade me draw out a warrant for the execution of these pestilent heretics—I pray your grace pardon me—but to the heart of a true catholic, heresy is no better than a pestilence—and when they were drawn neatly out, as your grace will doubtless observe, he ordered me to bring them down here and humbly crave that the royal signature be placed to them immediately. But he said farther, that such was his fear of the popular fury which has become much excited by divers late executions, in which many obstinate souls have been sent down to purgatory, witnesses to his worshipful zeal and your grace's most holy care of the true church—that, owing to this popular fury, he deems it advisable that some slight show of trial should be held on the prisoners in question, the more especially as Cardinal Pole had sent to him demanding such trial, and avowing a determination to examine the acused persons himself in open court—"

"Indeed," muttered the Queen, "we love our cousin, the good Cardinal, right well, but he had better not meddle farther in this matter." These words were spoken in a low tone, and the messenger went on without the least pause.

"Now, may it please your grace, this Cardinal Pole, though a good catholic at the bottom, is as chicken-hearted as a girl, when it comes to the burning of a heretic, and when one is trusted to his keeping he always contrives to let him slip loosely through some loop-hole of the law and escape, a thing which I take it upon me to say the worshipful Bishop Boner was never known to be guilty of. Well, your grace, his worship bade me say, that as some sort of a trial does seem to be necessary, in order to stop the clamorous tongues of the people and to appease the milky-hearted Cardinal Pole as well, he requires permission to bring these persons to his house in London, to-morrow at twelve o'clock, for examination, when he will advise Cardinal Pole of the fact, knowing the old prelate to be confined to his house by illness and unable to attend; or if he should by a miracle, get there, the worthy bishop directed me to say that he had little fear but the prisoners would sufficiently criminate themselves to justify him in sending them directly to the stake, if certain that your grace will protect him in so doing. To this end he prays your grace to draw him an order under your own hand, by which he or any person whom he may appoint, may claim the prisoners for examination, from the Lieutenant of the Tower, for as they were placed in his charge by an order bearing the royal signature, he may cavil at giving them up unless we can produce like authority. This order, may it please your grace, is the grist of the worshipful bishop's message."

"And a clear headed fellow has he entrusted it to," muttered Philip, sneeringly; "by the mass—if her grace listen to another such medley this twelve-months, she has more patience than I give her credit for."

Philip spoke in an undertone not loud enough to arouse Mary from the train of deep thought into which she had fallen as the messenger ceased speaking. Her intellect, at no time quick or powerful, was somewhat confused by the tiresome explanations with which the man had delivered his message, and it was not 'till a favorite spaniel which had been playing about the room, began pulling mischievously at her train, that she aroused herself sufficiently to answer him.

"We will prepare the order, that thou mayest set forth to London at once," she said, stooping down to rescue her train from the dog; "our trusty friend, the bishop, shall find no impediment in the way of his duty."

With these words, Mary seated herself and began to write. She signed the order and left it on the table while she walked across the room to a window where Philip was standing, and in a low voice seemed asking his advice on what had passed. The spaniel thus abandoned, began frolicing around the messenger, and while the attention of all in the room was thus occupied, the Page arose quietly and moving toward the table, stood trifling with the strings of his lute, which lay upon it. As he sauntered idly to his place again, the dog, in bounding about the room, leaped playfully on the table, scattering the parchment about in every direction. Both Philip and the Queen came angrily forward, but with a quick instinct of danger, the troublesome animal secured a mouthful of the loose parchment and ran behind the tapestry, whence he escaped through an open door.

It took several minutes to collect the scattered documents, and when they were at length placed upon the table, the order which Mary had written was no where to be found. After some farther delay occasioned by a fruitless search for the lost order, Mary wrote another, and giving it to the man, bade him depart instantly with it for London. The messenger was leaving the room, when Philip bade him remain a few moments, and taking up the death warrant for John and Alice Copley, which had been sent down for her signature, he requested Mary to sign it, observing that it would save Bishop Boner the trouble of another messenger to Windsor.

The Queen took up the parchment and calmly traced the required signature.

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After receiving the Queen's letter from Friar Joseph, Francis Huntley prepared to leave Windsor, a more hopeful man than he had been for days. But there was some delay in collecting his followers, and it was nearly an hour after his interview with Mary, before he was ready to quit the castle. As he was passing through a passage leading from Friar Joseph's closet, the Spanish Page, who had been a witness to that interview, came from a side door so abruptly that it startled him.

"Do not go yet," said the boy, in a sharp whisper. "Let your followers revel awhile longer in the palace kitchen and go you down to the promontory by the little lake, I will meet you there."

Before Huntley could speak the boy had disappeared. At first the youth was inclined to think this an idle way of alarming his fancy, but there was something in the earnest manner of this strange address which contradicted the suspicion, and he resolved to go down to the promontory as requested; so leaving orders for his scant retinue to wait for him in the town, he went down into the park, and striking through where the trees were thickest, walked briskly toward the place of appointment. But rapid as had been his pace, he found the page waiting for him beneath the clump of oaks which crested the little point of land we have described in a previous chapter. Here, for the first time, he remarked the extraordinary change which had fallen upon the person of his strange companion, and he was about to express some apprehension about his health, when the boy interrupted him, and said in a manner both impressive and abrupt—

"You are deceived—the letter in your bosom but repeats Queen Mary's determination that Alice Copley and her father shall die. Were Cardinal Pole to lay his heart at her feet, it would not save them. You may well turn pale, for it is not half an hour since myself witnessed that hard-hearted woman sign the death warrant, yet their trial comes on to-morrow—does not this look like determination? Nay, you have no time for words—listen—how many followers have you at Windsor?"

Huntley replied that he had four.

"With horses?" was the next question.

"Certainly."

"Send one of them to London in advance; bring his horse here and fasten him in yonder thicket, where he will be safe from suspicion; this done, ride quickly to London, go to an old man whom you will find in a street near—but stay, we have no time to loose, go bring the horse here as I have directed, and I will write what is necessary, on this blank leaf—"

Huntley started, for the book which the boy drew from his bosom, was a small ritual which he recognized as Alice Copley's. The strange being seemed to understand his look of astonishment, for he said, very quietly—

"It was her's, but I took it from her room that it might not be brought up in evidence against her. Now leave me and return as speedily as possible, for time is very precious."

"First tell me," said the bewildered young man, "to what all this tends."

"We have no time for explanation now," replied the boy, earnestly, "but while you go for the horse I will explain all. I have forgotten pen and ink and must go to the castle, if you return before me wait here." As the last words left his lips the boy sprang forward and the next instant was lost among the trees.

All at once Huntley remembered that this was the first time he had ever known the King's Page to speak English, and the reflection only bewildered him the more, but amid all the confusion and conjecture which his singular manner had created, the youth could not find it in his heart to suspect him of treachery toward himself or the unfortunate object of his love. What his intention might prove he could not conjecture, but he believed it to be honest, and resolved to be guided by the strange being, young and frail as he seemed. A train of thought when once entered upon flashes rapidly through an active mind. Not more than five minutes had passed since the boy had left him and Huntley had formed his resolution. He walked rapidly from the lake, and in no longer time than was absolutely necessary for the accomplishment of his object, secured a strong fresh horse in the thicket which had been pointed out to him. This task was scarcely accomplished when the Page again made his appearance, and placing the book in his hand, went away without speaking a word. Huntley opened the book—its blank pages were filled with writing delicately traced but very imperfect in the construction of its language. With all his faculties rendered keen by anxiety it was a long time before he could comprehend it, but at last he thrust the book in his bosom with a kindling eye, and walked rapidly towards the town. His followers were ready mounted, and springing to his saddle, he rode toward London at a pace which, with their inferior horses, they found it difficult to keep up with.

Huntley dismounted at his uncle's door, but instead of seeking the good prelate, he went hastily to his own room, and taking a purse of gold from his escritoir, descended to the street again. Through narrow and winding passages, he made his way, toward a portion of the city which he had seldom visited before, and at length paused before a low, poverty-stricken warehouse. The windows and the door posts were hung with second hand garments exposed for sale. These garments seemed to be objects of peculiar interest to the young man; he examined them all very attentively and at last entered the ware-room. After remaining within for the space of half an hour, he once more appeared in the street followed by an old man bending beneath a huge bundle. Huntley led the way to his uncle's residence, still followed by the old man, whom he conducted with as much secrecy as possible to his own chamber. When there, he helped to disencumber the tradesman of his load, and counting some gold pieces into his hand, bade him depart and remain silent regarding the purchase which had just been made. After this he summoned

one of the men who had accompanied him from Windsor, an attached and trustworthy servant, with whom he remained in earnest conversation 'till the sun was scarcely an hour high.

We have before observed that there was a spacious garden attached to Cardinal Pole's residence, which sloped gently down to the Thames. This garden was separated from the water by a broad parapet of stone. A flight of steps had been cut through the parapet, leading down from the principal walk to the water, secured from trespassers, however, by a heavy iron gate, which was usually locked at suntet. On the evening which succeeded to the one so eventful to the persons of our little history, a soft twilight had crept over the scene, and a new moon was launched, like a pearly skiff, high over the waters, and this gate, though slightly closed, still remained unfastened, a circumstance which had not happened for years before. About nine o'clock the moon went down, and a barge, which had been lying in the deep shadow thrown from the parapet, drew caustiously up to the steps where it remained stationary again. A little time elapsed, and then four persons came from the mansion, moving noiselessly and with great caution toward the river. They were dressed like officers of the law, out on duty, and as persons accustomed to silence and secrecy descended to the barge one after another, without the least noise and mute as death. These persons had been seated perhaps ten minutes, when a boat cut swiftly by in its way down the river. It was occupied, besides the oarsman, by a single person, who turned his head and looking keenly at the barge as his own boat swept by, inquired, in a sweet voice—what o'clock it was.

"Scarcely nine," was the prompt reply from a person in the barge.

The stranger boat cut its way down the stream 'till it was almost out of sight, then with a gradual curve it swept round again, and skimming along close to the lower portion of the garden wall, shot alongside the barge, while its occupants were yet looking for it on the bosom of the river.

After giving a piece of silver to the oarsman, the Spanish Page stepped on board the barge, and placing himself by a person seated alone in the stern, whispered,

"Give no orders 'till the man puts off—he is a strange boatman."

In accordance with the caution, they remained silent 'till the stranger disappeared in his passage up the shore, then Francis Huntley grasped the boy's hand in silent gratitude, and bending forward, uttered the single word—"Now!"

The men bent to their oars, and the barge swept out from its mooring, and made a rapid progress down the river.

"Are your men prepared?" whispered the Page to Huntley.

"All know their duty," was the reply.

"Which of them has most coolness and self-possession?" he again inquired.

"The man before you. He has my instructions and will not fail me."

"Let *him* go with me," replied the boy.

The barge moved on, and all within it remained silent, 'till their passage ended at the Tower stairs.

"I cannot stay behind," said Huntley, as the Page sprang up the stairs, "the suspense will be too dreadful. Let Hugh remain, and I will go in his place."

"Not so," rejoined the Page, earnestly, "your agitation would betray us; besides, your face might be recognized and the good Cardinal endangered thereby."

Without waiting for farther parley, the Page sprang up the steps, followed by two of the men. He paused a moment to give some hasty directions and ended by placing a slip of parchment in the hands of the man whom Huntley had pointed out as most capable for the business in hand.

"Be cool and resolute," said the boy, "now cast a dash of insolence in your manner and follow me."

A little after this brief conversation, the Lieutenant of the Tower was surprized by the appearance of two constables accompanied by a youth wearing King Philip's livery, who presented an order from the Queen, requiring that the persons of John Copley and Alice, his daughter, should be consigned to their custody. The Lieutenant examined the order with some appearance of suspicion, and fixed his eyes upon the bearer with a degree of scrutiny, that would have abashed a person less carefully prepared for it, but the constable stood firm beneath his keen eye, and even grumbled somewhat roughly that so much time was lost in the guard room.

There could be no mistake in the authority thus conveyed to the Lieutenant, he was familiar with Mary's writing and could not doubt that the order was regularly drawn and signed by her own hand. Still, the constable was one whom he could not recognize as having seen before, but the presence of King Philip's Page seemed sufficient guarantee for his honesty, and without more delay than was absolutely necessary to prepare the prisoners for their departure, they were presented in the guard room.

John Copley and has daughter had not met since the first day of their imprisonment. He had been in the guard room a few moments when the gentle girl was brought in. She was pale as death, for she believed herself summoned to the stake. When she saw her father a faint ray of pleasure came to her eyes, and moving gently toward him, she clung to his hand and looked pleadingly in the faces that surrounded them, as if that mute eloquence could win their hearts to compassion.

"Father," she murmured, lifting those soft, troubled eyes to his face, "*do* plead with them. Perhaps they will let us die together."

John Copley cast a look of yearning affection on the sweet face uplifted to his, and then turned his head away. He could not bear to gaze upon her and think of the tortures which were soon to crush her gentle frame.

"Well, what are we waiting for?" exclaimed the constable, roughly approaching the prisoners. "Come, come, my pretty whimperer, don't keep the Queen's officers waiting in this manner. It is little better than rank treason, I tell you. Why, the worshipful Bishop

Boner has despatched a half-dozen heretics to-day, I warrant me, without granting so much time as you are wasting. So come along."

With these words, the man pushed Alice towards the Page, and securing John Copley by the arm, beckoned his companion to walk on the other side, and thus conducted them from the room. One of the keepers followed them with a torch, and stood brandishing it on the Tower steps, 'till the constable called out from the barge that his prisoners were safely bestowed.

"Not yet," said the Page, in an imperative whisper as Francis Huntley started forward to receive Alice from his supporting arm. These were the only words spoken 'till the barge lay, as it had done a few hours before, by the steps which led to Cardinal Pole's garden. Alice believed that they were taking her to a death pyre, but amid the solemn thoughts which pervaded her mind, she knew that the man who lifted her from the boat, panted for breath and trembled with emotion. It bespoke human sympathy, and amid all its sufferings, her heart felt grateful. The man did not set her down when they had ascended the stairs, and she could feel the tumultuous beating of his heart becoming more powerful each step as he bore her onward. All at once a sweet intuitive feeling of safety swelled her heart, the panting breath which rushed over her cheek seemed familiar, and as if yielding to a sort of dreamy delusion, she articulated the name of Francis Huntley.

Instantly she felt the arms that supported her, tighten, then clasp on her form. The bosom beneath it heaved with a rush of feeling and a voice which made her heart leap, filled her ear.

"You are safe, my Alice! Thank God, you are safe!"

A thrill ran through her frame, so full of joy, that it seemed almost like pain, then came a sweet gush of tears, and she murmured—

"My father, Francis, I know that he is with us, but let me hear from your lips that he too is safe."

"Safe as yourself, my beloved, replied Huntley, still bearing her rapidly through the garden.

Alice was content with this assurance, and in a dream of happy bewilderment, her head fell upon the shoulder of her betrothed. Huntley remembered that there might be danger of pursuit, and folding her still in his arms, strode after his companions. He entered the mansion and leading the way to his uncle's library, placed his gentle burthen in the ebony chair, very carefully, for happiness had deprived her of all strength. Then turning his bright face to John Copley, he wrung his hand in eloquent silence, and left the room.

It was now midnight, but regardless of the hour, Huntley strode through a suit of sumptuous rooms which lay between the library and his uncle's bedchamber. Several attendants lay in an ante-room next the chamber, but, though some of them should have been watchers, his quick footsteps did not arouse them, and he passed unchallenged to the Cardinal's bed side. The old man was not well, and at another time his nephew might have feared to disturb the tranquil sleep into which he had fallen; even then there was something in the holy quiet of the place which made him pause and look wistfully round before he lifted the cloud of purple velvet which fell over the bed. How beautiful was that old man's slumber! His gray hairs lay scattered upon the pillow like a handful of spun silver; a smile, placid and calm as an angel's beamed over his face, and from his look he might have been dreaming of Paradise. Even in the tumult of feeling which had brought him to the room, Huntley could not awake the reverend sleeper abruptly, but sinking to his knees by the bed-side, he took up the hand which lay upon the counterpane, and pressed it to his lips, but this failing to arouse the sleeper, he spoke in a subdued, but distinct voice—

"Uncle, dear uncle, awake, I beseech you."

The old man unclosed his eyes, and when he saw who it was leaning over his bed, he smiled kindly upon him, and asked if it were morning.

"Uncle," said the youth, earnestly, "I have done that which may cost me your love for ever. I have acted without your council. As heaven is my judge, not wilfully, but from a fear of endangering your safety, by the knowledge of a doubtful enterprize. Oh, uncle do not look upon me thus, hear what I have to say and then condemn me if you must."

The old Cardinal had indeed looked startled by his nephew's abrupt address, but he arose to his elbow, and calmly bade him explain its meaning. Huntley, in a few brief sentences related the events of the previous day and evening, and ended by informing his attentive auditor that the fugitives were already in his dwelling, where he prayed that they might find shelter 'till some opportunity of escape to foreign parts presented itself. With all the eloquence of a man whose dearest hope rested on the decision of a moment, he urged every argument that could work upon the benevolence or justice of the Cardinal, but little persuasion was required when the good man was once convinced of the treachery that had been practised by the Queen in offering the prisoners a fair trial after their death-warrants had received her signature. Though reluctant to judge harshly of a mistress who had ever proved herself generous and bountiful to him, he could not close his eye to the iniquitous persecution which had driven two persons who had in reality committed no crime, to seek shelter beneath his roof. They might be heretics, but they were fellow-beings hunted to death, he believed, unjustly, so with a degree of moral courage worthy of his character, Cardinal Pole resolved to protect them even at the risk of his favor with Queen Mary.

With Huntley's assistance, the old man arose, and after hastily robing himself, went to the library. He found John Copley bending over the chair in which his child was resting, with a look of such pious gratitude as only a christian could feel; it was a language which went to the Cardinal's heart, and awoke a glow of sympathy there.

Alice still reclined in the ebony chair, exhausted and passive as a child. A cushion had been placed beneath her head, and its purple glow threw a rich tinge over her face like that which one sometimes meets with in an old picture. Her golden hair swept brightly over half its surface, and happy tears lay like crushed jewels beneath

her closed eye-lids. There was something touching and helpless in her beauty, and as the good prelate gazed upon it, he felt how sweet was the power of protection granted to him.

"Let the poor maiden be duly cared for, and see that a discreet person of her own sex be provided to attend her," said the good man to his nephew; "do thou take Master Copley to thy own chamber, we will protect them as we best may 'till the search be over, and there is little danger that they will be sought for here. But if I consent thus to interfere with the will of our gracious Queen, it is that I deem gentle measures better to win the erring soul back to its faith, than faggots and flame. It is a grievous sight," continued the old man, looking complacently upon Alice, "that of a creature so young and in good sooth, so fair, as a deserter from the Holy Church! That she may be restored by gentle measures, I bethink me of a reverend sister, the lady abbess of a convent near the city, with whom we will place her in charge 'till the too keen anger of Her Majesty be appeased. In the same neighborhood is a community of monks, with whom Master Copley can also remain in safety, and the holy fathers will have leisure to bring his heart into subjection through the argument and prayers of the holy brotherhood; or, if that may not be, if his soul has become stubborn in its heresy, he will at least receive protection from the death which might have been dealt inadvisedly upon him, by those whom I can but think somewhat over zealous in the cause of our religion. Go to thy friends, my son, and inquire if this arrangement will meet with their wishes."

Huntley conversed with his rescued friends a few moments apart, and then returning to his uncle, informed him that Master Copley and his daughter would most thankfully accept the protection so kindly offered, whenever he should deem it advisable, and though they would willingly listen to all that could be urged against their present religious belief, yet as it remained unshaken by his present kindness, it would not be likely to yield to arguments drawn from the tomes of a monastic library.

When the destination of his friends was settled, Huntley bethought himself of the Page, and of the extraordinary part which he had taken in the escape. He looked round to express all the gratitude he felt toward the strange being, but the boy had disappeared.

Concluded in our next.

Original.

CHARADE.

BY THE REV. J. H. CLINCH.

My *second* on a couch of pride
In mournful mood was laid,
And oh! how fully occupied
My *whole* his aching head!
For worn was he by carking care
And many a knotty cause,
And all remarked who saw him there,
How *first* that *second* was!

Original.

THE MOTHER SUMMONED.

BY LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

"The feast of life is sweet—
I am no weary guest—
Loving friends my presence greet,
And all that charms the eye or ear
Taste to please—or heart to cheer,
Earth, sky, and ocean gather here—
God's care be blest.

"'Tis scarce the hour of prime,
Yet how the sands of time
Steal fast away!
'Till the cool evening falls
With lamplight on the walls—
I fain would stay.

"Yet if that be too late,
Oh! Thou! who mark'st our date,
'Till twilight's ray,
I'd love to linger here,
Guiding my children dear
Their pilgrim way,
Watching their minds unfold
Rich with unrusting gold
Of knowledge stor'd,
'Till each his manly seat
Shall take in concord sweet,
Around life's board."

The Master call'd. The Mother heard.
"*Come hither!*"—was the solemn word.
Bright shone the noon-day sun,
The undrained cup still glow'd with sparkling zest,
She clasped her pure hand o'er her breast—
"*Thy will be done!*"

In the fresh summer of her years,
She kissed away her nursling's tears,
And laid him, lull'd to quiet rest,
Upon her blooming daughter's breast.

Pain prob'd her nerves with torture's pang,
The fibrous heart-strings rent, and rang,
Yet peace, that of her soul was part,
Look'd thro' her eye, and foil'd the dart,
That rankled there,
And faith the Saviour's image drew,
Wiping away the deathful dew,
With words of prayer.

On a high arm, and strong,
The soul its burden cast,
While soaring, soaring high,
The weakness of mortality,
Fell like a dried leaf on the blast,
And with a conqueror's song,
Heaven's gate she passed.

We are come too late by several thousand years, to say any thing new in morality. The finest and most beautiful thoughts concerning manners, have been carried away before our times, and nothing is left for us, but to glean after the ancients, and the most ingenius of the moderns.—*Bruyere.*

Original.

PIERRE FRANC; OR, THE ORPHAN.*

BY ROBERT HAMILTON.

In the year eighteen hundred and fifteen, in an old and miserable dwelling near the church of Saint Francis, in the sixth story, resided an old hussar, who had served in the army of the Loire with considerable distinction, receiving the cross of honor from the hands of Napoleon himself, and which, on every occasion, he took particular care to exhibit. He had likewise been the farrier of his company, and now that he had retired from the dangers of war, continued to exercise his calling at a veterinary surgeon's in the capital, where, by his steady and upright conduct, he had won the confidence and respect of his employers, as well as of their numerous customers. He was naturally of a lively disposition, and delighted in recounting the various scenes he had passed through in his military career; in short, he was the very picture, in looks and nature, of a brave soldier, frank, obliging, and courageous, and no one ever listened to him once, but ever after was sure to remember and respect him.

In the same house, and immediately opposite his lodging, on the same floor, in a little apartment, dwelt a young female by the name of Clementine, whose handsome figure, sweet face, and modest demeanor, had, more than once, attracted the attention of the hussar. She was a sempstress by profession, lived solely by herself, went no where, saw no one, and was totally unacquainted with the lodgers of the mansion; nevertheless, it began to appear that she had not always lived in this secluded manner, for that soon the poor creature would become a mother. As it may be supposed, scandal was busy respecting her, among the lodgers, but our honest friend, Pierre, would not give ear to suspicious reports, or prejudge her rashly, and each time that he chanced to encounter her upon the stairs, he would politely make way for her, raise his hat, and follow her with his eyes, 'till out of sight.

Pierre Franc, who had never known the tender passion, some how or other, now began to feel in a most indiscribable state of mind. The image of his interesting neighbor was ever in his thoughts; he became silent and melancholy, and a vague terror, as it were, completely possessed him. At night, when returning from his employment, he would stop to light his lamp at that of the porter, and would find a hundred excuses to hold him in conversation, so that he might gaze upon the taper which glimmered in the window of Clementine, in the hope that she might, by accident, present herself, and he be thus gratified, ere he retired to his solitary pillow.

"What have I done to suffer all this?" he would occasionally exclaim. "Why should I think of her?" —and then again he would indulge in the thought that perhaps her husband was dead, and if so, by attention and kindness, his suit, in time, might prosper. Thus did the poor fellow drag on a miserable existence, 'till, at last, tortured beyond endurance, he resolved to bid adieu to the scene and cause of his sufferings. "Yes!" he exclaimed, "It is time to beat a retreat—to quit a position too near the enemy; along, Pierre, my boy; it is the first time in your life, that you have feared to face danger, but in this battle, thou art vanquished, and must retreat like a raw recruit."

With this determination, Pierre one evening retired to his couch, intending, in the morning, to pay his arrears of rent, and remove to another tenement. It was then the month of December; the wind howled with extreme violence, and the rain and hailstones rattled against the roof and panes of the windows, while the mewing of some half dozen cats in a neighboring garret, mingled in diabolical harmony with the tempest. Racked with his feelings, and having gained a temporary relief from his resolution to depart in the morning, despite of the war of the elements, he had fallen into a profound slumber. About one in the morning, a terrific peal of thunder was heard, while its precursor, a bolt of lightning, struck the chimney into a thousand fragments, partly unroofed the dwelling, and otherwise did severe damage. The hussar started up, exclaiming, half stupified from sleep, "plague take it, the *great commander* is in a very queer humor to-night; he is levelling his artillery against my very barracks; no matter, no damage is done, and it's an ill wind that blows no good; it will put something in the pockets of the carpenter and mason, and as it cannot yet be near daybreak, I will endeavor to doze away three or four hours longer. Good night. This is better than bivouacing in the field of battle."

Saying this, Pierre turned himself in bed, and was again falling into a tranquil slumber, when suddenly deep groans fell upon his ear. He darted up, and listening, heard a voice exclaiming in agony—"Oh! kind Heaven, have pity on me. Oh! God, will no one come to my assistance." He knew not Clementine at that very moment was about to become a mother, and thought that perhaps some robbers had entered her apartment. "Poor girl," cried he, "I will assist thee," and leaping from his bed, seized his sabre, and slightly habiting himself, made his way to her room. Finding the bolt secure, and the screams increasing, with one stroke of his hand he burst open the door of the apartment. The faint glimmering of a rush-light scarcely dispelled the darkness, and Clementine beholding Pierre so singularly attired, with sword in hand, uttered a loud shriek, and fell senseless on the couch. The plaintive wailing of a babe, however, announced that the moment of labor was past. Never had our friend been placed in a like situation; he stood in a state of nervous excitement; how to act he knew not. At length recovering himself, he determined to call the porter, and despatch him for the proper assistance. He therefore leaped, or rather tumbled down stairs to the lodge, knocked at the door, and imparted to him his business. The Cerberus, however, only growled, and talked about remuneration, which Pierre was most willing to award, but so long was the mercenary guardian in making his toilet, that the impatient Pierre de-

* After M. Jean May.

sired he should unbar the gate, and that he would himself execute the commission. The porter, who preferred his snug quarters even above reward needed not a repetition of the demand, and withdrawing the bolt, Pierre rushed into the street in quest of a surgeon. The first to whom he applied thought him a maniac escaped from his keepers, from the singular appearance he presented, being almost half naked, with his sabre in hand, and without listening to his request, shut the door abruptly in his face. The poor fellow, however, was not to be discouraged, and proceeding farther, by the light of a lamp, discovered the sign of a female accoucheur. He knocked, and the matron appearing, he at once revealed his business, promising to reward her liberally, if she would come with him immediately.

It was nearly a quarter of an hour before they reached the chamber of Clementine. On entering it, the female looked around, doubting, from its humble character, the ability of Pierre to fulfil his promise. He at once comprehended her suspicions, and placing in her hand four five franc pieces, said, "I have never yet deceived any one; there is proof that I mean truly what I promised; attend to the mother and child as if they were those of an Emperor. Let nothing be neglected or wanting, that money can procure."

"Certainly," replied the female, "but my services are not required; the danger is past; that which is necessary is a nurse to attend upon the mother. I can only prescribe the proper regimen and medicines."

"Well, well, procure me one, madam; let no expense be spared; I am able and willing to pay for every thing," cried the worthy fellow, "and let a fire be kindled; the air of the apartment feels chilly; and pray prescribe quickly the proper medicines. I will go for them myself."

"Assuredly, sir," answered the woman, "your will is law," and she proceeded to write the prescription.

The poor mother, who had listened to the conversation, seized the hand of Pierre, and covered it with her tears and kisses. She could not speak, so exhausted was she, but long and deep sobbings burst from her bosom. "Come, come," said Pierre, "I am like yourself, desolate in the world, but, thank Heaven, I have still a heart to feel for, and succor the distressed."

"Oh! generous man, how shall I ever repay you? but God will if ever my prayers reach the throne of mercy;" and she wept bitterly.

"Nay, nay, compose yourself," cried he, the big tears starting into his eyes. "Be tranquil, my good child—you require rest; bright days are yet in store for you and your little picture, and neither of you shall ever want while Pierre has one sou in his pocket;" then turning to the female, said, "well, have you finished, madam?"

"Yes, sir," replied she. "If you will be kind enough to carry this prescription to the apothecary's, you will procure the necessary medicines, and, at the same time, order home some fuel for a fire. I will attend to the lady in your absence, and on your return, will, myself, proceed in quest of a nurse."

"It is well," said the kind fellow; "do all for the best, and you will have no cause to repent it."

He left the apartment, and hastened to the apothecary's, where, having procured the medicines, he called at the woodman's, and on his own shoulders, carried home a heavy load of wood. A bright fire was soon crackling on the hearth, sending its cheerful warmth through the dreary apartment, while the doctress departed to procure a nurse for the exhausted Clementine.

Pierre, on being left alone with the poor mother, began to apologize for alarming her by his abrupt entrance into her chamber, and taking from his pocket a purse containing six hundred francs, advanced towards her. "Behold this purse," said he; "it contains nearly all that I possess—it is yours—take it without ceremony—without thanks, and you will make me happy, because I shall then know that you have nothing to fear from immediate want."

"Oh, no," cried Clementine, "I will not—cannot abuse your bounty."

"You do not abuse it, my good girl. I know that you are industrious—that you toil hard from morning 'till night, to support yourself, but now that you have a double charge, your labor will not prove sufficient for both; but be of good heart; I will take care of the little one myself; I will be a faithful father to it."

"Oh! never, my generous sir. I know your heart—I can confide in it firmly; but never can I part from my babe; it is enough that it has been deserted by its true father;" and she wept, and pressed the innocent to her bosom."

"Deserted by its father?" cried Pierre; "horrible! It cannot be; there surely lives not such a wretch upon earth."

"There does," faintly ejaculated Clementine.

"And his name?" asked Pierre.

"Firman."

"I shall go to him immediately," shouted the honest soldier, and he seized up his hat and sword. "Where does he reside?"

"No matter; it is useless now, Monsieur Pierre. I have written to him frequently to solicit his aid, not for myself, but the babe to whom I have given birth, yet has he never deigned to reply."

"Infamous!" said Pierre, and he walked up and down the chamber, handling his sabre, and muttering to himself. "But why has he forsaken you?"

"Because I am poor!"

"And is *he* rich?"

"No!"

"Pray what does he follow?"

"He is, by trade, a jeweller."

"A jeweller. Bah! a popinjay—false metal—or he would never have abandoned you. Where does he reside?"

"In Mail Street, number twenty-one."

"Enough. I shall go to him, and inquire his reasons—hark! I hear some one on the stairs; perhaps it is the nurse. If so, I shall leave you with her, and go in quest of Firman." The door opened, and the nurse, with

the female accoucheur entered. "Adieu, madam," he said, and departed.

Clementine, what from excitement and suffering, was now in a raging fever. One moment she would fix her eyes upon her babe and weep bitterly; the next, would vacantly rest them upon some object, while indignation would flash from them, and the name of Firman occasionally escape from her lips. A strange and ghastly change came over her features, her respiration became difficult, and it was plain that the angel of death was hovering above her pillow.

But to return to our soldier. At a principal café—the hotel Montmatre—he and Firman were seated together at breakfast. The morning was cold, and Pierre, from old associations and habits, thought it no crime in indulging in an early and extra glass. In this Firman was not slow to follow his example, and the contents of half a dozen bottles soon disappeared. As yet, Pierre had not hinted at his business, and Firman began to be uneasy and anxious, to know what had sent an old soldier to him at such an untimely hour of the morning. At length he made bold to demand explicitly the nature of his errand, and accordingly said—

"Now that I have partaken of your hospitality, will you be obliging enough to favor me with your business? I believe this is the first time we have ever encountered each other, my veteran."

"Yes!" answered Pierre, "but I hope it will not be the last."

"Well, and what is your commission? I have relations in Lorraine; perhaps you have come to announce to me their death, and that I am their heir; if so, speak out, and do not keep me struggling in the depths of suspense."

"I am not from Lorraine, thank Heaven," cried the soldier, twisting his mustachoes, and placing his hand on his heart—"I am from Besancon. I quitted the army of the Loire some four months since, came to Paris, and now dwell in the street of Perche, opposite the church of Saint Francis, and I am now here to announce, not a *death*, but a *birth*; you understand me, young gentleman."

"Scarcely!" replied Firman, his countenance altering most visibly, "of what speak you?"

"You shall hear. Listen. I am aware that you have deeply injured a young female, and I have come hither to inquire if you will repair your error, and which, if you are a man of honor, as I am willing to believe, you will not hesitate one moment to do."

"Indeed! methinks you are wonderfully interested in her cause."

"No more, my young sir," said the hussar, the blood tinging his withered cheek, and the fire of indignation kindling in his eye—"no more than a man who can feel for insulted innocence. Have you not promised to make her your wife?"

"Promise—oh! yes, as I have promised a dozen others, but surely you do not expect that I should espouse them all."

"I am not inclined to jest, young man, on a subject too sacred for fooling. She, fondly confiding in your word, has yielded up her honor, and now to desert her, is infamous."

"Infamous?"

"Yes, most infamous, I repeat."

"Speak more respectfully, my friend, or you may chance to repent it," said Firman, walking up threateningly to Pierre.

"Pshaw! I am too old a soldier to fear the bravado of a popinjay."

"Leave me!" said Firman, finding that his heartless assurance would avail him nothing, and assuming an air of insulted feeling. "Leave me, sir; it is plain that you have come here to insult me."

"By no means," answered Pierre. "I have come respectfully but firmly, to *demand* that you will make some reparation to the poor girl you have so deeply wronged—"

"And which you imagine, no doubt, your curled mustachoes, big looks and menaces, will frighten me to do."

"I menace not. I only *pray* you to do an act of justice; I speak to you amicably; I beseech you to send me back to your poor Clementine with at least a word of comfort, if not with assistance;" and a big tear glistened in the eyes of the noble-hearted fellow.

"It is impossible, I tell you. She and I can never again meet. I am already too poor to support myself; besides, the world is wide enough for so pretty a girl as Clementine to find plenty of wealthy protectors."

Pierre struggled with his feelings; he was on the eve of levelling the callous-hearted villain to the floor, but prudence overcame passion, and he calmly continued—"What would induce you to marry her?"

"A fortune!" answered Firman, laughingly.

"And of what amount?"

"Why, as it is not likely that I ever will receive one in that quarter, I will be moderate in my demand. If Clementine will bring me ten thousand francs, I will make no difficulty in espousing her."

"So, then, it is only her poverty that deters you from marrying her?"

"Nothing more; but what is the use of words. The poor devil, I verily believe, has not, at this moment, a hundred sous, let alone ten thousand francs."

"And you say this gaily, without feeling in your pocket, to send her *some* aid to lighten her load of poverty and sorrow."

"Pshaw! she needs nothing from me, as long as she has so generous an advocate in the gentleman before me."

"Miserable rascal!" cried Pierre, seizing Firman by the throat, "I have a good mind to strangle you as I would a viper."

Firman finding himself so roughly handled, attempted to extricate himself, but Pierre held him like a vice. In the scuffle the table was upset, and the bottles and glasses shivered into a thousand fragments. The landlord and his servants rushed in, and not without some difficulty, separated the combatants, but Firman, who was highly excited, insisted that the affair should not

here terminate, but that he would have satisfaction for the outrage on his person. The landlord vainly endeavored to call the attention of the angry parties to his remonstrances. In one hand he held the bill, and with the other, most emphatically pointed to the broken furniture, dishes and glasses. At length Pierre gave heed to his demands, and discharging the amount, desired Firman to follow him.

"What are your weapons?" said he, as they reached the street.

"The short sword," answered Firman.

"Be it so; hast thou a pair in thy possession?"

"No; but at the first tavern we will find them, as well as seconds, who will serve to see justice done."

The two enemies walked silently and quickly on, until they gained the outskirts of the Temple. There, luckily, they encountered three or four soldiers, who agreed to procure weapons, and act as seconds to the parties. Pierre, with the red riband of the Legion of honor at his button-hole, and his veteran appearance, prepossessed them at once in his favor, convincing them he had justice on his side. They hired a hackney coach, and desiring the driver to proceed speedily to the park of Saint Fargeau; in a short time they reached it, where, alighting, in three minutes they had exchanged the formal salutations, and crossed their weapons.

It was soon apparent that Firman began to fear the issue of the combat. At the commencement, he had attacked his adversary with great fierceness, thinking that he would soon fatigue the old hussar, and obtain the victory; but the steady and cool manner in which his assaults were received and parried, soon convinced him that he had found an opponent it would not be easy to conquer. His strength began to fail him, and in a short time he was almost at the mercy of his enemy. Pierre saw this, and disdaining to acquire a victory with so little glory, generously tendered him the hand of conciliation. "Thou tremblest!" said he to Firman; "it is plain thy conscience is ill at ease. I desire not the death of a sinner; follow my advice—repair the wrong thou hast done, and we may still be friends!" In saying this he dropped his weapon by his side, and stood completely unguarded, which, Firman observing, cowardly thrust at the breast of Pierre, inflicting, luckily, only a simple wound. The hussar's kindly feeling vanished in a moment; his rage knew no bounds, and swifter than lightning, with a well directed and powerful blow, he severed the hand of the dastard Firman from the wrist, which fell quivering and bleeding to the earth.

"Miserable wretch!" he exclaimed. "Thou didst refuse bread to the unhappy, who had a right to demand it of thee. Now thou wilt have to beg for thine own."

At the sight of his mutilated person, Firman was horror stricken, and fell unconscious into the arms of his seconds, who, after stopping the effusion of blood, bore him to the carriage, and ordered the driver to convey him to the hospital of Saint Louis, where prompt assistance could be obtained. Pierre and the seconds adjourned to the nearest tavern, where, calling for wine, he pledged them to the memory of the Emperor, then bidding them farewell, hastened back to Clementine, who had begun to be greatly alarmed at his absence. On his entering the apartment, her first question was "if he had seen Firman, and been successful in his mission." Pierre knew not how to answer, and it was only on her repeating the question, that he bluntly replied, "I have!"

"And have you obtained aught from his bounty?"

"Not a sou, the miserable!" said Pierre. "Clementine, you must forget this man; a greater villain walks not the earth; he is unworthy of you—"

"Ah! is he not the father of my child?"

"The father of your child. A pretty father, indeed. Give him not such a title, Clementine; he denies all aid to you or your babe; forget him; hate him, if you can."

"Oh! impossible, Monsieur Pierre. I cannot, will not believe him to be so callous."

"And I swear to you on this emblem of honor," cried Pierre, placing his hand upon the riband attached to his breast, "that a more vile or dissolute rascal does not exist."

"Oh! gracious Heaven!" screamed Clementine, seeing the blood trickle from his breast, from the pressure of his hand upon the wound which he had received from his treacherous foe, and which, in his hurry to return to Clementine he had quite forgotten. "Oh! gracious Heaven! you are bleeding—you have been fighting."

"Nothing, nothing, my dear child—a scratch that I gave myself by accident—so simple, that I had quite forgotten it."

"Ah, you are deceiving me. It is as I conjectured; you have been engaged in a duel with Firman;" and she fell back upon her pillow, and mourned bitterly.

"No, no, I tell you; calm your fears; nothing has taken place."

"Say you so upon your honor?"

Pierre, who could not bear to dissemble, knew not how to reply. At last he said, "To-morrow, Clementine, I will tell you all; in the meantime, compose your troubled heart. Think of your babe, who, if it lose you, will have no parent to protect it. Place your trust in that power who never deserts the injured and unfortunate."

Clementine was silent; she spoke not again to Pierre, and soon after fell into a strong fever, accompanied by delirium. A hundred times the name of Firman escaped from her lips, sometimes in a voice of anger, at others, in the greatest tenderness, 'till, at last, the state of the poor creature became truly alarming. All that skill could effect, was bestowed upon her, but in vain; her sufferings continued to increase, and when, at last, the doctor pronounced her irrecoverable, poor Pierre gave himself up to the deepest sorrow, and hung affectionately over her. "Clementine, dear Clementine!" he would kindly exclaim, but she was insensible to his voice, and it was with difficulty he was led from her couch, not to disturb her parting moments.

At last, mustering up courage, he cried, "It is proper that some one should be a parent to the child. I will be so. Nurse, convey to the hospital of Saint Mary's, the babe, and I will follow with two inhabitants of the district as witnesses to the act." His wish was complied with, and they soon were in the lodge of the hospital.

"Where is the father?" asked the clerk, preparing to draw out the register.

"Here!" replied Pierre.

"Your name—surname—residence—age—place of birth, and profession?"

"Pierre Franc! living in Paris—fifty-eight years old—born at Besancon—an ancient hussar—farrier and chevalier of the Legion of honor."

"The mother?"

"Clementine Duval—nineteen years—native of—hold, let me look at the paper—"

"What surname do you give the child?" asked the clerk.

"Frederic, Cæsar, Alexander, Napoleon," shouted Pierre. The clerk smiled, and writing as Pierre had dictated, the register was signed by all present.

On their return, Clementine was dead. Alas! she knew not, ere her spirit departed, of the noble action Pierre had performed. "Unfortunate creature," he cried, bending over, and kissing her yet warm lips, "repose in peace. Be thy spirit happy; thy babe has found a father who never will desert him."

The appointments of the funeral were attended to by Pierre, but his strength, in this last trial, almost forsook him. Pale and emaciated, he looked a fitting companion to descend to the tomb with the corpse of Clementine.

Only one person accompanied the hearse to the Cemetery; *who* that one was, it is needless to say. The body was consigned to its last resting-place, and Pierre returned alone to the chamber of the departed Clementine.

Against the wall was fastened her portrait, painted by an inferior artist, yet retaining enough of the features of the original, to constitute a tolerable likeness. This was a precious gem in the eyes of Pierre, and he resolved to possess himself of it. He accordingly began to remove the canvass from the wall, when a sound like that proceeding from a heap of coin fell upon his ear. He tried again, and the same sound was again heard. He removed the picture, and detaching a fragment of paper which apparently was pasted over some aperture, to his surprize, discovered a little door. "What is here?" said he—"a treasure in the home of misery? Let us see;" and shattering the door with his hammer, beheld a huge quantity of six franc pieces, intermixed with fragments of rag, eaten by the rats and moths. "Poor Clementine! how hast thou been suffering, and yet so near to plenty. What a change would this have made in thy destiny. For want of this wast thou despised, but God is just—his will be done."

Frederic secretly conveyed the money to his chamber, paid his own rent and that of Clementine, and quitted the dwelling of sorrow and adventure. Eighteen thousand francs was the amount of the discovered treasure, ten thousand of which he placed in the name of the child, and the other eight, at the disposal of Madame Duval, the nurse, for the benefit of herself and her charge, 'till such time as he gained his majority; the remainder then to return to the young man, but a suitable provision to be made for madame, should she at that period survive.

Upon inquiry, it appeared that an old priest of great avarice, had inhabited the apartment before Clementine, where he had died without friend, relation, or will, to lead to a discovery of the wealth to which the worthy Pierre had so singularly come in possession of.

When Firman left the hospital, he verified the remark of Pierre. He had completely to depend upon the bounty of the charitable, and perhaps some of my readers may even have bestowed their mite upon the unfortunate being, if they have ever passed through the street of *Choisseul* in Paris.

Original.

A REMONSTRANCE.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

WHAT, here! where the soul feels an angel's elation,
Where the balm of the breeze is worth all the world's wealth,
Oh! profane not the place, by so low a libation,
While pure from the rock, springs the fountain of health!

What, here! where the wood, its warble subduing,
Keeps holy our Sabbath with music and love,
And Earth, her wild blossoms, for ever renewing,
Sends up, in their perfume, her praises above!

Where the skies seem to bend, in their luminous beauty,
So loving and low, o'er the green mountain-sod,
That the spirit, attuned to devotion and duty,
Sees Nature embracing her Father and God!

No temple can match, with a glory so solemn,
The forest-cathedral, that rises around;
The pine's stately shaft, for the fair, marble column,
All veined with the sunlight, and gracefully crowned;

Its dome—the unlimited arch, glowing o'er us;
Its censer—yon budding spray, swung by the breeze;
Its music—the hymn of the fountain before us;
Its light—Heaven's smile—stealing soft through the trees:

And oh! the bright treasures around and below us,
The buds of the wild mountain-laurel, behold!
So perfect, so gem-like! where, where will you show us
A richer mosaic in temple of old?

Profane not the spot with so base a libation!
Look around ye—look upward! and drink if ye dare!
Away with the wine-cup, the curse of creation!
Yon fount has enough for us all, and to spare.

Original.

THE RASH ENGAGEMENT;
OR, A BACHELOR'S REMINISCENCE.

BY EMMA C. EMBURY.

CHAPTER I.

"The passions of our youth! like lava floods,
They desolate life's green and flowery path,
Leaving but ashes 'neath our weary feet—
The ashes of our hopes."

"THEN you will not accompany me to Niagara, uncle?"

"No; I will go any where else with you, Charles, but I cannot visit Niagara with other feelings than those of pain."

"Your favorite, Lucy Lisburne, is to be of the party; will not that inducement tempt you?"

"For your sake, boy, I am glad she is going, for she is one who well deserves the love of a noble heart, but do not ask me to revisit a scene so full of sorrowful recollections. I could not bear to look upon the wonders of the mighty cataract now. Years have passed since last I trod its rocky barriers, and the gentle being who then was my companion, has long since faded from the earth, but the remembrance of her bright face haunts me still—a lovely and yet fearful spectre of the past. Listen to the tale of my early folly, Harry, and you will learn how deeply the events of a single moment may influence one's whole existence.

"I had just completed my collegiate studies, and the severe struggle by which alone I was enabled to secure the highest prizes in my class, had exhausted both mental and bodily strength. I determined, therefore, to spend a month or two in vagabondizing, previous to devoting myself to the acquisition of my future profession, and taking with me the smallest possible quantity of baggage, I went on board a North River steamboat, intending to be governed entirely by my own truant inclination in my future course. The excitement which I had undergone, had left me suffering under such extreme lassitude of spirits, that I preferred travelling quite alone, and, on looking round among my fellow passengers, was rejoiced to find myself an isolated individual, surrounded by entire strangers. After amusing myself for some time, with quiet speculations upon the character and manners of my travelling companions, I was fast lapsing into one of those delicious reveries which abstract the mind so completely from the common things of earth, when my eye accidentally fell upon my opposite neighbor, and, for once, reality seemed to me more beautiful than fancy. I never saw a lovelier face than her's. The features, when in repose, might have served a painter as a model for a Madonna, so soft was the outline, so perfect the symmetry. Her complexion, pale, but so delicate, that the branching of the thread-like veins was distinctly visible on her fair brow—eyes of that hazel hue, which is ever so full of tenderness—lips like the inner leaves of a rose-bud, and long, light-brown curls, flinging over the whole countenance just the proper degree of shadow—all combined to form a picture which, in perfection of form, and richness of coloring, was unrivalled. Absorbed in placid thought, the young girl sat looking out upon the water, and it was long before a change in her position compelled me to withdraw my gaze from her beauty. When I did so, however, I was almost as much struck with the appearance of her travelling companion. He was an old man, with a countenance of singular mildness and benignity. His features were eminently handsome, and his high bald forehead added a very intellectual character to his face, while the thick curling locks of silvered black, which fell on his shoulders in a manner *then* rarely seen, gave him an almost apostolic air. The strong similitude between the two, suggested the idea of the relationship which existed between them, and notwithstanding the deep lines with which time had marred the elder face, it was evident that they were father and daughter.

"My close observation of them, soon enabled me to discover that they did not belong to the higher orders of society. There was little in the young girl's manner to betray a want of refined breeding, but still a few trifling circumstances, taken in connection with her father's mode of address, convinced me of the fact. A young collegian is rarely destitute of that kind of moral courage which wiser folks term impudence, and I determined to make use of my peculiar endowments of that nature, in order to form an acquaintance with the strangers. Chance favored my design. The father had forgotten to procure a newspaper; I offered him mine, and this little courtesy on my part, I took care should be repaid by a prolonged discussion of the politics of the day. We had some very agreeable conversation, and while I could not help noticing that the old man's language was that of one whose early education had been very defective, I was greatly struck with the raciness of his remarks, and his keen insight into human nature. The daughter sat, a silent, but attentive listener, and, as she smiled at our occasional jests, I thought her face even lovelier in its mirthful, than in its pensive, expression. At the tea-table, I had an opportunity of devoting myself particularly to the daughter, for the old man seemed to have little idea of waiting upon a lady, and I found my civilities by no means ill-received. Indeed, by the time the hurried meal was finished, we had become quite familiar, and, as I handed the beautiful girl up to the promenade deck, I ventured to take a seat beside her, without meeting any repulse. My suspicions of their entire ignorance of the observances of good society, were now confirmed by the imprudent frankness with which she allowed herself to be drawn into conversation by me. As the boat glided rapidly through the majestic Highlands, we talked of the beauty of the scenery, until the moon rose high above the verdant hills, and then 'the hour, the place, the scene,' led us into poetry, romance and sentiment. Among my college-mates, I could have laughed to scorn such vague fancies, such crude ideas, such wild visions of future life, as seemed to fill the mind and heart of my artless companion. But there was something sacred from ridicule in her earnestness and simplicity; her very guilelessness was her security, and as I listened to her youthful feelings, uttered by

such bright lips, and with such sweet looks, I felt that the pleasantest of all studies was the study of a young and pure heart. The time passed like a dream. The old man, who had been pacing the deck, occasionally stopping to exchange a word with us, now grew weary, and desired his daughter to retire. She obeyed with evident reluctance, and left me musing on the singular contradiction between her evident cultivation of mind, and her entire ignorance of the decorum and etiquette which society has prescribed as rules of conduct to its subjects. The witchery of her exceeding beauty, her modest bearing, her delicacy of sentiment, and her innocent frankness, were irresistible attractions to a young and ardent boy, as I then was. That she belonged to a respectable class of society, I could not doubt; and I came to the conclusion that her father was one of that large portion of our citizens who are '*in transitu*'—persons yet in the *chrysalis*, or rather spinning the web of their future splendors. I imagined he would be found to be some petty shopkeeper, who, in anticipation of wealth, had bestowed on his daughter all the advantages which could be derived from a good education, while I considered her manners as evincing a continual struggle between early habitual associations, and acquired knowledge. However, the adventure promised amusement, and I determined to continue in their company, at least, until the novelty of the affair was past.

"The next morning I managed to discover that a visit to Niagara and Canada, formed part of their projected tour, and, consequently, that also became the course which I designed to pursue. The girl did not attempt to conceal her satisfaction, when she found that I was still to continue with them, and although her father looked grave, and fixed on me a searching glance, yet, as soon as he learned my name, (of which I took an early opportunity to inform him,) his scruples, whatever they were, seemed to vanish. In this point, he had a decided advantage over me, for although my family was so well known, that the simple announcement of our name was a guarantee for our rank in society, yet, when he reciprocated my confidence, I only learned that he was "*Charles Grayson.*" I was, therefore, little wiser respecting them, than I had been when I first met him, but, however, I was in pleasant company, and with the thoughtlessness of a boy, I determined to enjoy it.

CHAPTER II.

"In a moment, we may plunge our years
In fatal penitence, and the blight
Of our own soul, turn all our blood to tears,
And color things to come, with hues of night."
CHILDE HAROLD.

"I will not lead you step by step, along the perilous path of passion which I then pursued. I learned that Juliet, (her very name was enough to awaken the susceptible nature of a Shakspeare-worshipper,) had just returned from the Moravian school at Bethlehem, where she had spent the last five years, in the completion of her education. She was tolerably well skilled in music, spoke a little German, was thoroughly versed in all *useful* knowledge, and, in fact, had acquired all that she could learn among that simple and practical sect of Christians. But she was as ignorant as a babe of the ways of the world; and the guilelessness of her nature, while it added new charms to her loveliness, rendered her position in society one of difficulty and danger. Enthusiastic and affectionate—her heart filled with undeveloped passion, and her head teeming with the romantic visions, fostered by many a stealthily-read novel and poem—beautiful as a painter's dream, and artless as an infant, she was, altogether the most fascinating creature I ever knew. She was certainly superior to her station in society—superior in manners, in taste, and in feeling, for though all her father's good sense and quick wit was perceptible, a taint of vulgarity, which clearly showed that he had learned more from men than from books, and that his studies had not lain among the polished and *characterless* denizens of high life.

"Juliet was keenly alive to the beauties of nature. Brought up on the banks of the romantic Lehigh, she had learned to appreciate the charms of fine scenery, and it was truly delightful to witness her enthusiasm for the picturesque. As we climbed the cliffs at Trenton Falls, beholding one after another of the succession of pictures which meet the eye, as one ascends the rocky valley, I watched the varying expression of her exquisite countenance, and felt that of all the beauties of nature, the loveliest is the 'human face divine.' Her eyes would dilate, her cheeks glow, and throwing aside her bonnet, she would bound along the rough path, with her long silken curls tossed by the breeze, seeming to forget every thing in the enjoyment of the moment. It was perfect rapture to me, then to draw her aside into some shady nook, and while she was thus excited, to listen to the fresh and pure feelings which seemed to gush spontaneously from the heart. By the time we reached Niagara, our intimacy had so increased, that in all our little excursions, though her father generally accompanied her, yet she became my especial charge, and, at length, the old man, unable to keep pace with our activity, contented himself to remain at the hotel, while we wandered, as we would, amid the wonders of the cataract.

"Who ever visited Niagara *for the first time*, without being sensible of an elation and elevation of spirit, which almost seemed like a species of mental intoxication? I look back with wonder to the excitement of that period. I remember how coolly and rationally I managed all my daily affairs—I ate and drank and slept—I looked and acted just like the hundreds of people whom I saw around me, and yet I verily believe that I was then on the very verge of insanity. I forgot every thing except the wonders by which I was surrounded, and the beautiful companion who beheld them with me. Hour after hour we wandered together amid the secluded shades of Goat Island, our steps haunted by the deep music of the rushing waters, and threading our devious way even back to the fearful brink of the cataract, to find new excitement and bewilderment in the oft-seen view. What a strong toil was woven about me then! The greatest marvel of the universe was

before my eyes—the melody of woods and waters was mingling in my ears with the sweet voice of one of the fairest of God's creatures—and a lovely being of almost unearthly loveliness was at my side, bending on me such looks of innocent tenderness as might have thrilled the soul of an anchorite. I was fascinated—spell-bound—maddened.

"One morning—it was the crisis of my destiny—we crossed to the Canada side, and instead of taking the usual route to the Aqueduct house, on the brink of the cataract, we climbed the hill along the path generally used by the soldiers of the garrison. It was a difficult and, in some places, a dangerous ascent, but it rendered Juliet so dependent upon my strong arm, that I scarcely felt its fatigue. We reached the top, flushed and heated with the toilsome way, and were rejoiced to find that the throng of visitors had all dispersed ere we arrived at the house. Juliet gaily proposed, that, as there were no idle spectators to behold us, we should refresh ourselves by going *under the fall;* and without a moment's reflection, I immediately summoned the guide to lead us amid the 'Phlegethon of waters.' We retired to array ourselves in proper costume for the enterprize, and when we met again at the foot of Table Rock, we enjoyed a merry laugh at the sudden transformation which each had undergone. Our dress was of the rudest kind, and I might have served as a model for a young smuggler, while Juliet was attired in the coarse but picturesque garb of a fish-wife. But no change of garment could conceal her exquisite beauty, and as she flung back her long curls beneath the coarse straw hat, which had been tied on to protect her from the dashing spray, her face was that of a youthful Hebe. The little guide—he was but a boy—fastened one hand in the rope girdle which bound her waist, and led the way, while I followed close behind. The path was steep and slippery, and a deluge of water, which nearly blinded us, met us at the very entrance of the pass. But as we proceeded, the overhanging cliff became broader, and at length we reached a point, where we were so far sheltered from the pouring stream, that we could raise our heads and look around us. The light which struggled faintly through the mighty mass of tumbling waters, was like that of the pale grey dawn; and as we leaned against the rock, and looked into the terrific liquid arch which spanned our narrow pathway, we almost fancied that we could feel the vibration of the very stones beneath our feet. It was like standing on the threshold of eternity, for the ever sounding waters, rushing on and on and on, disturbed the mind like the vague image of infinity, and we felt that it needed but one plunge to discover to us the mysteries of another world. Juliet drew close to my side, awe-struck and overwhelmed with emotion, but the guide urged us onward, and we followed him until our feet touched the last step between life and death. As we were returning, the guide lost his hat; you smile at my mentioning so trivial a circumstance, Charles, but you have not yet learned how 'trifles light as air' often decide our future fate. The little fellow saw it on the rock below, and, too familiar with danger to fear, he begged us to remain beneath the shelter of the impending rock, until he should regain it. How many are there in the world whose whole lives have been colored by the events of a single moment! I drew Juliet towards me—my arm encircled her slender waist—the impulses of youthful passion overpowered the religious awe which the solemn beauty of the scene had awakened—I whispered in her ear those burning words which trace themselves upon the heart of the listener in characters never to be effaced, and even amid the roar of the eternal cataract, those words were *heard* and *answered.* Her head rested on my shoulder—her lips met mine, and that kiss, thrilling like a heartquake through every nerve, sealed the fate of both. The guide returned—speechless from excess of feeling, we silently followed him, and as we once more looked into each other's face, beneath the unclouded light of a summer sky, the past moment seemed like a delicious dream.

CHAPTER III.

"When sets the sun on Afric's shore,
That instant all is night;
And so should life at once be o'er,
When Love first pales his light—
Nor, like our northern day, gleam on
Through twilight's dim delay,
The cold remains of lustre gone—
Of fire long passed away."—*Moore.*

"I now looked upon Juliet as my affianced wife, but my delirium of passion did not blind me to the consequences of my rashness. My father, an old Virginian, was one of the proudest men I ever knew. Notwithstanding all the changes of fashion, he still displayed in the drawing-room, a widely-branching genealogical tree, emblazoned with many curious devices, and he often pointed out with no small degree of complacency, the name of Sir Aylmar de Vavasour, who first planted its root in merry England, in the time of the Norman Conqueror. Indeed, he carried his pride of descent to an almost ludicrous excess, and while his great wealth rendered him perfectly indifferent to the dowry of a bride for his son, he was especially fastidious respecting the family of those with whom my sister and myself associated. This was an idle and foolish prejudice in our land of equality, but it had been the besetting sin of my grandfather even when he chose America as the home of his adoption, and perhaps *I* am not quite free from it, although at that time passion silenced all other feelings. In despite of my fervent love for Juliet, I had many secret misgivings of heart. I dared not think of the future; the images of an angry parent, and a sneering world, were ever before me, when I contemplated the moment that was to bind me to her by the irrevocable bonds of marriage. I possessed a small estate, bequeathed to me by an uncle, and as this secured me a present competence, I determined to gain the consent of Juliet and her father, to a private union. The idea of breaking off our engagement never once occurred to me, for if I had been fascinated by her charms when I first beheld her, how much more was I under her influence now, when the spell of her innocent tenderness was added to the witchery of her beauty. My nature was impetuous, but frank and generous. I told Mr. Grayson of my love for his daughter, without attempting

to conceal my consciousness of my father's displeasure. He listened to me with quiet satisfaction, and while he candidly acknowledged that he would gladly bestow on me her hand, he counselled me to keep our engagement a secret, until I could ascertain my father's sentiments. This exactly suited my own views of the matter, and after an absence of two months, we returned to our native city, with feelings very different from those which actuated us when we bade it adieu.

"I cannot describe the mingled feelings with which I prepared to visit Juliet for the first time in her own house, for I feared lest I should meet something offensive to my refined habits of life. But I was mistaken. Every thing about the house was plain and neat, without making any pretension to elegance. Juliet's piano was the only ornament of the little parlor, and when the fair creature met me at the door with a blush and a smile, I felt that for such a home and such a companion, I could willingly resign the appliances of wealth. But my feelings underwent a sudden and painful revulsion at the sight of Mrs. Grayson. Large, and unwieldy in person, yet bearing traces of the coarse beauty which must have characterized her in youth—with a voice like a parrot, and manners marked by a kind of boisterous good humor, it seemed scarcely possible that such a being could be the mother of my gentle Juliet. Her unmitigated vulgarity seemed to reflect itself on every thing around her, and even her daughter appeared to lose a portion of her delicate grace, when she appeared beside her mother. I began now to scrutinize the habits and pursuits of the father also. His character was, to me, a perfect riddle. There was, at times, a jeering tone of sceptical philosophy in his remarks, which seemed quite inconsistent with the careful performance of all social duties for which he was so remarkable. He acted like a man of virtue and honor, as far as I could judge, but he often uttered sentiments worthy of a consummate scoundrel. He held the opinion that men were only honest when their interests led them to be so, and he seemed to delight in the expression of startling paradoxes or painful truths, in the history of human nature. Nothing could be more ill suited to the unsuspicious and confiding character of an impetuous youth, than the cold, sarcastic, sneering philosophy of one who had grown grey in worldly wisdom. Yet the calm, benevolent countenance of the old man, seemed to belie his own experience, and but for an occasional sinister expression in his deep set eyes, and a scornful smile which sometimes flitted over his handsome mouth, his face was that of one who had drank only from the sweet waters of truth and goodness.

"I was sensible, too, of a singular change in my feelings towards Juliet. I still loved her with the most impassioned tenderness, but from the moment that I had pledged my faith to her, I became sensitive to every thing that could detract from her charms. I watched her every movement, and her ignorance of conventional forms, which had once seemed to me so captivating, now kept me in constant dread lest she should, in some unguarded moment, expose herself to ridicule. I became a critic of her dress, her manners and her language. She was now mine—destined to be my future wife, and I grew morbidly alive to the minute defects of her character. At first, I had compared her *naïveté* and freshness of feeling with the cold manners and rigid decorum of the daughters of fashion; but now I found myself contrasting the elegant self—possession and refined conversation of those very persons, with the occasional errors in language, and the blushing timidity of my future bride. I believe Juliet felt the change, but she uttered no complaints. She studied to adapt herself to my wishes in every respect. She withdrew from all intercourse with her former associates; she dressed with the most scrupulous simplicity, and she applied herself diligently to the study of the books I had recommended.

"Alas! the first phase of passion had already past! Imagination had robed her as a divinity, and set her on high as an object of worship, but the illusion was rapidly vanishing. She was still as beautiful, still as gentle, still as fond as when I first looked upon her exquisite loveliness; why, then, did I feel such a void in the heart once filled by her image? It was because mine was a passion born of the excited senses, and not the deep and enduring love which springs from an appreciation of moral and intellectual, as well as physical beauty. Well might he, whose life was but a succession of passionate dreams, exclaim:

> "Who loves, raves—'tis youth's frenzy—but the cure
> Is better still, as charm by charm unwinds,
> Which robed our idols."

CHAPTER IV.

> "The race of life becomes a hopeless flight
> To those who walk in darkness."—*Childe Harold.*

"The very repugnance to complete my engagement with Juliet, which I felt growing up within my heart, determined me to hasten its fulfilment. I feared my own weakness of purpose, and actually began to experience a sort of dread, lest I should hereafter be tempted to break my troth. I therefore determined to make her my wife in secret, and then to bury ourselves in Paris until I should be able to add the polish of society to her native charms. I hoped that, in the course of a few years I should be able to return to my native land, and present to my friends a wife whose loveliness and elegance would remove all suspicion of a lowly origin, while I trusted to my own tact, and her father's shrewd worldliness for aiding me to preserve the secret. It was a romantic scheme, but to a boy of nineteen, it seemed a perfectly feasible one, and I accordingly communicated as much of it to Mr. Grayson as I deemed necessary to ensure his acquiescence. He assented to my plans more readily than I had expected, and even exhibited a degree of eagerness for its accomplishment, which almost disgusted me. Having announced, therefore, to my father, my intention of visiting Europe, I prepared to put my designs in execution. I had never met with much affection at home, since the death of my mother, and therefore I felt little remorse at the undutiful course of conduct which I was about to pursue, but it did seem to me a most singular state of affairs, when

I found myself on the very verge of a clandestine marriage, while my feelings, in spite of myself, revolted against it. There was a fearful struggle in my bosom between a sense of honor and a consciousness of declining passion, but I determined that though my life might be an unhappy one, it should never be burdened with the weight of a broken vow.

"A state-room in one of the Havre packet-ships had been engaged for 'Mr. Vavasour and *friend*;' our baggage was already on board; the time appointed for our marriage, was the evening preceding the day on which the ship intended to sail, and we had made our arrangements for Juliet to take possession of her state-room at an early hour in the morning so as to avoid coming into collision with any of my friends. The marriage was to be solemnized in the strictest privacy. Juliet's parents, and one or two of their friends, sworn to secrecy, were all that I would allow to be present, and I had engaged a young friend, who had just entered the church, to perform the ceremony.

"It was the evening of a close and sultry day in August. The atmosphere had been excessively heated, and at nightfall, commenced one of the severest tempests I ever witnessed. Peal after peal of thunder shook the vaulted roof of heaven, and blinding flashes of livid lightning lighted up the pitchy darkness of the clouded sky; the rain fell in torrents, and the force of the wind was absolutely terrific. The hour appointed for the solemnization of our marriage, came and passed, but our friend, the clergyman, dared not face the fury of the storm, and we were obliged to await his coming. It was a state of suspense perfectly intolerable to me, for I felt like one who had nerved himself to the performance of some deed of heroism, and longs for the trial to be past. Juliet never looked more lovely. Her simple dress of spotless white—the single band of pearls —my bridal gift—which encircled her bright ringlets—the soft flush of maiden modesty upon her smooth cheek —the tender emotion which suffused her dove-like eyes with liquid lustre—all added to the wonderful beauty of her countenance.

"Two hours passed away in this state of expectancy, when, suddenly, the door-bell rung, and the well known voice of my friend was heard in the hall. Taking the hand of my trembling bride, after the delay of a few moments, I descended to the little parlor where I supposed we were now awaited; but ere I reached the door, a strange tumult arose within the apartment. Two men, roughly garbed, and dripping with rain, had followed the clergyman into the hall, and, as I entered the room, I beheld one of them on each side of Mr. Grayson, holding him with a grasp as strong as death, while the old man, pale, trembling, and affrighted, stood in perfect silence between them. My first impulse was to rush forward and release him, but one of them waving me off with one hand, exclaimed: 'Beware, young man, how you interfere in the administration of justice.'

'What does all this mean?' I asked; 'if you want bail, I am ready.'

'Not so fast, sir,' was the cool reply. 'We have arrested this man on a *criminal* charge.'

"At these words the terrified Juliet uttered a faint cry, and fell fainting into my arms. The scene which ensued, defies description. All was confusion and terror, and Mr. Grayson yielding passively to the officers, allowed them to hurry him away ere one of us could recover presence of mind enough to ascertain the nature of the charge against him. My friend, the clergyman, however, volunteered to follow them, and I was left to listen to the loud bewailings of the unhappy wife, and to watch over the successive fainting-fits which had now seized the wretched Juliet.

"It was daylight ere Mr. ——— returned with his terrible tidings. His tale was almost incredible. Mr. Grayson, whose ostensible business was that of keeping a seamen's clothing warehouse, had been, for many years, engaged in the traffic of *counterfeit money*. He had long kept up a regular communication with Canada, where was the principal establishment for the manufacture of spurious bills of the various banks, and he regularly received from thence certain sums, which he sold to all who were disposed to share the risk and the profit. But even this was not the worst feature of the fearful story. The police had long known of his nefarious transactions, but his safety had been purchased by the sacrifice of others. He had been employed as a sort of *decoy* to criminals less wily than himself, and as, year after year, he fed the insatiate appetite of justice with the victims whom he had himself enticed into this lawless traffic, he had been allowed to pursue his evil calling unmolested. He had become rich, and the impunity with which he had escaped for so many years, rendered him less cautious in his mode of proceeding. He had been tracked in his visit to the Havre packet, and the ministers of the law, fearing lest he meditated an escape from their hands, determined to grant him no further immunity from punishment. The story was almost beyond belief. Here was a man who appeared a kind husband, an affectionate father, a good neighbor, a respectable member of society, and yet his daily business had been to entrap and ruin those who were too young or too miserable to resist temptation. He had educated his own child at a distance from all contact with evil, had imbued her with the strictest principles of honor and rectitude, yet the greater part of his life had been spent in seducing the children of others from the paths of honesty, for many were the youth of both sexes, who, after being induced by him to pass the false bills (which he *sold*, but never *issued himself*,) were now expiating in a prison, the guilt which he had first instigated, and then denounced.

"I cannot narrate the sickening detail of all that occurred during the next few weeks. Juliet clung to the belief of her father's innocence, but anguish of mind had confined her to a bed of sickness, and a few pencilled words which were exchanged between us every evening, limited our intercourse. I suppose I might have asserted the privileges of a betrothed lover, and been allowed to watch beside her couch of suffering, bu

the tumult of my feelings was such, that I rather dreaded such painful interviews. In one of her notes, written just before the trial, she begged me to attend it, and bring her the first tidings of his acquittal, for of that result she did not permit herself to doubt. I obeyed her wishes only in part. I was present in court—I heard the terrible words which pronounced him *guilty!* and sentenced him to imprisonment at *hard* labor for *fourteen years!* It was a frightful scene. The old man, with his silvery hair and mild countenance, was a study for an artist, as he looked sorrowfully upon his judges. He listened to his fearful doom in silence—a bitter smile crossed his quivering lip, and bowing to the court, he said in a low, clear voice, 'I thank you, gentlemen; I did not think, 'till now, that I had so many years to live.' A murmur ran through the apartment as he was led away, and even those who looked on him as a hardened sinner, could not choose but pity the grey haired criminal.

"I had promised to bear the tidings to Juliet, but though I knew the anxiety with which she was awaiting me, I dared not enter the abode of such unutterable wretchedness. The next morning I received a note from her:

'Come to me,' she said, 'come, and let me find justice at your hand, since it is banished from the hearts of men. Tell me only that you are convinced of the integrity of my beloved father, and I will become your wife—even in the midst of all my agony I will become your own true and loving wife, and we will flee far from this cruel land, to some place where peace may yet abide.'

"I obeyed her summons, but all of human suffering and grief was concentred in that dreadful meeting. Fully convinced of her father's innocence, Juliet had never dreamed that the mere suspicion of such a stain upon his name had raised an insuperable barrier between us. Overwhelmed with grief for his cruel fate, she had never reflected how deeply her own was involved in it. She seemed to consider our union only *deferred* until the first violence of her sorrow should have subsided. Gradually the truth broke upon her mind. In the trustfulness of her guileless and loving nature, she was long insensible to my vague intimations of a future fraught with still deeper anguish. Her head was resting on my bosom, her arms were about my neck at the very moment when my lips revealed to her the fatal necessity of a final separation between us. Kindly—tenderly as the truth was communicated to her, it yet came upon her like a thunderbolt. She rose from my embrace, and looked in my face with such an expression of pleading sorrow in her eyes, that my heart was wrung; but she uttered not a word as she slowly turned from me, and entered an adjoining room. She closed the door behind her, but I could hear the agonized sobs, and convulsive breathing, which told of the overpowering emotion which she was suffering. She was deaf to all my entreaties to be permitted to speak one moment with her, and bidding me leave the house if I valued her future peace, I dared not disobey. On the following morning I received this letter from her:

'This is the last, Henry—you will never receive another letter from me. Why did you come to trouble the calm current of my life? Yours has been a vain, selfish, wicked love, Henry; you know nothing of such deep affection as lives within my heart. I could follow you through shame and through sorrow, strong in my own purity and integrity, but you—you cannot take to your bosom the daughter of misfortune—the victim of man's injustice. Go, Henry—forget me if you can; yet no—I will not pass like a shadow from your thoughts; you shall remember me while life remains to you, but I will be not like the one dark cloud upon your sunny path. When I am dead, you will think of me with mournful tenderness. What have I to live for? my father I shall never see again; he will go down to a felon's grave, and I am alone—alone upon the earth. Yet I am so young—I am not yet eighteen, Henry, and but a few weeks ago I was so happy! I do not mean to reproach you, my beloved, but you shall never forget me—mark me, Henry Vavasour, you shall never forget me. Farewell—farewell; come to me when you read this, and you will see me for the last time; come.'

"In a paroxysm of terror I flew to the abode of the Grayson's as soon as I read this wild and incoherent letter. It was early in the morning, but the windows were closed, and I heard the voice of loud weeping as I stood upon the threshold. I rushed into the house—I have a dim recollection of forcing my way through a dense crowd in the narrow hall, but I saw nothing until I found myself at the door of the inner apartment, into which I had seen Juliet enter. A group of women were gathered in the middle of the room—grave, cold, stern-looking men, stood around the bed which had been decked in snow white draperies for our bridal—but I saw only the extended form of my beautiful, my beloved Juliet. She looked like one who had lain down to sleep after the fatigues of a merry dance. Her face was full of placid sweetness, her attitude was that of graceful repose, and I sprang to her side in utter bewilderment at the strange scene which surrounded us. Alas! it was the sleep of death. I bent forward to kiss her pale brow, and its touch shot like an icebolt through my blood. At the same instant, some one lifted her pillow, and while the long curls fell back from her forehead, a vial was drawn from its concealment beneath the clustering mass of ringlets. I heard a confused murmur of many voices—the word '*poison*' reached my ears, and I remembered nothing more!

"When I recovered my senses, I had been for months the tenant of a private mad-house, and the doom of the wretched felon, as well as the untimely fate of the lovely but misguided Juliet, had long ceased to be the topic of daily interest. Both were forgotten by the world, but Grayson still lives within his narrow cell, and though the glorious beauty which excited my fatal passion has long since mouldered beneath the coffin-lid, yet her form still lives in my remembrance, a bright but terrific spectre of the past.

"The denunciations of scripture have been literally fulfilled. The sin of the father has been visited heavily upon her who knew no sin, and I have learned the bitter lesson which all must know who 'reap the whirlwind from the oft-sown wind.' The passions of our youth become the severest stings of our late life, our errors often assume the awful character of crimes; and this one folly of my boyhood has compelled me to bear unto my grave a weight of unutterable remorse; that worst 'burden of the heart—the heart whose sweat is gore.'"

Brooklyn, L. I.

LITERARY REVIEW.

LETTERS FROM ABROAD, *by Miss Sedgwick: Harper & Brothers.*—This is just such a work as might have been expected from the pen of Miss Sedgwick, characterised by liberal opinions and sound judgment. With an honorable pride for the institutions of her own country, she is neither so blinded by prejudice nor swayed by enthusiasm, as not to give "honor to whom honor is due." She looks upon humanity with the eye of a philanthropist—condemning not whole countries from the faults of private individuals, nor judging of society solely from her own impressions of social intercourse. We know of no traveller who has ever written a more graphic, just and intellectual work upon Europeans and their institutions, than this gifted lady; a work which we would be inclined to regard as more sound on matters of vital interest to both countries, than the selfish and prejudiced opinions of travelling speculatists or the sophistical reasoning of political diplomatists. Did our columns permit, we would cheerfully have transferred many of her pages to them, but must content ourselves in quoting the following passages as illustrative of the good feeling, which, among the well informed classes of society exists in England towards the continuation of friendly intercourse and relations between the two countries. She says—"To-morrow we leave England, having seen nothing but a drop in the ocean of things worthy to be examined. We are now to plunge into a foreign country, with a foreign language, and foreign customs. It seems like leaving home a second time. If any thing could make us forget we are travellers, it would be such unstinted kindness as we have received here. You cannot see the English in their homes without reverencing and loving them; nor, I think, can an Anglo-American come to this, his ancestral home, without a pride in his relationship to it, and an extended sense, of the obligations imposed by his derivation from the English stock. A war between the two countries, in the present state of their relations and intercourse, would be fratricidal, and this sentiment I have heard expressed on all sides."

THE ANCIENT REGIME, *by G. P. R. James: Harper & Brothers.*—With a delight and satisfaction seldom to be derived from the present class of modern novels, we have perused this excellent work, which contains some of the finest passages and natural drawn characters of this celebrated writer. The heroine, Annette de Saint Morin, is certainly one of the loveliest drawn pictures which, have for years, appeared in the gallery of fiction. The Abbé Count de Castleneau, is likewise one of these rich and graphic sketches so ably dashed off by the pencil of a master. The interest of the tale is highly exciting, yet withal natural, and, in many places, based upon recorded matters of fact—a high moral tone pervades the whole of the story, and adopting the words of the author, "nothing will be found in it which can offend the most delicate mind; and which, he is certain that not a word can be discovered which has a tendency directly or indirectly to encourage vice, or which has, for its object, any thing but the promotion of that high and holy philosophy which came from God, and leads man to Him."

THE SECRET FOE, *by Ellen Pickering: Carvill & Co.*—The time of this novel is laid in that of the protectorate of England, and is fraught with strong character and stirring incident. This authoress certainly improves in every fresh effort, and considering the prolific character of her pen, she is at least entitled to the lenity of criticism whenever an error in either composition or character presents itself, which we are happy to say is seldom. Some of her former writings were remarkable for their tediousness, but this fault in the present work she has entirely eschewed, for a more exciting plot has not appeared among our modern novelists for years. We predict that its popularity will be great, and we think it is deserving of it.

THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR: *J. Dillon Smith.*—This work is got up in a very tasteful manner, and the names of the editors, Felix Varela, D. D., and Charles Constantine Pise, D. D., are guarantee of the excellence of its contents.

SCOTTISH MELODIES, *by John Graham: Charles T. Geslain.* This work is, in every respect, a delightful one. The author, in a modest preface, attributes the cause of its appearance to untoward circumstances: this, we regret to learn, yet at the same time, rejoice to find that "out of evil cometh good," as in this instance it assuredly has, as also to know that he has so sweet a comforter as his muse in his calamity. Many of the lyrics breathe the highest bursts of patriotism, an ardent love of liberty, attempered with the spirit of virtue. The more delicate ones are remarkable for beautiful imagery and deep pathos, worthy, in some instances, of ranking with the ballads of Burns, Hogg, and Motherwell. When we say this, we can bestow no higher praise on Mr. Graham, and sincerely recommend his work as a delightful one, to every lover of poetry and music.

PEASANT AND PRINCE, *by Harriet Martineau: D. Appleton & Co.*—The various tales in this neat little volume are worthy of the authoress. They are full of interest and most delightfully related. Although not at any time particular admirers of this lady's writings, yet we are in this instance compelled to allow that we have derived much pleasure and moral instruction from the present volume.

THE HANNAHS, *by Robert Philips: Appleton & Co.*—The object of this volume is to show the strength of maternal influence upon sons, and is exemplified in the lives of several of the most conspicuous personages in scripture. The author is very popular in England, where his works have acquired a most extended circulation, and which we desire to see followed here, as they are calculated to minister much to the religious instruction of our rising generation.

THE POETRY OF FLOWERS, *by Frances S. Osgood. J. C. Riker.*—This elegant volume, edited by our gifted correspondent, and containing some of the brightest gems of her genius, is a most suitable and pleasing present at this season of flowers. The engravings are beautifully executed, and colored in the most tasteful manner. The chapter on botany is, in itself, a complete compendium of that delightful science, and to the amateur as well as proficient, will be found useful and instructive.

CHARLES LINN: *Dayton & Saxton.*—A pleasing series of moral tales, designed for the amusement and instruction of youth.

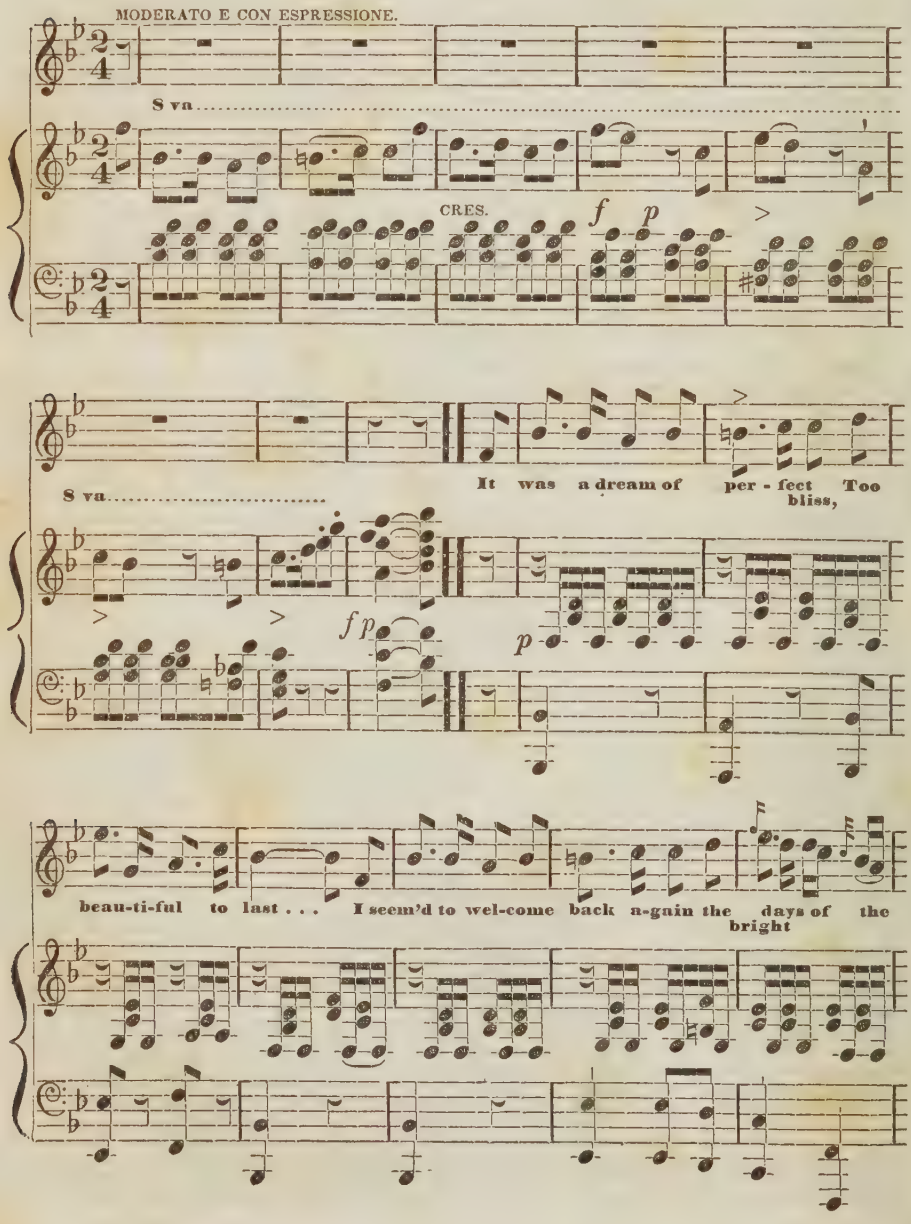
THE POETS OF AMERICA: *S. Coleman.*—The success which has attended the publication of this volume, has induced its enterprizing publishers to issue a second, similar in size to the first, but infinitely superior to it in literary excellence, typography and pictorial embellishments. Various works of a kindred character have, of late, been given to the public, and although all of them have been marked by taste and judgment, yet, in honesty of opinion, we are compelled to avow that "the Poets of America" is, by far, the best, as well as the most elegant volume of the kind which has ever emanated from the press of America."

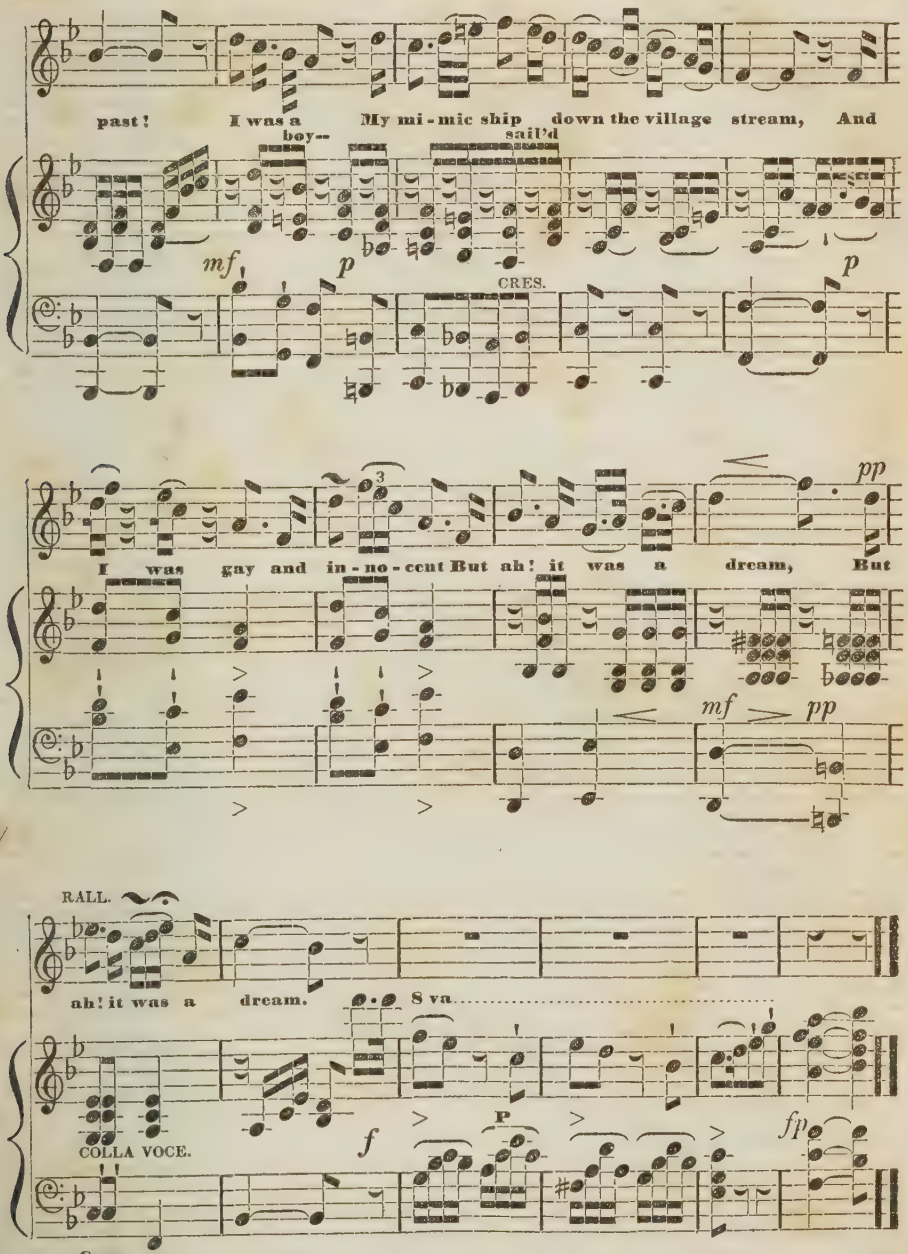
THE IDLER IN FRANCE, *by the Countess of Blessington: Carey & Hart.*—When we took up these volumes, we were inclined to believe we should meet with nothing original or interesting in them, the same field having been so often trodden by travellers of all characters and countries; but before we had waded through half a dozen of chapters, we were agreeably surprized to find the accomplished authoress introducing us to an acquaintance with the *elite* and intellectual of the most fashionable city in the world, with all that delightful vivacity of style and graphic description by which her literary efforts are so peculiarly distinguished. In the present work will be found not the mere notices and superficial opinions and gossip of the flying tourist, but the shrewd and sound observation of an intellectual and high minded female, whose associations and talents so well adapt her to the subject. A better description of fashionable life, and at the same time displaying a profound knowledge of humanity, has not, among the numerous works of this class, appeared for years. We recommend it as the most pleasing book of the season.

IT WAS A DREAM OF PERFECT BLISS.

A BALLAD.

WORDS BY T. HAYNES BAYLY—MUSIC BY EDWARD J. LODER.


MODERATO E CON ESPRESSIONE.
8 va
CRES.
f
p
8 va
It was a dream of per - fect Too bliss,
f p
p
beau-ti-ful to last . . . I seem'd to wel-come back a-gain the days of the bright


past! I was a boy-- My mi-mic ship sail'd down the village stream, And
mf p CRES. p
I was gay and in-no-cent But ah! it was a dream, But
pp
mf pp
RALL.
ah! it was a dream.
8 va
COLLA VOCE.
f P fp
8 va

SECOND VERSE.

And soon I left the childish toy
For those of manhood's choice,
The beauty of a woman's form,
The sweetness of her voice.
I thought she gave me blameless love,
The nursling of esteem--
And that such love I merited,
But ah! it was a dream.

THIRD VERSE.

I saw my falsehood wound her heart,
I saw her cheek grow pale;
But o'er her fate the vision threw
A bright delusive veil--
I thought she liv'd, and that I saw
Our bridal torches gleam;
And I was happy with my bride,
But ah! it was a dream.

THEATRICALS.

We have little to say this month on the subject of theatricals, the Chatham having been the only theatre which has kept its doors open during a portion of July and August, where that inimitable actor, Browne, has been delighting the audience with his personation of Robert Macaire and several other of his performances. J. R. Scott in tragedy, Rice in negro character, and Mrs. Blake in chamber-maids, have been also contributing to the amusement of the Chathamites. Mr. Hamblin during the recess of his theatre, has been performing a splendid engagement at Providence, and the Bowery has again opened under most favorable auspices. Several new dramas, from the pen of J. S. Jones, Esq., of Boston, where they have met with great success, have been produced under the direction of the author. Among them, we may instance especially the Surgeon of Paris, a drama, abounding in strong effects. Mr. Hield has been added to the company, and many other engagements entered into by the enterprizing manager. Determined also to suit the taste of all classes, he has brought forward a tribe of Indians, who, by an exhibition of their native customs and habits, have assisted greatly in augmenting the receipts of the treasury. A host of other novelties are in preparation, and the prospect of a spirited season is at least apparent. The Park will also have opened by the time the "Companion" appears, but who are to be the stars destined to throw light upon its fortunes, has not yet transpired. Lady Rumor says the Ellsler will again appear. Mrs. Fitzwilliam will play a short engagement. Sheridan Knowles, it is said, intends once more to give us a taste of his quality. The Vandenhoffs, it is hinted, may again return; of this, however, we are doubtful, as it is currently reported, Miss Vandenhoff is about to be allied to Captain Miller, late commander of the British Steamer Acadia, should this prove true, we think the attraction of this talented family would be so greatly diminished as to render their trip unprofitable both to themselves and the managers. A new theatre is talked about being erected on the site of the late National. We hope not. The parties who are bold enough, or rather foolish enough to venture on such an undertaking, deserve no encouragement, or even compassion, should it prove, as it ever has done, a total failure. Experience has shown that the situation is not adapted for a theatre, and that hitherto, save to the proprietors of the ground, it has always proved an unsuccessful speculation. The different managers who have here attempted to guide the helm of theatrical matters, have ever more or less, placed themselves and performers in difficulty, and heaven knows there are theatres enough in the city of New-York. All increase, therefore, of theatrical property, is only a waste of capital and an entailment of calamity upon the members of the profession. Such we believe is a brief summary of theatrical matters as they at this time exist in New-York, and we regret to say, that in almost every other section of the Union they present the same melancholy aspect. How long this will continue we cannot pretend to say, but one thing is plain, both from ocular and practical demonstration, that in theatrical, as well as in every other profession, a rash speculation has been the destruction of the drama; and, as in a former number we remarked, that some years since a set of individuals whose sole object was the accumulation of wealth at the sacrifice of the interests of the stage, so to a certain extent do like parties continue their unprincipled operations all over the Union. Theatres, which are now to be had for little or nothing, are seized hold of by individuals without one cent of capital, but who possessing a dashing exterior and suavity of manners, contrive to wheedle themselves into the good graces of the community—engage a company of performers, who, in these times of severity are glad to catch at even the shadow of an existence, and when the speculation proves, as such affairs nine times out of ten do, a ruinous matter, the unfortunate actors have to suffer for the folly, nay, we may almost say dishonesty of the manager. We honor sincerely the stage as a rational and instructive school of amusement, but when its purposes are thus perverted by designing men, we are of opinion that the public authorities would confer a benefit upon the stage, by permitting none to assume the reins of management but persons of talent and character.

EDITORS' TABLE.

The viands of our table this month, must, from necessity, be of a very moderate quality, owing to the total absence of all that is worthy of being placed before our readers. Concerts, lectures, and the various other novelties which contribute to the furnishing of our editorial banquet having been forsaken for the more delightful and healthful enjoyments of the country. There is hardly, we rejoice to say it, a village in the vicinity of New-York, but what is teeming with our inhabitants. The man of business has closed his leger and forgets his thirst for gain in the seclusion of rural life. The young and neglected wife has now the full enjoyment of her husband's society—not condemned to her solitary city home wearying for the hour to terminate the day and bring him perhaps moody and melancholy to her arms. Bargains, speculations, and interest, are here forgotten, in the sweet walk, the deep glen, shady grove, or by the silver streamlet, recalling again the moments of their first hopes and affections. Her fairy form perhaps has changed for that of the mother, and around them sport in the innocence of childhood, a beautiful family, bursting rose-buds from the parent stem. Unseen by every eye but that of nature, in "the dim sweet melancholy" of some wood, wander a pair of youthful beings, who seek no society but their own, who dwell in a world of happiness, and look on the prospective as never to be clouded with speck or stain—joyous moments, while yet the heart is fresh and the blight of age or mistrust has not fallen on them. Or wandering by the shore of the boundless ocean, whose trump of eternal thunder never ceases, in whose depths lie the spoils of nations, for which the strong and the fearless have struggled, toiled, and staked life and eternal happiness, what must the rich man then think and feel when he reflects that he, like those who have there perished, is at the mercy of Him "who holds the waters of the ocean in the hollow of his hand." Of what does wealth avail him? Nothing—comparatively nothing; giving him an elevation, perhaps, above his fellow mortals in the sphere of fashion and its luxuries, but in no way cannot it secure for him a higher seat in heaven above the poorest of his fellow men. Apart, therefore, from mere enjoyment, is the participation in scenes of nature in her beauty and simplicity, calculated to soothe the distracted mind, to minister to the enlargement of our better feelings, and to humble the haughty spirit, which, in the plentitude of power and the exuberance of riches, forgets that there is a being in whose [illegible] he is but one of the innumerable links in the illimitable of creation.

Castle Garden.—Among all our summer resorts, commend us to this charming place, where the languid and fevered frame can enjoy the bland and cooling breezes of our magnificent bay. Here you are not mocked by gaudy imitations of nature, stifled in a heated atmosphere or jostled by all classes and characters, but with ample room for promenading, delightful music, and respectable society, the visitor can agreeably while away an hour in healthful recreation.

Mrs. Maeder.—It is resolved among the higher classes of our lady community, to present this excellent woman and actress, with a testimony of their respect for her private worth and professional abilities, in the form of a complimentary benefit. We rejoice at this, as no actress had ever a higher claim to the regard of every friend of the drama, and certain we are that every gallant heart will aid the fair committee in their laudable undertaking.

Fashions for September.—*Walking Negligee.*—Robe of grey silk; the bottom of the skirt trimmed with three white tucks; silk apron fringed with lace; fancy sleeves; cloak of white gros de Naples; bonnet of clear muslin, with bands of fancy straw, ornamented with flowers.

Evening Dress.—Silk skirt, very full, with a flowing band from the waist. Sleeves short and full, bare arms, long lace gloves. Hair parted plainly in front and falling in full ringlets.

Walking Full Dress.—Robe of *tantalane*, with full puffed flounce; scarf of embroidered crape, with rich deep fringe; hat of rice straw with flowers or feathers; embroidered handkerchief; fan parasol; blue morocco slippers; hair plain.

THE LADIES' COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, OCTOBER, 1841.

CALDWELL—LAKE GEORGE.

This beautiful sheet of water lies in the State of New-York, and communicates with Lake Champlain at Ticonderoga. High mountains completely encompass it, which are, for the most part, clothed from their summits to the water's edge with trees of many-tinted foliage. The deep seclusion in which it is buried, adds greatly to its romantic character, and even now, when the spirit of enterprize has, by the introduction of steamboats, afforded the traveller access to its beauties, if we except here and there a few marks of civilization, it yet retains all its primitive aspect. Three hundred and sixty islands, it is said, stud the bosom of the lake, some of them thickly wooded—others covered with moss and wild-flowers, and reflected in the pellucid depths. So remarkable are the waters of Lake George for their purity, that, in former times, they were carried to distant places to fill the fonts of the Roman Catholic churches, and even now it is known among the professors of that faith, by the name of Lake Sacrament. The tranquillity of its surface is seldom ruffled, owing to the shelter afforded by the mountains which surround it. In former times, its shores were noted for innumerable herds of deer, and the few settlers in the neighborhood depended as much for support on the chase, as on their agricultural pursuits. The following description of that race by Dr. Dwight, will serve to convey some idea of the wild simplicity in which they lived, as recently as 1800. He was then on a visit to Lake George, and in one of his rambles, encountered a huntsman with a dead buck lying beside him. "Before our departure," he says, "we heard the hounds advancing near to us. Our new companion instantly took fire at the sound. His eye kindled, his voice assumed a loftier tone; his stride became haughty; his style swelled into pomp, and his sentiments were changed rapidly from mildness to ardor, to vehemence, and to rage. I was forcibly struck with the sameness of the emotions produced by hunting and by war. The ardor of battle, the glitter of arms, and the shock of conflict, could scarcely have produced, in a single moment, more violent or fierce agitations than were roused in this man by the approach of the hounds, the confident expectation of a victim, and the brilliant prospect of a venatory triumph. To him who has been a witness of both objects, it will cease to be a wonder that the savage should make the chase a substitute for war, and a source of glory, second only to that acquired in battle. Our hunter was not exempt, however, from the common lot of man. His partner came up with the hounds, but without a deer! The magnificence of our companion dwindled in a moment. The fire vanished from his eye: his voice fell to its natural key, and the hero shrank into a plain farmer." Lake George is nearly two hundred feet above Lake Champlain, and its outlet is partly composed of three steps or falls, which, when the snows of winter are dissolving, present a series of magnificent cataracts, while in summer they appear merely like little streamlets dashing and brawling over the rugged rocks. The poetry of Scott is most applicable in illustration of some portions of the scene.

"Onward, amid the copse 'gan peep,
A narrow inlet still and deep,
Affording scarce such breadth of brim,
As served the wild duck's brood to swim;
Lost for a space through thickets veering,
But broader when again appearing,
Tall rocks and tufted knolls their face,
Could on the dark blue mirror trace;
And farther as the hunter strayed,
Still broader sweep its channels made.
The shaggy mounds no longer stood,
Emerging from entangled wood,
But, wave encircled, seemed to float,
Like castle girded with its moat;
Yet broader floods extending still,
Divide them from their parent hill,
'Till each, retiring, claims to be,
An islet in an inland sea."

R. H.

Original.

THE CASTANET.

An answer to the Charade in the August number.

BY W. C. RICHARDS.

I.

When sunlight flashes on the waves
Of "Biscay's stormy bay,"
And gilds the beach his current laves—
With morning's earliest ray,
From off the strand, a swarthy band—
The fishermen of Spain—
Launch their light boats with skilful hand,
And proudly ride the main!

II.

Now shoot they forth with arrowy speed,
And leave the sparkling shore;
The dashing waves they little heed,
For strength is at the oar;
With laugh and song they swiftly glide—
'Till far from home they've passed,
Then in the deep and teeming tide,
The treacherous *net* they *cast*.

III.

When daylight fades, their laden boats
With weary arm they urge,
Back to the shore, whence cheerful notes
Come wafted o'er the surge:
Lo! on the beach the maidens stand,
With eyes of sparkling jet;
And sing to welcome them to land—
The merry Castanet!

Original.

SEBASTIAN BACH AND HIS FAMILY.*

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

PART II.

"If the lessons were only over!" cried, impatiently, Lina, the youngest daughter of Sebastian Bach.

"They will soon be over," said her mother, "it has already struck twelve."

"Ah! what with the beating and blowing above there, my father often does not hear the hour strike. He is too zealous with his pupils."

Madam Anna Bach smiled good humoredly at the impatience of her favorite, and replied—"Take care only that your father does not hear you talk so. He would interpret it ill. He regrets often enough, already, that his daughters have no gift for music, while his sons have been skilled on the piano and the organ from their earliest childhood."

Lina fixed her beautiful hazel eyes earnestly on her mother, and said, with some petulance—"Yet my father, if he would be just, must acknowledge that we three girls give him more pleasure, than all his sons, skilful musicians as they are!"

"Silence!" said her mother, gravely, "it does not become you to boast of your father's regard, nor to accuse your brothers. Go to your sisters, and to work."

Lina obeyed; but when at the door, she turned suddenly round, ran back to her mother, seized her hand, kissed it affectionately, and said—"Be friends with me, mamma! I meant no harm by what I said."

"That I well know," replied Madam Bach, "you are a good girl; but you have not the quiet manners of your other sisters. You are hasty and vehement, like the brother you resemble in outward features—whom you always blame, because he has grieved your father, and yet whom you love better than all the rest."

"Friedemann!" cried Lina, and threw herself sobbing into her mother's arms. Then recovering herself, with a "I will be good, mamma!" she left the apartment.

Madam Bach, after speaking a moment with her youngest son, Christian, was about to follow, when the door opened and her excellent husband, Johann Sebastian, entered. He was still a stately and handsome man, of steady carriage, and eyes that beamed with the brilliancy of youth; but, thirteen years had considerably changed him; deep furrows were in the once open and smooth forehead; his cheeks were fallen in, and their color betrayed disease.

"Is your lesson over?" asked his wife.

Sebastian held out his hand affectionately, and answered—"Yes, for to-day." He placed himself in his arm-chair, and Madam Bach continued—

"You are glad of it, for you seem to-day very much exhausted."

"Ay; old age will have its claims satisfied, and rest does me good now and then; but glad—no! I am not glad, that the hours are at an end, in which I must do my duty. I can impart instruction yet—I have strength to make good scholars, and so long as I can work, none shall find me remiss."

"You will do much good yet!"

"That is in God's hand, Anna! My will indeed is to do—you look so pleasant—what have you there?"

"A letter for you from Philip."

"Ho, ho!" cried Sebastian, while he joyfully rose; "has the scapegrace at last found time to write to his old father? By my faith, I have doubted whether he has ever learned letter writing, since he has been concert-master in the service of His Majesty of Prussia! Well—what says he?" and he opened the letter, and read—

"My dear and honored father—

"You will pardon your most dutiful son, that he has not written in so long a time to his beloved and honored parent, and will impute this neglect of duty by no means to any lack of filial affection, or of dutiful esteem, since it is solely and entirely owing to the pressing business of my situation. This fair and magnificent capital is all life, as far as music is concerned. At court there is a great concert two or three times a week, without numbering the private entertainments, which his Majesty has every evening in his cabinet, where I accompany him, on the pretty Silbermann's piano, on which my beloved father played before His Majesty.

"His Majesty plays on the flute quite surprizingly; and I think his tone fuller and better than Herr Quantz can produce But, as respects time, I am obliged to give good heed to keep with him, for His Majesty is capricious, and troubles himself little with the notes—going forward and backward and stopping at his own will and pleasure. This is pleasant enough when he plays alone, but in concerts, occasions much confusion.

"His Majesty has always been very well pleased with my accompaniment; and after every piece we have executed together, His Majesty has been pleased to say—'You have done this well.'

"His Majesty always inquires in a friendly manner after my esteemed father, and often asks me—'Will not your papa come once more to Berlin?' This I would propose, with proper discretion; and I can promise beforehand, if my dear and esteemed father will visit us, he will be received with joy and honors by all. Be pleased to pardon my hasty writing; convey my best love and duty to my most honored mother, my beloved brothers and sisters, and make happy with a speedy answer.

"Your dutiful son,

"*Berlin, July 18th*, 1750. "PHILIP EMANUEL BACH."

Sebastian folded the letter again, and said, with a good humored smile—"His *hasty* writing I must indeed pardon, for this once, for he has never written to me otherwise."

"What think you of his proposition to visit Berlin once again?" asked Madam Bach, "the journey, I think, would do you good."

"It would indeed!" replied Sebastian, cheerfully, "I would gladly see Berlin and His Majesty once more! Ay! twice in my life have I been wrought to believe there was something good in me; the first time was in the year seventeen, when Monsieur Marchand took himself quietly off, the evening before our appointed contest, so that I held the field alone in Dresden—ha! ha! ha! The second time, was three years ago, when the great King of Prussia came into the ante-chamber to meet me and give me welcome; and when some rude chamberlains began to laugh at my expressions of duty and homage, His Majesty chid them with—'*Messieurs! voyez vous, c' est le vieux Bach!*' That pleased me wonderfully, and Friedemann, too!"

"You will go, then?"

"Yes—if they will give me leave here—and there be a small overplus of money in the purse, I should be

* A tale from the German. Concluded from page 230.

glad. Ha! it is strange, that in my old days I should be seized with a roving propensity, of which I had little or nothing when I was young. Enough for this time; let us go to dinner."

—

The day was near its close, and Sebastian sat before the door of his dwelling, by the side of his wife, and surrounded by his family, his two eldest sons only, Friedemann and Philip, were wanting. The mother and daughters were employed in sewing and knitting work, and whispered now and then to each other. The sons listened to what the elder Bach was telling them, of his youthful studies, particularly under the century-old organist, Reinecken, in Hamburg.

The setting sun threw his last rays upon the quiet group, under the green and stately linden, which shaded the entrance to the old Thomas school. A picture was presented, which in its true keeping might have inspired the genius of the greatest painter of that day.

In the midst of Sebastian's story, Caroline, who had been looking towards the corner where Cloister street runs into Thomas' church-yard, sprang to her feet with a cry of surprize.

"What is the matter?" asked her mother, alarmed while the others all rose, leaving the venerable father alone, sitting on the bench. Before the maiden could answer, the tall figure of a man was seen hastily crossing the churchyard towards the house, and now Sebastian rose too, for he recognized his son, Friedemann.

"*Salve!*" cried the old man, "do you come to stay?"

"I have kept my word!" answered Friedemann, "and if you think right, I will stay!"

Sebastian, nodding a pleased assent, held out his hands to his son, and embraced him with transport. His mother and the rest crowded round him, all but Caroline, who stood in her place, looking inquiringly at her brother. After he had returned the greeting of his family, he turned and addressed her. Then her eyes sparkling, her lovely face suffused with the flush of joy, she cried—

"I also bid you welcome!"

After the first surprize was over, Sebastian led his son into his chamber, and with gentle earnestness repeated his question.

"Come as you will, you are welcome," said he, "yet what brings you here so suddenly?"

"That it is not the old story, my father," replied Friedemann, "you will believe upon my assurance. Ah! thirteen years are enough to blunt *one* sorrow—the more certainly, the greater it is! But a thousand new ones are born to me, and one among them yields not in bitterness to the first!"

"And what is that, Friedemann?"

"I despair of ever doing any thing truly great in my art! I have only pride, not power, to support me against daily vexations. I have purposed well—true! I have purposed well. I wished to strike out a new path, without neglecting the excellent old school. I might err—ay! I *have* erred! the result proves it; but, the motive of my exertions was pure; what I strove after was great and noble. But I have been slandered—insulted! my aim ridiculed—my endeavors themselves maliciously criticised—descried!—"

"And by whom, Friedemann?"

Friedemann started at this question; at length he said—"I am wrong, I know, to permit the judgment, or rather the silly prating of a malignant fool to destroy the pleasure arising from my exertions; and yet it is so. There is a certain schoolmaster Kniff, in Halle, who, though all he accomplishes himself is contemptible, yet passes for a luminary in the musical horizon; I think they call his works reviews."

"Ay," cried Sebastian, "I know them to be ridiculous. I think the schoolmaster must be the cause of some sport in Halle."

"You are mistaken, father," replied Friedemann, "he is not derided, but feared on account of his malice, and those who fear him not, are pleased at the base libels by which he strives to bring down others to his own level."

"And can that disturb you?" asked Sebastian, "notwithstanding your knowledge that only the base and the evil array themselves against the good? Methinks I have ever taught you, there is no more certain proof of elevated worth, than the impotent rage and opposition of the vicious. I never taught you to look with pride or arrogance on your equals or inferiors, but to be calm, self-possessed, and to maintain your ground, even against the great, much more against the rich! That is man's first duty; practise it, Friedemann, and no schoolmaster Kniff, or any one else, can make you dissatisfied with yourself or your efforts."

Caroline here interrupted the conversation, announcing a stranger, who wished to speak with her father.

"Who is it?" asked Sebastian.

"He will not tell his name, but says he is a friend of yours."

"Bring him in, then," answered the old man, and Caroline left the chamber.

"*Bon soir!*" cried the stranger, as he entered, in a sharp voice, while he hastened towards Sebastian, and held out his hand; "*bon soir, mon cher papa!* Do you not know me?"

Sebastian could not immediately recollect the face, Friedemann recognized him at once, and said—

"Ah! Monsieur Scherbitz! good evening.

"Ha! ha!" cried Scherbitz, laughing, "is not this our ex-court organist? Exactly! there is the same ill-boding from between the brows as in 1737. You are but little changed, my friend, with being thirteen years older. I am still the same, except that at fifty-three I am grown to be First Lieutenant."

"You proved yourself a friend to my son in time of misfortune," said Sebastian, "and are therefore ever welcome to me and mine. To what lucky chance am I indebted for the pleasure of welcoming you in my quiet home?"

"To the most unlucky, my good sir! I was so careless, at the Prime Minister's last court, as to tread on the left fore-paw of his lady-consort's lap-dog. The beast cried out; the Countess demanded satisfaction; and in punishment for my misdeed I am marched as

First Lieutenant to Poland, in the body-guard of His Excellency."

Friedemann laughed. Sebastian, who felt a horror creep over him at his sarcastic, misanthropic wit, sought to change the conversation; but in vain, Scherbitz went on, jesting in his bitter way, about his tragical destiny. He concluded his account with the information—"that he had come over to Leipzig simply and solely to see Papa Bach once more in his life, for, on the word of a First Lieutenant, he had ever loved and honored him since the first time he beheld him, thirteen years ago."

The next morning, Von Scherbitz was walking in the little garden behind Thomas school, which afforded but a narrow view, being bounded by the high wall on one side, when he saw at the other end, Caroline, occupied in fastening the branches of a vine to an espalier. He approached and saluted the young lady; she turned and replied with the same cordiality.

"You are very early at work, Mademoiselle Bach," said Scherbitz, after a pause, during which she was arranging her vines.

"My father takes great pleasure in cultivating vines," answered Caroline.

"Do they flourish here?"

"Oh, yes! sometimes."

"I heard some charming singing, early this morning; it was a woman's voice. *Parbleu!* Faustina never sang clearer! Were you the singer, Mademoiselle Bach?"

Caroline blushed, and said—"Not I—it was my mother."

"Your mamma! *C'est vrai!* Friedemann told me she sings admirably. But, you sing too, mademoiselle?"

"I hum a little, sometimes, like all girls when they are cheerful—but none of my father's daughters are musical—and he says we have neither taste nor talent, to learn it properly."

"Perhaps you understand it by intuition, already."

Caroline looked at the Lieutenant, and replied with a smile—"you are a good guesser, M. Scherbitz."

"No great guessing is required; there are many young ladies, who do not sing or play according to rules, yet who, nevertheless, are by no means unmusical."

"Oh! I love music—I love it dearly! Brother Friedemann knows that—and it is therefore we are so dear to each other. But it is a very peculiar kind of music that I mean."

"You mean church music?"

"No!"

"Or concert music?"

"Nor that."

"Or dancing music?"

"No—no!"

"*Eh bien!* then you are fond of the Opera?"

"Not I—indeed!"

"What sort of music then will you have?"

Caroline laughed, but immediately after replied with a gentle sigh—"The music that I mean is not to be had here in Leipzig."

"What does that mean? Leipzig is the musical capital of all Europe!"

"Yes—it is very strange—but quite true! I find little or nothing of it here, admirably as my father, my brothers and their scholars execute their parts. Something is still wanting."

"Mademoiselle Bach, you must have studied in Professor Gottsched's college, since you are not satisfied even with your father and your brothers!"

"Ah! you must understand me!" cried Caroline, eagerly. "Observe, sir—if I would enjoy my music in perfection, all around me must harmonize, and that is not possible here. But in a wood, surrounded by high mountains, the summits glowing in the morning or evening light, while it is yet twilight below; or when only a ray here and there streams down upon the foliage; while above, in the deep blue heaven, clouds are moving, white, rosy and golden—that is a charming accord. And the tops of the trees, waving and whispering—the bushes answering in sighs—the brook singing its constant, yet ever new melody—the flowers moving like magic bells—the wild bird trilling his song! And when the sun is set, and the moon climbs the rocky verge and pours her soft silvery light on the scene, —or when dark clouds gather in the heavens, and hissing lightnings dart through them, and echo reverberates the thunder, and the swollen stream roars, and foams over the rocks and the crushed trees—all is to me, music!"

Scherbitz looked a moment in astonishment at the young lady, then answered—"Mademoiselle, it is possible you are not a singer, but you are a *poet!*" And he left her, to communicate his discovery to his friend.

Friedemann, with a bitter smile, replied—"It is as you say, Von Scherbitz, and that it is so, is reason enough to drive me mad, if there were none other! I love this child, as my own soul. I have seen her grow up, and ripen into bloom—I shall see her die—for the fairest gifts of heaven are only lent to poor unhappy man, that their loss may add to his misery."

"True, and false, *mon ami!* as we take it. Do you know in what lies your fault and mine? We philosophize too much! Do not laugh; *parole d'honneur*—I speak in earnest! It is true, each of us in his way; we should have done better by acting, instead of thinking so deeply; instead of mocking at, and saying all possible evil of this miserable world—we should have acted. Not the will, but action, removes mountains. There lies a parodox in the truth that the greatest thinker, when it comes to the deed, can do absolutely nothing; a paradox, but it manifests at the same time the wisdom of the Creator; for wo to the system of the world, if the mightiest thoughts and designs were deeds! Satan, who revolted, cannot be dangerous to heaven. Man, whom the Maker created after his own image, could, if he possessed the power to do, what he imagines in the moments of his exstacy—"

"Cease, Von Scherbitz!" cried Friedemann; "I see the abyss before me!"

"*Va!* we are safe, *cher ami!* for as I said, we are but philosophers. Had not the minister played the

spy on you and his pretty niece, had not I, *malheureusement*, stepped upon the foot of the Countess' lap dog, we should be perhaps at this moment, both sitting quietly in Dresden—you as Natalia's fireside friend, bewitching her, yourself, and the world—I, as a merry page of fifty-three, jesting and enduring—and, *morbleu!* am I not enduring even now?"

"Do you know," asked Friedemann, and as he spoke his countenance assumed a strange expression—"do you know I have often fervently prayed that I might be mad—for a time—not for ever!" in a quick and vehement tone—"no, no! for all the world, not for ever! but for a time I would be mad, that I might forget; and again, I feel the memory of what I have experienced, *would*, even then, cling to me." He pressed his hand with a wild gesture before his eyes.

The lieutenant started, and said, soothingly—"Give not so much heed to my idle talk, my friend! I am *old*, melancholy—have no hope of a brighter future; but you, you are young, can yet do much—so much—"

"What can I do?" cried Friedemann, with harrowing laughter. "Nothing—nothing—nothing! With me at five and thirty, all is dead! All—more than with you at fifty! Ha! mark you not, where *madness* lurks yonder, behind the door, and makes ready to spring upon my neck, as I go out? He dares not seize on me when my father is near; but shrinks up, 'till he is little, very little, then hides himself in an old spider's web over the window. But he shall not get hold of me so easily! ha, ha, ha! I am cunning! I will not leave the chamber without my father! Look you, old page, I understand a feint as well as you!"

"*Mon ami! mon ami!* what *is* the matter?" cried the lieutenant, and seizing his friend by the shoulders, he shook him vehemently. "Friedemann Bach, do you not hear me?"

Friedemann stared at him vacantly a moment. At length his face lost its unnatural expression, his eyes looked like living eyes again, and he asked softly—"What would M. Scherbitz?"

"What would I? man! what makes you such an idiot? Recollect yourself."

"Eh!" said Friedemann, smiling; "Eh, M. Scherbitz, who takes a jest so deeply? And you really believe, that I am sometimes mad? Ah! not yet; I am rational, more rational than ever!"

"Well, well! *mon ami*, it was your jest, but one should not paint Satan on the wall. Pry'thee, sit you down, and play me something, that I may recover myself, you acted your part so naturally."

Friedemann sat down in silence to the instrument and began to play.

"I dreamed not of this!" muttered the lieutenant, while Friedemann, after having played half an hour, suddenly let his hands drop down, sank back, and fell fast asleep.

On the morning of the 21st of July, 1750, the church-bells rung a solemn, yet cheerful peal, inviting the pious inhabitants of the city to the house of God. The sky was perfectly cloudless; the glad Sabbath sun shone brightly, and the pious heart felt strengthened anew in faith and devotion. Into Friedemann's heart also, this day penetrated a beam of comfort, of joy, of love. He had spent a part of the preceding night in studying a masterpiece of his father's—the Great Passions Music. Full of the grandeur of the work, his face animated with serene delight, he was walking to and fro in the chamber of the old man, pondering in his mind a similar work, which he had thought of undertaking.

Sebastian sat in his arm-chair, with folded arms, dressed ready for church, and followed with his eyes, smiling affectionately, the movements of his son. After a while he said—

"I am glad the Passions Music pleases you so well; I have a work, of quite another kind finished, the first idea of which I got from your *Fughetton*. And you are the first after me, that shall see it."

He went to his desk, opened it, took out a sealed packet and gave it to his son. It bore the inscription—"To my son, Friedemann."

"In case I had died without seeing you again," observed the old man, "I am rejoiced it has happened otherwise; you may break the seal."

Friedemann did so, and on opening the package, his eyes fell on that nobly conceived, that admirably executed work, which, from the day of its first appearance to the latest time, has commanded the admiration and reverence of all the initiated—"*The Art of Fugues, by Johann Sebastian Bach.*"

Friedemann looked over the manuscript with sparkling eyes, and said—"Then I have not lived in vain! *my* poor attempt has suggested a work which, or I must be deceived, is destined to immortalize the name of its author! Receive my thanks, father, you have given me *much* to-day!"

"I know, Friedemann, that you at least appreciate and honor my design, so that I receive much from you, for such appreciation is most gratifying to us from those we love, and is the highest reward earth can bestow."

"And you, father, have understood me?"

"Yes—grieve not over the judgment of others; yet while you endeavor to deserve the appreciation, the regard of your equals, labor to instruct those who cannot repay you thus. Will man assume more than higher powers—and only show to the best, that he belongs to the best! Are you skilful and faithful, let your light shine, else you degrade yourself and rebel against the Being who gave you power and inclination to do so."

Here, the chime of the bells, which had ceased for some time, began anew; the door opened, and Madam Bach, her three daughters, the boy Christian, and Von Scherbitz, entered, all ready for church. Madam Bach gave her husband a prayer-book and a bunch of flowers; Caroline handed him his hat.

Sebastian rose, gave his arm to his wife, and walked to the door, accompanied by his children and his friend. Turning back an instant, he glanced at the window, shaded with vine-leaves, on which the sunlight glistened, and said—

"What a lovely morning!"

He was about quitting the room, when he stopped suddenly! prayer-book and flowers fell from his hands;

the females shrieked; he struggled to regain his strength a moment, then sank back lifeless into the arms of his son.

Thus died Johann Sebastian Bach, by a stroke of apoplexy, the 21st of July, 1750.

—

Three years after, Baron von Globig was celebrating the feast of the vintage, at his splendid villa at Loschwitz, some distance from Dresden. Richly gilded gondolas, with long, and many colored penants, were gliding to and fro over the bosom of the Elbe, landing the distinguished guests invited by the proprietor of the villa. The splendor, nay, profusion, that marked all the preparations, was not unworthy of the favorite and confidant of the Count von Brühl. Nothing was wanting which the most refined and fastidious taste could suggest.

The host fatigued himself by exuberant efforts to do the honors suitably; this appeared the more singular, as no one took particular notice of him; all observation being directed to his lady, who, though dignified and courteous in her demeanor, manifested little interest in any thing that passed.

As twilight came on, colored lamps were lighted in the garden walks, and gorgeous illuminations were displayed before the entrance. Bands of musicians alternated with each other, and joined in full bursts of harmony; brilliant and stately figures whirled through the merry mazes of the dance; all was hilarity and joy; and care was banished.

When the company re-assembled in the saloon, the Prussian ambassador presented to the lady of the house a young but distinguished-looking man, as Philip Emanuel, the second son of the great Sebastian Bach.

The Baroness blushed slightly, and after a few words of salutation had passed, asked—"Where is your elder brother, now?"

"We do not know," replied Philip, sadly; "Friedemann disappeared from Leipzig the day of our father's death, and none of us have seen him since."

The Baroness turned away without speaking again. The Baron came up and said in his bland tone—"Will you have the kindness, most honored sir, to let us hear before supper a little, if but a little piece from you? My guests will be delighted to listen to the celebrated Monsieur Bach; and to enhance the effect of your divine playing, I have, by way of fun, permitted a poor half crazy musician from the Prague choir, who plays dances in the villages, to give us a tune in the antechamber. The doors may be opened, but he must not come into the light, for his dress is soiled and disordered."

Meanwhile a full accord sounded from the ante-room; a servant threw open the doors, and in the imperfect light the guests had a glimpse of a meanly dressed man, sitting at the piano, with his back turned towards the door.

The company had anticipated a joke, for the Baron had privately informed every body of his purpose: but it was quite otherwise, when they heard the wonderful, entrancing harmony, now towering into passion, now sinking to a melodious plaint, which the poor unknown musician drew from the instrument. All were touched; but the Baroness and Philip stood, pale as death, and looked inquiringly, yet doubtingly, upon each other. Suddenly, at a bold turn in the music, the Baroness whispered—"'Tis he!"—and Philip cried aloud—"'Tis he! 'tis my brother—Friedemann!"

The musician turned round, sprang up, and rushed into Philip's arms. But at sight of the Baroness, he started back with the exclamation—"Natalia!"

The Baroness fell back in a swoon. Friedemann, forcing himself a way through the crowd, rushed from the house.

Original.

THREE CONCEITS.

"Didst speak to me, mother?" "Yes, my child"—
And her bright eye beamed, and her words were mild—
"Array thee a dress for thine ebon hair;
Choose thou for thyself from my wardrobe there."
"Mother, the dress shall be simple and neat,
A plain little cap unassuming and sweet,
With a border snow white, and the trimming in hue
Shall be sable, in mem'ry of those we loved true,
And I'll wear no bright gems in these dark locks of mine.
This is my fancy, mother—oh! say, is it thine?"
"Thou hast chosen discreet, and I love thee full well
My own stricken one," and her bosom did swell.
"Thy prayer shall be heard in the haven of love,
Thou wilt meet with our chosen and lost ones *above*."
"Didst call *me*, my mother dear?" "Yes, my child,
Thy sister has chosen, choose *thou*," and she smiled.
"Mother, the dress shall be lofty and rare,
For my clustering tresses of dark brown hair;
A turban of gauze of a silvery hue,
And high on my forehead a signet of blue,
And a sapphire of beauty encircled with pearls
Half disclosed, half concealed by my *natural* curls;
And my brow be unclouded, my eye shall be clear;
Meets it thy liking and praise, mother dear?"
"Thy taste is most perfect. The sapphire shall be
An emblem of beauty engendered in thee.
Be thy leading star Virtue, and Wisdom thy guide,
'Till thou, my dear child, art to Heaven allied."
"I am coming, dear mother, I know 'tis thy call,
And thy voice on my ear like music doth fall."
"Choose thou a tiara, my youngest one dear."
"My dress is all ready, see, mother, 'tis here—
My bright glossy locks simply braided this morn,
I have culled from the rose-tree a gem to adorn,
And the buds are half open, the leaflets are green;
A lovelier garland I never have seen;
And I'll gather a wreath to encircle my brow;
Tell me, dear mother, art pleased with me now?
And the mother was silent—her eye was intent—
And its high speaking glance toward Heaven was sent;
"Oh! guard *through* this world!" she low whispered a prayer,
"And protect my *pure* child from its treacherous snare."

S. J. D.

Original.

THE FIRST DOUBT.

FROM THE FRENCH.

Of all pangs inflicted on the sensitive heart, that which is the most insupportable, and which disenchants for ever the bright illusions of life, is the first doubt, which intrudes itself of the idol of our soul's affection. The sweet outpouring of entire confidence and perfect trust, vanishes never to return, and the warm and trusting heart feels crushed in its most holy feelings. This intense suffering is further aggravated by the consciousness that it is unmerited; the evil increases; we are no longer guided by reason, and incapable of consolation, the victim sinks, and the heart is broken.

The imagination in woman being more vivid than with us, renders them more frequently the victims of their unguarded attachment. They endow the idols of their fancy with perfections which they seldom possess; they torment themselves with groundless fears, and imagine that all covet the same treasure. They are ingenious in creating phantoms of infidelity, and the most tried constancy is sacrificed to a crime. A calm exterior hides the secret suffering; a constrained smile suppresses the rising reproach, and the fever of the heart withers like the hot breath of the Sirocco, the delicate garland woven by the hand of Hymen.

Caroline Armigny, an orphan of noble extraction, had been, some months, united to Léon de Saint-Far, an officer in the French navy, in whom, to the brilliant advantages of person, were added a mind of the highest order. His bearing was frank and manly; his countenance open and expressive, and his eloquence captivated the heart, while it charmed the ear. These attractions, joined to a cultivated understanding, might well justify the thrill of gratified vanity which agitated the heart of Caroline when she distinguished him in the crowd of adorers, drawn around her by beauty, her rank and her large fortune. In the last, she was far superior to her lover, whose family had been ruined by political reverses; but it was her pride and pleasure to bestow, with her hand, that worldly wealth, which was her least attraction in his eyes. His unbounded gratitude expanded itself in constant endeavors to contribute to her happiness, and to vary her pleasures and occupations. Their hotel at Paris was the resort of all the most distinguished persons. All of birth, rank or talent, sought admission to their society, where taste and refinement heightened the éclat of wealth.

The first three months of their marriage flew away on wings of enchantment. The unwearying exertions of Léon to increase the pleasures of his adored wife, blinded him to the possible consequences of so much dissipation; until a slight cold, acting on an impaired constitution, produced an inflammation of the lungs, of which the progress was so rapid, that, in a week, she was on the brink of the grave. What a contrast! the brightest ornament of the Parisian fêtes—she who had eclipsed all others, where all are graceful, was now insensible to the assiduities, and to the despair of her unhappy husband. He never left her; he listened with a pulseless heart to her incoherent murmurings, and executed, himself, all the prescriptions of her physicians. During her intervals of consciousness, her first look found the anxious eye of Léon bent on hers, and her hand fondly clasped in his; and, for a moment, a languid smile of gratitude and love would contend in her angelic face, with the shades of death which were fast gathering around it. It was but a moment, for the fever returned with such violence, that hope was abandoned, and the physicians confessed that the resources of their art were exhausted. Her youth was her only chance for recovery, and that night would determine her fate. Their friends endeavored to persuade Léon to retire from the distressing scene, but his determined answer that "he had received her first avowal of love, and would receive her last sigh," silenced their importunity. Regarding her altered features, and listening to her fluttering breath, he desired them to leave him alone with the poor sufferer, whose last hour seemed fast approaching. Then, fastening the door, he threw himself beside her, and gave full vent to the anguish of despair. He pressed her to his throbbing heart, and wildly supplicated Providence to spare an existence in which all his hopes of happiness were enrapped. His loved voice found an echo in the heart of the dying wife, and as his scalding tears fell on her face, he perceived a faint color displace the paleness of death. His prayer was heard! and a faint pressure of his hand accompanied the soft murmur of her voice as she said, Léon, dear Léon, we shall not part." Frantic with joy, he pressed her again and again to his breast, exclaiming, "No, beloved! nothing *shall* separate us! live, live to love me, to make happy a life that without thee would be a long agony."

When the physician returned, he declared the crisis past, and that her recovery might be hoped for. Soon afterwards, she again revived, and turning towards her husband, repeated with a sweet smile, "Léon, dear Léon, we shall not part." From this time her recovery was rapid, and the increasing care of her happy husband was directed against every possibility of relapse. He carefully guarded her from the danger of exhausting visits of congratulation, and providing such slight amusements as her weak frame could bear. The variety of his talents, which had charmed crowds, was now devoted to such tender exertion of them as would relieve but not fatigue, the attention she could give them. He read, he sang to her, and when his love was rewarded by her perfect restoration, he formed plans for the future more consistent with the care her delicate health would require. They determined to abandon those irregular hours and large assemblies to which they owed all their late suffering.

"Why should we," said Léon, "risk the loss of your precious health for the delight it gives me to see you shine above all others in society? Are we not all to each other, and where can we be so happy as in our own home?"

"And, my beloved Léon, whose admiration is valued

by me like thine—how I glory in my choice, and how happy I am to call myself thine!"

"And, sweet wife, how has the agony of the moment when I thought I was losing thee, strengthened the tie that binds us, and how grateful am I to the beneficent Being who heard my prayer, wrung from the torture of a heart whose life was bound up in thine."

"'Twas thy voice, my Léon, thy prayer, which penetrated my heart and awoke me from the sleep of death, and nothing can add to my felicity, since I owe my life to thee."

"Should I, in my turn, be on the borders of the tomb, thou, beloved Caroline, canst call me thence by repeating thy dear assurance."

"Léon, dear Léon! we shall not part!"

It was in such delightful converse that those happy beings passed every moment not devoted to the necessary claims of society, and they felt how little, in comparison, were the tumultuous pleasures of the gay world, to the perfect union, the delicious effusion of united hearts and congeniality of thoughts, taste, and disposition. Happy epoch of life, in which we realize a paradise on earth; blest spring of Hymen, when the path is strewn with flowers and whose sun shines beneficent and pure. Ah, why is your duration so short; why can the smallest cloud so often obscure your horizon, and create tempests, when all before was so serene?

The spring approached and Saint-Far was recalled to his ship; he left his restored treasure with pain, and though her courage sank at the idea of separation, she was yet to taste the bitterness of absence. She possessed, at some distance from Paris, a fine chateau, to which she resolved to retire, and she formed a plan of rigid seclusion, to which she strictly adhered. Reading, music, and drawing, alternately, with acts of benevolence, filled up all her time that was not devoted to a constant correspondence with her husband. The time passed more rapidly than she dared hope for, and her heart was sustained by the aliment of his tender expressions of unchanging affection. So true is it, that, in the words of a true painter of nature, speaking of parted lovers—"as soon as one is alone, they are together."

Saint-Far returned at the close of autumn, after visiting the southern shores of France, and distinguishing himself in an expedition to the isle of Cyprus. Caroline was ready to receive him at Paris, and the joy of meeting repaid her for the pain of separation. Again, under his protection, she appeared to ornament society, but carefully avoiding the vortex of which she had nearly been the victim, she devoted an evening in each week to the reception of the most celebrated of both sexes, and, at these assemblies, Saint-Far, whose disposition was very gallant, shone conspicuously in the fair circles of which they were composed.

At first this occasioned Caroline no uneasiness; to her he was uniformly so tender and so kind; she was so sure of reigning supreme in his heart, where all was open to view, that suspicion could find no place in her bosom. But there were not wanting those who would willingly have received his vows, and who would not have scrupled to triumph in the violation of that fidelity to his wife, of which she was so justly proud. They could not conceive the possibility of its continuation. Many a bright eye shed its softest ray at his approach, many a smothered sigh met his ear, many a sentimental revery was assumed in his presence, and all the artillery of coquetry was called forth and aimed at poor Saint-Far. His amusing descriptions of these incidents, to Caroline, furnished them with many a gay hour, but, as yet, no doubt disturbed her full security, though her indisposition to general society was thereby much increased, though she scarcely was conscious of the cause. She took care not to lose sight of her husband, who, however, unconscious of his danger, abandoned himself to the full vortex of coquetry, in which many a more experienced mariner has suffered shipwreck.

A few days after his arrival, a party at tennis-ball was formed, and many ladies invited to witness the skill of the players. Saint-Far shone conspicuous for grace and agility; bets ran high in his favor, and encouraged by the applause of the spectators and the tender interest depicted in the eyes of Caroline, he grew animated, until, throwing up in his eagerness the sleeves of the dimity vest, worn at the games, he disclosed a bracelet of hair, of a dark color, to the alarmed gaze of the poor Caroline. A mortal agony seemed to chill her whole frame. She could not believe her senses, and when the mist cleared from her sight, she stole another glance, and saw too clearly that a braided tress, with a rich clasp, was there.

"From whom," thought she, "could he have received this love token? I have never given him one like that, and the hair is not light like mine. Léon, dear Léon, canst thou have deceived me?" Then trying to rally herself and to conceal her agitation, she recalled his increased tenderness since his return, the perfect openness of his communications to her, the enthusiasm of his gratitude for her selection of him, and his almost idolatrous love. She thought of his brilliancy, of the eagerness with which his society was sought for by the most fascinating women, and again exclaimed—"Léon, dear Léon, canst thou have deceived me?"

But the conflict was too great, and while her imagination thus led her from conjecture to suspicion, a burning fever succeeded the chill which had benumbed her, and when Saint-Far turned to seek his reward in her sweet face, which, to him, was more dear than the rapturous plaudits bestowed on his success, he was shocked to perceive her pale, and nearly fainting. He eagerly demanded what was the matter, while she tried in vain to dissipate his fears.

"But *something* must have caused this trembling—tell me what it is, my love?" he persisted, and Caroline, whose pride forbade her to tell the truth, said, that—"She had been foolishly alarmed at the near approach of the tennis-ball to his breast, and that she thought she saw him wounded and overthrown; and," added she, "I also felt the blow strike my heart."

Touched at her anxiety, he tried to laugh at her fears, declaring that she must accustom herself to see him attack and defend his adversary at the game. "I must make a heroine of you, at this mimic war, which is so

attractive to me, dearest, and after you have seen it a few times, and know that with skill and practice there is no danger."

"No, no, no, one trial like this is too much. I could not bear another." So saying, she turned tremblingly away, and, supported by his arm, she could scarcely gain her carriage. She was unable to appear at the splendid collation which succeeded this memorable contest of tennis players, and was confined to her apartment many days.

Her confidence was now shaken, and she could scarcely endure the caresses her husband lavished on her. She replied to his endearing language by looks which sought to read the bottom of his soul, and she shrunk from his embraces as from the deceitful folds of a serpent. In his looks she read treachery and infidelity, and the idea of the concealed bracelet never left her thoughts. If pride had not restrained her, she would have avowed her anguish, and by disclosing her knowledge of his secret, have confounded, at once, the author of her misery. But, in spite of his faults, she still loved too tenderly to willingly cause him a moment's mortification.

It was not only in their moments of domestic privacy that the unhappy Caroline endured a torture, which it is useless to attempt to describe. Her sufferings were aggravated in the gay circles where she again suffered herself to be led. While others participated in the pursuits which called them together, and Saint-Far was again the life and attraction of all their parties, Caroline, under the pretext of indisposition, seated herself in a retired corner, and with restless eyes and heart, endeavored to discover the object of her gnawing jealousy. She examined the color of each one's hair, that bore any resemblance to that of the bracelet, and watched every action and motion which could unravel the mystery which attended it. Ashamed, at last, at the meanness of espionage, and wearied by the inutility of her endeavors to find a rival on whom certainty could fix, she resolved to seize a moment to examine the bracelet itself, and discover the name of her rival. Fortune soon favored her wishes. Saint-Far, returning fatigued from a game at tennis, threw himself on a sofa in the little music-room which overlooked the gardens of the hotel; and Caroline encouraged the drowsiness which oppressed him, by the loftiest strains of her harp. In a few moments she perceived that a soft slumber had possessed his faculties, and that the execution of her design was made easy, by the light morning undress which he still wore; his head was supported by his right hand, while the left, on which was the bracelet, hung negligently by his side. Caroline approached softly, but at the moment of discovery, she hesitated, from the fear of confirming her misery. "Alas," said she, "what am I about to do? if doubt be insupportable, how shall I bear to *know* that another rivals me in his heart; and am I not seeking to penetrate what he wishes to keep secret? But no! let me, at least, know my rival; perhaps it is my dearest friend, one whom I have cherished, and shall I let pass this opportunity of unveiling treachery and ingratitude; to hesitate is a weakness. If this chance be lost, I may not find another! No, to know the worst is better than this dreadful suspense." Softly kneeling at his side, she gently raised the arm which had so often encircled her, and cautiously lifting the sleeve, saw the fatal bracelet, which, however, appeared, on a nearer view, much brighter than before. With eager eyes she sought the inscription, and read the words, in golden letters, "Léon, dear Léon, we shall not part!" Below was inscribed the date in Roman characters, "Midnight of the 9th and10 th February."

Shall we attempt to describe the sudden revulsion from fear to joy? "Ah, Heaven!" said she, "how well I remember that night! when the earnest invocation of a despairing husband resuscitated my fluttering breath. This must be my hair darkened by the braiding! whose else would be ornamented with this inscription? I could gaze for ever—'Léon, dear Léon, we shall not part!'" Her husband's light slumber was broken by the joyful tones of Caroline, and amazed at her humble position, he attempted to raise her in his arms. "No," said she, "let me expiate at thy feet, my shame and remorse for having doubted thee! Ah, could my scalding tears efface from my remembrance the injustice I have done. Could you but know all I have suffered!" She then disclosed the fatal discovery of the bracelet at the game of tennis, the circumstances which gave weight to her suspicions, the anguish, the conflicts between her love and pride, between her love and confidence.

"And Caroline could doubt my love?" said he, pressing her to his heart; "but her sufferings have expiated her fault." Then recurring to the memorable night of her illness, he avowed that, believing her expiring, he had cut off a tress of her beautiful hair as a memorial of their short-lived felicity. He had not mentioned it from the pain of recalling the scene, but wishing to preserve a remembrance of it, he had the bracelet made at Toulon, and the clasp so secured, that it could not be removed.

"And thus have I compensated you for so much constancy, fidelity and consideration! Blind that I was, to even, for a moment, suspect you of deceit!"

"And, what misery may arise from misapprehension and concealment with those we love, my Caroline; let us here enter into a sacred engagement to allow no appearances to disturb our happiness. Should one of us have cause to complain of the other, let us clear the doubt before it oppresses one heart; otherwise, our union, which is the sweetest of earthly blessings, will become a tedious slavery, and the hymeneal chain will become heavy and insupportable, and all for the indulgence of The First Doubt!"

THE liberty of a people consists in being governed by laws which they have made themselves, under whatsoever form it be of government; the liberty of a private man, in being master of his own time and actions, as far as may consist with the laws of God, and of his country.—*Cowley.*

Original.

THE JEWESS OF CAIRO.

BY S. B. BECKETT.

The increased activity that pervaded the narrow streets of Cairo, would have informed the weary denizen that the cool of the evening was at hand, even had not the last rays of the sun, setting in a fiery haze beyond the dim desert, illumined the tops of the countless minarets, and glanced along the lone and solemn pyramids of Gizeh, in the distance. All day had a silence like that of the tombs reigned throughout the city, for it was a time of disease and death, and none had dared to venture abroad in the pestilent glare of the sun; but now the streets were thronged with the gay multitude—a motley throng—exhibiting every variety of habilament, from the full turban and flowing trowsers of the Turk, to the wan jackets and sugar-loaf *golgotha* of the western adventurer.

Among the many idlers that the *fraicheur* of evening had called out, was a young man, whose broad-brimmed Panama hat, linen frock, and the look of restless curiosity and nonchulant humor with which he regarded every object, to the experienced citizen marked him as one of different origin from those who usually tenanted or frequented the city. Such indeed was the case. The young man was a wanderer from the far transatlantic Republic. He was accompanied by a person in the dress of a sailor, who, although he might have been nothing more than a servant, seemed to enjoy almost the familiar footing of an equal with his master. They were busily engaged in conversation.

"Well, master Frank," said the servant, "you may have your own opinion about these matters, but for my part, I am glad to get back to a place where I can see something in the shape of a white man, even if they be a beggarly set of cut-throat butchers."

"Tut! tut! Roderick. Prithee put a bridle on your tongue, if you wish to retain it in your mouth. You are not rolling along the streets of New-York, where one may talk as he pleases. For my part, I would far ruther be away amongst those glorious old ruins than pent up in this pestiferous place, where every beam of the sun is impregnated with fever, and every breath of wind smacks of the plague. I shall be away for Palmyra to-morrow."

"Palmyra; where is that? I dont know any such port on the Mediterranean."

"No more do I, Roderick. The place to which I allude was built by King Solomon, and is called in the Bible, Tadmar in the Wilderness. Its ruins are superior to any we have yet visited."

"Ruins! more ruins! Well now, master Frank, it goes beyond my fathom-line to know why a man wants to be for ever roaming about among old tomb-stones and frightening the owls and jackals from their quarters in those tumbled down meeting houses, or whatsomedever them same big hills of stone may be. I would as soon think of knocking about an old rotten hulk that might be found cast away on some desolate island."

"And would'nt such an object be worth examining—an old weather-beaten craft half buried in sand and shells, on some far uninhabited coast, with wild weeds and flowers springing in the seams and rents of her decks, and the wren-birds perchance building their nests in her scupper holes. Would there not be, at least, a melancholy satisfaction in thinking of the time when she was wont to ride the waves, a brave ship—of the tempests that tore away her masts, destroyed her gallant tars, and finally beached her on the unknown coast. Would it not be worth while to endeavor to find out some relic by which to learn the port she hailed from, whither she was bound, and how she came there?"

Thus they continued their conversation, as they rambled on, 'till they arrived at the Jewish quarter of the city, where a few date and palm trees imparted a look of comparative freshness to the surrounding objects. Suddenly they were interrupted by the voice of a female crying for assistance, and in a moment a young Jewess rushed out of one of the neighboring houses, pursued by a Moslem soldier, and ran directly towards the young American.

"Save me, save me!" cried she, in a tone of agony.

Without stopping to consider the consequences, the young man motioned his attendant to take charge of the lady, and turned to confront her pursuer.

"Away! dog of a christian!" thundered the Moslem, "'tis the order of the Pacha—let me pass!"

"You pass over my dead body, if you do! Neither Pacha nor Padisha can have any business with my sister," returned the American, drawing his sword, which he wore according to the usage of the place.

"Infidel! dost thou count life so cheaply? The Pacha's eye never slumbers—his scimitar is keen—his bowstring is always ready! Let me pass, unless you wish to become food for the dogs and jackals."

"Talk not to me of bowstrings and scimitars. Think you I will compromise the honor of my sister for my life?"

"Infidel dog! thou liest. She is the daughter of the Jew, Absolom—thy fate is sealed!" and with this comforting assurance, the soldier turned hastily away, his small eyes glittering with passion.

The young American deliberately sheathed his sword, and turned towards the demoiselle. "Now, my pretty one," said he, "let me see you to your home, and then I must away, for I suppose yonder turbaned rascal will be down upon me with a whole legion of the Pacha's myrmidons."

"Alas!" replied the maiden, "It would have been better had I submitted to my fate, cruel as it would have been, than to bring ruin on others. Think not of me. Fly this moment—your life hangs on a thread. The Pacha's vengeance is as swift as it is certain. Fly, oh, fly instantly!"

"Not so, pretty one; let me first see you to a place of safety, and then trust me but I'll contrive some way to escape the old tyrant, with the aid of my trusty Roderick here."

The young lady no longer objected. He took her arm in his, and they hastened towards the dwelling from

which she had issued. An old man came hurrying towards them, with a flushed face and outstretched arms.

"My daughter! my daughter!" cried he, "do I see you again—has the Pacha relented?"

The young American explained in as few words as possible, the state of the case.

"What!" exclaimed the old Jew, "withstand the orders of the Pacha! you are a dead man!"

"Not exactly defunct yet," replied the other, surveying his own well made and muscular frame; "and I trust that many a happy year will go by, ere a *hic jacet* will be raised to my memory."

"Young man, you know not your peril. Let me beseech you to conceal yourself; every moment is precious. Hasten, and may the God of Abraham protect you. Yet stay! to whom am I indebted for this timely aid?"

"I acknowledge to the name of Wingate—Francis Wingate, at your service."

"Mr. Wingate," replied the old man, "I owe you a heavy debt of gratitude. If you escape pursuit, disguise yourself and meet at the base of the Pyramid of Cephenus, four hours hence—it is the only safe place that I can think of. You will find my boat opposite the Bulac bazaar in which to cross the river to Gizeh. Remember, the Pyramid of Cephenus—there you shall hear of something that will be of service to you."

Wingate assented, and relinquishing the arm of the maiden, and kissing the fair hand which had been detained a willing prisoner in his own, he hurried away and was soon lost in the turn of the narrow street.

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It was verging towards midnight, and the city was once more given up to the silent revels of Death, and the sinister deeds of the robber. Within one of the rooms of an old storm-blackened caravansera, kept by a French *emigré*, our friend and his attendant were busy in donning their disguises, which were the close jacket, flowing trowsers, and broad turban of the Turk.

Every thing being ready, they sallied forth, and took their way towards that part of the city called Bulac, where, on their arrival at the place designated, they found a boat, and were soon silently pulling across the river for Gizeh. It was a glorious night. The bright moon-beam slept on city, rock, and river, revealing the magnificent buildings that lined the banks, the bold outlines of the Pacha's castle, and in the distance the pyramids, towering on high, like an array of embattled giants.

They were not long in rowing to the opposite bank, and after half-an-hour's tramp, they arrived at the pyramid designated by the Jew. Neither sight nor sound of human being could they discover.

"By Jove! the old Israelite has played us false," said Wingate; "well, it is only an adventure, Roderick, and all that remains for us is to tramp back to Cairo."

Sensibly spoken," exclaimed a turbaned worthy, starting up, sword in hand, from behind a mass of rock, followed immediately by half a dozen others. "We'll bear you company!"

Wingate at once recognized in him the emissary of the Pacha, from whom he had rescued the Jewess; but trusting to his disguise, he demanded their business with him, taking the precaution to speak in French.

"The Pacha's vengeance is swift and sure!" replied the leader of the party, grinning with exultation.

"What has the Pacha's vengeance to do with me? I am not conscious of ever having offended His Highness, except that to reconnoitre the pyramids by moonlight be a sufficient cause for displeasure."

"Yes! yes!" replied the Mussulman, "and having seen the pyramids, perhaps you would like to see some of the antiquities about the Pacha's castle—the dungeons under the palace, for instance, are rare excavations!"

Wingate saw that he was recognized, and submitted in silence; not so his trusty squire.

"*Scrimining voux, portex voo?*" exclaimed he, trying to imitate his master in speaking French, as he tore away from his captors. "*Scrimining voux, portex voo*, and be damned to you! What are you boarding me for?"

"Surrender!" said one of the soldiers, aiming the point of his scimitar at the old tar's breast; "your disguise is of no use."

"Disguise! *je voo ramercy*—shiver my timbers! if I aint as good a Christian Turk as any of you!"

Here Wingate interfered, and persuaded Roderick to submit peaceably, else had the facetious tar gone to keep company with the dead, and Wingate might have had to explore the Pacha's dungeons without an attendant.

In the course of an hour and a half they arrived at the city, and were ushered into a deep and dark apartment beneath the castle, whose grated windows and massy walls precluded all hope of escape, and were there left to their own reflections. Slowly the hours passed away and when the jailor appeared with food, Wingate tried to prevail upon him to give them some information as to their fate; but he only shook his head. Gold was tried, but with no better effect.

"Well, Roderick," said our hero, sinking back in despair as soon as the jailor had departed, "unless we can contrive some method of sending a notice of our situation to the French consul, our doom is sealed—the bowstring will be called into operation. And all owing to my accursed folly in trying to rescue the daughter of a worthless Israelite, who doubtless has shielded himself by betraying us."

"That's as the case may be, Master Frank. But, there's no use in browsing up the dunnage of one's memory, in that way. We are whole and taut as yet, and I have known many a craft live out the gale, when all hands had given her up."

"Yes, but your ship had good sea-room. Here we better resemble a craft surrounded by ice-bergs, with the dull shores of death rising gloomy and dread over the frozen wastes, where the least breeze may set them in motion only to crush us. And to be smothered in a pent up hole like this, with none but our murderers being aware of our fate, this is what saps the manhood from me. I could meet death under the blaze of the sun and not flinch, as no one knows better than you, but —my poor mother, my matchless sister! how will their

hearts be wrung by suspense, when years shall have flown, and the absent son and brother's fate still be veiled in mystery."

"Gadzo! master Frank, you're getting water-logged without an effort to save yourself. Keep a good look out, we may yet discover some glim in the horizon, some opening in these ice-bergs."

Thus they continued to converse, 'till overcome with weariness, the dreary prison and their critical situation were forgotten in slumber, and the bright scenes and smiling companions of his boyhood were in the dreams of the young American. Among those companions was a gentle and confiding creature, lovely as a Hebe—it was the young Jewess—she had conferred her heart's affections on him, and a world of sunshine and flowers was open before him. "A change came over the spirit of his dream;" again he was contending with that fierce Moslem, for the rescue of his beloved. In the height of the strife, his foot tripped, he fell, and the sword of the Egyptian janizary was aimed at his heart! Twisting aside to avoid the blow, he awoke. Was it a hallucination of his overwrought brain, or did he in reality behold a face of seraphic loveliness bending over him? He started—the beauteous vision vanished; yet the anxious concern radiant in a pair of great black eyes was uppermost in his confused ideas. He raised himself on his pallet, and listened—the heavy, sonorous breathing of Roderick, who slept as calmly as though he occupied a hammock on board of a stout frigate—alone disturbed the silence; but the door of his prison was ajar, a faint light streamed into the apartment, and as he gazed he fancied he saw a white dress glance by the opening. He stole hastily to the aperture, and at the end of the long passage, a sylph-like figure, in the flowing dress of the ladies of Cairo, met his view. The liquid brilliancy of the black eye that peered out from beneath a veil of silver tissue, was the same with those which had beamed upon him when he awoke; and the stature, or that nameless something by which we recognize those we know, even when their faces are concealed, bore resemblance to the young Jewess. He trembled at the conviction, for the only way in which her presence could be accounted for was that she had sacrificed her happiness to the Pacha to rescue him, and he felt that he would almost rather have been left to his fate than that such should be the case. She stood with her foot raised on one of the steps of the stone stair-case as if only waiting for him to follow, at the same time holding up her finger, which blazed with many a brilliant, in token of silence.

Wingate turned back a moment to arouse his trusty servant, but it was only with considerable ado that he could wake the old sea worthy from his deep sleep.

"Blame my blinkers! if it is'nt *all hands ahoy*, the moment a man gets into his hammock," growled Roderick, evidently fancying himself on board-ship; "it's an impossible thing for a man to get his eight bells' good rest now-a-days! Ay! ay! sir, I'm there!"

At the sound of Roderick's voice, the light vanished. It was sometime before Wingate could get the old sailor to comprehend his situation and what had just transpired; but it now appeared of no utility that he had effected this, for the light appeared not again. However they groped along the passage and ascended the stairs, but here they were at fault, neither door nor bolt could they discover, and in despair, they were about returning to their prison, when a door swung away from their feet, being hung by hinges at the top, and they were in the presence of the beautiful stranger. She started on perceiving them so near, but again held up her finger to enjoin silence, and motioned them to follow. They passed two or three lone and lofty rooms, whose immense mirrors, glittering chandeliers, and gilded furniture, were but imperfectly revealed by the glancing light, and at length emerged from a long passage into the open air, not having met with any interruption or heard the least noise in the passages. The thick shrubbery around them, and the grateful perfume of dewy flowers, informed them that they were in the garden of the Pacha's palace. The lady still hurried on, through an embowered walk, until they came to a secret door in the wall. She now, for the first time, spoke.

"You are the first that ever issued forth from this quarter, save the doomed to meet their death. A vessel bound for Jaffa, lies waiting for you at Bulac,* at the end of the French pier. Your lives hang as by a hair, 'till you are on board and Cairo is far behind." Farewell! remember the Jewess, Naomi."

Wingate, in whose breast the low musical tones of that voice thrilled like the strains of an Æolian harp upon the senses of a wanderer in a strange land, turned to make a reply, but the port closed—she was gone. He lingered there, as if entranced, 'till Roderick, who cared not a second time to breathe the air of a dungeon, by absolute force dragged him away, and conducted him to the vessel which their deliverer had named.

They were expected, and no sooner had they set foot on board than the vessel was underway. She was a trim craft of small dimensions. The wind was a couple of points free, and with every sail set she soon cleared the river and was darting along the waves of the Mediterranean, with the speed of the antelope.

"Now let them overhaul us if they can!" said the captain, rubbing his hands.

"Who employed you in this affair?" demanded Wingate.

"You should know that better than I," replied the old man, surprized at the question, "but if you do not, there must be some urgent reason why, and I shall drop the subject. Discretion is a jewel of price—it has earned me many a gold beyzant!"

Wingate found all his attempts to gain information with regard to the Jew, ineffectual. The sum of the information obtained from the captain after all his pumping was, that the owner of the craft had been employed to transport them to Jaffa, and that when there, his duty was accomplished.

The next evening at sundown, they arrived at their destined port, and Wingate, wearying of the squallidness

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* Grand Cairo consists of three towns, about a mile apart—Old Cairo, New Cairo, and the port called Bulac.

and poverty of the town of Jaffa, hired a party of Arabs to conduct him to the ruins of Palmyra. Once more mounted on a fleet Arabian, and bounding along the plains of Syria, he so far forgot the dark eyed Jewess as to exhibit a portion of his naturally exuberant spirits. The route which they pursued gradually became desert and solitary, consisting of barren hills and rocks, parched levels, and wastes of arid sand, here and there interspersed with clumps of wild figs or sycamore trees, and in the fierce ardor of the summer sun, the streams were dried up, or if they continued to flow, their stagnant aspect was any thing but tempting, even to the thirsty traveller.

Towards the evening of the second day, they came in sight of the far stretching silent ruins of Palmyra. At their approach a troop of jackals started up from behind a fallen column, and galloped away among the surrounding rocks and stunted undergrowth.

The Arabs soon set about preparing supper; and after having partaken of the frugal repast, Wingate wandered away to commune with himself in the solitude. The evening shades had fallen—the moon was aloft in the heavens, round and bright. The far waste was streaked with the shadows of the crumbling fabrics. Temple after temple, colonade after colonade, pillar after pillar stretching away in the dim distance, told the magnificence that once characterized the place. Where now were the vast multitudes that whilom thronged its gates? where the gay revellers that sat long at the flowing board, and met nightly to mingle strong drinks? where the frail but beauteous beings whose blandishments whiled away the tedious hours of the royal princes and dissipated nobles? where the prancing steeds and gay equipages, the swift chariots, that "raged in the streets and jostled one against another in the broad way?" where the thousands of wretched slaves, that wore out the prime of life in heaping up these monuments of the vain man's vanity? Ages since pulverized by the hand of Time into dust—the quintessence of the sovereign, the sycophant, and the slave, perchance, blowing about in the dust that the wind whirls up from the ruins, or springing in the stunted vegitation that struggles for life against the fiery beams of the desert sun—and their works are fast following them. How strange the contrast! The song of the voluptuous courtesan is changed for the hoot of the owl as he sits in the shadow of the crumbling wall. The stealthy step of the jackal has taken the place of the roar of tramping myriads—

> "And happily in the palaces of Kings,
> Some gaunt hyena laughing all alone;"

is the only representative of the wassail of the gay and dissipated!

Wingate continued to saunter on 'till he found himself opposite a vast pile, whose mighty columns, towering in the moonlight, and exquisite architecture, drove every other thought from his mind. The better to examine the ruin he kept moving to and fro, until he got within the area of the walls. A slight rustling caused him to turn about, and he found himself opposite the muzzles of two long Turkish pistols, whose butts were grasped by one of the most savage looking beings his eyes had ever rested on. A party of six or eight worthies, male and female, in disguises equally grotesque and uncouth, stood at a little distance looking as though they had been interrupted most unexpectedly in their evening meal. Wingate leaped aside, and a cold sweat began to steal from his pores.

"What seek you here?" demanded his opponent, in a voice that sounded like the growling of a grizzly bear.

"My object in coming was merely to survey the ruins," was the reply.

"If you seek your own ruin, you have come to the likeliest place in the world to find it!"

"As to that, I am not particularly emulous to be classed with the far-famed remains of Tadmar," replied Wingate, assuming a composed tone, well knowing the effect that bravado will sometimes have upon a ruffian. "Besides, my ruin might involve that of all these *bon comarades* here, which would be repugnant to my feelings, utterly!"

Here one of the females sprang forward. "Hold, father! for the love of God! hold!" exclaimed she. "It is he—it is my preserver!"

The old man dropped the muzzles of his weapons, and eyed Wingate closely.

"Holy father Abraham be praised!" exclaimed he. "It is no other than the kind hearted stranger;" and he caught our hero in his arms, and hugged him with as much endearment as though he had found a long lost child. "My dear young sir," he continued, "you must learn to be less venturesome, if you would preserve that head upon your shoulders. Don't be in such a hurry to get away," (Wingate's eyes were wandering in search of the beauteous Naomi,) "I have a character to clear up;" and he took him aside and explained the reason of his not keeping his appointment at the pyramid.

While on his way thither he had fallen in with a party of soldiers—they were chatting so busily that they did not notice his approach. From the tenor of their conversation he discovered that the agreement between himself and Wingate to meet at the pyramid, had been, by some means, discovered—probably it had been overheard by some one in the pay of the tyrant. No sooner had the Jew gained this information than he hastened away to the spot where he had informed Wingate a boat would be in readiness to convey him across the Nile; but upon his arrival there, the boat was already gone. The Jew was now utterly at a loss what course to pursue, and after wandering up and down for half an hour, trying to fix upon some project for the rescue of his young friend, should he have fallen into the Pacha's hands, he returned home despairing of success. But the quick wit of Naomi was more fertile in expedients. The Jew had a relation at the palace, who figured in the capacity of overseer or chamberlain. It was known that the Pacha was absent, and Naomi proposed that she should be sent thither, under the pretence that her father had persuaded her to submit to the Pacha. Once in the palace, she trusted, with the aid of this kinsman, to be able to free her friends, and to escape herself before the Pacha's return. The kinsman was sent for—the capture of the young man was ascertained

and a *douceur* of a thousand dollars, secured, in the chamberlain, a coadjutor. Naomi accordingly went with him to the palace, where means were found to effect the liberation, as we have already shown. As soon as this was accomplished, they donned disguises, and escaped to Absolom's house, where they found some six or eight of her father's friends, armed and equipped to conduct them to a place of safety. Jerusalem had been pitched upon as their place of retreat, and an untravelled route across the desert had been determined on, the better to avoid detection. It was by this route that they had arrived at Palmyra.

During this recital, Wingate's eyes were frequently wandering in search of the young Jewess, and no sooner had the old man finished, than he hastened towards her.

"Naomi," said he, taking her hand, and leading her apart from her companions, "I owe you my life! How shall I pay the debt—how shall I express my gratitude towards you?"

In the brightness of the round moon, the desert was almost as light as at meridian day, and when, for the first time, she drew aside her veil, and discovered her features, he trembled before the earnest expression of those large, dark eyes—all the deep fountains of the affections in his too susceptible heart were broken up.

"Gratitude! debt!" exclaimed she. "On my side lies the indebtedness—the gratitude. You, a stranger, voluntarily risked your life in my behalf, and, by so doing brought yourself to a dungeon. I aided in setting you at liberty, but you are still under the displeasure of the Pacha, and might meet with a sudden end if you should fall again into his power, which, may Heaven avert. Yes, the weight of gratitude is on my side, and I trust my father may yet find some means of expressing our sense of indebtedness to you."

"Say no more about it," said Wingate, gazing with admiration at the thoughtful countenance of the Jewess as she stood facing the moonlight, than which, that of the Florentine Venus could not have been more regular or lovely. "To have had the satisfaction of assisting one so noble and generous, is sufficient compensation in itself!"

Naomi could but notice the look of passionate admiration with which he regarded her, and as she felt his trembling hand tighten its clasp in hers, her eyes lowered, and her face became suffused with crimson.

"Lady," continued her companion, "can you pardon me when I tell you that from the moment we parted at the gate of the Pacha's garden, you have been in my thoughts—on the sea, in the crowd of the city, in the desert, among those lonely ruins. Our limited intercourse will hardly warrant it, yet time presses—I must express my sentiments; you have awakened in me—"

"To horse! to horse!" cried the stentorian voice of the look-out—"we are pursued!"

The old Jew came hurrying towards his daughter. "Naomi! Naomi!" said he, "our trials are not yet over; you must into the saddle! Perhaps, by hastening away in the shadow of the ruins we may yet escape detection."

"But what will become of my preserver?" exclaimed the weeping girl, still allowing Wingate to retain her hand. "You would not leave him to the mercy of the Pacha's soldiers?"

"I have a passport from the French consul, endorsed by the Pacha's minister, and they can but respect it," said Wingate.

"At least, your chance of safety is better with it, than in flying with us," said the old man.

Wingate helped the lady to mount her horse—a noble Arabian—kissed her hand, and waving an adieu away she was borne with the speed of the wind, and soon disappeared from view over a neighboring eminence. He was aroused from the spell into which these events had thrown him, by the peculiar voice of Roderick.

"Holloa! Master Frank, whereaway are you cruising? Captain Wingate, ahoy!"

Wingate joined his trusty squire.

"Whereaway now have you been cruising, Master Frank? Gadzo! if I haven't struck every rock and reef that obstructs this damnable passage, 'till my shins are barked like a pealed ingin! I did'n't know but that you had been boarded by some rough customer, who might prove too much for you. Our mouse-colored Arabs have stowed themselves away, and I think it would be as well for us to be looking up some snug berth."

"'Tis no time for sleep now; look yonder," replied Wingate, pointing to the advancing horsemen, as their dark forms were seen on an eminence in the distance, relieved in the moonlight.

"The murdering, robbing villains of the desert! It's my mind that we cut our cables, make sail, and drop this place astern as fast as possible!"

"No! no! If they turn out to be the Pacha's soldiers, as I suspect they will, I have a passport, and they dare not but respect it!"

"Pacha's soldiers! Shiver my timbers! if I hadn't rather take my chance with a whole squadron of the desert imps, than trust me in the keeping of those same-turbaned rascals. See you here, Master Frank, if we remain here, that passport of yourn will most likely be a passport back to those infernal cockpits we escaped from by the help of that pretty Jewess—God bless her! It's my mind that we loose stud'n-sails alow and aloft, and show them our heels."

"In that case, we should certainly be overtaken; and our flight, in their eyes, would be only a proof of our culpability. No! no! our only course will be to wait 'till they come up."

Wingate was the more strenuous in remaining, because he trusted to be able to mislead the soldiers in regard to the Jew and his daughter, of whom, he doubted not, they were in pursuit. Silencing Roderick's remonstrances, therefore, he sought their companions, and aroused them up for the coming interview. In the course of a quarter of an hour, the horsemen reined in at their encampment.

"Who are you, and where from?" demanded the leader.

Wingate tendered him the passport which stated the purposes for which they were travelling.

The Mussulman read the paper, and eyed them closely. "Is this your whole party—are there none absent?" inquired he.

"None—we are all here!"

"Were there no other people encamped here when you came up?"

"Not a soul! We have been examining the ruins; their only tenants are the owls and jackals."

"I was persuaded," said the Moslem soldier, turning to one of his companions, "that we were on the wrong route. An idea strikes me. By the beard of Mahomet! I would wager a beyzant, that the old beggar that directed us astray, was the Jew himself in disguise!"

So the others seemed to think, and after consulting among themselves some time, the leader returned the passport, bowed haughtily, and departed in the same direction in which they had come up, much to the relief of the whole party.

"Shiver my timbers! we've weathered the villains this time," said Roderick, rubbing his hands with a deal of satisfaction. "That same passport is as good as a ship's papers in a foreign port, Master Frank."

With the hope of overtaking Naomi, Wingate now gave orders for the immediate departure of his party, assigning, as a reason, that the soldiers might change their minds, and return. The Arabs had the utmost terror of the Pacha's emissaries, and Roderick's sentiments towards them were any thing but those inculcated in the good book—"love all men"—so that they wanted no spurring. But although they travelled at a rapid rate, they finally arrived at Jerusalem without having discovered the least traces of the Jew's cavalcade. Our hero immediately commenced a search for their retreat, but two days passed by, and he had learned nothing of them. On the third day after his arrival at the holy city, he rose early, and strolled forth from the monastery where he had found lodgings, to enjoy the invigorating freshness of the morning. He turned up the first street he came to, and sauntering along, found himself at length at the east gate of the city. There was a balmy mildness in the breeze, as it swept from the heights of Mount Olivet, fragrant with the exhalations of dewy flowers, which, combined with the quiet beauty of the prospect before him, induced him to continue his ramble beyond the city's walls. Kedron was before him, sparkling in the hazy sunbeam, as it laughed along its pebbly bed, beneath the spreading palms that waved by its banks. Wingate was soon far away in the vista of the shadowy past. The pomp and glory which characterized this lone scene in Judah's palmy days, when David was King, passed in review before his mind's eye. But his revery was cut short by a touch on the shoulder, and turning round, he was confronted by one of the mendicant pilgrims that visit the holy city in search of relicts, from 'far countries.' The beard of the old man was grey, his brow wrinkled—he was apparently bowed down by the infirmities of many years. Wingate would perhaps have taken no notice of this strange-looking being, further than to consider him an object of charity, but he had twice encountered him before during his morning's walk, and he began to suspect that the beggar garb was assumed to hide some sinister intent, for Jerusalem was, at that time, as it now is, little else than "a den of thieves."

"What would you with me, old man?" exclaimed he, fiercely.

"Tush! the very trees and rocks have ears!" said the pilgrim, casting a glance of distrust towards several Arabs who were filling their skins with water, near at hand, "follow me!"

"Wingate hesitated, when the old man came nearer, and whispered a word in his ear, which seemed to have a magical effect upon him. He no longer hesitated to follow.

Street after street was passed, and the pilgrim at length stopped before a huge weather-stained fabric, which seemed only waiting a heavy gust of wind for an excuse to topple down in ruins! He entered the portal, Wingate followed after, and found himself in a dim lighted and damp apartment, well suited to deeds of darkness; however, all distrust, if he had any, was immediately removed, when his conductor threw aside his soiled cloak and pilgrim-bonnet, and discovered the noble countenance of the Jew of Cairo.

"To such disguises and secrecy are we reduced," said the old man, "for our Ottoman rulers are jealous tyrants, who take notice of a wink. But danger is now over, for, thank Heaven, they see little in this old ruinous pile to excite their cupidity."

He then led the midshipman through a long gallery, where the sunbeam stole down through broken and vine-trelliced casements with a quivering, uncertain light, and whose only tenants, to all appearance, for many a year—perhaps from the days of the great Queen Helena—had been the vampire or the owl. This communicated by a door to a labyrinth of dark and damp passages, through which the Jew conducted our hero, occasionally ascending and descending flights of stone steps, so that Wingate was at a loss to know whether he was above or below ground. They at length came to a door, before which the Jew paused, and listened; all seemed quiet. He opened it, and a blaze of splendor burst upon the gaze of the young adventurer, which made him start back in utter surprize.

"Welcome to the beggar pilgrim's residence," said the old man with a smile, "and be seated while I look up some little refreshments, for you must feel the want of such, after your long walk in the invigorating atmosphere of morning."

Wingate seated himself on a velvet ottoman, and while the Jew was absent, had an opportunity to examine the apartment. He could hardly help fancying himself in fairy land. The light came down, rosy and rich, from a large sky-light of painted glass in the ceiling. The figured tapestry, the golden chandeliers, from whose *ciselure*, in sweeping festoons, glittered the beryl, the ruby, the aqua-marine, and other precious stones, the costly paintings, the vases of agate and porphyry, the silken carpet, the gilded ottomans and sofa couches, and the immense mirrors, which reached almost from the floor to the ceiling, multiplying every

object, formed a *tout ensemble* of magnificence, such as had never before met his gaze.

The old man soon returned, followed by a servitor with coffee, wheat bread, dates, honey, and pistachio-nuts.

"There must have been some enchantment in bringing about this metamorphosis," said Wingate, looking around.

"The enchantment of wealth," observed the Jew. "Although belonging to a race from whom God has for a long time averted his face—who are scattered and oppressed in every land on the face of the earth, still the Jew has wealth—he can imitate something of the royal magnificence of his forefathers, and that, too, in the very haunt of the lion!"

"This does indeed savor of the days of Solomon. Methinks the Queen of Sheba could not have beheld the royal sage's imperial splendor with more surprize, than I experienced upon being introduced to the sumptuousness of this old moth-eaten caravansera."

"Now you jest. Nevertheless, he who sits beside you, claims lineal descent from the mighty Kings of Judah! and the day may come, the day will come—it is now at hand—when he can display such splendor openly as becomes the memory of his ancestors; but forgive me; my feelings, on this subject, are apt to carry me away. I have not yet inquired how you got rid of the Pacha's soldiers at Tadmar, and how you fared on your journey hither."

Wingate related the manner in which he had foiled the Moslem leader, and the incidents that had occurred to him on the journey.

"You have added another obligation to the many which I am already under to you. I trust to be able to repay you in some sort. Your name I have already learnt; it needs but a glance to tell me that you are an American. It is but five years since I myself left that great and happy country. I was many years a resident of Charleston, in South Carolina."

"And Naomi is an American, too!" exclaimed Wingate, his face lighting up with an emotion of pleasure.

"Born and educated there!" was the reply.

"By Jupiter! I thought so—or, at least, that she had been educated either in England or America, from the purity with which she speaks our language. Her manners, too, are not those of the Jews of Cairo. As to my own history, I have only to add to what you have already surmised, that, 'till lately, I have held a midshipman's berth on board the frigate United States—that, owing to an accession of fortune, I have quited the service, which I entered, merely from a desire to see foreign countries, and have lately been on a tour up the Nile, to examine the ruins of Dendara and Thebes. May I claim the privilege of knowing the name, and something further of the history of him whom I address?"

"I acknowledge to the name of Absolom Henlitt, in America—here, my brethren simply call me Absolom. Believing that the Jews were on the eve of being restored to their former greatness, five years ago I came to Cairo, to await the event. I have little to add—you know the sequel."

"Your daughter, Naomi—"

"Is present, and ought before this, to have expressed her sense of gratitude to you for the risk you have run in her behalf. Excuse me," and the old man left the apartment.

In a few moments the door was re-opened, and the beautiful Jewess appeared—the matchless Naomi—but so altered in appearance, from the richness of her dress, that Wingate could hardly identify her with the person in the garb of an Albanian peasant that he had made love to, among the ruins of Palmyra. Yet those dark expressive eyes, those ruby lips, those aquiline features, and that *démarche légere et gracieuse* could belong to no other. If he thought her lovely then, how much more so did she now appear, with her fair proportions and classic beauty, set off by that queenly dress—beaming full on his sight. Your poets and mad romancers may talk about love, in a cottage, or simplicity in attire, and all such nonsense, as setting off grace and loveliness, but we, who eschew fiction and romance in every shape, are opposed to such a perversion of taste! No, there is nothing like the pomp and circumstance of riches, to give zest to the effects of symmetry of form and faultless features!

Naomi wore a blue satin boddice, fitting close to the bust, and a robe of white linen cambric, so full, that when she sat down upon the low ottoman, it lay in snowy heaps on the carpet. Her waist was encircled by a galaxy of costly gems—her full round arms, bare nearly to the shoulder, and almost as snowy as the muslin of her robe, were encircled with wristlets of pliant gold, clasped with diamonds of immense size. The awkwardness of her immense turban—the only ungainly article in the dress of the Oriental Jews—was relieved by a spray of brilliants that blazed like the rays of the sun, over her right temple. A pair of silver-bronzed slippers set off her small foot and exquisitely turned ankle to perfection.

You must know, unbeliever, that this is no fiction. The rich Jews of Syria surpass all other people in the costliness of their apparel. The profusion and splendor described in the Tales of the Arabian Nights, may still find a parallel in Damascus, Bagdad, and Aleppo.

Naomi advanced to meet the midshipman with a faltering gait, and a countenance wherein—

"The pale contended with the crimson rose"—

and where each alternately got the mastery. He led her to a seat. For a moment both were abashed. Perhaps the lady was thinking of the midshipman's passionate words at Palmyra. Wingate was thinking of his temerity in addressing such language to the magnificent creature before him. But our hero was not a person to remain long at fault; he drew an ottoman beside that of the lady.

"Naomi, I may not tell you the pleasure it gives me to see you again in safety," said he taking her hand in his.

"And I were ungrateful," replied she, "did I not

feel a heavy weight removed from my heart at again meeting you, knowing that for our preservation, you waited the issue of a meeting with the Pacha's soldiers at Palmyra. Yes, Mr. Wingate, again am I under priceless obligations to you, and have no way in which to test my gratitude."

Wingate was silent—he obtained possession of her other hand, and gazed upon that lovely countenance—on those ruby lips, scarcely knowing what he did. Strange thoughts were in his heart—he was in dream land. A world of beauty was before him, more inviting than ever blessed Mahomedan in his visions of houries. There was adoration in his look. The blush on the maiden's cheek deepened—a tear quivered on her silken eye-lash, perhaps from a sense of the peril that surrounded her, perchance from a more tender cause. Wingate saw it, and was himself again. But he resolved to make the most of his present opportunity.

"Naomi," said he, "I was interrupted at Palmyra, when about to inform you of the sentiments which your nobleness and beauty had awakened in my heart. Forgive my abruptness—time presses, Naomi—my future happiness depends upon you—every action of yours, every new trait revealed in your character, raises you higher in my estimation! I love you—I adore you! Tell me at once my fate. Tell me that I may hope, or say the word, and I go forth to seek forgetfulness among the relics of other days—the desolate amidst desolation!"

"Mr. Wingate—my preserver"—she commenced, but for a while her feelings choked her utterance. Again she essayed to speak. "Oh! why am I surrounded with such difficulties? I cannot repay the debt of gratitude I owe you—I—"

"Say nought of gratitude, Naomi—utter your unbiased sentiments. Perhaps it is my country that is the bar, or my religious belief. If so, one word from you, and I will forsake both for ever!"

"Oh, no! no! these are not the causes. As for America, from amidst the perils that surround me, I sometimes wish that I had wings, that I might fly away over the far Atlantic, and be among the loved scenes of my childhood—as for your belief, in my heart it is but my own; but—"

"A previous affection?"

"Oh, no! not that!" replied she, hiding her face on his shoulder, "I were ungrateful if I could have any sentiments towards one who has done me so many services, but love, unbounded love. I should consider this the happiest moment of my existence, if—if—but my father! He has ambitious projects—wild schemes that beset his path with perils. I am afraid that he will never consent that I should become your wife."

While Naomi uttered these words, the midshipman, although he could not see that crimson face, could feel the burning feverishness of the blood that suffused it, as she lay on his shoulder.

"Bless you, bless you, Naomi, for this! You have made me a new man—you have opened a world of happiness before me. Trust me, but I will bring forward such reasons why you should leave the dangers that surround you here, as will induce your father to consent. We will leave this hapless country, where the iron heel of the oppressor crushes all the manlier feelings of our natures in the dust, and in the far land of freedom, find a home of peace, of domestic tranquillity."

Naomi looked up with a confiding smile at the picture which the impassioned young man drew. As he gazed on her almost seraphic beauty, a sickening sense of the uncertainty of every thing, in that oppressed land, came over him, and he trembled lest there should arise some bar to his happiness. He swore inwardly, that whatever obstacles might oppose, he would never give up the pursuit. He would forego country, kindred—Heaven—if it were necessary, to make her his wife.

It was settled, at Naomi's request, that Wingate should call on the morrow upon her father, to make a formal proposal, and that she, in the mean time, should sound him on the subject, and prepare the way for success. Hardly had they settled this point, when the old man re-entered the apartment.

"I did not intend to be absent so long, but I have been detained in making out these instruments," said he, placing sundry papers in Wingate's hands.

"What is the meaning of this?" exclaimed Wingate, glancing his eyes over the papers—which proved to be certificates of the transfer of sundry shares in an American Railroad.

"Young man, you have done me signal service. I believe I am not ungrateful."

"This will never do," exclaimed Wingate. "I have already sufficient wealth. I cannot rob you in this way."

"Rob me! would it be robbing the sea to draw a bucket of water thence? You know not the wealth of the Jew Absolom!"

Wingate still continued to raise objections, and the old man was as strenuous in urging the gift upon him. At length our hero succeeded in obtaining an armistice of twenty-four hours, to consider the matter. Soon after he took his leave.

The next morning, burning with high hope, the midshipman was on his way betimes to the residence of the Jew. He arrived at the port of the old caravansera—it was fastened! He knocked—no one answered; a cold sweat began to creep from every pore in his body. He became desperate—he thumped and thundered away 'till the solitary corridors within rang again, but no approaching footstep quieted his apprehensions. In a state of mind bordering on madness, he returned to the monastery for Roderick, determined on forcing an entrance. He found his trusty squire amusing two or three of the monks with an account of some of his adventures, over a flask of Syrian wine, but the old tar was ready to wind up his yarns at the beck of Wingate.

"See you here, Master Frank," said he, upon being told the purpose for which he was wanted, "it's my opinion, begging your pardon, that you have a dam'd easy knack of getting into scrapes, as a young gentleman should, to be sure; but I 'ud like to know if you have taken the bearings of this affair—this making an attack upon a fortress, without first declaring war, may be

logged as piracy! Not that I 'ud care as to myself, for I go in for obeying orders, any how!"

Wingate was too much wrapped up in his chill forebodings to heed the garrulity of his attendant; he hurried along without making a reply.

"Well! well!" muttered Roderick to himself, "if he will be wilful—if he wont hearken to an old cruiser who knew what *salt water* was before he was born, there is no help for it! Howsomedever, I 'ud like to fathom the drift of this same attack. It's the oddest freak I have ever yet known in the youngster!"

Meanwhile they hurried along, and soon arrived in front of the old ruin.

"Is this the fortress we have come to storm?" exclaimed the old sailor in surprize. "Gadzo! it would not take a *trible* banker to batter it down! it looks as though it had not been garrisoned since the flood!"

"I want your help in forcing the door," said Wingate, moodily, as he stooped to raise a block of marble that had fallen from the walls.

Roderick lent his aid, and they commenced swinging the mass against the oaken pannels. The ponderous frame at length yielded to their efforts—the door burst open! Roderick was in the act of giving three cheers for victory, when a monster of an owl that had been frightened by the thunderous din, flew out, and bewildered by the light, struck him plump in the face, with such violence, as to knock him backwards, headlong! The brave old tar thought his time was come, but he held out game to the last.

"Pitch it into 'em!" shouted he. "Down with the piratical heathens! Don't give up the ship!"

But the midshipman was already hurrying along the intricate passages of the ruin.

Finding himself less hurt than he had at first imagined, although his eye began to exhibit evidences of a severe blow, and the red fountain of life was gushing from his nasal organ, Roderick essayed to rise. There lay the owl, fluttering on the ground, having been worse hurt by the concussion even than the seaman; no other living object was near. The old tar advanced toward the frightened bird with a look of incredulous astonishment.

"A screech-owl!—floored by a screech-owl, as I am a sinner!" exclaimed he. "Shiver my timbers! though, if he wasn't good game! He boarded me handsomely! But where is that mad youngster—Master Frank? Who would of thought of his charging on a garrison of screech-owls?"

Wingate, in the meantime, was hurrying along towards the habitable part of the building. He came to the door of the apartment where he had been entertained by the Jew on the previous day; he listened; all was silent! He burst it open; the room was empty; pictures, furniture, mirrors—every thing, even to the silver tissue-paper that had adorned its walls, were gone; the room was as cheerless as though it had not been inhabited for years. He called on Naomi, the long corridors re-echoed his call. The fortitude of the young man was completely overcome. In the bitterness of his disappointment, he flung himself on the floor and cursed his evil fate! But list! whence that noise—the blood flashes over his countenance—hope springs again to his bosom! Disappointment treads hard upon her footsteps—it is only the voice of his trusty attendant, who, fancying from the clamor, that his master is hard beset, is hurrying to the rescue.

"Whoorah! here we come! pitch it into the murthering rascals, Master Frank—blaze away! I'm with you!" and the generous old tar sprung into the room with a cocked pistol in each hand.

"What's all this, Master Frank?" exclaimed he, gazing round the apartment in utter astonishment; "another screech-owl! May I be triced up to the fore yard arm, if I didn't think you was squaring away against a dozen of the beggarly, turbaned, opium-eating marines."

"Oh, Naomi! my beautiful Naomi!" murmured the stupified midshipman. "But why do I lie here, and she, perhaps, in the hands of the tyrant's myrmidons!" and he rushed from the apartment.

"Cracked in the upper story! clean gone mad, as I'm a sinner!" exclaimed the worthy fellow, looking the picture of astonishment. (Indeed, this was almost the case.) "Crazy as a bed bug! But he must be seen to," and he hurried after him, but owing to the intricacy and darkness of the passages, before he arrived at the outer gate, Wingate was far on his way towards the quarters of the Mussulman soldiery.

Wingate met the moslem aga—or leader—walking to and fro in the shadow of the building where his company were quartered, quietly smoking his cheboque.

"What have you done with the Jew Absolom and his daughter?" exclaimed he fiercely.

The Turk calmly drew the pipe from his mouth, and gazed at his interrogator with a look of mingled wonder and derision—then as calmly replaced it.

"Do you mock me?" shouted the enraged midshipman, springing upon him with the fierceness of a tiger, and hurling him to the ground, while his pipe and turban flew into the middle of the street. "Villain! where is Naomi?"

A desperate struggle now took place; the lithe mussulman so far obtained the mastery, as to roll Wingate under, and had just drawn his ataghan, when Roderick hove in sight.

"Belay! belay there!" cried the trusty tar; "hold on, you turbaned heathen—you would not kill a crazy man! he is stark mad—his wits have all passed off to the leeward, like a cloud after a thunder-squall!"

The moslem, seeing that such was most probably the case, relinquished his grasp, and with the aid of Roderick, succeeded in shaking off his infuriated antagonist. Wingate had received a slight wound in the affray; he was borne off to the convent, where, owing to the loss of blood, and the violence of his feelings, he became seriously indisposed, and did not recover for a fortnight. During his indisposition—the first he had ever experienced—he had time for thought, and he walked forth from his confinement, a wiser, a more prudent man. But he had by no means forgotten Naomi; no sooner was he able to travel, than he set forward for Cairo, in

hopes of discovering some trace of the beautiful Jewess. He arrived at the chief city of the Egyptian pachalic, and immediately set about his researches. Day after day saw him strolling through the Jew's quarter of the city, about their synagogues, their bazaars, and wherever else Absolom or his daughter would be likely to visit, but not the least clue as to the whereabouts of the lovely Naomi could be obtained. In addition to the plague which was raging in Cairo, the cholera had broken out, and triumphant death tramped side by side with our hero, hurling his fatal shaft at random, among the crowd. Hundreds were borne away daily. They fell down in the streets, they were gasping their lives out in the bazaars and market stalls. Old and young, grave and gay, the lovely and the loveless, were alike the victims. They fled to their houses—they fortified themselves in their cool mansions, but in vain! Still, heedless of inroads of the destroyer, the midshipman went his rounds; and amidst all the misery and suffering of the great solitary city, as if, by a special providence, he and his single-hearted follower escaped.

Wingate, as I have before intimated, was naturally of a volatile temperament; and frequent contact with the misery and despair of the wretched denizens of Cairo, at length led him to look upon his own troubles as light—his own regret as unmanly. In his thoughtful moments, a far land beyond the wave, the home of his youth, where an anxious mother and an affectionate sister had long bewailed his absence, would come up before him; scenes green and beautiful, endeared by a thousand vague remonstrances. An unexpected letter from that mother, conjuring him to return from his wanderings, determined him. There was, at the time, a fine ship at Bulac, bound direct for New-York; he took passage for himself and Roderick.

Once more upon the bounding wave, in a brave ship, and his spirits regained all their wonted buoyancy. By Jupiter! it is a life-giving spectacle, one well calculated to arouse the dormant energies of the heart—a ship under full sail, with a free wind and a clear heaven above, dashing on and afar like a wild horse, a snow-drift of sparkling foam rolling up before her, a rainbow under her lee bow, and the translucent billows, blue and beautiful, jostling one against another, and wagging their heads astern! Fair winds prevailed—never ship had a better run, and rapidly they neared the coast of his own free and happy country. If he thought of Naomi, it was as of one in a dream. Indeed, at times, he began to look upon his whole intercourse with her as a dream. He was told that he had been deranged, and that all his adventures in the old caravansera were but the hallucinations of a disordered brain. The desolate state of the ruin, as witnessed by Roderick, was adduced as a proof of this. But Wingate was not to be laughed out of his senses; he knew that the vivid impressions that remained on his heart, of the splendor of that room, of the peerless jewess in her imperial attire, and of the dignity of the old Jew, were not the effects of a diseased mind.

At length the cry of "*land-oh!*" caused the pulses of the wanderers to quicken, and the blue heights of Neversink, resting like a slumberous cloud on the verge of the ocean, hove up to view. As she neared the shore, the ship seemed to dart onward with accelerated speed. Green and fair the land arose. The entrance of the bay was made, the beautiful residences on Staten Island and the forts were passed, and the flame and thunder of a heavy cannon rumbling amidst the walled labyrinths of the city, announced that the good ship Trenton had finished her voyage.

Wingate's mother and sister resided but a short distance from the city, at Harlaem, and scarcely an hour had passed before he had been clasped to the fond mother's bosom and had received the congratulations of the exulting sister. Fêtes, parties and routes awaited him, for his accession to a large estate had marvellously endeared him to his former acquaintances. Bright eyes, rosy lips, wavy locks, sylph-like forms, and well-turned ankles were arrayed in their potency about him; but the shafts of Cupid rapped harmlessly against the mail of proof in which his heart was encased—his intercourse with Naomi had been of too recent a date.

A few days after his arrival home, he went into the city to settle his account with his banker. After informing him that something over two thousand dollars still remained unexpended of the interest of his stock, the teller continued—

"Besides this there is the sum of two thousand five hundred dollars—the dividend on your Providence Rail Road stock—which has been credited to your account. You were fortunate in obtaining that stock—there is none in the Union that pays better."

"What?" exclaimed Wingate, "you are mistaken in the individual. I have no stock in the Providence Rail road!"

"That cannot well be," replied the broker, with an incredulous smile. "At any rate, whether you have such stock or not, there are certificates of twenty-five hundred shares, deposited to your name here, for safe keeping. The attorney of the rich Jew, Absolom Hewlitt—"

"Who?" exclaimed Wingate; "the Jew Absolom—is he here?"

"I did not say so," replied the matter-of-fact banker, "I said, or was about to say, that his attorney came here with the certificates, stating that you had purchased them of his client at Cairo."

"Is the Jew in this country, do you know?"

"I believe not; it was rumored that he died of the plague in some port of Syria. The stock—"

"And his attorney?"

"Resides in Charleston, South Carolina, where the bulk of the old man's property is situated. As to the stock—"

"Do you know aught of the Jew's family?"

"Nothing—but as I was saying, the stock—"

"Damn the stock!—that is, I will call another time about it—good day!"

Wingate pondered the matter thoughtfully—a gleam of sunshine began to break in upon his brain. The old man had not been captured by the Pacha's emissaries, as he had at first supposed. Counting sanguinely on

one day becoming sovereign Prince of Palestine, and dreading least a marriage of his daughter with the young midshipman might baulk his schemes, he had doubtless left his residence in the old caravansera voluntarily. So much did Wingate deduce from the fact of the Rail Road shares having been placed to his credit by the generosity of Absolom.

And where now was Naomi? The thought made him tremble. Perhaps she might have fallen a victim to the rapacity of the Egyptian Pacha; or she might still be a wanderer in Syria, surrounded by perils, unprotected by a father's love. He must ascertain this. He would away to Charleston, *instanter*, to seek the old man's attorney—fly on the wings of the wind—or, on the great Southern Rail-Road and steamboat line of conveyance, which is much the same thing. Full of this matter, he left his accounts at the Bank unsettled, and hurried home to announce his intention to his mother and sister.

His good mother received the announcement with sorrow, but she had seen too many of the vicissitudes of life to give herself up to unavailing regret. Caroline—such was his sister's name—was in the garden with a couple of her young companions. Thither Wingate proceeded, and after threading several of the embowered walks, he was attracted by the sound of their voices, to a little arbor overrun with the coral honeysuckles. He stepped to the entrance.

"Cally," he commenced—but, why stands he there like a statue—has palsy stricken his frame? has his tongue lost the power of speaking? if such be the case, his eyes have not! They are fixed with a stare of bewildered amazement on one of his sister's companions. "Naomi! By heavens it is Naomi!" at length burst from his lips, and he sprang forward and caught the pale, trembling girl in his arms.

His sister and her other companion, hardly knew whether to be most astonished or alarmed. However, burning words were on the young man's lips, and Naomi—for it was none other than the Jewess—was almost overwhelmed with confusion; and the two girls thought it time to beat a retreat, which they did as hastily as ever untrained militia flew before a charge of regular soldiers.

"Well, if ever!" exclaimed Caroline's companion.

"Sure enough!" returned Caroline, smiling abstractedly. "I invited Naomi here on purpose that I might see what effect her looks might have on *his* stoical indifference, and all the time the little gipsy was smiling in her sleeve. But I am so glad!" and the lively girl burst into a fit of laughter at her own joyous thoughts.

"Where could they have become acquainted?" said her companion.

"I don't know—some magic about it! Isn't it a good one, that meek, retiring, unsophisticated minx, who seemed as afraid of a man as I would be of a snake in the grass—there's some similarity between the two, though, Bess—has been practising upon us all the while!"

"I thought she acted strangely this afternoon," said the other. "Do you remember how abstracted she appeared—and every time the door-bell was rung, every time an approaching footstep was heard, how she would start and turn pale, as if she was expecting the arrival of some beloved friend?"

Thus the young ladies continued their speculations, and in the end arrived as near to a definite conclusion as when they commenced.

In the meantime Wingate and Naomi were not idle. What the tenor of their conversation was the reader may surmise as well as I. However, like all lovers—if such be a general truism—they were unconscious of the lapse of time, for an hour and a half passed—the embowered walks of the garden began to grow dusky in the coming evening, and they still remained in the arbor although they might have known that Caroline and her friend were dying with curiosity. But lovers are so selfish.

At length the supper bell aroused them—*pardonnez moi* for mentioning so unsentimental a subject at this moment—not that they were particularly *hungry*, though it has been said that love cannot provide sufficient nutriment to sustain nature, but appearances required their presence at the supper table. Wingate entered the room with the *nonchalant* air of one who cares not a fig what others may opine, so long as he himself is conscious of integrity and uprightness of purpose, but Naomi, suffused with blushes, hung her head, like a wild flower that has been removed from the breezy hills to the shades of the garden enclosure.

"I caught this young miss trespassing in the garden," said he.

"And she has had punishment in a two hours lecture, and is no doubt very repentant," said Caroline, archly.

"You have found an old acquaintance in Miss Hewlitt it appears, and an intimate one, since she has had the power to make you forget your urgent hurry to be off to Carolina," observed his mother, with a smile of complacency.

"And an inducement to forego the journey altogether, you may add," replied Wingate. "But I hate parables—I might as well enlighten you at once, for I see curiosity depicted on every countenance;" and he went on to relate how, when and where he had become acquainted with Naomi, suppressing only those parts that it did not concern them to know. He further detailed, the which, gentle reader, you have not yet learned, that, as he had surmised, the old man, upon learning the intimacy which had sprung up between the midshipman and his daughter, determined on leaving Jerusalem immediately. He fled from thence to Aleppo. Soon after his arrival there, he was stricken with the plague and died, leaving his daughter to the guardianship of a distant relative. This relative, tiring of the East, took passage from Aleppo for the United States, and on their arrival, Naomi was consigned to the charge of an aunt, who resided in the neighborhood of Wingate's mother.

Naomi, by her gentle temper, had already won upon the good will of the mother, and the kind old lady was secretly rejoiced that her son had fixed his affections on one so well calculated to soften the harsher features of his nature, and to turn his attention to the pleasures of domestic life.

It was an evening in autumn, that season of the year when the metropolis of the empire state is in its glory. The devotees of fashion had gathered in from the mountains of New-Hampshire, from the billow-beaten shores of Maine, from the Canadas, from Niagara, from Saratoga, and from the rivers beyond *Gotham*. Broadway was rushing and roaring with its stream of life—the smaller channels that debauched into the great thoroughfare, were chaffing with bubbling humanity, and where the Battery had dammed up the main current, the concourse of loungers, lovers, 'heroes, beggars and women,' was immense.

But why sets the tide of fashion towards Washington Square, to-night? One of the most noble mansions on that noble square—once the "Potter's-Field to bury strangers in," now the nucleus of the vivant and joyous—is in a blaze of light from basement story to attic; and there they are gathering, the young, the lively, the glittering—every carriage drops at the door a bevy of beautifuls, whose countenances, bright and happy, would indicate that they deemed themselves arrived at the gate of Paradise!

Frank Wingate was about to espouse the millionaire, the beautiful Jewess Naomi. Every thing had been settled to the satisfaction of all parties—a happier couple never approached the altar of Hymen. Naomi, at her lover's request, had adopted the Jewish costume which she wore when he found her in the old caravansera at Jerusalem, except that her long glossy hair was smoothly plaited over her brow, and a few curls depended from her left temple, surmounted by a priceless sprig of brilliants, instead of the awkward turban fashionable in Syria. Naomi was not unimpressed with the duties of the vow she was about taking upon herself. Still her countenance was expressive of serenity and repose, such as some glassy stream evinces after storms have ceased to darken it with their terrors, and glad sunshine sheds its benign influence on the wave.

One of the greatest lions among the glittering throng present, was our old acquaintance, Roderick. He was dressed after the sailor fashion, in a blue jacket, (thickly studded with ten cent pieces instead of buttons) and a pair of blue pantaloons, cut so large at the bottom that they left but the toes of his kid pumps visible. A superabundance of shirt-collar, the corners of which were embellished with blue anchors, almost hid the collar of his jacket, and something less than half a yard of swinging ruffle protruded from his bosom. His unabashed manner and quaint expressions kept a continual crowd of the laughter-loving misses about him. When the ceremony was over, he shuffled up to the married couple, bowing at every step, like a ship in a head sea.

"A long life and a happy one to you, mistress Naomi," said he, "and may you meet with fair weather and prosperous gales on the cruise of life. Gadzo! who would have thought when we overhauled that beggarly Turk who was pursuing you at Cairo, that it would lead to such a circumstance as this? But that's the way matters fall in with each other in one's voyages, and mishaps often turn out to be fortunate. All Providence! I have known many a good ship, on account of storms, hurricanes, and such like brushes, to be driven out of her course and to be detained for weeks from entering port, and yet after all, arrive at a time when their cargos brought the highest price. Davy Crocket had got the ground tackle of his mind in good order, when he said, 'the course of true love never did run smooth!' It's a rough and foul channel, that true love, filled with coral reefs, sunken ledges, and obstructed by sand-bars, but when once you have filled away on the broad sea of matrimony, you may crack on sail, and no fear of such things. Master Frank, here, is a first rate convoy barrin' he is sometimes a little too much in a hurry like to get into port, and is apt to run for land without throwing the lead or making allowance for currents and undertoes, and on that score he has more than once got among the breakers."

"And is rather given to storming fortresses garrisoned with screech-owls, *and such-like*," chimed in Wingate, with a smile.

"Oh, I'll say nothing more about that affair, since I have found out that there was such rare booty there," returned the old sailor, casting a sly glance at Naomi.

Here the dancing commenced, and Roderick being urged to join a set, led to the floor a roguish young miss who wished for no better amusement than to keep him in play. Roderick professed that his education in the dancing line had been obtained on board-ship, and that all the veering and hawling, backing and filling of these new arrangements, were gammon to him. However, he succeeded in getting through the dance, with the aid of his merry partner, and he has often been heard to say, that he considered that young lady the triggest and tighest little craft that he ever fell in with, and that, had he seen her before he saw Elizabeth Spriggs, Liz might have had to whistle for a beau!

The evening passed off happily—the supper varied the amusements, when—may I be denounced for a proser, if this "midnight-taper" of mine is'nt flickering in the socket, so I must bid you adieu, dear reader, if I am ever so fortunate to get one, which to me matters but little, since this *long yarn* has fulfilled the purpose for which it was commenced, that of whiling away a few tedious hours in a strange town.

Original.

APOSTROPHE TO THE SETTING SUN.

Oh, Sun! who on the glowing verge of day
Pausest awhile thy wearied steeds to rest,
Ere they precipitate their headlong way
Down to the shadows of the boundless West;

Hear evening's chorus breathing from the hills,
And swelling down through low-land and through vale,
"Praise God, whose glory all creation fills,
Before whose face thy burning car turns pale!"

But a faint emblem of His Light art thou:
He yoked thy fiery coursers—and he guides
The wheeling axles of thy chariot now,
And by His *fiat* Day from Night divides.

From the beginning He hath marked thy route
Through realms interminable—and His might
Shall, in the end, thy dazzling track blot out,
When He rolls up the Heavens.—*He is Eternal Light!*

C. CONSTANTINE PISE, D. D.

Original.

ALICE COPLEY.*

A TALE OF QUEEN MARY'S TIME.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

CHAPTER VI.

"He wept for her—ah! who would not have wept,
To see that white face in its stillness there,
Proving how much she suffered ere she slept
The dreadful sleep of crime and of despair.
For once that man, so cruel, stern and proud,
In keen remorse before his victim bow'd."

In the suburbs of London, close to the margin of the Thames, stood a small public house, seldom frequented by a higher order of customers than the petty tradespeople of the neighborhood, and the boatmen, who gained a livelihood on the river.

Late at night, or rather very early in the morning, after the escape related in our last chapter, a boy came up from a landing-place near the inn, and moved wearily towards the stable yard, where a drowsy man stood holding a newly fed horse by the bit.

"It is a full hour beyond the time," grumbled the hostler, moving from the wall against which he had been leaning, and arousing himself with a shake, as he resigned the bridle to the lad. "It has been a long watch, and a dull one, and a man's natural sleep is worth its price."

The boy drew his small, pale hand back from the bridle which it had almost grasped, and taking out his purse, with a sad smile, placed a piece of gold in the broad palm extended towards him.

The man opened his eyes wide, and still kept his hand extended. "What is the use of mocking a poor man with the sight of gold," he said, gruffly, eying the money with the look of a hungry but honest cur. "I have no silver to give in change; pay my earnings in coin that will get a breakfast for my children, it will all be turned to bread before the morning is three hours older."

"Keep it all; it will help you to many a breakfast," said the boy, gently putting aside the still resolutely extended hand. "I shall soon have little need of gold," he added, in a low tone, as if communing with his own sad thoughts. "Put up the money, good man, put it up; now I bethink me of it," he continued, lifting his voice, as if to shake off the desponding feelings that filled it with sadness, and looking earnestly in the man's face, "now I bethink me—you have children—girls, perhaps."

"Yes, one—a rosy-cheeked little thing, that has just begun to toddle about, holding by her mother's gown, and three boys, each one of them stout enough to carry a dainty little body like thine, on his back, and yet I'll warrant me, thou hast the advantage of them by two or three years and more."

"A girl," murmured the page, in the same sad tones and broken language, which seemed more like thinking aloud, than conversation. "A girl. Pray for that girl, man! She is innocent and feeble—temptations and soft words, that lead to ruin, are for such, therefore pray for her! It is a sad thing when young creatures, who spring up like blossoms around the poor man's hearth-stone, are gathered by strange hands to be trampled beneath strange feet when their bloom is gone; yet such things are. I knew an old man, good hostler, older than you are, and as honest, with a touch of pride, too, for gentle blood, was in his veins. Well, he had a daughter, but no son, so like a single star she filled his home with light. It was a pleasant time when that proud old man sat amid the orange-trees of his garden—for it was in a far and bright land that they lived. It was a happy time, I say, when that laughing child would sit upon the grass at her father's feet, beneath the fragrant trees, and charm him to rest with the touch of her guitar and the song, he loved so well. You should have seen that father and child at such times. His wife, and her mother, were dead, and so she was all the world to him. But she left him."

"What, left her old father—how could she—where did she go?" exclaimed the hostler, with honest warmth.

"Like one in a dream she left her father's bosom, and crept a guilty thing, fostered by her own shame, to the home of a stranger. The hearthstone where she had sat so many years, was darkened, and she Queened it in a palace."

"But her father—what became of the old man?" inquired the rude listener, whose honest heart had become deeply interested in the story.

"He went to a grave," was the brief reply.

"Poor man. It killed him, then?"

"He was left alone, and so died," said the page, in a voice that became fainter at each word.

"Miserable old man," muttered the hostler.

"Is it misery to die?" said the boy, again lifting his sad eyes to the man's face. "No, no, her's was the misery! He went down to the grave sorrowing, but innocent. He did not feel the peaceful worms as they crept through the dust which was once a heart. The long grass, and the fragrant orange-boughs, waved over him tranquilly, and sweet as ever. He died broken-hearted, yet it was a calm sleep that followed. But her heart was alive, and the worm that quickened in its core, grew, and stung and writhed about each nerve and string, 'till it seemed full of eternal vitality. It slept sometimes, for guilt has its hours of repose, as serpents are made drowsy by a warm sunshine. But she was given up to one who would not let it sleep. His heart was marble, and he could not feel, so with fitful love, sneers, and cold words, he barbed its sting 'till life became a torture, and his victim would have crept—ah, how gladly! to her father's grave, as a refuge. To live, and yet wish to die—to see the bright and beautiful things of earth, as if you saw them not—to feel that you have madly lavished the sweet affections of youth and innocence—heart and mind, on a being incapable of understanding the pain of such sacrifice—treacherous and cruel—to have no future, no hope or trust in human goodness—this, old man, is misery, misery, misery!"

* Concluded from page 243.

As if bowed forward by a weight of bitter humility, the page bent his head as he ceased speaking, covered his face with both hands, and seemed struggling for tears, but no drop of sorrow could be wrung from that worn bosom. When the boy lifted his head again, his eyes were still without moisture, but heavy with anguish. The keen eyes of the hostler were fixed wonderingly upon him. He drew his cap forward, and shook the plumes over his face, as if to conceal its whiteness he tried to smile even, but it was a painful gloom that shot across that pale restless mouth, and but increased the expression of wretchedness which dwelt there.

The hostler was rude and illiterate, and the boy's language was broken, and often above his comprehension, but he had a heart, and that could feel, though it might not understand the force of human suffering, such as he now witnessed. He had no real idea of sorrow, save that connected with privation and poverty, but he wished to give comfort, and manifested the desire after his own fashion. Balancing the gold coin irresolutely on his finger a moment, he extended it again.

"Here, take the gold, and give it to the poor girl you tell me of. My boys can do without a breakfast—ay, and a dinner, too, at a pinch. She may want it more than we do."

The honest fellow spoke feelingly, and his face was bright with a hearty expression of benevolence. Again the boy smiled that calm mournful smile, and this time tears started to his eyes; his lips trembled with a rush of unspoken feelings, and putting the gold hastily away, he made an effort to mount his horse. He hesitated a moment, and looked around, as if for something to stand upon, but the hostler took him up, as if he had been a babe, and placed him in the saddle. The page bowed his head in acknowledgment, and rode away, gathering up the bridle as he went. He had almost passed from the yard, when he seemed suddenly aware that the purse still incumbered his hand. He rode slowly back, dropped it at the hostler's feet, and wheeling his horse again, dashed through the gate, and along the Windsor road.

It was a gloomy ride which the poor boy took—gloomy and fitful—sometimes his horse was urged forward at the top of his speed, and again he was permitted to creep along the high-way at a snail pace, while the relaxed bridle dangled about his neck, and the delicate and ungloved hand of his rider lay half buried in his black mane, listless, and with a heavy pressure, for, at such times, the page had sunk into a train of intense and bitter thought, which almost took the appearace of physical stupor. Like some wandering shadow, they glided—horse and rider—through the darkness which gathers so densely around the closing night. There was no moon; the stars were lost in a cloud of vapor that spread over, and seemed to extinguish them. The thickets and trees on either hand, looked like uncouth objects, grouped in fantastic confusion, shapeless, and more palpably dark than the atmosphere. The sky, the trees, and the earth, with its garment of shadows, were in unison with the thoughts which crowded the heart of that wretched boy. Within and without, all was desolate.

A soft grey light was struggling with the darkness in Windsor park, when the solitary page halted beneath the thickest of its trees, and dismounted from his tired horse. The poor animal was chafed and restless from the unequal manner in which he had been ridden, and his back was hurt by the heavy saddle. With the quick sympathy which sorrow often gives us for suffering, even in the meanest object, the page sought to unfasten the girth, before he abandoned the tired beast. But the buckles were too massive for his slender fingers, and though he exerted their utmost strength, it seemed impossible that he could undo them. His kind impulse was powerful, however, and after looking about as if for some object to aid his purpose, he drew a small poniard from his bosom, and with this he cut the straps, and freed the horse from his cumbrous trappings. The relieved animal gave a delighted shake, and flinging himself on the ground, with his hoofs in the air, rolled luxuriously in the rich grass. The page gazed upon his rude gambols, as one unconsciously tranquillized by giving pleasure even to a creature so humble. When the horse arose, and moved away, cropping the thrifty herbage in his path, he drew a deep breath, as if relieved by a consciousness of entire solitude, and began to toy with the poniard, running his finger slowly along the blade, and pressing the keen point with his thumb, 'till the blood started. All at once a strange, wild gleam shot across his face, his fingers gradually tightened around, and clutched the slender handle of the poniard, and though he did not raise it, for one moment it shivered in his grasp, as to the quick leaping of a pulse. It was but a moment. His fingers relaxed their gripe, and he placed the naked blade among the folds of his dress, muttering, "Not yet, nor here."

With these words he moved towards Windsor Castle. It was yet scarcely day-break, and every thing in the grounds and near the palace was still as midnight. The boy took out a private key and let himself through a gate opening to the terraces, and walking quickly forward entered the castle by a door which led to a gallery connected with King Philip's apartments. He threaded this gallery, paused a moment before he turned the latch, and then softly entered the little apartment which has been described as forming a tasteful anteroom to the King's bed-chamber. How still was that room! What a happy, tranquil atmosphere slumbered around each precious object it contained. The musical chime of water-drops disturbed the repose with a liquid sound, sweet and musical. The sun had not yet risen, but the coast was broken with waves of crimson and pale gold, and a tinge of this rich light fell through the stained window, and interwove itself with the tender green leaves which draped it, with a silvered brightness, rich as noon and tranquil as starlight. The page stood in the middle of this apartment, pale and quiet, but with a sad regretful smile wavering about his lips, which was—oh, how much more sorrowful than tears. How terribly a trifling thing may smite upon a heart that has loved and is hopeless! even as affection gives value to trifles, so

do those trifles magnify themselves into serpents to sting us with a memory when love is no more. Let the heart struggle for ever, it cannot throw off the bitter weight of ashes left by a passion that has consumed itself or has been ruthlessly extinguished. The fire may go out, the incense smoulder away, but dust and cinders will still encumber the altar where a sacrifice has been consummated. The page remained in the centre of the room, motionless, like an idol hurled from his high estate, and surrounded by offerings that had been lavished on a shrine torn down and trampled to the earth. He looked sorrowfully around. Each object had its association, painful but still precious, with power to wring a heart already full of anguish, and breaking beneath the force of each new struggle. The rush of memory became too powerful, and with a strong effort he entered the bed-chamber.

The page had doubtless expected to find the room occupied, for he stopped short and drew a quick breath, as if the stillness oppressed him with a feeling of desolation. A huge bed, canopied with masses of gorgeous velvet, stood in a corner of the chamber; but it was untenanted, and the down lay heaped beneath the sumptuous counterpane as it had been smoothed the day before. When the boy saw this a bright red spot sprang like a living coal to his cheek and was quenched as suddenly, for the next instant he was even paler than before.

"Fool that I am—is it not better thus?" he murmured; "I shall not waver now!" and taking off his cap, he went to a silver ewer that stood on a table near the bed, and bathed his face and hands in it. After arranging his soiled and matted ringlets, he went to an antique and richly carved chest from which he took a female garment, such as we have already described to the reader. His male attire was then slowly taken off and flung into the chest. A few moments after, that singular being stood in the dim apartment, a pale, slight, but very beautiful female, robed in velvet and gold, as we have once before described her—but how changed from the eager and agitated being who had so long been the prison bird of those apartment! The same robe, the same slippers, and scarf of gold-spotted purple, adorned her, but then they added to the loveliness of flushed and agitated beauty—now, they seemed sweeping around a marble statue. Her face was the same, but the despair which filled her heart had forced itself out upon the features, they were fixed and full of painful expression. She was about to draw the fillet through her ringlets, but, after holding it a moment in her hand, she dropped it on the floor and opened the chest again. Her face was white as marble as she bent down and touched the spring of a secret drawer. It flew open, and she took out a casket. Again she bent down, and this time a small vial, carefully sealed, was grasped in her pale hand. No human being was near, yet she turned her white face and peered keenly around, as if apprehensive that some person might observe her. The chest lid fell from her hold and the lock closed with a noise that made her spring backward. She looked wildly about, and a slight nervous cry broke from her lips. Yet, with all this terror, the room was tranquil, and no eye, save that of the Omnipotent, looked upon that wronged and guilty creature. She leaned against the bed-post a moment with the vial and casket grasped with both hands against her heart, for it beat and struggled with a violence that made her tremble, as she stood. A little time, and she was calm again. With a firm but very slow and noiseless footstep she moved across the room and entered the boudoir. Without lifting her eyes to any object there, she sat down upon the pile of cushions and opened the casket. Scarcely was the lid unclosed, when a faint odor filled the room, for it contained nothing but a quantity of withered orange blossoms, some of them still bound in a wreath and others lying a fragrant mass loosely in the casket. She laid them in her lap, and tearing the seal from off the vial, emptied a few drops of its ruby contents over the flowers. Instantly the scent of orange-blossoms was lost in a sweet subtle odor that seemed to enrich the very light and air that filled the apartment. With eager and quivering fingers, as if she feared that her strength would give way, the strange girl took up the withered wreath and twisted it in her hair. With the motion a drop fell from it to her temple and rested there like a blood spot upon marble. It seemed to give her some slight pain, and the strength, for a moment, deserted her hands as they knotted the wreath together by a riband, which had faded like the flowers. Taking up the casket once more, she emptied the remaining blossoms over one of the cushions, and placing it beneath her head, stretched herself languidly upon the pile, as if about to fall asleep. She had not rested thus long when all pain deserted her; a delicious shiver ran through her frame; a soft rose tinge stole over the ashy cheek which rested on the flowers, and gradually suffused the whole face. The red again died her lips with unnatural brilliancy, and once or twice, when her languid eyelids unclosed, the dark orbs beneath were revealed, misty and passionless; the odor which floated about her head, seemed to have extinguished their force by its subtle potency. She slept or seemed to sleep awhile, and then turned drowsily on the cushions murmuring broken sentences in Spanish. Snatches of song died on her smiling lips, and she moved her hand about in the air with a monotonous wave 'till it fell listless and without motion over the edge of the cushion. Still her eyes were closed, and she seemed like one talking over the fancies of a sweet dream. All at once the flush left her face—she drew her limbs together, stretched them with a faint shudder, and turning on her side, never moved again.

Hours went by and at length King Philip entered his bed-chamber, by the private door leading to the Queen's apartments. He glanced hastily about the room, and a frown lowered on his forehead on observing its undisturbed state.

"Up and watching all night again," he muttered, angrily. "Will the girl never be at rest? By the Holy Mass, if I detect her moping as she was yesterday, I could find it in my heart to—"

Before the sentence was finished, Philip strode angrily

across the room and entered the boudoir. Again he frowned darkly on seeing the form which lay upon the cushions, as if lulled to rest by the sweet music of the fountain drops. The face was turned from him and rested on her left arm, which fell over the edge of the cushions half buried in a mass of ringlets, dishevelled, and matted together with a wreath of withered blossoms. Philip strode forward, and bending over the form, seemed about to arouse it by some angry taunt. But, as he laid his hand heavily on the arm, a change came over his face. He started, and with a kind of desperate energy, grasped the pale hand which fell almost to his feet. It was cold and hard. Still he did not undo his clasp, but sat mutely gazing upon that still, white face, while his own betrayed the horror and bitter remorse that had at last found its way to his conscience. The sight of those frail, dead flowers, smote his heart like a weapon. How well he remembered the happy days when his early passion had selected them as the purest offering which he could give a creature as pure as they. How vividly came back the time when he had woven those white buds and fragrant leaves amid the black and glossy hair which now lay scattered at his feet. How beautiful, how innocent she was then. How changed and still she lay. Could that cold cheek be the same which had glowed so often to his slightest notice in innocence, and again in her passionate and guilty devotion, for ever changing his glance. He bent down and touched it with his lips, but the warm blood that had so often leaped to their slightest pressure, lay congealed and icy, even to his touch. The chill struck to his inmost heart—it brought to him a sense of all that she had been—all that she was to him. He felt that no human being would ever love him as she had done, and that he had never cherished her, had never loved her 'till she was dead. Then he *did* love her. Remorse, tenderness, regret, a thousand strong feelings rushed upon his heart—*and this was his punishment, for it was all too late!*

Philip was a cruel, wicked man, and he had terribly wronged the unhappy being whom he had tempted into evil, and then by neglect and unkindness, goaded on from one step of misery to another, 'till she sought refuge in the last fearful act of guilt which humanity can perpetrate. Now was *his* turn to suffer! His heart was hard, but it could not fling off a consciousness that he was the murderer of one whose sin had been heavy indeed, but not equal to that which stained and wrung his own soul. He threw himself beside his victim with a burst of self-reproof and abject humiliation, as if the dead could feel, and forgive. He lamented over her, reviled his own cruel conduct, execrated himself with truth and passionate bitterness. His face was convulsed, big drops gathered upon his forehead, and if agony could atone for wrong, his suffering might have cancelled his guilt How cold and passionless she lay! how keenly he felt that to the living we can seldom atone for suffering once inflicted—to the dead, never!

At length, the poison which had been so fatal to his victim, made itself felt upon the prince; a faintness and enervating stupor crept over him, and but for a wild impulse at self-preservation, that overwhelmed all other feelings, he would have perished at the feet of his victim. He started up with a desperate effort, and gathering up the poisoned flowers, crowded them into the casket. It was long before his trembling fingers could unweave the wreath from the tangled tresses where it had performed a work of death, but at last it was disengaged and crushed in with the rest. He closed the casket and dashed it, as he supposed, through the window, but it lodged in an ornament of the fountain and there remained. A gush of cool air soon purified the little room, and Philip once more turned in bitterness of heart and cast himself beside the dead.

That night two of King Philip's most trusty attendants, both natives of Spain, might have been seen threading the gallery so often mentioned, which led to their master's chamber. They were encumbered by some heavy burthen, and when their footsteps drew near the boudoir, the door was cautiously unclosed and a pale face peered out. So changed was that face that his men paused and looked terrified, for at first they did not recognize their master. The door was swung slowly open and they entered, bearing a leaden coffin between them. Obeying the motion of Philip's hand, for he did not speak, they placed it by the cushions and withdrew.

King Philip grew pale as death when the door closed after them, but with a fearful effort he removed the mantle which had been flung over his victim, and raising the lifeless form in his arms laid it in the coffin. As he smoothed the ringlets back from her forehead, and composed the limbs beneath the purple vestments which she had worn, the heaving sobs, wrung from that hardened heart, were heard by his attendants in the gallery, while tears gushed to his eyes and fell like heavy rain-drops into the coffin.

The two men had been waiting a full hour, when the door was again opened and the Prince motioned them to enter. In a low husky voice he gave directions that the coffin should be brought into the bed-chamber, where he retired as if unable to witness the performance of his commands. When the attendants entered the chamber bearing the body between them, they found their master standing pale and silent by the huge carved chest which we have before mentioned. He opened it, and held back the lid with a trembling hand, while the men lifted the coffin and placed it in the bottom. A pile of rich female garments, mingled with those of a Page, had been taken from the chest and heaped upon the floor. When the men had withdrawn, Philip took up these garments and laid them over the coffin. He would have locked the chest, but his hand shook and had no power to turn the bolt. After several vain efforts he recollected the men, and while they performed the task he went to a table and with a hand still so unsteady that his writing was almost illegible, traced a few brief directions on a strip of parchment. The men took the parchment, lifted the chest between them, and slowly bore it from his sight.

Philip stood in the centre of his chamber, motionless and pale, listening to the heavy tread of his attendants as they passed through the boudoir. There was a moment's pause—then a dull gloomy sound, as their

burthen grated against the frame work of the door, and again that heavy funeral tread sounding along the gallery fainter and fainter 'till lost in the various noises that now filled the castle. When the last footfall died upon his ear, Philip drew a deep breath and began to pace up and down the room, as if action could shake off the pain fastened on his heart. It was all in vain, the chamber had a voice that spoke of the murdered being who had so long been its light. The ornaments, the furniture, all that she had shared with him, seemed palpable and living witnesses, rising up to condemn and torture him. For the first time a sense of bereavement and utter solitude entered his heart, with a force that was not to be resisted. He cast himself upon the floor and wept like a child—no, not like a child, but mournfully, bitterly, —the agony of such tears was never yet known to sweet innocent childhood.

Another day and the English court was thrown into confusion—King Philip suddenly and without apparent reason, announced his determination to return immediately to his native land. Mary was overwhelmed with grief, but entreaties and tears were all in vain, Philip remained sullen and resolute; her importunity only served to hasten his departure. The very day after his intentions were first made known, he left Windsor Castle, and with a small portion of his retinue, set forth for London. Those who looked upon his face as he left the royal home of his consort for ever, were surprized by the intensity of grief betrayed there. No one until then had supposed that he regarded their Queen with a strength of affection capable of working the change they witnessed. A gloom like that of the grave hung about him; and though still haughty and reserved in his grief, concealment only made his wretchedness more bitterly felt.

Philip had taken abrupt leave of his Queen, and was mounting the horse which was about to bear him from her presence for ever, when a gentleman of the household observed that the Page who had so long been a close attendant on his master, was missing from his side. He mentioned this to Philip, and inquired if the boy should be summoned. The Prince attempted to speak, but the words seemed choking him, and turning away his face, he answered huskily, that the boy had been sent forward. His questioner remarked the difficulty with which this was spoken, but remembering that Philip had just bade his royal wife farewell, drew back from respect to feelings which had a power to subdue and agitate a man usually supposed to be devoid of all generous emotions.

When Philip stood for the last time on the soil of England, waiting for the barge which was to convey him on ship-board, some one again inquired for the Page. At the moment, two men were engaged lowering a large covered chest into a boat which was just putting off to the vessel, laden with his effects. Philip gazed gloomily upon the chest, and replied in the same husky voice as before—"*That the boy had been sent forward!*"

It was a miserable day for Queen Mary when her husband thus suddenly deserted her to the lonely magnificence of her birthright. She abandoned herself to selfish repining, refusing to be seen even by her most trusty counsellors, and for once the persecuted Protestants had a moment's respite. She was too much absorbed by her own afflictions for a thought of them. Philip had left England three days before his Queen was made acquainted with the escape of Alice Copley and her father. Then, the malice of her character burst forth with a violence that threatened even her own life. She believed the cause of Philip's desertion now explained, and that Alice Copley had escaped by his assistance and was the companion of his homeward voyage. It was to this belief, perhaps, that the fugitives owed their safety for while Mary was inflicting tortures on herself, painful almost as those she would gladly have visited on her rival, that rival was concealed in a convent some few miles from London. Through the introduction of Cardinal Pole, she had been admitted unquestioned by the sisterhood, and under another name, with cautious concealment of her religious belief, remained in tranquil security. Her father also had been cared for and his safety secured after the plan proposed by the good prelate, and thus while Mary believed them to be on the ocean, culprit and treacherous, they enjoyed a degree of repose which fortunately remained unmolested through her blind conviction of their guilt.

A few weeks of conflicting passions, evil and violent, wrought their effect upon the Queen. Her health gradually gave way beneath the continual struggle of angry and humiliating feelings which followed the first shock of her husband's departure, and, as if to revenge herself upon the nation for wrongs done by the Prince, who had ever been a burthen and a curse to it, she became cruel and unrelenting to a degree that, with all her bigotry, she had never reached before. The scaffold and the death pyre were erected and kindled to light the homeward track of King Philip.

At last Mary was ill, but even then, the work of death went on, and the act of each new day only added a deeper crimson to the name which she had left to posterity. Some hearts are made pure by trial and gain much beneath the pressure of affliction; such hearts know that honey may be wrung from the most bitter flower, and that it is far less painful to suffer than to inflict wrong. To others, sorrow comes like a whirlwind, tearing each good property from the soul, and sheding nothing but mildew and evil upon it. To the Queen of England a whirlwind came, and the fearful passions aroused in her bosom, scattered their fiery seeds over the whole kingdom. Her own death-bed was lighted up by the flame of a thousand funeral pyres. In her disappointment and wrath she trod upon the necks of her people, and was heralded to the grave by groans and imprecations. Their echo has not yet died away.

Windsor Castle became one of the most gloomy places in Old England, as its royal inmate gradually yielded to the stern power which overshadowed her. One habit after another was repiningly sacrificed to the disease which her own evil spirit had confirmed, and at last she sunk a confirmed invalid, helpless and miserable amid the magnificence of her regal state. Then she learned the bitter mockery of station. A keen desire for care

and affection awoke in her heart, and it could not be satisfied. Amid pain of body and loneliness of heart, she had no true bosom to lean upon—no kind hand to smooth her pillow, from a loving and grateful impulse. Yes, there was one! The firm friend of her girlhood—the faithful and good man whom she had sent from her presence but a few months before, wounded and heart-sore by her unkindness. Cardinal Pole was ever at hand to soothe her irritability, to comfort and to counsel. To him she was yet a Queen, and what appealed more powerfully to his generosity a—suffering woman. He could forget her failings, in her wretchedness, for the absence of evil in his own nature only made him forgiving and charitable when obliged to acknowledge its existence in another.

There was yet hope that Mary might recover, and but for constant repining and anxiety, arising from the desertion of her husband, there was nothing which predicted a fatal termination to her disease. She still walked from her bed-chamber to the dressing-room adjoining, and took some interest in the affairs of her kingdom, though even to her counsellor she was often captious and fretful. With Friar Joseph she held frequent discourses, and the mild persuasion of Cardinal Pole was beginning to make itself felt in her mind. She had never been beloved by her female attendants, and now that half England was making court to her successor, Mary often found herself neglected even by the members of her household. She was often left for hours in solitary possession of her chamber, and at such times her mind was for ever repining over the past and exhausting its strength with regrets that were worse than useless. It was a pitiable sight—so much loneliness, surrounded by pomp and magnificence of royalty. But death has a sure footstep, though the sound of its approach may be muffled with crimson and gold.

One night Mary sat in her dressing-room, solitary and wretched. She had fallen asleep in her chair, and during that painful slumber, the last of her attendants had stolen from the room. Her repose was brief, and after opening her eyes and gazing sadly around the apartment she closed them again and heavy tears rolled slowly down her cheeks. The picture was indeed a desolate one. Two wax lights stood in their massive candlesticks, burning dimly, with long unsnuffed wicks, that flared to a current of air which swept through the partially closed casement, filling the gloomy tapestry and all the corners with broken shadows. On the same table with the lights, were a few medicine bottles, crowded together, with a small silver cup from which the invalid drank her potions; a dull, disagreeable smell of drugs hung about the table. Altogether, the late hour and the gloom which clung to each object, were every way calculated to sadden the heart of a suffering person. The Queen was indeed lonely, and her dejected mind naturally turned to the great cause of her illness—the absent Prince. She pondered upon this theme 'till a strong desire to visit his chamber took possession of her mind. She had attempted this once before, soon after the departure of Philip, but he had locked the suite of rooms with his own hands, and purposely took away the keys. It was just possible that the door leading to her own chamber might have been forgotten. Mary arose as this thought came to her, and taking one of the candles, entered the private passage. The door had indeed been left open, and she found her way into the bed-chamber without difficulty. The Queen panted for breath both from weakness and the dense air that filled the apartment. Every thing she looked upon was arranged and in its place, save a large chest which had stood there for ages, it was gone, but why Philip had removed that alone, she could not conjecture. As she crossed the room, her foot became entangled with some object on the floor. It was a fillet of purple silk, interwoven with gold; a female ornament to be worn about the head or neck. Mary held it to the light and for a moment her worn features relapsed into a bitter smile. It passed away, however, for she had become too feeble for strong or lasting emotions, and with the fillet in her hand, she entered the boudoir. There too the atmosphere was close and stifling. No breath of air came through the arched window. The water had dried away from the little fountain, and its snowy basin was choked up with leaves that had dropped from the withered plants when perishing for lack of moisture. The earth lay dry and hard in the pure white vases where they had taken root, and dead branches hung in tangled masses over the stained glass. It was a dreary change from the fairy nook of former days. The room itself bore an aspect of splendid desolation. The lute which she had so often seen in possession of the Spanish Page, lay upon the floor, with the strings broken, as by the desperate sweep of a hand across them. The cushions also were heaped roughly together, and the glow of their rich velvet was dimmed with the dust which had gathered upon them. Mary was very feeble, and there was something in the atmosphere of this little room singular and enervating. A faint sickly perfume seemed hanging about the cushions, as if the breath of the dead plants in the window had been poisoned there. This thought came to her mind as she placed the light upon the floor and sat down upon them, with her face to the window. Pain and the fatigue of walking had exhausted her strength, or she would gladly have returned to her chamber, for there was something about the place that made her shudder and grow faint. She thought it was regret for the man who had so long inhabited it, but another and more fatal cause brought on the faintness that oppressed her. She seemed indeed the presiding genius of a spot at once sumptuous and desolate, when she folded the dressing-gown of gorgeous damask over her enfeebled person and crouched helplessly among the cushions. Her face, never handsome, had grown sharp and haggard with suffering. A knot of neglected hair had broken from beneath her night coif and hung down her neck. There the three last months had woven its record in a host of silver threads, which she felt no desire to conceal, so completely had all feminine pride deserted her heart. As she sat upon the cushions occasionally making some restless movement, for she was still in pain, the glitter of some bright substance in the window drew her attention. She arose with some difficulty, and found a small

casket which had lodged among the ornaments of the fountain. It was valuable from its material and workmanship, but it had a more precious quality. The royal arms of Spain were embossed upon the lid, and she knew that it was one which had belonged to King Philip. Mary went back to the cushions, carefully grasping the prize between her thin hands; but they trembled so, that she could scarcely force open the lid. There was nothing to reward the exertion, a few dried flowers was all it contained. They seemed like orange-blossoms, but the perfume that rose from them, though very pleasant, was far more powerful than such blossoms ever possessed. Mary was not aware of this, she only knew that it fell upon her senses with a soothing effect, and bending her face over the casket, inhaled the rich scent 'till a drowsy languor stole over her and she sunk slowly back upon the cushions.

During the illness of his Sovereign, the royal physician had visited her sick chamber at least once a night, and on this evening he was in attendance rather earlier than usual. To his surprize he found the chamber untenanted, and no attendants in waiting to account for a circumstance so singular. On entering the dressing-room, he observed that one of the lights had disappeared, and a current of air swelling out the tapestry, drew his attention to the open door and the passage which it concealed. He took the remaining candle, and flinging aside the tapestry, hurried forward, full of anxiety for his patient. He entered Philip's chamber and was guided to the boudoir by the sound of a human voice, muttering wild broken sentences, interspersed with low bursts of laughter.—The physician rushed forward, and found his royal mistress lying upon the cushions, waving her restless hands in the air, and talking deliriouly, but with closed eyes and a deep feverish crimson burning over her thin cheeks. The kind man was terrified by her strange situation, and hurrying through the passage again, he entered the ante-room where her faithless attendants were sleeping. Without giving himself time to upbraid them, he had the suffering Queen carried to her own chamber, where her delirium took a quieter form, and she soon fell asleep, but from that hour her disease assumed a character which baffled the skill of her physician—his medicines failed of the ordinary effect, and before daybreak the next morning, it was known to the people of England, that their Sovereign was on her death-bed.

It was true—Mary, the first reigning Queen of England, lay trembling upon the verge of that eternity to which she had sent so many human souls. After that fatal visit to her husband's chamber, she was never aroused to consciousness, but lay upon her crimson bed in a profound, and it would seem, painless sleep. Now and then, some imperfect murmur broke from her lips, and her eyelids were strained as if she would gladly have unclosed them. In this state, the good Cardinal Pole, assisted by Friar Joseph, administered the last solemn rites of religion, and shortly after she rendered up her name to the judgment of after ages, and her soul to the Most High God!

Cardinal Pole departed from the death-bed of his Royal mistress, but to seek his own place of eternal rest. Sixteen hours after she breathed her last, and while her body was lying in state, surrounded by a pomp of mourning and in the light of consecrated tapers, the good old man was extended upon his couch, still sensible, but tranquilly passing away to the home prepared for him in Heaven. Anxiety and constant watching had done their work, on a frame already enfeebled by disease and infirm from weight of years. In the ante-room of his chamber the retainers of his household were gathered mournfully together, some of them pale and stern with anxious grief, others weeping bitterly, and comfortless as children threatened with a sudden bereavement which they had no strength to endure. The chamber where the dying prelate lay, had little of death-gloom in its appearance. All the narrow casements were flung open, and a gush of bright air floated freely around the dying man, for the curtains were drawn back and twisted in gorgeous masses around the heavy bed-posts; the light fell cheerfully among their folds, while the breeze played and rustled there with a pleasant sound, as if to lull the spirit to its last earthly sleep, with the softest music in nature. The dying christian lay upon his couch, pallid and breathing fainter each moment; his long hair fell as a web of scattered silver over the pillow, and his pale hands were folded helplessly on the glowing counterpane—he lay motionless, as if his mind were tranquil in its faith, even beyond the need of prayer.

There was a sound of suppressed grief in the room. It was the quick heaving sobs of a female, who leaned weeping, against one of the muffled bed-posts, with her face buried in the golden ringlets which fell profusely over the mass of velvet enwreathed about them. There, by the dying man's pillow, knelt Arthur Huntly, his nephew and heir; he was pale and sorrow-stricken. His eyes were full of grief, and he bent them continually on the mild face which had never turned to his but with looks of kindness.

The same physician who had attended Mary in her last moments, was calmly mixing a potion at a table near the bed, and John Copley knelt in a remote corner of the room; his hands were clasped and his face uplifted to heaven in earnest prayer. Large tears rolled slowly down his cheeks and fell with a continued dripping to the floor, while the fullness of his heart occasionally broke forth in smothered and burning words, which he struggled in vain to subdue, for the awful presence of death seemed to reproach even the outbreak of a christian's prayer. There was a slight bustle in the ante-chamber, an attendant came in and softly drawing down the window curtains, stole back through the dim light noiselessly and on tiptoe. Then, with a slow, and in spite of himself, tremulous step, Father Joseph, the Queen's confessor, entered the chamber of death. He drew close to the dying prelate and looked upon his face steadily and with a calm eye. But the footsteps of the great destroyer sounds fearfully when he treads in high places, and as he gazed, the lips of that rigid priest grew white with a sense of his awful presence. His person was not yet relieved from the vestments in which he had administered the last sacred rites at the death-bed of his Sovereign, and now he stood ready to perform the same

solemn duty to another, scarcely less exalted in station, and far above her in all that constitutes true greatness.

Not a sob or a murmur disturbed the solemn stillness of that death-chamber, while the last consolations of his religion were administered to the dying Cardinal. The priest scarcely breathed as he bent his ear to receive the whispered confession, and the very life seemed hushed upon the mourner's lips. How little of human frailty that good man had to confess, the calm light which lay upon his moving lip might bear holy witness. When the ceremonials were over, he seemed inclined to rest, and Father Joseph glided softly to a window where he stood with folded arms and his face bent as if to conceal the emotion which he could no longer force back to his heart. After a few moments the Cardinal opened his eyes again and motioned feebly with his hand that the Confessor should draw near. Father Joseph approached, bent down, and once more the Cardinal murmured a few words in his ear, but his eyes were turned on his nephew all the time. The priest stepped back, and darting a quick glance at the weeping female, exclaimed, in a voice that broke harshly upon the silence:

"Is she not a heretic?"

The dying man lifted his eyes and they were filled with a mild expression of charity.

"These names have little value to me now," he said in a weak but unbroken voice; "I am going where God trieth the soul and questioneth not whether it be Catholic or Protestant, so that it be pure."

The Confessor seemed about to expostulate, but with the smile that stole over that dying man's face came a grey shadow, that spoke of dissolution. His hand moved on the counterpane as if it sought that of his nephew, and closing his eyes, he said, very faintly—

"Let it be even as I have said, brother."

There was something holy in that look, which even religious bigotry had no courage to combat. The priest bent his head and spoke in a low voice to Arthur Huntly. The young man arose, like one in a dream, and moving toward the female, who remained almost concealed by the bed-drapery, took her hand. Alice Copley lifted her head and looked earnestly at her lover, as he whispered a few agitated words. Her face had been flushed with weeping, but it turned suddenly pale, and like one bewildered, she suffered herself to be led before the priest. The voice of Father Joseph as he uttered the marriage service, aroused John Copley from his devotions. He arose from his knees and approached the bed just in time to hear his daughter pronounced a wife.

As the newly married pair sunk on their knees by that solemn death-bed, the Cardinal opened his eyes and looked upon them, while a sweeter expression of benevolence stole over his features. The young bridegroom had bent his lips to one pale hand and was weeping upon it. Those dim eyes dwelt upon him for a moment, while the other hand was feebly raised and laid upon the head of the young wife. Minute after minute went by; then John Copley reverently lifted that cold hand from where it rested among the golden tresses of his child, and laid it gently upon the counterpane.

Original.

THE PROPHECY AND DEATH OF CALANUS.*

In the vale of Hind, where the Ganges flows,
Bringing pure white foam from its fountain snows,
With the sparkling gem, and golden sand,
From diamond-caves of a mountain land,
Did the sage, Calanus, wander on,
With the wild young chief of Macedon,
For he loved to trace that fated star,
In his orbit-march through the clouds of war.

But weak was his step in the Indian dance,
And his nerveless arm forsook the lance,
For his eye grew dim, and a prophet-dream,
Led his way to the shore of the holy stream;
'Twas a lovely spot, by the river's side,
Where falling flowers, like light barques, glide,
And mournful nymphs of the zephyr rove,
Through the bowers of palm and spicy grove.

The halberd gleamed by the soldier's side,
And the war-horse pranced in his martial pride,
The battle-song of the Greeks was sung,
And his shield o'er his breast the warrior hung,
But unheeded the satrap hurried by,
'Mid the clarion-shout and the foeman's cry,
For a seraph-train from their spheres had come,
To bear him away to the spirit-home.

"Go, Philip's son, where the orient sea,
Bounds the pathless flight of men," said he,
"And plant thy foot on the richest gem
That Porus wears in his diadem—
There are visions yon, of a dark eclipse,
And the signet-stamp that shall press thy lips—
Thy death-steed waits with a charger's rein,
Farewell! I shall meet thee soon again!"

Fresh fruits were brought to the funeral-pile,
And the old man gazed with a vacant smile,
As the reeds of his bamboo couch were spread
With garlands to pillow his weary head,
And amid sweet flowers, in the angry fire,
Unmoved he sank on the fragrant pyre,
For the legend taught him thus to die,
For the myrtle bowers of a lovelier sky.

* * * * * *

But mark the sleep of the mighty one,
On his bannered couch at Babylon!
Ah! strange, in his dream, seems the pictured group,
Of his war-worn chiefs and mounted troop,
Bringing each the gift of a soldier's tear,
To the flowret-pall of a warrior's bier!
'Twas the spell of death—and the Monarch knew,
That the words of his prophet-sire were true.

H. W. N.

* Calanus was a celebrated Indian philosopher, who followed Alexander, the Great, in his expedition to India. Being sick, in his eighty-third year, he ordered a pile to be raised, upon which he mounted, decked with flowers and garlands, to the astonishment of the King and his army. When the pile was fired, Alexander asked him whether he had any thing to say. "No," said he, "I shall meet you again, in a very short time!" Alexander died three months after, in Babylon.—*Lempriere.*

Original.

AN OPERATION;

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED WORK, CALLED THE "ROMANCE OF ANATOMY."

BY J. S. JONES.

"You urge that there is no romance in our profession."

"To be sure I do; things happen queerly sometimes, and we make strange acquaintances in the course of our practice, I admit; but that any thing positively romantic, as the word is understood, occurs in the practice of surgery, I deny."

Thus discoursed two young gentlemen who wrote M. D. at the end of their names.

"Charles," said the elder of the two, "light your segar, and listen. Two years before I received my degree, the events narrated here occurred." He opened a portfolio, and commenced reading as follows: 'During a period of time occupied by me in a tour through the New England States, in the year 183–, I was on board a steamboat, crowded with passengers. The state of Maine had attractions for me, and to one of its towns I was destined. Among the many groups that were enjoying the sight of the sea in their chosen positions on the steamer's deck, a few hours after our departure, the attention of many observers was attracted more particularly to a family party of three persons—an elderly gentleman of intellectual appearance, and two young ladies, his daughters;—one an invalid, the other the incarnation of health and beauty. The object of their journey—the restoration of the health of the afflicted one, by change of scene, and the magic potency, in many cases of the invigorating sea breeze. Having selected a seat near this party, for no motive of listening to their discourse; the earnest manner of the elder of the ladies prevented any other result, I heard her father's repeated cautions, and he earnestly entreated her to be careful if she remained upon the deck alone.

'There is no danger, father,' said she. 'I would not wish to live, if I am ever to be the slave of fear.'

For the first time, I had become interested in her character, and a silent prayer went forth from my heart, that her path through life should be guarded from any cause for the fear she seemed with all her soul to despise. I left the deck as her father ending a fresh caution with, 'Ellen, my dear, I hope no harm will come of your want of care'—led the younger sister to the cabin below.

A short time afterwards, while standing near the place appointed for the engineer, watching the movements of the complicated machine, with powerful precision propelling us against wind and tide, some dozen miles an hour, on a sudden the engine was stopped in obedience to the signal bell, and I heard considerable bustle on the deck above. A fishing-boat had attempted to cross the track of the steamer, and to avoid collision, the abrupt stoppage had been deemed necessary by the captain. The fishing-boat passed in safety by, and the steamer was again under full steam. As I walked leisurely to the after part of the boat, I saw a crowd near the ladies' cabin, and borne in the arms of her father, apparently dead, was the young lady whom I had left and who subsequently became an object of intense interest to many on board. I hesitated in forcing my way to her, supposing that it might be a case of fainting, and there were enough to apply the remedies usual on such occasions. After the lapse of a few minutes, from the agitated appearance of those who had accompanied the young lady into the cabin, it was evident to me that a serious accident had occurred. I entered the cabin with the captain, and beheld reclining upon a settee, the form of that lovely girl, to all appearance, dead, her father and sister bending over her in agony, chafing her temples, pressing her white hands, calling upon her name in vain, their anguish subsiding in floods of tears. Messengers had been despatched to the different parts of the boat, to ascertain if there was among the passengers, a surgeon, who could ascertain the nature and extent of the injury. No one had yet been found. I asked how the accident occurred, and was informed that when the boat stopped, the young lady was leaning over the rail of the promenade deck; the passengers anxiously rushing to one side, as the fishing-boat passed, caused the steamer to careen, when the poor girl fell to the deck below, striking her head upon a corner of the chain-box. A medical gentleman entered the cabin—a young man entered with him. Upon examination, it was found that the skull of the young lady was fractured, and every symptom indicated compression of the brain. This intelligence was imparted to the unhappy parent of the girl, with the candid acknowledgment that her situation was one of immiment peril. 'Can nothing be done to save her?' said the weeping father; the sister had been removed in an almost unconscious state from the cabin, and was in the care of some of the ladies. The physician replied that there was but one hope to rest upon—an operation, and that skilfully and speedily performed. 'What operation?' said the father, holding her head in his hands, and waiting a reply in breathless anxiety.

'Trepanning,' quietly responded the physician, and briefly explained his meaning. A silence of some duration ensued.

'When this dreadful operation is performed, what is the chance of recovery?' gasped the father, seizing the physician by the arm.

'That must depend upon circumstances,' was his reply.

'Save her life. Ellen, my child—my child. Poor girl, 'tis an awful thing to think of. If, as you say, it must be done, for Heaven's sake lose no time.'

'I have no instruments fit for the purpose. Nor would I undertake it if I had. It needs a more experienced hand than mine. I never even saw it done. From the books only I know its nature and manner of proceeding.'

The captain remarked that he had a case of instruments on board the boat; of their purposes he was ignorant. The young man who had entered with the physician, had been carefully examining the injury,

and requested the captain to procure the instruments, who left the cabin for that purpose. He then addressed the physician—'Sir, should the trepan be at hand, would it not be well to attempt the operation? In her present state, she must die, unless some aid be promptly given. I will assist you.'

'Are you a physician?'

'No, I am a student of medicine only. I have seen the trepan twice used with complete success. I am aware 'tis a dangerous operation, though easily performed.'

'I shall not undertake it. I could not summon resolution. I do not profess surgery.'

'We are many miles from land, sir. I never performed this or any other operation upon the human body. Relying upon my knowledge of anatomy—the exigency of the case—the favorable position of the wound, I would not shrink in any attempt to save a valuable life. Why should you?'

The captain returned. The case was opened, and proved, upon examination, to be a large case of amputating instruments, and, fortunately, the trepan and its necessary apparatus accompanying them. The father revived from an apparent stupor. The sight of the knives made him shudder. 'Well,' said he, in a whisper, 'what is to be done?'

The young man and the physician were conversing inaudibly together for a moment. 'No, sir,' replied the physician. 'Nothing in the world would induce me to attempt it. Having no confidence in my own power, you know, sir, it is not likely that I should succeed.'

'If you were not on board the boat, under the circumstances, and at the request of those interested, I would attempt it. Be it understood that you refuse, and if her father will trust me, I will save her if I can. Captain, you know me. I can have none but good motives.'

The father had listened. The calm and cool manner of the young student weighed much in his favor. After a look at his child, who still seemed in the sleep of death, the low, peculiar breathing sound, attendant upon such cases, being the only sign of life, and sure symptom of the nature of the hurt, he took the young man's hand and said, 'Do what you think best. Save her if you can; God help you.' He kissed her, and walked away, checking the emotion, and repeating the prayer for her safety.

A request was made for all those whose aid was not necessary, to retire from the cabin, which was, of course, complied with. The physician, to his credit be it spoken, remained to assist in an act which he dared not be a principal in. The instruments having been carefully arranged, and every thing that prudence could suggest, attended to, the young lady was placed upon a table to undergo this fearful operation. There was, to her, no dread. She could feel no pain. Sensation, to her, was a lost faculty. But the loss of self-possession in the operator—a lack of knowledge and judgment in the critical moment, might make of the instrument used to save a life, a weapon of sure destruction. The physician secured her head in a position most convenient, the student removed from the injured spot the golden curls, as he took the scalpel in his hand to make the necessary incision through the integuments. 'Twas evident success would attend his efforts. His hand trembled not, his eye quailed not. In a moment a part of the scalp was dissected up—the bone was visible—the saw about to do its work. Such silence—a frightful wound appeared, and though inflicted upon one who felt not the edge of the knife, still it called forth a terrible feeling of suspense. But a short time had been occupied by the young operator, when, removing a piece of the skull of a circular form, the brain, with its thousand vessels distended with blood, showed plainly through its covering membrane. Her father had walked about the cabin, not daring to look in the direction in which his child was lying. After various attempts to speak, he turned, saw the blood necessarily lost, trickling down her livid cheek, and covering, in its course, the loose locks that had been spared. 'Is she alive? do not answer me—still I must ask—Ellen, Ellen.'

Expressions like these escaped from his lips, in tones of heart-sinking despair. No attention was paid to him by the operator, who was proceeding to the last stages of his task, with as firm a hand and determined heart, as if the instruments were acting upon marble. A moment's pause for reflection and consultation, had enabled him to decide upon an important point. Applying a lever to the depressed portion of the skull, it was with some difficulty raised, and signs of returning consciousness were evident. She moved her hands, raised them to her head. The eye of the sufferer resumed its natural office, and from her lips came the words of transport—'Father! I am safe! I'm better!' The transition from apparent death to life, so sudden, was like the charms of the magician's art. Overcome by the change, her father sank into a chair, and was not disturbed 'till the proper dressings were applied, and the operation pronounced complete. The party were soon after landed at the town where I intended spending some days, and with the young surgeon, I assisted in her removal to the carriage. For days he attended her constantly, and her complete recovery was the result. Is there not something romantic in this?"

"No, it's what might be called an interesting case, and its equal may be found in any of your published lectures by distinguished professors of surgery."

"Well, it's an odd way to be introduced to a wife. You'll allow that, I suppose."

"Why, yes, one would hardly suppose that cutting a hole in the cranium of a young lady, was the way to win her heart."

"It was in this case, at any rate. The fair-haired lady I introduced you to yesterday, the wife of my friend ———, who, you know, is no doctor, was the heroine of my romance. I had the story from the M. D. who was present on the occasion. And her father has given him, with her, a fortune. That lock of hair you saw braided in the broach you so much admired in his bosom, was the one cut from Ellen's

head, previous to the operation, and which he prizes beyond the jewels that encompass it. Now what say you to the romance of our profession?"

"Say," yawned the junior M. D., "why, that such things don't happen every day. Why is not your friend one of us?"

"He is, in all but the name, possessing the qualities necessary to excel in the practice of the healing art, an honor to society, delighting to do good, enjoying the felicity of domestic life with a companion won from the grave, by the knowledge of a splendid science, and the courageous exercise of its principles. Is not his reward the continuation of a true romance?"

Boston, 1841.

Original.

LOVE'S VISIONS FADE.

BY J. G. CUMMING.

Alas! thou'st gane awa', Mary,
Thou'st gane awa' frae me;
The rose has left thy mossy cheek,
The love-light's left thine e'e.

Thy hinny mou has ceased to breathe
Its loved notes in my ear;
And all around with silent tongue,
Proclaims that thou'rt not here.

Ah! who could tell the joyous hopes
That swelled my grateful heart,
When all I loved on earth was mine,
And mine—no more to part.

For fancy could not breathe the thought
That we could severed be;
That death's cold finger could allure,
Thy fairy form from me.

But ah, alas! Time tells sad tales,
He lures us o'er life's path,
Strewing wild flowers along our way—
Flowers that no fragrance hath.

The blossoms which we cherish now,
A poisoned chalice bear;
The blessings which we value now,
Ere night bring grief or care.

My Mary loved, and I, too, loved,
But ah, these visions fled;
She, like a snow-wreath, left my gaze;
Love gave a tear instead.

So end the dreams of life; then why
After its pleasures thirst?
The brightest flowers the soonest fade,
The fairest forms die first.

Original.

POOR RELATIONS; OR, '36 AND '40.

BY EMMA C. EMBURY.

"Drive to Mrs. Grantham's," said Mrs. Harley, as she issued from one of the fashionable Broadway stores, and entered her splendid carriage. In a few minutes the velvet-covered steps were again let down, and she stood at the door of her friend, with her card-case already half opened in her hand, well knowing that it would be in requisition, as she had just seen Mrs. Grantham amid a group of ladies in the crowded promenade. "Wait here 'till I return; I am going to pay another visit," said she, as the footman threw open the carriage door. With stately step she walked onward until she reached the nearest intersecting street, then drawing her veil closely over her face, and quickening her pace, she turned the corner, and was lost to the view of her watchful servants.

"I thought so," said the liveried coachman with a knowing leer; "where do you think Mrs. Harley has gone, Wilson?"

"How should I know?" was the careless reply.

"She's gone to see her old aunt who keeps school in one of these up-town streets."

"Oh, ho! is that the game? *poor relations!* Well, I am glad that she has too much regard for her horses to let them stand at the door of a beggarly school-madam."

Quite unconscious of the remarks of her saucy domestics, who assumed the privilege of conjecturing the truth at most inconvenient seasons, Mrs. Harley hurried on, and, after several turns and windings, taken to avoid publicity, found the place she sought. Her loud knock having procured her instant admission, she was ushered into an apartment, which could scarcely fail to awaken some early associations in the heart of the woman of fashion, for every article of its simple furniture had been familiar to her childhood. The tall thin china jars which adorned the narrow chimneypiece —the still taller silver candlesticks beside them—the cumbrous mahogany chairs, with the clean but faded chintz covers—the strait-backed sofa—the spider-legged tea-table, all were old friends. Even the worsted-worked tea-kettle holder, its original colors now blended in one dusky tint, held its accustomed place on one side of the fire; while a fly-brush of peacock's feathers, an exact counterpart of the one whose hundred eyes had been the wonder of her childhood, still hung in the corner. Many a happy hour had Mrs. Harley spent in the very room where she now stood as a stranger, and in spite of herself, her feelings softened as memory retraced her by-past life. The entrance of the mistress of this old-fashioned mansion, only served to revive with still greater vividness her recollections of the past, for in the mild countenance of Mrs. Wilkinson, she beheld the same kind expression which had won her childish affection. The years that had stolen the bloom from the cheek of the votary of fashion, and had robbed her form of its pliant grace, had left scarcely a trace of

their progress on the elder lady. Her tall thin figure still retained its perpendicularity, and time had only deepened the furrows which grief had early traced upon her brow. Her closely-cut black silk dress—the square of thin muslin pinned with so much precision over her bosom—her high-crowned cap, with its neatly-crimped border, and the smooth braids of silver-sprinkled hair which crossed her high forehead, all were in exact resemblance to the picture traced upon Mrs. Harley's memory some twenty years earlier.

"I have come to ask you to pass the day with me, aunt," said Mrs. Harley, assuming her blandest tone in answer to Mrs. Wilkinson's polite but cold salutation. "Your duties, and my constant engagements, prevent us from meeting as often as we ought, but I am determined, for the future, to arrange some plan by which we can have more of your society."

"Your determination comes too late, madam," said the old lady, while a slight flush crossed her pale cheek; "had my duties and your engagements been the only barriers between us, they might have been easily removed. The true obstacles have been somewhat more insurmountable, and yet methinks even the distinction between poverty and riches might have been overlooked in favor of your few surviving relatives."

"Nay, aunt, you wrong me," said Mrs. Harley. "I am sure I have never failed in respect towards you."

"No; you have managed to treat me with total neglect, and yet, to be perfectly respectful, if, by any chance, we accidentally met. However, I wish not to reproach you, Caroline; your way through life has not been as my way, and though both of us were nurtured in the same home, we have sought very different roads to our journey's end. When your mother—my only sister—named you by my name, and gave you into my arms as another claimant upon my affections, I received you as a precious gift from her hands; and when, two years later, she was borne to her early grave, you can testify to the manner in which I fulfilled my duties to the little orphan. But times have altered; I was then prosperous and happy, the wife of a man eminent in his profession, and the mother of a lovely family. I am now a lonely widow, compelled to eke out my diminished means of support by keeping school, and I ought not be surprized to find friends changed as well as fortune."

"My dear madam, can you suppose your altered circumstances have had any influence upon my feelings?" exclaimed Mrs. Harley, in well-dissembled surprize.

"I do not speak from vague supposition only, Caroline; I *know* what I say. When my daughter and myself undertook the charge of a private boarding-school, you gradually dropped all intimacy with us, for you had grown rich, as we had declined in fortunes, and you began to feel that the presence of '*poor relations*' might be rather inconvenient. When your daughter left the nursery, she was transferred to one of those pests of modern society, a *fashionable* boarding-school, not so much on account of my antiquated method of imparting real knowledge, instead of superficial accomplishments, as because the relationship between us would seem degrading in the eyes of the world. Nay, you have even denied that relationship when questioned on the subject, and I therefore can have no confidence in professions of regard."

The self-possession of Mrs. Harley quite failed her as she listened to these bitter truths. Her brow crimsoned, and she bit her lips as she replied, "Well, aunt, you have chosen to misunderstand my motives, and reject my good will."

"No, Caroline, I do not reject your good will, but I cannot consent to accept your civilities; if I can serve you in any way, I am ready, but do not come to me with hollow professions. You have doubtless visited me on business, this morning; let us therefore discuss it as strangers, or, at least, mere acquaintances."

Nothing but Mrs. Harley's strong desire to acquire some information on a subject which nearly interested her, could have induced her to bear her aunt's severe remarks. She, however, repressed the angry feelings which rose within her breast, and with the bland courtesy for which she was remarkable, replied, "It shall be as you wish, madam; I will no longer proffer any claim of kindred, but if it be not contrary to your ideas of propriety, will you be so good as to afford me some information respecting the character and temper of a young lady now under your charge? I mean Miss Eveline Morris."

Mrs. Wilkinson looked surprized. Mrs. Harley continued, "I did intend to include her in the invitation which I just had the pleasure of offering to you, and the pain of hearing you reject; of course I wish my questions concerning her to be considered in the light of a confidential communication, and I should be unwilling to have the interest I take in her made public."

"Will you oblige me by making known the reasons for such inquiry?" asked Mrs. Wilkinson.

"Why, to tell you the truth, it is on my daughter's account that I feel interested in the child. Major Morris visits us very frequently, and I think is strongly disposed to admire my beautiful Mary."

"Major Morris?" exclaimed Mrs. Wilkinson; "pardon my surprize, Caroline, but if I retain my recollection of the very lovely little girl whom I once saw with you, she can scarcely be more than eighteen years of age, while the major is certainly past forty."

"You are quite right, aunt," replied Mrs. Harley, in her most dulcet tones. "Mary is just eighteen, but the major is a very young-looking man, and possesses many advantages."

"He is rich and fashionable, you mean, Caroline."

"It would certainly be a brilliant match for Mary; he is very distinguished in society."

"He is more than that, or I am much mistaken in him," said Mrs. Wilkinson, warmly. "He is a man of high-toned feelings, of elevated character, and of fine talents. I am not surprized that he should seek a second marriage, for I doubt whether his first was a very happy one, but it is strange he should choose so young a wife."

"Mary is very beautiful, aunt, and I have taken great pains to destroy in her mind those youthful illusions

which so often interfere with the prudent calculations of parents."

"What do you mean by youthful illusions?"

"Oh, those romantic ideas of love in a cottage, and disinterested affection, which generally fill a girl's head when she first enters society, and often induce her to throw herself away upon some penniless fellow with black whiskers and a sentimental smile. Mary, though so young, has as much discretion as if she was thirty. She never reads novels, and her knowledge of the world is derived entirely from my experience. It has been my object to make her understand society as it actually exists. My own preconceived fancies of worldly happiness have given me some bitter hours, and I wished to save her from the pain which we all suffer, when our early dreams fade into reality."

There was a touch of feeling in Mrs. Harley's manner which softened the stern old lady. "Take care, Caroline," said she, "lest in destroying the romance which grows up in the heart of every woman, you do not root up the generous impulses which are ever entwined with it. She who enters upon life endowed with warm and enthusiastic feelings, must necessarily encounter many sorrows, but that very discipline of grief renders her more capable of bearing her burden meekly; of sympathizing with the afflicted, of practising the disinterested kindness which is a peculiar privilege, and, in a word, of performing those feminine duties which are designed to make her a help, meet for man. I do not admire a calculating spirit in youth. It is so unnatural, so unsuited to the unsuspecting innocence which ought always to characterize that bright season of life, that, schoolmistress as I am, I would rather see the errors of a generous mind, than the undeviating propriety of a perfectly selfish one, which is always correct from motives of interest."

"Well, aunt, for my part, I think those happiest who allow their affections to run in the freeest channels."

"Those are happiest who, *having the greatest number of duties to do, perform them best.* A woman is blest in proportion as she ministers to the happiness of others; she may have more sorrows, more calls upon her sympathy, but she has also more sources of enjoyment; for she thus exercises all her faculties—all her affections—and in this exercise consists the secret of woman's happiness."

"I dare say you are right, madam," said Mrs. Harley, politely, suppressing a yawn, "but now let us talk of Eveline Morris. If Mary is to be her stepmother, as I hope she is, I should like to know how the young lady may be best managed."

"*Managed!* how I detest the word," exclaimed Mrs. Wilkinson, warmly; a child should never be managed. Management implies finesse, and trickery, and concealment, neither of which are necessary in the guidance of children. I have taught school for twenty years, and have never found one who could not comprehend and appreciate plain, honest dealing. Teach young persons with candor, kindness and resolution, and you will never study the art of management."

"Is Miss Eveline accustomed to the exercise of her own will?"

"Yes, when she wills to do right, and when she is wrong, a word of remonstrance is sufficient to subdue her. Eveline Morris must be governed only by the gentle influence of the affections, for although to kindness she is as docile as a lamb, she would be utterly untameable by harsh and severe treatment. But are you sure Major Morris is in love with your daughter?"

"I wish I *was* certain of that fact, my dear madam; but I do not despair of seeing him so; he admires the fresh and youthful beauty for which she is remarkable, he is charmed with the simplicity of manners which I have taken such pains to teach her, and I think, with proper discretion on our parts, he may be led on to form a serious attachment. Excuse me for trespassing so long upon your valuable time," continued Mrs. Harley, looking at her watch. "So you will not be persuaded to bring your young pupil to dine with me to-morrow?" The old lady coldly answered in the negative. "Well, good morning! the next time I call, I will bring Mary with me, to make the acquaintance of Miss Morris."

Mrs. Harley hurried away, and as she regained her carriage, she threw herself back upon the silken cushions with a feeling of discomfort such as she did not often experience. "Thank Heaven," thought she, "that long lecture is at an end; the old lady has passed away an hour, and yet contrived to give me no actual information about this Eveline Morris; I dare say Mary will have trouble enough with her, unless her father can be persuaded to keep her at school."

Perhaps the manœuvreing mamma would have felt less sanguine in her schemes if she could have taken a peep into a certain back parlor, where sat the handsome and stately Major Morris, holding the hand of a delicate and graceful woman, in whose intellectural countenance the 'freshness of youthful beauty' had long since given place to more lasting charms. He admired the beautiful Mary Harley, as he would have done a fine picture, but if he thought of her at all, it was only as a child, in comparison with himself. He was the friend of her father, without having the slightest idea of becoming the lover of the daughter, for his good sense taught him, that in making a second choice, his age, and the future welfare of his child should be taken into consideration. This he had done; and even while Mrs. Harley was condescending to visit her *poor relations*, in order to further her plans with regard to the rich widower, he had taken the liberty of calling upon one of those humble relatives, with the offer of his heart and hand. In less than three months after the double interview, the fashionable world were all surprized by the announcement of the major's marriage He had learned to estimate the true character of women, and despising the allurements of fashion, he had chosen the modest, unpretending daughter of Mrs. Wilkinson —the *poor relation* of the aspiring Mrs. Harley. The close of the memorable year of —36, *the year of bubbles*, as it may emphatically be called, found the major and his pleasant family circle enjoying the rational pleasures of Parisian life, while it left Mrs. Harley

planning new schemes for the advancement of her daughter, and vainly regretting her neglect of her '*poor relations.*'

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It was in the spring of 1840 when Major Morris returned to his native land. His daughter had grown up into an elegant and graceful girl, his wife had realized all his anticipations of domestic happiness, and he had learned to love old Mrs. Wilkinson with almost filial affection. They formed a united and affectionate family, studying the comfort of each other, and thus contributing most effectually to their own. They returned to take up their residence in the city of their birth, and the major's first care was to select such a dwelling as might become his permanent place of abode. He found no difficulty in procuring such. Many a splendid mansion, which, at his departure, was filled with aspiring and wealthy families, now stood untenanted and lonely in their magnificence. The spirit of speculation had proved itself but a juggling fiend—the gold which men had fancied within their grasp, like fairy treasure, had returned to its original worthlessness, and the millionaire of —'36, was the bankrupt of —'40.

Among others who had put in the sickle at harvest-time, and reaped only tares, was Mr. Harley. Tempted by the opportunity of making a fortune in a night, he forgot that things of such *gourdlike* growth may wither even as quickly. Neglecting the business which was gradually heaping up wealth within his coffers, he threw himself into the midst of stock and land speculations, entering heart and hand into all the gambling schemes of the wildest projectors. We smile at the credulity of those who, in the olden time, ruined themselves, and beggared their children, by their insane quest of the philosopher's stone; but will not posterity regard with the same contemptuous pity the mad and headlong career which the men of our own time have followed, in their pursuit of wealth? We were smitten with avarice as with a pestilence—the strong and the weak—the wise and the ignorant—the virtuous and the depraved—all fell victims to the plague, and many an untimely grave—many a broken heart, which 'brokenly lives on,' remains to attest the fearful ravages of the disease.

Mr. Harley had *risked all*, and *lost*. From a condition of affluence and splendor, he was cast headlong into beggary. Every thing was gone—his money—his credit—even his character, as a man of honor, was lost, in his vain attempt to sustain himself, and in the very crisis of his misfortunes, he was found lying dead on the floor of his counting-room. He had died in a fit of apoplexy, produced by intense mental distress, but the good natured world, of course, suggested that an event so judiciously timed, could scarcely be a natural one, and thus the cloud of suspicion rested even upon the grave of the unhappy bankrupt. Major Morris sought in vain to discover the retreat of the bereaved family. Whether from pride, or some accidental cause, they had left no trace of their course after the final sale of all their furniture and effects, and Mrs. Wilkinson, whose sense of past wrongs had long since been forgotten in sympathy for their misfortunes, in vain lamented her ignorance of their condition.

Some months had passed away, when Mrs. Wilkinson, having occasion to employ a sempstress, received information from a person who kept a sort of haberdashery store, that she could not perform a greater act of charity, than by giving her work to a lady who lodged in the upper part of her house. Upon further inquiry, Mrs. Wilkinson ascertained that the person whom she was required to employ, lived alone, in great seclusion, and that her name was never mentioned to the ladies who gave her work. "The work is left with me, ma'am," said the woman," and I am responsible for it; but the lady does not want to be known; I believe she was once very rich, and she is afraid some of her acquaintances will remember her."

"Has she a daughter?" inquired Mrs. Wilkinson.

"She has, ma'am, but the unnatural creature has left her mother, and gone off with a young Frenchman, who took a fancy to her pretty face."

"Was she very handsome."

"Yes, ma'am, but she was no better than a beautiful wax figure—she did not seem to care for any body, and all she did was to dress herself in all the little finery she could get, and sit by the window to attract the attention of the gentlemen. Her mother was almost killed by her desertion, but it did not destroy the poor lady's pride; I believe she has gone without a dinner many a time, because she was too proud to let any one know her poverty."

Mrs. Wilkinson's interest was excited, and she insisted on being allowed to visit the nameless lady. In spite of the remonstrances of the kind-hearted shop-keeper, she made her way up the narrow stairs, and in the miserable apartment, found, as she had expected, her bereaved and impoverished niece.

Mrs. Morris did not insult her unhappy cousin by calling to see her in her carriage, nor yet did she make her way by stealth to the abode of poverty. A comfortable home, a competent provision for her comfort were provided, and then Mrs. Wilkinson conducted her daughter to the presence of her relative, whose claims to kindred were not now disavowed. Doubtless, of all the parties, Mrs. Harley felt, with the most acuteness, the difference between *poor relations* in '36 and '40.

ABUSE OF POWER.

WHEREVER men have been intrusted with an unlimited power, they have never failed to abuse it; pride, which increases in proportion to the homage it receives, ignorance and sensuality give them the idea that they are a superior order of beings, and fill them with absurd notions of their high dignity and importance. Whatever may be the civil or military talents of the first monarchs, their descendants have ceased to be either wise or brave, as soon as their subjects were sufficiently bended to the yoke, and accustomed to admit the claim, without *insisting upon the condition.—Thomas Day,*

Original.

SKELETON ESSAYS;

OR, LACONICS ON LITERATURE, LAW, MORALS, ETC.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'GUY RIVERS,' 'THE YEMASSEE,' 'KINSMAN,' ETC., ETC.

Government Tinkers.—The world is full of Government makers, as if the making of governments were a less difficult matter, requiring less genius and thought, than the invention of machinery. Philosophers—so called—in their closets; and politicians along the highways, are continually concocting; and yet there is no success—no stability! But here lies the grand point of difficulty. The statesman who expects stability in his forms of government, while the people themselves are daily advancing to new conquests in mind, morals, and machinery, might as well be an antediluvian. He certainly is no statesman for his day. Hence the absurdity, which we daily witness, of self-complacent politicians, who are continually insisting upon their superior pretensions to govern the present, because of their superior familiarity with the past. The true governor for the present is one who has gone beyond it in its own tendencies. The essential properties of a government are those which accord with the habits, the necessities and the conditions of the people—which refer not to the stock from which they sprung, nor to the labors which they have already achieved; but to those, of which, under the stimulating presence of their peculiar genius, they are still capable of achieving. It is because of the stationary character of their governments that nations decline and finally perish. It is a law of nature that we should retrograde the moment we cease to go forward. We should always beware of that fatal delusion which makes us fancy we are perfect. There is no progress, no improvement after that! There is, or should be, a daily revolution going on in all human affairs, or the wheels of a nation become choked, and the body-politic stagnates; at the same time, caution must be taken that, in avoiding one, we do not fall into the other extreme. There is such a thing as firing one's vehicle by the too rapid motion of its wheels.

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Popular Institutions.—The laws and institutions of a people, while they contemplate the probable destinies of that people, and the performances of which they are capable, must, at the same time, suit and address themselves to their existing condition. No government can be durable, the people of which are not prosperous! We hold this to be inevitable. It does not absolutely need, in order that this result should be reached, that the government, *per se*, should be in any respect defective. It may be, in all respects, a very perfect and symmetrical machine. Its grand defect lies in its want of fitness. It is enough that it does not suit the people. A benevolent government may be a curse, while a tyranny in turn may be a blessing. These terms are simply conditional. In a certain condition of the Hebrews, God gave them rulers who scourged their vices by the exercise of others more atrocious. The sins of many were chastised by the superior despotism of the one! At another period, when they were better prepared for the advent of a higher truth, and a more lovely civilization, he vouchsafed them Christ! I suspect that Cornelius Sylla knew, much better than the historians, what sort of laws suited the Roman people in the turbulent days of the Marian faction. In those days, Tarquin would be a more suitable ruler than Numa Pompilius. Such a man as Caius Marius would have been spurned from the Comitia in the primitive times of the Republic—when the public virtues were yet in the full vigor of their youth, and the popular mind had not been corrupted by the introduction of foreign luxuries and the capricious despotism of standing armies. Yet, Marius and Sylla, monsters of cruelty though they were, had, respectively, their beneficial uses. Tyranny, in fact, wherever it successfully establishes itself, is the necessary growth of a rank moral condition of the people; and, even where it does not establish itself, but merely starts up at periods to provoke uproar and to be cut down without struggle, it is yet beneficently provided, that it may keep the people constantly watchful of their virtues and constantly solicitous in their protection. The rank weeds that poison the fields of the farmer, having no obvious uses, may be, in like manner, put there, in order that he may be compelled to industry, and kept from flagging over his daily tasks. The cases are strict moral parallels, and of most valuable counsel. The histories of nations present us with the same corresponding truths; and we must conclude, therefore, among other things, that we make our own tyrannies—we are, substantially, our own tyrants.

> "Thus are we slaves and victims. Thus we make
> The Tyrant who o'ercomes us. He is but
> The creature of our want—growing at need—
> The scourge that whips us for decaying virtue,
> And chastens to reform us!"

It will be difficult to find, in the history of any nation, where the people are moved by the virtues of thrift and industry, the case of a successful tyranny, even for the briefest period. If this be the fact, what follows from it? Many things, indeed, each valuable in its place to know—but one thing in particular—which is—that the overthrow of the individual tyrant, does, by no means, imply the overthrow of the tyranny. There is a succession, as regular as it is certain, so long as the people themselves remain the same. The tyrant is but the representative form of the tyranny—an embodyment to the eye of that rank despotism which was foul and festering in each man's heart. Until that be purged out, the tyranny runs on and must prevail. We have a great deal of the patriotism of Brutus in the murder of Cæsar! Yet, of what avail to Roman freedom was that death-blow which Brutus struck in the Capital?—a death-blow not to the oppression but to its simple and natural agent! The answer to this question is a wholesome commentary. It is furnished by the long and ghastly line of the Cæsars—none half so noble as the original whom they had slain—which followed, with the certainty of upward-flying sparks—an armed and bloody host, more awful than that which gloomed and glared upon the seared eye-balls of Macbeth! That very blow of Brutus helped

to perpetuate the tyranny. The work had to be done by meaner workmen—mere butchers—bad men—stocks and stones, but they had a will and passions of their own which kept them busy. The death of Julius Cæsar facilitated the progress of tyranny—at least, deprived it of all its grace and nobleness, and, still more decidedly, of its humanities!

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Money, and the Working-Man.—The working-man is the only substantial citizen. The nation is strong in proportion to the number of its working-men. Every institution which tends to diminish the amount of positive performance in a nation—which goes to lessen the grand result of human labor—is an evil institution! Such are, necessarily, all stock companies, which, from being agents of social industry, become primary conditions; and divert, from their legitimate tasks, the minds and energies of a population which it thence renders superfluous. There is in our country a very prevalent distaste for labor. We loathe and despise the severer tasks of that industry which removes mountains and fills the desert with fruits and blossoms. Our people prefer to be lawyers, doctors, divines, and tradesmen; and hence the enormous disproportion between the number that we have, and the number that we require, of those agents of the producer, who contribute nothing to the national stock. Society is very much like a bee-hive. If the drones are allowed to remain, even if they do not propagate, the hive will very quickly become empty. Perhaps, the most fearful sign to the patriot in our times, is the singular dependance which we exhibit upon foreign labor. There is a morbid vanity at work among us, which seems indeed, to be the only thing that does work to its utmost—which makes us revolt at those necessary tasks of the fields and highways, without duly grappling with which, society must continue to lose, day by day, more and more, of its wholesome characteristics. In our day, the cry is—"want of money." The proper subject of complaint is a want of industry. We have money enough in proportion to our need, in proportion to our industry; but not enough in proportion to our profligacy and vain pretence! Perhaps, it is owing to our having so much money, or so much that had the look of money, and was believed to be money, that we are now suffering and complaining. Money is one of the most dangerous of all social possessions! There are very few people who know properly how to make use of it. Most persons not accustomed to its use, become gamblers with it; and the Americans, being a new and consequently a poor people, were, of all others, least prepared to use it judiciously. In many respects the Spaniards were the richest people in the world. They are now among the most degraded. The one condition came from the other. By the discovery and conquest of South America, they had suddenly come into possession of a power, gigantic almost beyond all others, which they knew not how to manage. Take the youthful heir of an old miser—one, whom the sordid stinginess of the sire has, while he lived, kept in the most contracted limits of a slavish economy. Let him be free among the hoards of which he has only dreamed before, and mark with what studious industry he dissipates them. It is, indeed, a subject of boast with him, that he does so—as expensive living, in our days, has become a subject of boast with us. "May be I did'nt *kum it* while it lasted!" was the chuckling reply of a profligate, born to fortune, when one of his friends condoled with him upon its loss. This miserable creature fancied, while he spoke, that he was an object of admiration to all by-standers. A people may become profligate, even as an individual, for excesses are periodically epidemic. The American people have been profligate even in this fashion. For the last ten years we have presented the spectacle of an entire nation, "kumming it," in like manner with the silly heir, and with like consequences. It is something, however, which encourages us hopefully for the future, that our "kumming" is no longer a subject, with us, of congratulatory chuckle. We shall cease to "kum it," I suspect, for some ten years to come—but the periodical return of the epidemic is tolerably certain, unless we learn to respect money less and labor more. Meanwhile, our moralists will be eloquent from the house-tops. We shall have prate enough against speculation, until the rabid fit comes on; and then, "hey, presto, for the world in a string again!" Seriously, our levity of character is a great evil in our moral constitution. It cannot be otherwise, until labor becomes more a native than it is. We must shut up our shops—six in every seven at least—the seventh is adequate to all the traffic necessary—and go back to the deserted fields, and make our own potatoes and learn to dig them for ourselves. How many good farmers have the last ten years converted into bankrupt tradesmen and bad men!

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Moral Courage.—All virtue, to have any real value, must be coupled with a certain degree of courage. We must be bold and resolute, to do what we think necessary to be done. Nay, more—we must be bold enough to admit that we are only what we are! This calls for no small share of moral courage. Very few men, in modern times, possess it. There are very few honest enough to admit that they cannot afford to do whatever may be done by their neighbors. How seldom do we hear one confess his inabilty to buy this or indulge in that luxury. This miserable cowardice, the sole progeny of vanity, runs through the whole circle of society. The miserable trinkets which decorate our persons; the riotous and lavish modes of living; the constant changes of dress and furniture; the costliness of the materials used for both; these, with a thousand other heads of expenditure, are almost universal sins! The conceited husband operates upon 'change, and fancies that he is about to become the recipient of untold floods of treasure, simply because he has nodded his head, or raised his finger at the happy moments! The poor moral butterfly, his wife, assumes that the flood is already pouring in upon her; the son immediately rates himself as the heir of a millionaire; the daughter is proverbial as the favorite of another; and what shall set a limit to the money-follies, and world-follies, and social-follies, of all these parties? Nothing but the blight—as certain as frost at the usual season—which nips the root of all these pre-

cocious mushrooms, and consigns them to a bankruptcy which brings with it no shame, and to a poverty which finds them without any preparation. The whole life of such people is a lie—and must continue a hopeless lie, until they can recover sufficient moral courage to act out the truth and to appear the truth only. But all these evils, the very evils of vanity, arise from exaggerations of trade; the illusions of which, like those of oriental fable, beguile and bewilder, until all the standards of comparison, are utterly lost; and the poor dreamer, like some painted vessel, with flags flying, and all sails spread, rushes on, unconscious, careering, proud, headlong into the dismal maëlstrom, which is a real vortex to be found in every human sea.

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Moral Standards.—While we shall not insist upon perfectibility, we are yet satisfied that it is always best to consider the human heart as capable of the highest policy; as sufficiently comprehensive in its design, and sufficiently strong in its original energies, to become, after a season, all that which the good wish it may become. Human nature not unfrequently suffers from the low, and too little friendly estimate which we place upon it. Its powers are more frequently underrated than overrated; and, which is worse, the course of education obtaining in general, is calculated rather to keep the mind what it has been hitherto, than what, with the daily increasing means of improvement, furnished by its own untiring exertions, it might readily and with moderate diligence, become. The ages should build one above another, as *we* walk above the heads of *our* fathers, until, progress upon progress being considered, without seeking to appear impious, we rise with lifted foreheads above the vallies, and become in the sight thereof, as Gods!

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Times and Souls.—Our customary phrase, speaking of the Revolution, describes it as "the time that tried men's souls." Perhaps we should better describe it as the time when souls were to be tried—when there were souls—souls of might, and stern purpose, and unbending courage. All times are calculated to try men's souls. Life, itself, is a sort of moral revolution; full of transitions, strifes, exactions, trials; and we only remark periods in history by the presence of such superior souls as give character to events, and make the trials of times subservient to the moral purposes of man. If we look at the history of the United States, its moral rather than its political history, we shall see that the souls which were tried by the American Revolution were the unwonted growth of successive centuries. Such souls do not spring up, annually, into existence, under those regularly recurring laws upon which we build in the production of ordinary crops. They are the representatives of all that the human mind has been realizing, in the struggles and toils of long periods before, periods in which, from the general stagnation of moral purpose, there would seem to have been no souls at all. They seem to be the aggregation of the social strength, the social intellect, the wisdom and the resolution, which, scattered in small particles throughout a nation, are nothing, and produce nothing, until brought together, for sight and performance, in the person of some one strong-souled individual. It was not until four hundred years had elapsed of Egyptian bondage, of brick-making without straw, that the wondrous great soul, which, in human language, we call Moses, came to the rescue of the Hebrews. He was the genius of the nation. He collected into himself its scattered truths. He digested its feeble, striving, powerless, and hitherto ineffective strengths! He showed himself able to govern and to lead them forth, and from the moment of that discovery, his people could no longer be enslaved. And so, with our Revolutionary souls—our prophets—the men-gods who were to guide, and govern, and lead us out of bondage. The moment that the colonists could produce, from their own scattered population, intellects which could contend with those of the oppressor—even as Moses contended with the Egyptian priesthood—from that moment they were free! Proud are we—proud we should be—of those stern, brave, fearless old souls—our Moses', our Aaron's, our Joshua's, sons of Nun; ay, and our Miriam's too—high-brow'd, dark-eyed Prophetesses, who could sing for us songs of triumph, which were also songs of encouragement and progress—when our eventide came on, and we stood, doubtful of our course. Even burdened with our new freedom—drinking of the bitter waters of our Marah! Times for trying souls, indeed; but better phrase were, "souls for trying times" —for all times—for, does it matter that those times are past—that the men themselves, the prophets, are dead and gone? The souls are still with us, they cannot pass, we could not loose them if we would! We too have our times of trial. God sends us souls again; souls that will meet the trial, and overcome it, in stern, long, conflict! The conflict, itself, shall be a seasoning for souls; in which men-children suck milk of might, and grow at length, after repeated seasonings, to be souls like those that have vanquished the enemy before. It is a miserable spectacle that we sometimes still see, of a weak, vast nation, feeble, faint, striving—crying aloud because of famine in the wilderness; having no soul to guide, no soul to bring them out from bondage, to show them the land of promise, to coerce them to the performances by which alone it can be won! Such were, and are, the great nations of this our western continent —as we call them, the aboriginal nations! They lived, and perished, and never had a soul! What a dreadful destiny! And Africa, with her thousand scattered nations—will her soul ever arise for her? will she ever see the truth, and feel the truth, and work out the truth by the only process—work, work, work! It is a solemn inquiry, but we have one like it that more immediately concerns ourselves. Even now, America is crying out for succor from some strong, appointed soul, who can come to her rescue. America, north and south, though in different perhaps, both need the succor of some necessary prophet. It is the season of false prophets in both countries. False prophets are numerous enough in these times, who promise all things and perform nothing. There is little hope from the toils of such souls as the Saint Anna's, the Bustamenti's, the Guerrero's, the

Houston's and the Davy Crockett's—and when we ask for the Washington's, the Franklin's, the Henry's, the Madison's, the Rutledge's—methinks, there is a vast, deep blush of crimson over the whole face of our struggling country. Times, indeed, that need souls! Let our prayer be, to Heaven, that souls may come in time!

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Patriotism.—There are in the world, at least, two kinds of patriotism, and though they occupy the antagonist extremes of morals, it is very hard for the ordinary man to distinguish between them. The one is true and genuine; the other, false and counterfeit. The one may be seen; the other is always to be heard. The one carries his public love in his heart, and shows it in his actions; the other carries his upon his tongue, and discovers it in his speech. The one is something solid, and works without ceasing; the other is delicate and shadowy, and is always too busy to do any thing. The one is crabbed, perhaps, and usually unpromising; the other is the sweetest spoken person, and promises every thing. The one thinks; the other speaks. The one has no family but his country; the other has no country but his family. The one sits late in council; the other gets late to council. The one asks, in what better way to appropriate the public money for the good of the public; the other, for his own good. The one waits for the necessity to spend it; the other looks for the necessity, and, failing to find, makes it. The one makes the government, in order to make the people; the other unmakes the people, in making the government. The one contents him, though the public treasury be empty, if the people feel no want; the other makes the people poor, that he may fill the treasury. The one leaves the public service a beggar;—when the other retires, which is never in a hurry, he still carries with him as much of its goods and chattels as will save him from any such humiliating imputation. Last, not least, the former, though a patriot, is always a private man—an individual—still private, even when most busy in public affairs;—the latter, though no patriot—nay, the foe to all patriots, has yet no private existence whatever. He is a public man, only—never a citizen! He is the representative of the people—how should he be one of them?

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Judicial Combat—Popular Faith.—It is a great mistake, though a very common one, to ascribe the origin of duelling to the middle ages. The practice is quite as old as the passions of man—belongs to his sense of injustice, and will always follow the unmeasured ebullitions of his anger. We find it in scripture history at the earliest periods. It is the very soul, and forms the substantial interest in one half the books of Homer; was practiced among the Romans, when they were yet young as a people; was not discontinued when they grew older; and was employed for the redress of grievances—whether effectual or otherwise—and in greater or less degree, among all the known nations of the earth. Duelling, by those who ascribe its origin to the middle ages, is evidently confounded with the judicial combats of those periods. A consequence is mistaken for a cause. The judicial combat was, in fact, suggested by the duel; and nothing, indeed, was more natural, than the adoption of this mode of deciding a bewildering doubt, where no evidence but that of the parties could be procured, and at a period when physical valor was the first of social virtues. A man wronged, or professing to be wronged, naturally enough referred to his right of fight, as well to prove his truth, as to assert his sense of injustice. What more natural, then, than that public opinion, and the existing authorities, should refer to this mode of arriving at the truth, where none obviously better was presented. Besides, however brutal, however erroneous, it proved the large religious faith of a people—this mode of arbitration; and "God defend the right," was at once the cry of the heralds, and the conviction of the nation. Shakspeare illustrates this conviction, in the language of King Henry VI., at the close of the scene where the 'prentice kills his master, whom he has accused of high treason:—

King Henry.

"Go, take hence that traitor from our sight;
For, by his death, we do perceive his guilt;
And God, *in justice*, hath revealed to us
The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,
Which he had thought to have murdered wrongfully, etc."

The 'prentice, himself, does not seem to have had that confidence in the result, which, had his faith been that of the nation, he must have had. He was, as the reader will remember, monstrous apprehensive of the issue. "Oh, Lord, bless me, I pray, God! for I am never able to deal with my master." It is a reasonable inference, *en passant*, that the theatre, in Shakspeare's days, was much better attended by the 'prentices than their masters, else the combat might have been otherwise decided—let Heaven decide it, as it would. But, to return. Even as a judicial combat, duelling had its birth long before the middle ages. Mark Anthony challenged Octavius to single combat, in order to determine the right to the empire; and what was the duel between David and Goliath, but a question of strength between the respective deities of Israel and Philistia. The practice—to descend to its very roots—may be found in every school-ground or college campus, where a question of veracity, resting simply on the assertion of the tongues of the parties themselves, is finally determined by the preponderating weight of their fists. I am disposed to think that the judicial combat was never resorted to where the testimony of any credible third person could be obtained; and, do we not see, in every case where it was not, that the heat of blood in the opponents would naturally bring them to blows, even though no judgment of the disputed truth between them, was likely to follow from their strife. We smile at the simplicity of those ages by which this irrational court was established; but one thing must be admitted, and for one thing, at least, their very error, in this respect, must be treated with veneration. What a confidence they must have had that the truth would manifest itself! what a faith they possessed, not simply in the justice of God, but in His presence—in His sympathy—in His constant interfe-

rence in their concerns. They had faith, we have reason! We are wiser than they, but more worldly. They believed, too, in those days, in ghosts and witches, phantasms and fantasies; but were these more so than many of those wondrous speculations of stock and steam which rage and madden through our days. In losing our speculations, we have lost our veneration. We believe in nothing spiritual. I can forgive and respect the mesmerite—the *clairvoyancer*, who can see through stone walls, and across lakes and mountains, if he honestly believes that he sees. He is, simply, a soul, which, struggling in darkness, is yet struggling after new light. Nay, I am not sure that there are not some of the Mormonites, who are really blind; and who really have a sort of monkey faith in their Joseph of Ohio, otherwise named Smith. There is no saying what strange tricks human credulity will play upon poor, struggling, human judgment. It is a condition to be pitied, this of the Mormons; who do seem honestly busied only in setting themselves apart to wait the Millenium, which they have imagined for themselves, out of their own erring, but earnest fancies. But the knaves who build earthly palaces and worldly fortunes, by reason of the faith and confidence which is in their neighbors—who preach falsehoods equally great with those of Mormon and Mesmer, only that they may riot in their fleshpots—who laugh at the holy simplicity of the child of faith, and mock delusions which are yet the fruit of a child-like sincerity. Where should these stand in the regard of men and angels? These, who have no faith, unless in the cunning of their own right hands! These, too, we may pity—yea, we should, for, of a certainty, with more of the wisdom which secures worldly wealth and worldly pleasures, they are yet made of feebler and fouler clay than enters into the creation of these poor idol-worshippers. We should pity them, true, but not forget to punish them, also.

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Human Glory.—It is the erroneous belief and doctrine of many of our statesmen and philosophers, that the world is, at all times, in profound ignorance of its own resources. "The world," says Mr. Taylor, in his Philip Van Artevilde—

"The world has never known its greatest men."

This is a very consoling doctrine for that innumerable crowd of illustrious obscures, who would be thought great, without acting greatness—who would receive the wages, without doing the work. Now, there could be nothing so startling—perhaps nothing half so untrue, in the line, were it written—

"The *time* has *seldom* known its greatest men."

A great man is one, who, in some sense or other, adds to the world's possession; be it in government, in poverty, or in philosophy, he is a bringer into life—a builder, a creator, a planter, an inventor;—in some sort, a doer of that which nobody else has done before him, and which nobody, then, besides himself, seems willing or prepared to do. Now, it is very certain that the world loses none of its possessions. A truth once known, is known for ever. It is an immortality, as well as a property; and he who makes it known, is known with it—perhaps, gives it his name! It does not alter the case very materially, to show that the name is sometimes mistaken, misapplied, confounded with another. The *supposed* discoverer receives the prize of the discovery, and whether we call him Columbus or Americus, it matters little in affecting the universal acknowledgment, but it is obviously the intention of the world to make to his memory. But it is very seldom, indeed, that the mere time is ignorant of the merits of its great men. These may be baffled, denied, not successful in what would seem to be the aim in their endeavor; but the very fact that their lives are struggles—that there is opposition—earnest, angry opposition, perhaps persecution, and a bloody death—these are sufficient proofs that the world acknowledges the greatness—which provokes its fear, its jealousy, its various passions of envy, or hostility, or suspicious apprehension. No truth ever yet failed because of the martyrdom of its teacher; and the life of the teacher, and his glory, lie in the ultimate success of the truth which he taught, and not within the miserable limit of his seventy years of earthly allotment. It is one quality of true greatness, to be always at work; pushing its truth forward; never sleeping; never doubting; always pressing on to the consummation of its final object! A man may die before his work is utterly done! Some truths require the lives of successive generations of great men, before they are perfected, so as to become clear and useful to the inferior understandings of the million; each of these workers have their share in the glory; not, perhaps, when the structure is completed, but during the several stages of its progress—though that glory be, itself, nothing greater, and nothing less, than the opposition and reproach, the persecution and misrepresentation, which they encounter in the world-fight for ever going on between the subjects of routine-tyranny and the prophets of the better faith. The world knows all these great men, preserves their labors, and thus consecrates their fame. The time, itself, though unbelieving, is never improvident; for it preserves the history of its own unbelief; the penalties which it inflicted; and the constancy, firm faith, and unflagging resolution of the martyr; and from these comes the human glory in other generations. There is in man an inherent sentiment of justice. This will work out its way. I conscientiously believe that man never yet toiled for man—that he did not ultimately receive his acknowledgments; and thus working for our race, constitutes the only sure claim upon which we may reasonably expect the gratitude either of our fellows or of the future!

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The Widow.—A voice was heard crying from the wilderness, and it came, saying:—"My name is Wo! Fain would I make my home among the rocks! There would I find fellowship—there, by the lonely, ever sounding sea—in the deep tracts of the wasted desert! But a will beyond my own, sends me abroad among the habitations of men. I traverse the high-ways—I pass into the cities—I must still seek the dwellings of man—I must dog his footsteps."

And the people of the cities strove in terror when

they heard the accents of that hollow-sounding voice. A deep fear fell upon all hearts. Some crossed the seas in flight, some fled up into the mountains where the grey bird, among the sharp bald cliffs, builds his eyry, and fancies himself secure. Others again took shelter among the caves, where the adder hides and hisses. But the voice went with them into the caves, and upon the mountains, and it followed the fugitives upon the great high-way of the seas!

And thus, once more, the voice was heard to complaint—"Sorrowful and sleepless is this toil! Fain would I return to the wilderness; fain would I rest me beside the ever sounding shore—on the sharp crags of the black icy mountain—hearkening to mournful winds that traverse the grey desert without rest; I would dwell only in dark and silent places! I am of the brood of the unlovely and the unloving! I seek the cloudy and the sad! Give me voices from the storm and from the starless night! These better suit me than the crowd and the laughing city!"

Then, another voice was heard, feebler and sadder than his own. It rose sudden beside him, even where he sat, crouching by a hearth where the fire had gone out in ashes, and there was no more heat. The voice was human like his own! and she who spoke, rose;—a woman, gaunt and wretched;—and she crawled from beneath the grey folds of his mantle, where she had lain unseen; and she stood up before the shape, looking him boldly in his blank visage. These were her words:—"And wherefore should'st thou yearn for the loneliest of rocks and seas; the pathless desert, and the many-sounding shore! Thou hast brought hither a deeper loneliness. Thou hast made the city a likeness unto them. From sea, rock, and desert, the desolation all fled when thou didst take thy departure. The loneliness belongs only to thee. Would'st thou fly from thyself? Thou canst not fly from me! Thou hast made me thine. Thou hast wedded me with a fearful sign; the earth bears proof of our bridal! Henceforth, thou art mine for ever. Thou hast left me none other than thee. Thou shalt never leave me more!"

And she crawled once more beneath the grey folds of his heavy mantle; and, in silence, with his iron staff, Wo stirred the dull ashes upon the hearth; and he no longer yearned for the loneliness of the sounding sea, the bald rock, and the pathless desert, for he felt that a greater loneliness was there! W. G. S.

Original.

"SHE LOVES HIM YET!"

A SONG.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

She loves him yet!
I know by the blush, that rises,
Beneath the curls,
That shadow her soul-lit cheek;
She loves him yet!
Thro' all Love's sweet disguises,
We timid girls,
A blush will be sure to speak.

But deeper signs
Than the radiant blush of beauty,
The maiden finds,
Whenever his name is heard;—
Her young heart thrills,
Forgetting herself—her duty—
Her dark eye fills,
And her pulse, with hope, is stirred.

She loves him yet!
The flower, the false one gave her,
When last he came,
Is still with her wild tears wet.
She'll ne'er forget,
Howe'er his faith may waver,
Thro' grief and shame,
Believe it—she loves him yet!

His favorite songs
She will sing—she heeds—no other;
With all her wrongs,
Her life on his love is set.
Oh! doubt no more!
She never can wed another:
'Till life be o'er,
She loves—she will love him yet!

Original.

CONTRASTS.

BY THE REV. J. H. CLINCH.

I.

Pale, but most fair, the flowers of spring—
Faint-hued but fraught with rich perfume—
Tints such as on an angel's wing
May well be thought to shed their bloom,
Sky-caught from Morn's rose-tinted sea,
Or yellow eve, or soft blue noon,
And sweet as angels' breath must be—
Such are the lovely gems of June.

II.

Brilliant and bright are autumn's flowers,
Deep-hued, and dressed in gaudy dye,
Star-like they flash amid the bowers,
And claim the homage of the eye;
But this is all. Earth's second race
Sheds no rich odors on the air,
To bid us linger near their place,
And oft repeat our visits there.

III.

Has life to this no parallel?
The maiden fair, not fair alone,
In whom deep sense and feeling dwell
With grace, without their aid unknown;
And she, whose dazzling beauty woos,
(Brilliant, though soulless, bright but cold)
The eye, but not the heart subdues—
Conquers, but victory cannot hold.

Original.

USAGES, MANNERS, ETC. OF THE NORTHERN GERMANS.

BY ANNA CORA MOWATT.

THERE is, perhaps, no entertainment where so much tediousness and enjoyment, so much vivacity and dullness, are incongruously mingled as at a German dinner-party of the present day. *Enjoyment*, because sufficient wit and humor are congregated to speed Time on the wings of pleasure—*tediousness*, because even pleasure tires at length of using her wings, and leaves Time to hang heavily about the shoulders of those she forsakes. Four—even *five* hours passed at the table is considered no unusual sitting, and charmed must the voice be, if its tones sink not into the monotony of heaviness, and bright the wit, if its flashes, tested through this weary ordeal, lose none of their brilliancy.

The name of each invited guest, written on a slip of paper, is found on the plate designed for his use; and in this manner the hostess reserves the privilege of joining those whose characters and fancies assimilate, and separating such as are at variance, or of uncongenial temperaments; thus, with the ever needful assistance of the peace-maker, Tact, ensuring the harmony of her entertainment.

When dinner is announced, each gentleman promenades a lady round the table, until her name is discovered, then leaves her, to seek the seat assigned to himself, and though nobody enjoys the privilege of changing his place, a timely visit to the hostess is not without its influence in securing the most agreeable one.

The festive board is gorgeously spread with vases of costly china, perfuming the air with the bright-hued plunder of the green-house and garden, which they contain—garlands of flowers, baskets of luscious fruits, and a profusion of tempting preserves, and fanciful confectionary, to delight the eye, while the other senses are gratifying themselves with the smoking and highly seasoned viands, carved by the servants at side-tables, and handed separately round the general board.

The company once seated, a stranger is attracted by the courteous custom which makes each person turn with a smiling countenance to his neighbor, and, bowing, wish him "einen guten appetit," for there is a good humored politeness in this social usage which inspires a kindly feeling towards those in whose society you are thrown—you meet together to while away a few jovial hours, to form acquaintances of strangers, or draw closer the bonds of friendship round acquaintances already made, and your intercourse commences with a friendly wish, responded by every lip, which seems to give you, even though strangers, some emotion in common, some desire, which, being mutual, assists in establishing that ease without which enjoyment may be assumed, but never really felt.

It would be in vain to attempt describing the order of courses, which vary from fifteen to twenty, and are principally remarkable for the present mode of serving pudding before meat; between each course, an interval, which would be long unshortened by the agreeable converse of those around, is permitted to intervene.

In the avowed land of melody it would appear useless to mention that the most exquisite songs and finest instrumental music form a delightful part of this, as of every festivity. A number of toasts are usually drunk, accompanied by speeches from their proposers; each glass, when filled, being raised and lightly touched to the one's nearest, on either side, is made to send forth a musical ringing sound, peculiarly merry and pleasant to the ear; and, so dexterously is this ceremony sometimes performed, that the simultaneously joined glasses, circling the table, seem to form symbolic links of the social chair that unites those who hold them, which, (for they generally drink claret,) in *lightness* and *rosiness* may be further compared to these emblematic fetters. If the health of one of the company, as an especial honor, is proposed, every glass is touched to his, and gentlemen seated at a distance, from the person toasted, ordinarily rise, and approach him, that their glasses may come in collision. The health of the host, and hostess, with an acknowledgment of their hospitality, is never omitted; and the beautiful or humorous sentiments expressed in these toasts are an unbounded source of entertainment. After a number of courses have been served, the host leaves his seat, and slowly making the tour of the table, pauses beside each guest, to whisper kind wishes, or make some civil inquiry, or lively jest, which soon spreads amongst the company; and I once saw a charming old gentleman, the snows of many a winter wreathing his brow, who, with a look of gratification in his mild eye, which bespoke the generous hospitality of his soul, was promenading round his convivial board, when he reached the chair of his still blooming wife, and she raised her good tempered face, (which had been smilingly turned towards her guests, like a sunbeam shedding light on all around,) feigned to be too occupied to stop, but suddenly, and playfully stooping, snatched a kiss from the lips so temptingly approached to his, with all the enthusiasm a young lover might have infused in the act; nor was this little incident, or *accident*, rather, considered as an evidence of ill-breeding, or made the subject of severe comment, as in any more form-loving land it inevitably would have been.

After the hundred and one courses have wearily *run their course*, if the family live in the good old-fashioned style, richly ornamented pipes, of a ludicrous length, are introduced, and generally not without making the *better acquaintance* of every gentleman present; who freely indulges in the luxury of sending forth fantastic wreaths of smoke, to circle the fair one by his side, without the remotest fear of a distasteful frown deepening on her brow: and she, if fatigued, or preferring a more poetic garland, may soon disappear, almost unperceived, amid the clouds of smoke which darken the air, and refresh herself with the perfume of the carefully tended garden, which is oftener sought than the boudoir or parlor. But, in general, the company rise together, and bowing to each other, or cordially grasping hands, conclude the ceremonies of the table by wishing the hearty "Gezauhute

Malzeit," may your meal be blessed to you, which a foreigner, who has witnessed the abundant and varied repast of which they were pressed to partake, may well secretely imagine is needed to ensure its digestion. After a promenade in the garden, the company re-assemble in the parlor, and well may the politeness of an American lady be beguiled into the vulgarity of amazement, to see her German friends, quietly seating themselves, as composedly draw forth their needle-work, as though busily engaged beside their own little work-tables at home—the more elderly knit, the young embroider, and the needle is plied to the merry music of their tongues, for their employment assists rather than precludes conversation. A German lady cannot conceive the possibility of passing an easy and pleasurable hour with her fingers unoccupied, to so great an extent does she carry this industrious mania as to play Penelope even while receiving morning visitors, who, if they come to pass a few hours, are prepared to follow her example. I heard the naïve excuse of a young wife, who being questioned on this subject by a foreigner, laughingly replied—"We are weaving into substance again the smoke which our spendthrift husbands are puffing to the winds, lest their extravagance should ruin us—they waste, we save, so the balance is kept even."

The Germans are remarkably fond of the open air, and after dinner, coffee is served, sometimes at small tables in the garden, which often faces the street, sometimes in vine-covered bowers, in the graceful balcony, or even unsheltered on the open walk, when the house is pleasantly located on the ramparts, an open square, or in a wide street; the ladies, while sipping their coffee, do not relinquish their needles, taking a stitch ever and anon, to remind themselves of the comfortable assurance that they are not idle; nor have the surrounding gentlemen parted with their pipes, which bear them affectionate company, unobjected to by the ladies, for they all seem, with Halleck, to have discovered—

> "——The free
> And happy spirit that unseen reposes
> In the dim, shadowy clouds that hover o'er us,
> When smoking quietly—"

and to tolerate, even *hail* that spirit's presence. If the residence of the host is not distant from the public gardens, they frequently are sought by the company to listen to the delightful band of music ordinarily stationed there. On returning to the house tea is served, and the young people amuse themselves with games and dancing, the elderly continuing their employments; a light supper is handed round, and the party breaks up, rarely earlier, and seldom later than ten o'clock.

On leaving the house, it is customary for each person to present the servant, stationed at the street door, with a piece of money, equal to five or six shillings, and this "drink geld," as it is called, which is obtained in various ways from the guests of the master, is always carried to the mistress of the mansion, and kept by her until the end of the year, when it is distributed amongst all the domestics of the family, and often amounts to so considerable a sum, that a servant before making an engagement, regularly asks whether much company is received, that an estimate may be formed of the lucrativeness of the situation.

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The funeral obsequies of the Germans vary in the different cities of their dominion; and are generally marked by some slight, or striking, peculiarity. In Hamburg, full wigs of long, curling, flaxen hair, are usually worn by the pall-bearers and attendants at the funeral; in Bremen, where I had more frequent opportunity of witnessing the last ceremonies in honor of the dead, the coffin, exposed on an open hearse, is preceded by a long procession of hired attendants, clothed in the deepest mourning, wearing three-cornered hats, and flowing cloaks, fastened from shoulder to shoulder, and followed by a train of friends and relatives, sometimes with bared heads in respect to the departed.

The instant death claims its earthly victim, an attendant, in the above-mentioned costume, is dispatched, formally to announce the event to the connections, friends, and neighbors of the deceased; which custom has given rise to some ludicrous mistakes, when foreigners have been near residents of the house of mourning, as was evinced by a party of American gentlemen, who were disturbed in their evening conviviality by the sudden appearance of one of these sable-clad messengers, begging to inform them, in the name of a wealthy and beautiful lady of the neighborhood, that she had just become a widow. The wondering strangers, having often in their promenades paid homage to the loveliness of the unknown lady, cordially thanked the messenger, crossed his palm with silver for his trouble, or for good luck's sake, and bade him present their compliments to the afflicted lady; then congratulating themselves on the evidence of her preference, in thus speedily communicating her situation, commenced calculating how soon they might pay her their consolatory devoirs, and decided that the civility should be acknowledged without delay; but, happening to boast of their fortunate adventure to a friend, somewhat more *au fait* to the customs of the country, the extraordinary meaning they had given to an ordinary form, was, much to their disappointment, discovered.

The body of the deceased, for many days after the spirit has been disenthralled, is watched with all the care and tenderness which has kept vigil by the couch of the living, and remains unconsigned to its parent earth until dissolution has rudely banished the hope of revival which lingered round the cherished clay. In Vienna, and several other cities of Germany, an elegant building, conveniently arrayed, is especially devoted to the reception of the dead; thither, on soft litters, they are gently removed, placed in a comfortable bed and heated chamber, (in winter,) with a bell-rope attached to their hands, that should animation return, assistance might be instantly summoned; and thus, the mourners, clinging to a fragile hope, by long contemplation of their affliction, become familiarized with its presence, before they yield to the reluctant conviction of its reality—thus they rob the first bitter pangs of their poignancy, and, as

Gelaleddin of the East, who, when the favorite slave of his idolatry expired in his arms, commanded her to be born to her sumptuous couch, still receive the attendance of her slaves, forbidding her death to be mentioned—inquired daily after her health, and regularly ordered her meals to be prepared and served—like him, they soothe their sorrow by blinding themselves awhile to the certainty of its cause.

A churchyard, is never in Germany, as so often with us, the shunned and deserted spot, the mere necessary receptacle of lifeless flesh, and crumbling bones, where nothing but the senseless marble, and as cold and meaningless inscription, in the words of Körner, says—"*Vergiss die treuen todten nicht.*"

In the beautiful calm of a summer's evening, the memory-wakening stillness of a moonlight night, seek the silent shades that shroud the unforgotten dead—with his forehead bowed to the flower-grown sod, who kneels in griefful prayer? The wifeless father! his little ones clinging to his side, with their young hearts swelling as they hear who sleeps beneath, yet lives above, and learn at her grave, whose hand would have guided them to immortal happiness, the path by which they may rejoin her on high. A step further—the young widow bends over a shattered column,* as broken in heart, and with gentle hands, trains the ivy at its base to wind round that sculptured emblem, like her thoughts and affections entwine the perishing dust beneath. Still on—a limner's group of rosy children, checking their youthful merriment as they reach the sacred spot, are silently wreathing the tomb of their parents with fresh garlands, or planting new flowers amid the already blooming parterre which conceals, yet marks their graves. If one form reposes in that hallowed ground, whose memory has ceased to dwell in the hearts of those who "live to weep," your eye selects it with a glance—the straggling bushes of long neglected flowers seem struggling with the rank and choking weeds that overtop them—no wreath hangs, a graceful memorial, over the costly monument, or hides the rude stone—the path around is grassgrown, and untrodden by the foot of Memory and Love. In an Eden 'tis a desert spot, where beauty has withered as affection decayed.

There is a soothing influence, in the gentle care bestowed on the last resting-place of the dear ones who have faded from earth, which calms the wildness of grief, without tearing the memory of those it laments from our hearts. Schiller says truly—

"Die Klage sie wecket
Die Todten nicht auf."

And to mourn is indeed unavailing, but should *forgetfulness* be sought as the comforter of affliction, and consolation be found alone in the lethe which banishes the lost from our thoughts? Death, which proves—

"What dust we dote on when 'tis man we love,"

should rather be the test of how perfect and changeless is that affection, which cherishing the *soul*, not merely its mortal tenement, survives with that death-defying spirit for ever!

* A monument not unusual in the grave-yards of Germany.

Original.

OCCASIONAL THOUGHTS.

BY A YOUNG BACHELOR.

"Those clouds which wait upon the sun's decline,
How varied are their shining forms."

They gather, and his glowing track pursue,
And as the splendid vision slowly fades,
How mellow'd is the radiance; while the hue
So gorgeous softens, as the twilight shades
Appear, and bring o'er all a silvery haze,
Which lingers 'till a dimness spreads around,
And darkness falls o'er earth and earthly ways,
And hush'd in silence, is each human sound.

The stars are faintly visible; a light,
A broader, bolder light,—a sparkling gem,
Whose sheen bedecks the coronet of night,
The crowning brilliant in its diadem
Comes forth, and lesser orbs their gleamings hide,
Absorb'd in its far-spreading, potent ray,
Constrain'd howe'er unwilling to abide
The moment, 'till its brightness pass away.

Oh! peerless in thy quiet beauty! Thou
Dost visit earth, unconscious of thy power;
And thoughtful eyes are gazing on thee now,
And hearts upheaving 'neath thy sway, this hour.
While thought and feeling in kind words express,
Fond Friendship's claim, and Love's devoted truth,
Commingling spirits prove thy tenderness,
For thou art ruler now of Hope and Youth.

And lo! some straggling footsteps hither tend,
And phrases gently whisper'd greet the ear,
And voices in harmonious echoes blend,
In accents soul-expressive, low but clear,
The present is to them a shining path,
And o'er the future, Hope, her rainbow throws.
Companionship, the mental prism hath,
In whose revealings, life-like sunset glows. s.

Original.

EARTH AND HEAVEN.

The rose, that blooms in beauty now,
Must yield to blight;
The rainbow's richly tinted glow
Must fade from sight.

The brightest being in the crowd,
Of beauty rare;
Like lightning on the ebon cloud,
Is brief as fair.

All the fond things, that charm us most,
Will quickly fade;
As morning's radiant smile is lost,
In evening's shade.

Then seek, beyond the sapphire sky,
That blissful shore;
Where solid pleasures never die,
And change is o'er.

WM. G. HOWARD.

Original.

TO FANCY.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

Come, Fancy, fair and radiant maid,
In robe of heaven's own hues arrayed;
Its folds with graceful beauty bound,
Within thy magic girdle's round,
Which, woven with divinest art,
Dreams, sweet and wild, possess the heart,
Whene'er to rapt, admiring gaze,
Its wondrous virtues it betrays.
Come, with thy unbound tresses flowing,
Lightly on the summer gale;—
Where'er thou rov'st, thy smile bestowing,
Music and flowers thy steps will hail.
The rose will glow with deeper blushes,
The rill that from the hill-side gushes,
Tufts of sweet wild-flowers o'er it bending,
As 'long its devious way 'tis wending,
Where falls the sun's unclouded beam,
With gems of every hue will gleam.
Far softer mists will hover o'er,
The distant mountains, bleak and hoar,
And my own humble, low-roofed home,
Will seem more fair than splendid dome.

Depart not thou 'till eve's dim hour,
Asserts thy deep, more thrilling power.
Thy dusky veil, oh, then let fall,
Around thee like a mourning pall
Through which thy brilliant robes will shed,
Light, such as gleams around the dead,
When funeral torches pierce the gloom,
That darkly broods amid the tomb,
While denser shades are gath'ring round,
Then will thy quick, half fearful ear,
Deem every wild and fitful sound,
The voice of spirit gliding near.

Then bear me to the haunted well,
Where airy forms as legends tell
At midnight's silent, solemn hour,
Possess the strange, mysterious power,
Whene'er thou deign'st to hover nigh,
To rise revealed to mortal eye.
And let me still be with thee when
Thou wanderest in the briery glen,
Where, half concealed by thicket's screen,
The murderer's cowering form is seen;
Where, o'er the limbs of yon scathed pine,
The ghostly moonbeams quivering shine,
And where, when pipes the night-blast shrill,
Slow swings the creaking gibbet still,
Its shadow waving to and fro,
O'er the dark mound that's raised below,
Where night-birds flap their gloomy wings,
And flower or verdure never springs.

—

When morn's dewy steps are seen on the hills,
And her own joyous spirit the wide earth fills;
When the wild, fitful sounds of the night-time are hushed,
And the air with a warm, purple brilliance is flushed,
Then, as o'er the bright wave, thou bendest thy ear,
Oh, grant that I still may be with thee to hear
The song from the Nereid's rosy shell,
Softly rise and float by with a liquid swell.

When cool o'er the deep the summer winds roam,
And playfully throw from the billows their foam,
And thou, from the brow of some shady rock bending,
To the calm, crystal depths of the waters art sending
The glance of thy dark and deep beaming eye,
To find where the treasures of ocean lie,
I would that I then might be there, and with thee
View the wonders deep locked in the heart of the sea.

Far down where the tempests of earth have no power,
And all is as calm as a soft twilight hour,
The light, it is said, in rich brilliancy falls,
O'er the jewel-paved floors of those fair coral halls,
Where the small, snowy feet of the sea-nymphs glance
Like the wings of white birds in the festal dance,
Their long, silky hair, sprinkled over with pearls,
Sweeping low, in a maze of bright golden curls.

There waters that gleam like the diamond, flow
O'er sands that are pure as the mountain snow,
And flowers of far rarer shape and hue,
Than ever were nursed by sunshine and dew,
Enwreathed with the emerald leaves of the vine,
Round pillars of porphyry fragrantly twine,
Or in rich and in radiant clusters enwove,
O'er the bright shelly roofs, luxuriantly rove.

But it is not the flowers and the gold that are there,
Nor the glistening gems so pure and so rare—
It is not the song from the Nereid's shell,
That floats o'er the waves with a liquid swell,
And dies on the shore with a murmuring close,
Like the breeze that expires on the breast of the rose—
Oh, no, these are not the things the most dear,
To the yearning heart and the listening ear.

One lock of the rich and the glossy hair
On the sailor-boy's brow who now sleeps there,
With a smile on his lips as if dreaming of home,
Whence in evil hour he was tempted to roam,
Would give to the lone, widowed mother's heart,
A holier joy than gold can impart,
Who fain by his side, in the caves of the deep,
The rest of the long, last sabbath would keep.

The pale, withered rose, to the cold bosom prest,
Of her who lies there in her last, dreamless rest—
The rose fondly cherished for his sake who gave,
Even when she sunk low in the wild gloomy wave,
To thy riven heart, lonely mourner, would be,
Far dearer than all the bright gems of the sea,
Strown round on the sand, which her pale brow presses,
And gleam like soft stars through her long raven tresses.

And those low, dreamy sounds that o'er the waves flit,
When the sky with its burning stars is lit,
That just meet the ear, and then die away,
Like the soft echoed notes of some far-away lay.
Oh, these to their hearts, in the calm evening hour,
Come gifted with solemn, and deep thrilling power,
Ev'n as a blest requiem, sung at the head
Of the young, the beloved, and the beautiful dead.

Thou grave of their fears, their hopes, and their loves,
When the form of the tempest in wrath o'er thee moves—
When the spirit of peace, like the dove's brooding wing,
To thy bosom repose and soft sunshine doth bring,
Or when the bright stars look down from above,
On thy slumbers at midnight with eyes full of love,
Unto them thou still ever, most holy will be,
Thou stormy, thou stern, calm and beautiful sea.

Still, Fancy, let the gift ye bring,
A dreamy spell round the mourner fling;
It will blunt the barb of sorrow's shaft,
Soft dreams, at night, to his pillow waft,
And oft 'round the poor man's humble hearth,
Awaken the smiles of innocent mirth.

Wolfsboro', N. H.

Original.

THE FLOWER;

AN ALLEGORY.

BY MRS. EMELINE S. SMITH.

"The mother gave in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love;
She knew she should see them all again,
In the fields of light above."

BRIGHT beneath the eye of Heaven flourishes a fair and fertile garden, embellished with all that was varied and beautiful in nature. It was called the Garden of Life, and it was peopled with a multitude so mighty, that they could not be numbered. The Lord of the garden was an all-wise and all-powerful being, who guided and governed this countless host of mortals, and assigned to each their own particular duties and employments. All had a portion of the vast garden to cultivate; and every one had some plants entrusted to his keeping, which he was enjoined to nurture with attentive care. It frequently happened that each individual became so fondly attached to the beautiful flowers which he cultivated, that he forgot they were not his own, and cherished them with an absorbing and almost idolatrous affection. Then the Lord of the garden would take back the treasures which he had only lent for a season, and to which mortal love was clinging too fondly, and remove them to his own fair and far-off home, where they bloom for ever in unfading lovelines. It was a sad and bitter trial for mortals to resign their cherished flowers, and ofttimes they murmured at the loss, and mourned despairingly over their bereavement.

It was thus with a young and gentle woman who dwelt in a portion of the garden called the Bower of Hymen. She there cultivated many flowers, but among all those entrusted to her keeping, none claimed so much of her untiring care and devoted love, as a little plant called Infancy. It was a fair but fragile blossom, requiring the utmost tenderness, and the fondest nurture, to bring it to perfection. One breath of neglect—one shadow of the cloud of unkindness—one moment's withdrawal of the sunlight of affection might have blighted its beauty, or endangered its existence for ever! But she who guarded it was faithful to her trust, and never, for an instant, did she neglect her duty to her precious charge. For many spring-times she had striven to rear plants similar to this; but ever some cruel blight had fallen upon, and destroyed her cherished favorites. Each time her heart was touched with indescribable sorrow, as she was called upon to resign her treasures; and to each succeeding one, her spirit clung with an affection deeper and fonder than that she had bestowed upon its predecessor. Many had perished; and now she hung over this last, loveliest, and only one, with a love which passes the power of words to describe. She watched it night and day with the deepest devotion; she guarded it from all hurtful influences, with the most unwearied care. Her smile of love was the first sunlight that broke over it at morning, and her words of endearment the last music that floated around it at eve. Even in the still watches of the midnight hour, when others were sleeping around her, she would bend over her budding treasure, and bedew it with the tears of irrepressible joy. Often would she raise her streaming eyes to the blue sky and beaming stars above, where she had been taught to believe the Lord of the garden held his abode, and breathe a fervent petition that he would in mercy spare the treasure he had so graciously bestowed.

For a season the gentle woman's prayer was granted, and all her devoted care rewarded. She saw her tender flowret growing in beauty, day by day, and giving promise of perfection. Then her bower was illumined by the presence of a radiant being, called the spirit of Hope, whose smile was like the sunlight of heaven, and whose voice had the ravishing sweetness of angel minstrelsy. Ever this beguiling spirit pointed to the opening beauties of the cherished flower, and whispered such sweet tales of its future loveliness, that she who claimed it for her own, felt her heart expand to more than mortal happiness. But, alas! this happiness might not continue. The Lord of the garden was displeased with the deep idolatry, the almost frantic worship bestowed upon the perishing flower of earth, and he resolved to take it home to himself. He sent to the bower a pale visitant, called Sickness, who touched the delicate blossom with a blighting hand. Then there was a sudden and sorrowful change—its freshness and bloom faded away—its fragile leaves drooped, and its slender stem bent under the power of disease. She who nurtured the plant, marked the change with an aching heart, and redoubled her vigilance and her care. She hung over the fading flower with looks of the deepest love—she raised its drooping head, and watered its parched leaves with her tears. She sent the most eloquent petitions, the most impassioned pleadings to the Lord of the garden, entreating him to spare her cherished treasure. She did all that mortal power could do, to save it, but it was of no avail. There came a solemn and shadowy being, called the "Reaper," and with a scythe which he carried in his skeleton hand, he cut down the tender plant, and bore it triumphantly away! And when the poor desolate mourner saw that the flower of her love had indeed perished, and passed away for ever, she resigned her soul to the burden of unutterable wo. She wept incessantly for her lost treasure; she neglected all her duties in the garden of life; she would not be comforted, but refused to listen to the voice of consolation, and she mourned with a bitterness that was endangering her existence.

When the Lord of the garden saw that the woman's reason was sinking beneath the stroke of affliction, he sent to her bower a ministering angel who had power to comfort. This was a being of pure and perfect loveliness, clad in snowy and spotless raiment, and wearing in every feature looks of holy love and kindness. This beautiful being was called the spirit of Religion, and with gentle words and winning accents, she soothed the troubled heart of the mourner. She directed her attention to the far-off sky, where countless stars appeared in their never-fading splendor, and pointing to one pure

and placid, which shone with peculiar brilliancy, she said:

"Look, mourner, thy tender flower is transplanted from earth to Heaven—thy bud of promise has become a star which shall blossom, henceforth, in unfading loveliness. Rejoice that the storms of earth can reach it no more—rejoice that the many perils which threatened it in the garden of life, are all escaped, and that, in a clime where sunbeams never fade, and flowers never perish, thy own sweet plant will flourish ever more in endless beauty, and undying bloom!"

And thus the mourner's heart was comforted. No more she wept or murmured at her lot, but wandered over the garden of life with a tranquil and uncomplaining spirit. And even in after years, when the clouds of care gathered darkly over her, or the storms of sorrow rudely assailed, she had but to look up to the loved and lovely star, and bless the beacon whose serene and holy light guided her safely through all the tempests of life!

New-York, 1841.

Original.

THE WIND.

When Nature first from chaos sprung,
And robed herself in flower and tree,
Mysterious harpers—then begun
Your viewless minstrelsy.
Your lays were sung in Eden's bowers,
Throughout the long bright sunny hours;
Your varied notes were sent
To Heaven, for every wave-beat shore,
And cave, and grey rock nodding o'er
The lone lake's side and mountain hoar,
Was made your instrument.

That God who woke your solemn strain,
Still guides your stormy car;
We may not question whence ye came,
From what dark clime afar,
Hurling our air-hung orb around,
And sweeping heaven's broad starry bound,
In sunshine and in storm;
In winter's gloom and summer's day,
Wafting along their airy way,
The clouds, or 'neath the moon's pale ray,
Singing a descant lorn.

Where daring keel hath never ploughed,
Along the Arctic shore,
There peal your voices deep and loud,
Blent with the breaker's roar;
Where spring hath never come to dress
In flowers, that clime of loneliness,
Upon the icy strand;
Your organ notes sublime and bold,
Ye raise on nature's frost-work cold,
Stern ministers of winter old,
In that far northern land.

Your diapason low and sweet,
Lulls the young birds to rest
Upon the cypress boughs, where meet
The broad streams of the west;
Like music of a poet's dream,
Ye sweep o'er smooth savannahs green:
Your way o'er ocean's waves ye take,
Rousing the storm-god from his lair,
Wafting proud ships, in storm or fair,
Or mid bright islands sleeping there,
Æolian music wake.

Yet tell us, whence it is ye have
That strange mysterious spell?
Thrilling like voices from the grave,
With deep and boding knell,
Which to the ear of guilt doth come,
Telling of deeds of darkness done;
And in the mourner's heart,
Waking the memory of the dead,
Loved tones long hushed, gay visions shed
O'er other days, now dimmed and fled,
Which never may depart.

The ancient forest feels your power,
The deep your sway doth know,
The earthquake's voice, the cataract's roar,
The violets bending low.
The voyager doth hail the breeze,
That speeds his barque far o'er the seas,
To friends and home at last;
Pale superstition loves to hear,
Unearthly voices sad and drear,
And fancies spirits whispering near,
Upon the moaning blast.

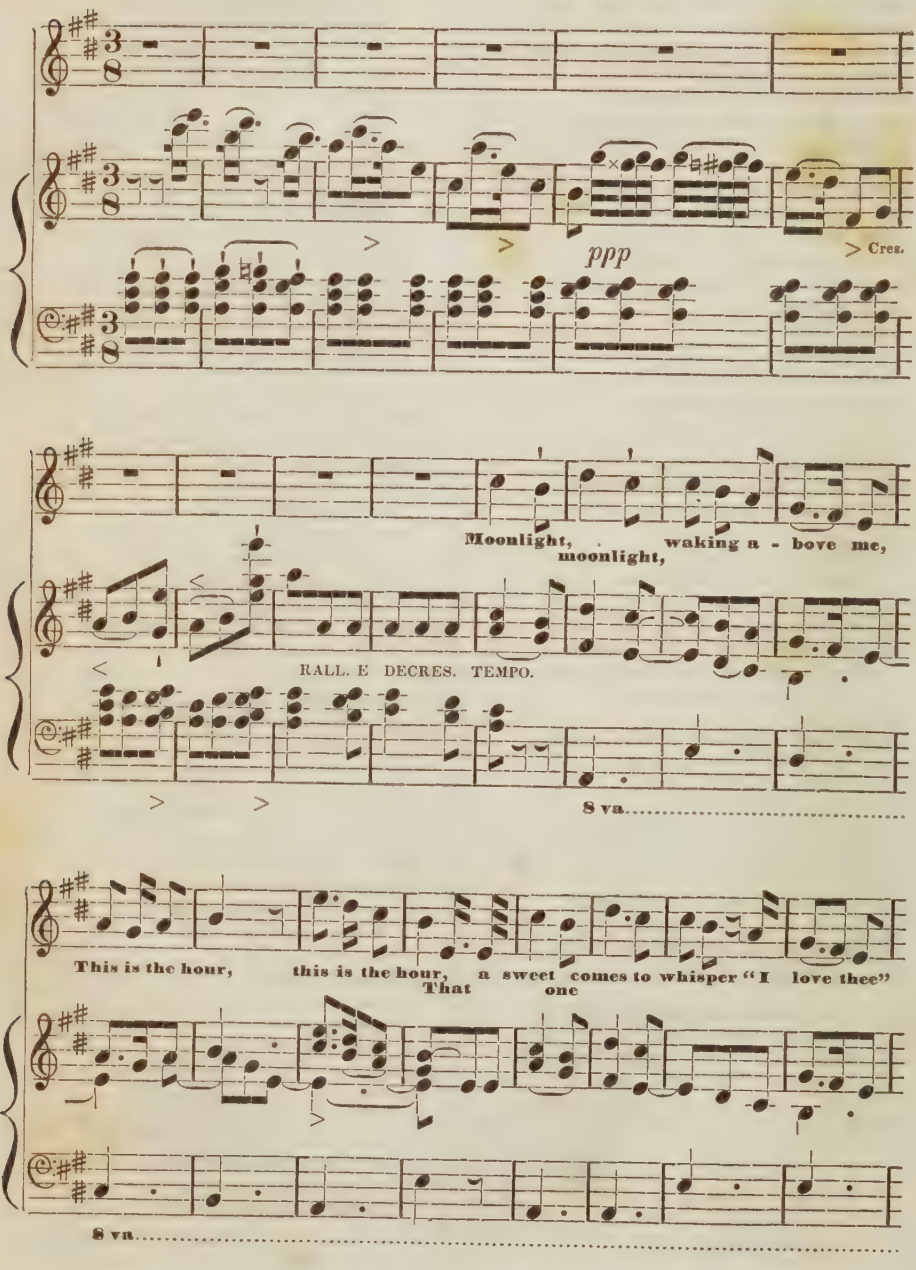
On, on, for ever, still ye raise
Your measures sad or gay;
Empires, the pride of other days,
Have crumbled to decay;
No more ye fan the Magi's fire,
No more ye wake old Memmon's lyre,
Or on the Delphic height,
Sigh in the dim acacia grove,
Such strains as musing poets love,
When Eve, her dewy star above,
Hangs on the brow of night.

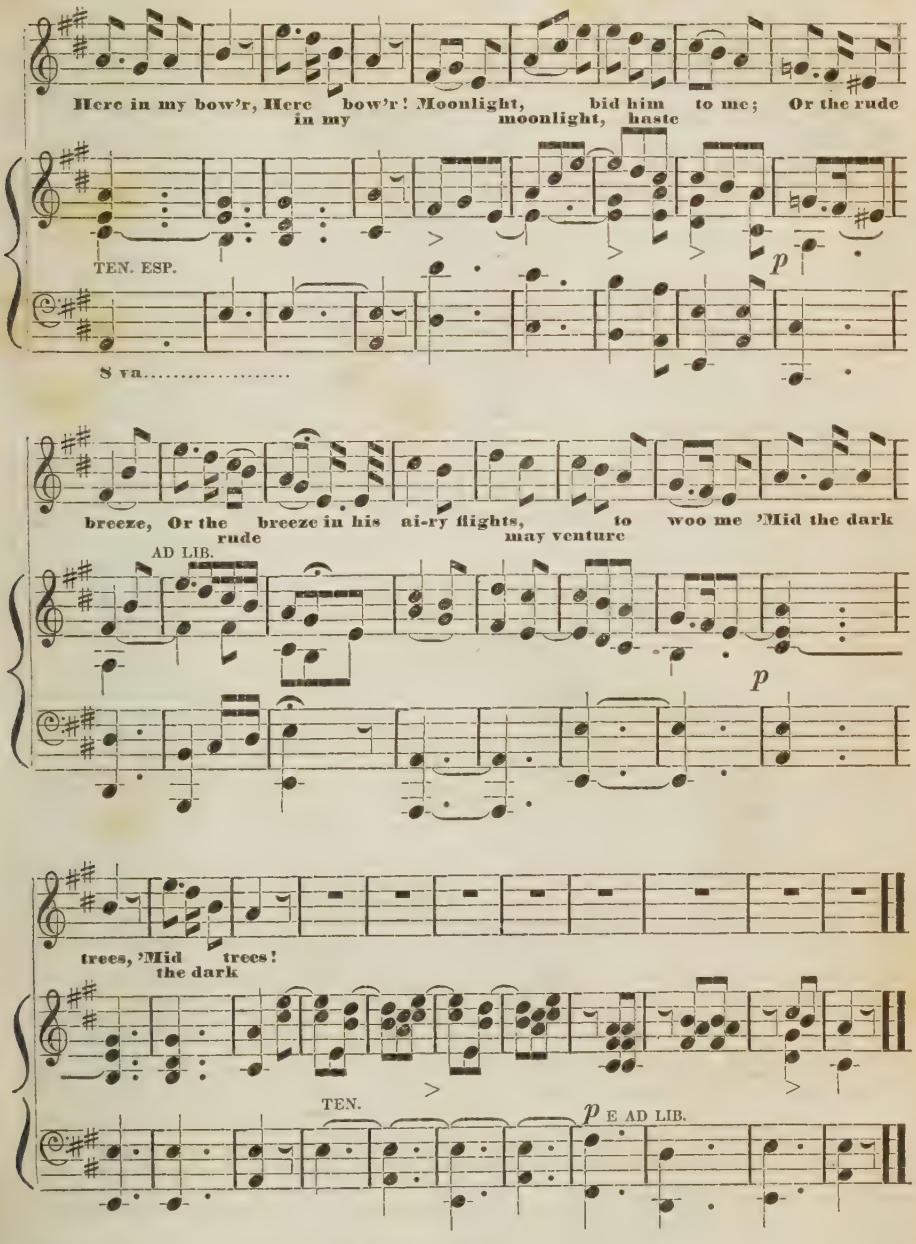
Ye have a lay for every mood,
Poured forth at morn and even;
In peopled bound or solitude,
The poetry of Heaven!
E'en now I hear the fitful breeze,
Stirring among the mountain trees,
And on the river shore;
Thus shall ye chant 'till he who spoke
Your chorus first, when nature woke,
And morning o'er creation broke,
Shall bid you sing no more.

JENETTTA H. WILLIAMS.

SONG OF THE MAY ROSE.

THE POETRY AND MUSIC BY J. A. WADE, ESQ.


ppp
Cres.
Moonlight, moonlight, waking a - bove me,
RALL. E DECRES. TEMPO.
8 va
This is the hour, this is the hour, That a sweet one comes to whisper "I love thee"
8 va


Here in my bow'r, Here in my bow'r! Moonlight, moonlight, bid him haste to me; Or the rude
TEN. ESP.
p
8 va.....
breeze, Or the rude breeze in his ai-ry flights, may venture to woo me 'Mid the dark
AD LIB.
p
trees, 'Mid the dark trees!
TEN.
p E AD LIB.

SECOND VERSE.

Moonlight, moonlight, one of Earth's daughters,
With a wild lute, with a wild lute,
Last evening sang so sweet o'er the waters,
My bird was mute—my bird was mute!
Moonlight, moonlight, think'st thou he'd leave me
For one so pale? for one so pale?
Yet, dear moonlight, if he deceive me,
Tell not the tale, tell not the tale!

LITERARY REVIEW.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE JAPANESE: *Family Library, No.* 132: *Harper & Brothers.*—We have here, for the first time in English, a compendium of the different foreign works which have been published upon this secluded and singular insular kingdom, a kingdom almost as unknown as that of China, and whose institutions, inhabitants, character, etc., are, in many respects, equal to those of the most intellectual and civilized governments existing. It is a valuable addition to this series of publication.

FACTS IN MESMERISM: *Harper & Brothers.*—The disciples of this singular science, if it may be termed one, will welcome this work most cordially. It is written by a scholar in the most extended sense of the word, and is treated in a sound and able manner. There is nothing approaching to quackery in its pages, but a narration of facts exemplified on some of the most intelligent individuals in Europe. The science of Mesmerism, better known by that of Animal Magnetism, is fast gaining ground in our own country, and if, as the author asserts and we are half inclined to believe him, that certain diseases have been and can be successfully combated and subdued by it, it is, at least, deserving of consideration.

BUCKINGHAM'S TRAVELS IN AMERICA: *Harper & Brothers.*—This book is no favorite of ours. Like the author himself there is quackery in every page of it, and is apparently got up for the sake of emolument and the gratification of his vanity. It contains nothing instructive, original, or interesting, but mere notices of towns, roads, hotels, temperance meetings, and puffing of himself, all of which have been already descanted upon by every tourist and book-making traveller. The work is beautifully printed and illustrated by a likeness of "the lion himself," and altogether sent forth in a style of which neither the man or his matter is worthy.

THE VICTIM OF CHANCERY: *S. Colman.*—An excellent story and excellently told, elucidating the pernicious effects resulting from the arbitrary exercise of Chancery powers, rules, and practice, of several individuals on one side, and the cruelty, oppression and villany of lawyers and men of business on the other, at least, so say the profatory remarks of the author. The characters are true to nature—the plot clear and convincing, calculated to prove the necessity of the passage of the bankrupt act, without which, all moral energy is paralyzed and the faithless individual is as safe and as respected as the honest and suffering creditor.

POPLAR GROVE, *by Esther Copley: D. Appleton & Co.*—Another charming volume from the pen of the accomplished authoress of Early Friendships. This is a valuable series of works for children, inculcating sound moral principles through the medium of interesting narratives, and showing the necessity of adhering rigidly to the doctrines of religion. Mrs. Copley in this line of publication is unrivalled, and promises fair to win for herself a reputation worthy of Hannah Moore or Mis Edgeworth. The work is beautifully executed, and will become an especial favorite among the juvenile members of society.

GUY FAWKES, *by William H. Ainsworth: Lea & Blanchard.* The materials out of which the author has constructed this romance are of a nature admirably suited to his peculiar style. They are gloomy, ferocious, and mysterious—exciting the reader's imagination and enchaining attention to the last. The religious character of the period in which the scene is placed, is well described, and the *dramatis personæ*, graphically delineated, especially those of Guy Fawkes, Garnet, and Vivians Radcliffe. Although in many cases, incidents and effects occur, which are improbable, yet, taking the work in its true acceptation of a romance, it is deserving of much commendation.

BARNABY RUDGE, NOS. XII AND XIII: *Lea & Blanchard.*—Two excellent numbers—abating nothing in interest. A better edition than this, need not be published.

HAPPINESS, *by J. A. James: D. Appleton & Co.*—A little book containing the grand secret where true happiness is only to be found. The author writes with great sincerity—he is one who has tried the subject and has tasted and handled and felt that which he presents. He has drank at the fountain of living waters, and now offers his friendly hand to guide you to the crystal stream, of which if you drink, you will thirst for no other, but in glad and grateful content say—"It is enough."

AMENITIES OF LITERATURE, *by D. Israeli: J. & H.G. Langley.* We have ever considered the author of these volumes as a literary benefactor, one, who in his own peculiar province has done more to advance the cause of letters than any other writer, by rescuing from oblivion and doing justice to the primitive sons of genius who laid the basis of English literature. "The Amenities" we regard superior to its brothers, "The Curiosities" and "The Miscellanies," inasmuch that there is more unity in its design, a greater depth of research, and as it were, a kind of history of the minds of authors as well as of their writings. Like whatever comes from the pen of this accomplished individual, it is remarkable for purity of style and interesting anecdote, and must become an especial favorite with all classes of readers.

TEN THOUSAND A YEAR.—*Carey & Hart.*—At length this work has been brought to a finish, and with all its aristocratical prejudices and anti-republican antipathies, we do not know of a better modern novel that has appeared for years. The characters are all true to nature, characters which are to be found in every day society, and which, in the hands of Mr. Warren, the reputed author, have found a competent painter. That mawkish affectation and cant about the dangerous principles it is calculated to disseminate, and which have all of a sudden sprung up among some reviewers, we cannot coincide with. The political creeds of England are of a very different character from those of America—what is there termed radicalism, would be here considered almost aristocracy, so that its dangerous influence among our countrymen need not in the least be apprehended. Such remarks are bug-bears only, to frighten children, while it is well known that the expressions and opinions of any writer can be easily misrepresented by reviewers, or in Shakspeare's words "The devil can cite scripture to suit his own purpose." It is an excellent novel, an honor to its author, and an ornament to the language in which it is written.

THE DEERSLAYER, *by J. F. Cooper: Lea & Blanchard.*—We are happy to meet Mr. Cooper once more in his proper sphere delighting and instructing by his beautiful delineations of the characters and scenery of his own "free land." The Deerslayer is an illustration of the youthful days of Leather Stocking, and is in admirable keeping with the other works which have preceded it, making altogether a complete series of American fiction, and worthy of standing by the side of "The Tales of My Landlord." Were we to particularize any character more to our taste than another, it would be that of Hetty, whose death is one of the most touching scenes ever penned by any writer. Her sister, Judith, is likewise a well-conceived and nobly sketched character, while Deerslayer, Hurry, Hutter, Wat-a-wah, and Chingachgook, are all touched with the pencil of a master. The interest of the tale is intense, and the *denouement* most affecting. We rejoice that Mr. Cooper has given this novel to the public, it is worth a thousand of such works as Mercedes of Castile, and goes far to retrieve the cast he had lost in popularity, while it shows that his genius is as fresh and fervent as ever.

PAUL AND VIRGINIA.—Such an edition as the present one of this delightful story has been long wanting, and we therefore thank the publisher who has contributed so much to the pleasures of the reading public. It is from the translation of Helen Maria Williams, a name familiar to the English public in the latter end of last century, from her poetical productions. The work is printed on the finest paper, embellished with very beautiful wood-cuts and handsomely bound in cloth. A prettier or more appropriate gift for young persons we do not know of.

THEATRICALS.

PARK.—The opening night of the present season was marked by the production of Shakespeare's Midsummer Night's Dream, a play containing some of the finest of his poetry, and some of his most meagre and uninteresting characters. However beautiful it is in the closet, it is in no way calculated for dramatic exhibition, for what to the reader appears the essence of the art, when brought before him on the stage, is totally destroyed by representation. How, in the name of fancy, can the little people of the fairy world, be personated by "human mortals," sprites that live in the "cowslip bell," quaff the pearly dew, and roam on wings lighter than the fibres of the gossamer, whose movements are so quick, that they, as that shrewd and knavish sprite Puck, says, "can put a girdle round the moon in forty minutes," how, in the name of fancy, we repeat, can they be personated by *bona fide* flesh and blood creatures. The only character of this ethereal race which has ever been effectively delineated on the stage, is that of Ariel; there is something tangible in his composition, if we may so express ourselves; he is a spirit that participates in the interest of the human beings about him. In his pursuits, and the missions he performs for Prospero, as "the minister of retribution," he stands before the spectator a creation of power. There is a body at all times about him—a substance, as it were; not so with Puck and his fairy companions; they are as motes in the sunbeams—the breath of flowers—light, evanescent, and invisible; therefore all attempts to depict them scenically, become, and ever must, ineffective This opinion we are borne out in by the remarks of an experienced critic which we here introduce as germain to the matter. "Poetry and the stage," says he, "do not agree well together. The attempt to reconcile them, in this instance, fails not only of effect, but of decorum. The *ideal* can have no place upon the stage, which is a picture without perspective; every thing there is in the foreground. That which was merely an airy shape, a dream, a passing thought, immediately becomes a passing reality. Where all is left to the imagination, (as is the case in reading,) every circumstance, near or remote, has an equal chance of being kept in mind, and tells according to the mixed impression of all that has been suggested. But the imagination cannot sufficiently qualify the actual impressions of the senses. Any offence given to the eye, is not to be got rid of by explanation. Fancy cannot be embodied, any more than a simile can be painted; and it is as idle to attempt it, as to personate Wall or Moonshine." And so it was at the Park theatre. Every thing that scenic illustration could do towards presenting the creations of Shakspeare to the eye of the spectator, as near as human ingenuity could devise, was attempted, but in vain. "It dragged its slow length along" for one week, and then was withdrawn. To Mr. Barry, the stage manager, great praise is due for his noble effort to give to the play "a local habitation and a name," on the American stage, and although unsuccessful, yet we hope it will not prevent him from reviving many other of the pure productions of the drama, for which we are certain there is taste enough yet left among the theatrical community to sustain and encourage. Since the withdrawal of the Midsummer Night's Dream, several old comedies have been revived, and played most excellently. The Poor Gentleman—Wild Oats—Heir at Law, etc., that prince of comedians, Browne, supporting the principal characters. The versatility of this gentleman is, at this moment, unequalled by any actor living. His Ollapod, Rover, Acres, and Robert Macaire, testifying the fact, all of them displaying the highest genius. W. H. Williams we are glad to welcome to this theatre; he is a capital actor in the regular *role* of low comedy, and since his appearance, has had every opportunity to ingratiate himself into the good graces of his audiences.

BOWERY.—The principal attraction at this theatre, during the past month, has been the appearance of Mrs. Shaw, the best actress at this day on the American stage. The character chosen for her debût, was Fiora, in the play of Il Maledetto, a splendid creation of the lamented authoress, but not affording ample scope for the talents of the actress. The language is metaphorically beautiful, chaste and correct, but the spirit of passion and dramatic effect are obscured by a crowding of gorgeous ideas and poetry, so that the effect of the actress is, to a great extent, impaired; nevertheless, it is a magnificent play, and must take the first rank among American dramas. Throughout her performance of Fiora, Mrs. Shaw evinced the greatest characteristics of a histrionic artist, a knowledge of her author, with the full power to execute. In these two qualities lies the secret of the art, and without their combination, all acting is useless. The finest conception feebly executed, will fall pointless and ineffective, and a delineation of a character without a competent knowledge of the genius of the writer, will, to a certain extent, do the same; hence the secret of Mrs. Shaw's successful illustration of character, and her high dramatic reputation. As a tragedy actress, she is unrivalled; as a personator of genteel comedy, she is unequalled, and as a *domestic* artiste, she is pre-eminent. Who that has beheld her Agnes De Vere, but will bear evidence that a more heart-harrowing and natural personation was never witnessed; it is the very triumph of the art—tears and breathless silence are its awarded testimony, and as a perfect picture in the *domestic* drama, it has no compeer. Then her inimitable Constance, in the Love Chase, that buoyant and forward hoyden, every passage sparkling with point and repartee; who, to behold her in these two different characters, but will acknowledge that a greater contrast of genius was never found in one individual. When we have said this, it will be thought that commendation can go no farther; but we do go farther, and pronounce her superior to these characters in the highest of the histrionic art. Her Lady Macbeth, her Marianna, her Julia, Juliet, Constance, Cora, and her beautiful personation of the Ionian Prince, are second to no actress living. We were glad to behold full and fashionable audiences honoring her various representations, and if applause was a just criterion of the high estimation in which her talents were regarded, certain we are, that she received it to the utmost. At the conclusion of Il Maledetto, Mrs. Shaw was loudly called for, and thanked the audience nearly as follows: "Ladies and gentlemen: I am so fatigued, that I have not the power to thank you, or, if I had, *words* would be inadequate to express my grateful feelings for this and the many favors I have received at your hands. I can only say that I truly and sincerely thank you, and hope that for the few nights I have to appear before you, I shall, on each representation, be greeted by your kind and smiling faces. I once again beg your acceptance of my sincere acknowledgments, and respectfully bid you adieu." Mr. Hamblin has also been giving the friends of the drama a taste of his quality, in some of his favorite characters. Any remarks that we might now offer, would be but a repetition of our former criticisms, in which we have already commented with pleasure, and awarded to him the meed of praise. Of the other ladies and gentlemen composing the company, we would especially particularize Mr. and Mrs. Hield, as performers of sound talent, valuable acquisitions to any establishment. Also a young and promising lady, Miss Clarke, who executes whatever is entrusted to her with correctness and taste; she is yet but very youthful, but in her we can descry the promise of future excellence.

CHATHAM.—Mr. Thorne continues in his career of success, omitting no opportunity to provide bountifully for the friends of his establishment. J. R. Scott, well known in the theatrical world, is at the head of the male department, and in many characters, may challenge competition with the best performers of the day. Mr. Thorne is equally good, while in the person of his lady he has a treasure of versatile talent, unequalled in this or any country.

OLYMPIC.—This pretty little theatre is once more open, and we are happy to record that success is attending Mr. Mitchell's exertions. One thing we rejoice to perceive—his retaining the old and favorite actors, it is a sure sign that he is a good as well as an able manager, and that matters work as smoothly behind as before the curtain.

EDITORS' TABLE.

With the present number terminates our fifteenth volume, which we consider superior in its literary quality to any of its former *companions*—in proof of which we need only call the attention of our readers to its index, where a list of eminent names will be found to justify the assertion. From the liberal support which we receive from all quarters we might be contented to continue in our present course, but determined to lack nothing of our wonted energy, we have resolved to increase the beauty of the Companion, in adding to its pictorial department. In future, therefore, each number will contain two engravings, on steel, executed by the most eminent artists, from designs of the first masters. Arrangements have also been effected with new and popular writers whose contributions will hereafter grace our pages. That we have fulfilled all former promises, we think our readers will allow, and while we expect a continuance of their favors, we assure them that no expense, care or exertion will be neglected to sustain the high character of the "*Ladies' Companion.*"

Mrs. Maeder.—Agreeable to its announcement, the benefit of this worthy woman and excellent actress came off on the 28th. ultimo, and was honored by the presence of the *elite* of fashion and intellect of our city. The exertions of the various performers elicited the warmest applause, and the reception of the fair *beneficiare*, must have convinced her that her talents are yet green in the memory of her admirers. Long may she continue to be an ornament to her profession, as she is in her domestic relations. The address, written for the occasion by our lady-contributor, Mrs. A. S. Stephens, we have introduced into our editorial columns—it was beautifully delivered by Mrs. Maeder, and responded to with every expression of feeling and applause.

Long years have passed, since in my infant fame,
Like a young lark, with dew upon its breast,
I left my native land, and hopeful came
To seek a shelter in the glorious West.
The morning of my life was rich with gold;
The home I left, was full of gladsome light;
The future—what the future would unfold,
I little knew—for all to me was bright.
Like the gay butterfly, within its bower,
I dream'd of sunshine, not of clouds and shower.
Child-like in hope, and child-like in my fear,
A frolic thing, of careless mind and age,
I claim'd the stranger's welcome here—yes, here!
Beneath *that dome*, and on this *very stage*.
And I was welcome! Many a noble hand
Greeted "the infant" to your happy land.
This heart received your cheer with grateful thrill;
Its strings were touch'd, and have their music still.

The faces smiling on me then, were strange;
They are familiar now—but lo! the change!
Yon gentle girl, who sat, with modest eye,
Watching the mimic scenes go glancing by—
The rich blood glowing deeply in her cheek—
With pleasant wonder which she fear'd to speak—
With nobler mien is sitting yonder now;
Bright intellect is on her lofty brow.
Her thoughtful eye has deeper, sadder grown—
From her round cheek the damask, half, has flown;
And yet she has a beauty more refined,
No wonder now our scenic show beguiles;
The matron of that day, is grandma now—
Walks with a stately step, and turban'd brow—
Submits to glasses with reluctant grace,
And thinks the Theatre a shocking place.
The beaux that lavish'd blossoms at my feet—
That sported canes, and spoil'd their snowy gloves
With clapping hands—who sent me verses sweet
On perfumed paper, seal'd with hearts and doves,
Now turn away from Pickle's wildest prank,
And gravely talk about that Fiscal Bank.
In short, it is a melancholy thing,
But that Old Time has got a sweeping wing!
And though his footsteps may on blossoms fall,
The shadow of that wing has touch'd us all—
All! yes, it must be modestly confess'd,
That I am growing older with the rest;
And though you smile upon me as before,
I am the "*infant* prodigy" no more.
If that old familiar dome should never raise
Another echo to your generous praise;
Yet my full heart must bless the glorious past,
Though this bright hour of triumph were my last!
Still the rich glory of my first eclat,
Was not more dear than that soft word, "mamma,"
With which an infant group will rush to meet,
The first faint sound of my returning feet.
Fond, twining arms—eyes dancing in the light
Of their sweet infant gladness, will, to-night,
Combine to stir the fountains of my heart,
And free the tears I now forbid to start.

I said, in childhood, that I scarcely knew
A thought of grief—as blossoms drink the dew,
And feel the summer rain, I smiled away
The happy hours—careless, almost, as they.
But time has clouds for all, and I have felt
That golden rain can glitter but to melt—
That shadows follow sunshine, and that storms
May cloud the hearthstone which affection warms.
If, in my dawning womanhood, there came
Some wither'd leaves, amid the wreath of fame,
Which, on my infant head, was greenly bound—
If some few thorns amid the leaves were found—
A band of lovely women now have torn
From off the chaplet, perish'd leaf and thorn.
With dewy fingers, and with kindly grace,
Your hands have woven roses in their place,
And all the sorrow of that transient blight,
Your presence far o'erpays this happy night.
This hour is with a double blessing crown'd—
Public and private friends are all around.
Those who have struggled fearless through the gloom
Which shrouds the stage, as it were Shakspeare's tomb—
Who keep this temple with a courage bold,
As Spartan's guarded Marathon of old,
Have crowded to my help, a vet'ran few,
Full of warm feelings, generous and true.
Each came with noble warmth to act his part,
And wrote his name upon a grateful heart.

I'd tell the story of my woe and weal,
And strive to put in language all I feel;
But vain are simple words! Can they express
The force of gratitude in its excess?
I cannot speak my thanks! a gentle pride
Of sex and womanhood so close allied,
To all the grateful feelings swelling here,
Forbids all eloquence except a tear.
And even happy tears must be subdued—
They are the luxury of solitude.
Feelings are mute, and words lack eloquence,
Still must I say a deep and thrilling sense
Of all your kindness, holds my voice in thrall.
Ladies, I'm grateful! Friends, I thank you all.

Notice.—It is requisite that it should be distinctly understood that the *year* of the Ladies' Companion commences in *May* or *November*. All subscriptions *expire*, either with the *April* or *October* number. Persons receiving the *first* number of a *new volume*, are considered as subscribers for the whole year, and payment will be insisted upon. It is the duty of every subscriber to give notice at the office, *personally, or by letter post-paid*, if he desire the work stopped, and not to permit it to be forwarded to his address for several months after the year has expired. No subscription can be transferred without the consent of the office, otherwise the person first subscribing, is held responsible.

New Music.—We have received two pieces of music from Atwill, of Broadway, one entitled "Oh! this Love," and the other, "Will Nobody Marry Me?" the words of both by G. P. Morris, and the music by Henry Russell. The latter song is the best of the two. The style in which they are published, reflects great credit on Mr. Atwill.

Fall Fashions.—*Morning Dress.*—Robe of rich silk, skirt full, body tight, with long waist, with two rows of lace ascending from the waist over the shoulders; sleeves tight. Hat of chip or Leghorn, with drooping feathers. Hair plain.

Full Dress.—Fancy colored silk robe, skirt very full, and trimmed in front with lace and flowers—body peaked, and low in waist—low on the shoulder—full falling sleeves, looped up, and surmounted with lace, hair braided plainly, and ornamented fully with flowers.

Evening Dress.—Robe of silk—skirt full, with one, two, or three flounces—body low. Hair plain—hat of silk, chip, or Leghorn. Sleeves tight at shoulders, full in the middle, and tight at wrist.

SWISS SCENE. MORNING.

THE

LADIES' COMPANION;

A MONTHLY

MAGAZINE

EMBRACING

EVERY DEPARTMENT OF LITERATURE,

—EMBELLISHED WITH—

ORIGINAL ENGRAVINGS, AND MUSIC

ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO FORTE, HARP AND GUITAR.

VOLUME XVI.

NEW-YORK:

WILLIAM W. SNOWDEN.

1842.

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HAGAR IN THE DESERT.
FASHIONS FOR MARCH.
VILLAGE OF SING SING.
FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

...ICE BRIDGENORTH.

Engraved for the Ladies' Companion

THE LADIES' COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, NOVEMBER, 1841.

ALICE BRIDGENORTH.

The accompanying engraving of the present number, is an ideal portrait of Alice Bridgenorth, the heroine of Scott's novel of Peveril of the Peak; one of those female characters, which his genius delighted so much to invest with beauty and interest. To attempt to describe that which has already been so ably done by that great man, would, we think, be considered as presumptuous, and we shall therefore confine ourselves principally to a few quotations from the novel as most fitting for an illustration of the subject.

"In the beginning of the year 1685, Major Bridgenorth was childless; ere it ended, he had a daughter, indeed, but her birth was purchased by the death of an affectionate wife, whose constitution had been exhausted by maternal grief, and by the anxious and harrowing reflection, that from her, the children they had lost, derived that delicacy of health, which proved unable to undergo the tear and wear of existence. The same voice which told Bridgenorth that he was father of a living child, (it was the friendly voice of Lady Peveril,) communicated to him the melancholy intelligence that he was no longer a husband. The feelings of Major Bridgenorth were strong and deep, rather than hasty and vehement; and his grief assumed the form of a sullen stupor, from which neither the friendly remonstrances of Sir Geoffrey, who did not fail to be with his neighbor at this distressing juncture, even though he knew he must meet the Presbyterian pastor, nor the ghostly exhortations of this latter person, were able to rouse the unfortunate widower.

"At length Lady Peveril, with the ready invention of a female, sharpened by the sight of distress, and the feelings of sympathy, tried on the sufferer one of those experiments by which grief is often awakened from despondency into tears. She placed in Bridgenorth's arms the infant, whose birth had cost him so dear, and conjured him to remember that his Alice was not yet dead, since she survived in the helpless child she had left to his paternal care.

'Take her away—take her away!' said the unhappy man, and they were the first words he had spoken. 'Let me not look on her; it is but another blossom that has bloomed to fade, and the tree that bore it will never flourish more!'

"He almost threw the child into Lady Peveril's arms, placed his hands before his face, and wept aloud. Lady Peveril did not say, 'Be comforted,' but she ventured to promise that the blossom should ripen into fruit.

'Never, never!' said Bridgenorth; 'take the unhappy child away, and let me only know when I shall wear black for her—wear black!' he exclaimed, interrupting himself; 'what other color shall I wear during the remainder of my life?'

'I will take the child for a season,' said Lady Peveril, 'since the sight of her is so painful to you; and the little Alice shall share the nursery of our Julian, until it shall be pleasure and not pain, for you to look on her.'

'That hour will never come,' said the unhappy father; 'her doom is written—she will follow the rest; God's will be done. Lady, I thank you—I trust her to your care; and I thank God that my eyes shall not see her dying agonies.'"

Agreeable to her promise, Lady Peveril did befriend the young Alice, and her son, Julian, growing into manhood, was sent to London to be educated in the house of her cousin, Lady Derby. In the meantime Alice had sprung into womanhood, and resided under the charge of Mistress Deborah Christian, at Black Fort. At this period she was little over fourteen years of age, of an exquisite form, though not, as yet sufficiently rounded in the outlines to produce the perfection of female beauty. Her countenance, fair and delicate, with eyes of hazel, and a brow of alabaster, had, notwithstanding, less regular beauty than her form, and might have been justly subjected to criticism. There was, however, a life and spirit in her gaiety, and a depth of sentiment in her gravity, which made Alice, in conversation, with the very few persons with whom she associated, so fascinating in her manners and expression, whether of language or countenance—so touching, also, in her simplicity and purity of thought, that brighter beauties might have been overlooked in her company. Such was Alice Bridgenorth, when Julian Peveril returned to the home of his youth from London, and having, in his boyhood, from constant association with Alice, inherited a friendly attachment, it now ripened into love, which he failed not to avow to her with all the fervency of a first and deep devoted passion. The time and place we select for the subject of the engraving, is at an appointed meeting of the lovers, at the monument of Goddard Crovan, and is thus described by Scott:

"As Julian approached the monument of Goddard Crovan, he cast many an anxious glance to see whether any object visible, beside the huge grey stone, should apprize him whether he was anticipated, at the appointed place of rendezvous, by her who had named it. Nor was it long before the flutter of a mantle, which the breeze slightly waved, and the motion necessary to replace it on the wearer's shoulders, made him aware that Alice had already reached their place of meeting. One instant set the palfrey at liberty, with slackened girth and loosened reins, to pick its own way through the dell at will; another, placed Julian Peveril by the side of Alice Bridgenorth." R. H.

VIEW FROM HYDE PARK.

Our additional engraving is from the burin of an artist, who, hereafter, will, in conjunction with others, embellish the pictorial department of the Companion. It is a view of the Hudson, taken from Hyde Park, about six miles north of Poughkeepsie, where the river presents some of its most magnificent features. It is here, broad and deep, with the shores gradually ascending to a considerable height, exhibiting the highest marks of cultivation. On the surrounding eminences, are built the villas and country residences of some of our wealthiest citizens of New-York, and every where the signs of taste and civilization are apparent The town of Hyde Park derived its name from the residence of the late Doctor Hosack, and which was given to it by its former owner, Doctor Bard, which contains over three thousand inhabitants. There is a Dutch Reformed Church, a Methodist, and a Quaker's, besides an Episcopal chapel, and many other useful institutions. The estate of the deceased Doctor Hosack occupied nearly seven hundred acres, and was laid out in the most tasteful manner. The splendid mansion stands on an extensive plain, and is completely encircled with trees and shrubs of every description. The garden, under his direction, was one of the finest in the Union, and contained, perhaps, a richer collection of botanical plants than any other. Such are a few of the principal objects in connection with the present engraving, which, albeit, altogether, "not germain to the matter," will not be deemed unnecessary or uninteresting. The treasures of the Hudson, so rich in scenery, and every lovely object of nature, although described most ably by the pens of many writers, cannot be truly appreciated but from actual observation. We have looked on many lands famed for their streams, but in all of them we have beheld not one to compare with this noble river A popular author has said that at Hyde Park, it resembles the Bosphorus above Roumeli-bissar, or the Dardanelles at Abydos; if like the latter, we do not wonder that the poets of olden times celebrated the beauties of the Hellespont in such glowing language, but what would they have done, had they inhabited a country like our own, so rich in river, hill, and forest—for surely if ever there was a region where the genius of poetic inspiration could seek to rear her airy throne, it is in that "of Freedom and of Freedom's sons." The following stanzas contain many beautiful images, and are most apposite to our subject:

"How beauteous art thou, when, at rosy dawn,
Up from thy glittering breast its robe of mist
Into the azure depths is gently drawn,
Or softly settles o'er thy bluffs, just kissed
By the first slanting beams of golden morn;
Gorgeous—when ruby, gold, and amethyst,
Upon thy tesselated surface lie—
The wave-glassed splendors of the sunset sky.

And when the moon through wreaths of curdled snow,
Upon thee pours a flood of golden sheen,
While the tall headlands vaster seem to grow,
As on thy breast their giant shadows lean.
There is a mournful music in thy flow;
And I have listened 'mid the hallowed scene,
Until lov'd voices seemed, in murmurs bland,
Hailing me softly from the spirit land."

R. H.

Original.

THE ONE FAULT.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

"Trifles make the sum of human things,
And half our misery from our foibles springs."

"Who could have believed it possible," said Charles Wharton, as he sat at the breakfast-table, impatiently awaiting the tardy appearance of his wife; "who could have believed it possible that a single fault should neutralize so many good qualities." He leaned his head on his hand, and a feeling of mortification and disgust arose in his mind, as his eye glanced over the rumpled napkins, ill-cleaned knives, and soiled table-cloth, whose varied stains told of the double duty which it was daily called upon to perform. The entrance of Mrs. Wharton at length disturbed his unpleasant meditations, but he was so thoroughly out of humor, that he scarcely noticed her pleasant face and good humored smile, while he scanned, with severe look, her morning dress. This, to say truth, was not exactly in the neatest possible style, for Mrs. Wharton did not adopt *strait-laced habits*, until the hour when she might expect visitors. Her usual breakfast attire was a loose wrapper, always the especial abomination of gentlemen, while her beautiful hair, uncombed, and twisted back from her forehead in stiff curl papers, certainly did not add to the elegance of her appearance.

"I wish to Heaven you would wear something decent in the morning, Mary," said her husband, as she took her seat. "I detest those slovenly loose gowns; nothing but habitual ill health is an excuse for wearing them."

"Oh, I have not time to *fix up* for breakfast, Charles."

"You found time when you were at Lebanon last summer, to dress yourself, and you never looked better than in those pretty morning-gowns you then wore."

"One is obliged to be well dressed at such places, where there is so much company, but I cannot afford to wear such handsome muslins at home, so as soon as we returned, I had them altered into dinner dresses."

"It is a pity a woman would not always consider her husband as *company*," said Charles, snappishly, as he took his cup of coffee.

"What is the matter with you, Charles," said Mrs. Wharton, when the uncomfortable meal was nearly at an end; "I never saw you so out of humor; you have done nothing but scold since I came down stairs."

She spoke with the utmost cheerfulness, and her placid countenance was in singular contrast with the husband's vexed look. It was scarcely possible for a man of Charles Wharton's really good temper to answer harshly, and he replied gravely:

"I have been vexed by petty things, Mary, and they always try the temper more severely than serious troubles. I had an appointment with a gentleman at nine o' clock, and it only wanted ten minutes of that time when you came down to breakfast, so that I have been compelled to disappoint him; then your delay has completely spoiled every thing—the coffee is cold, the eggs like stones, the toast good for nothing, and this

wretched breakfast is set before me on a table-cloth which would disgrace a well-ordered kitchen."

Mrs. Wharton looked serious as she replied, "I am sorry, Charles, but indeed I was very sleepy this morning, and I only took a short nap after the bell rung for breakfast."

"And the consequence of your short nap, Mary, is that I must go without my breakfast, and perhaps lose the chance of making a thousand dollars."

"Why did you not tell me you were in haste?" asked Mrs. Wharton.

"Oh, because I am heartily tired of being obliged to make daily and hourly requests for those things which ought to be habitual to you. There is a want of attention *somewhere*, and it is quite time you discovered where the fault lies, Mary."

"I am sure I do not know what you mean; I do every thing I can, but my housekeeping never seems to please you, although almost all my time is spent in looking after the servants."

"If half that time was bestowed in teaching them some regular system, you would have less care, and I more comfort."

"What do you want me to do, Charles?"

"That is precisely the thing which I cannot tell you, but which you ought to know already, Mary; it is not a man's business to teach housekeeping."

"I wish we could afford to hire a housekeeper," sighed Mrs. Wharton, despondingly.

"That is a very vain wish, madam; you had better wish for the possession of a little more knowledge on the subject, and then we should not need one."

"Charles, you are never satisfied. I am sure I know a great deal more about housekeeping than most of the young wives of our acquaintance."

"I can only say, then, that I am sorry for the husbands of those that know less," muttered Charles, as he pushed back his chair, and taking his hat, walked sullenly out of the room.

Mrs. Wharton sat musing for a few moments after his departure, and her eyes filled with tears as she recalled his angry words. She felt that he had been unkind, for she thought he was angry at her tardiness, and she was conscious that she would willingly have relinquished the darling morning sleep, if she had known of his engagement. "Why did he not tell me of it?" said she, mentally; "how should I always know what he wishes me to do, unless he tells me? and yet he seems often dissatisfied at some neglect of which I am not conscious, until when too late to remedy it."

Poor Mrs. Wharton! with the best intentions, the kindliest feelings, and the most devoted love for her husband, she was yet ignorant of some of those minor duties, without which, happiness cannot be attained. Educated at a fashionable boarding-school, she knew little of the actual mechanism of life. She had gone through the regular routine of studies and accomplishments—had been brought out into society in due form, at the age of sixteen, and after two years spent in the excitements of the gay world, had given her hand to the most agreeable, rather than to the richest of her suitors, preferring love in a cottage, with Charles Wharton, to indifference in a palace, with her wealthier lover. She was simply a warm-hearted, affectionate, cheerful tempered girl, whose reflective powers, if she had them, had never been much cultivated, and whose pliant character was yet to be moulded by future circumstances. Her husband had grown up in the midst of an old fashioned domestic circle. He had seen his mother devoted to her household duties, governing herself and others by a regular system, which made every care seem light, because each fell in its allotted place, and to its allotted person. He had observed his sisters acquiring all the elegant refinements of a finished education, while they gradually learned, from example, rather than precept, the womanly habits which are only to be gained in a well-ordered household. He had been so accustomed to neatness and order, that he scarcely noticed their presence, but if he was accidentally thrown into circumstances where they were wanting, their absence soon taught him how essential they were to his daily comfort. In short, he was the son of a sensible and good mother, and her influence had made him worthy of as sensible and good a wife. Mary Lee's pretty face and frank simplicity of character, had attracted him, when she first entered society. Her unalterable good humor was an additional charm, and when he found her possessed of a fund of sound practical good sense, which needed only time to develope itself, he hesitated not to offer to her acceptance his heart and hand. During the first intoxication of youthful love, he could see no defects in her character, no spots in the sun which shed so much light upon his existence. Her cheerful smiles, her bright face, her bird-like voice, all acted upon him like enchantment, and with a degree of enthusiasm which usually ends in disappointment, he exalted her into an object of adoration. He was ten years her senior, and the light-hearted girl received his homage with an elation of spirit which tended to increase rather than subdue the levity of her disposition.

I wonder if it ever occurred to a discontented husband that much of the discomfort of his married life might be attributed to this over-estimation which is so general a characteristic of the days of courtship. To man, love is but the interlude between the acts of a busy life—the cares of business, or the severe studies of a profession are the *duties* of his existence, while the attentions which he bestows on the young and fair being whom he has chosen to share his future lot, are the actual pleasures of his life. He comes to her weary with the sordid anxieties or the oppressive intellectual labors in which he has been engaged, and he finds her ever the gentle minister to his happiness, while the atmosphere which surrounds her, is one of such purity and peace, that all his better nature is awakened by her presence. What marvel, then, that he should make her the idol of his dreams, and enthrone her on high in his imagination, as the good genius of his life? Wilfully blind to every defect in her character, he views her through the medium of his own excited feelings, and thus, like one who should pretend to

judge of the real landscape by beholding its reflection in a Claude Lorraine glass, he sees only the softened lineaments of the actual being. Then comes the hour of disenchantment. In the familiar intercourse of wedded life, he ceases to be the worshipper at an idol's shrine. The love still exists, perhaps even increases in its fervor, but the blind worship is at an end; she is now his fellow traveller through the rugged and dusty path of life, and she must bear with him, the heat and burden of the day. But it often happens that the past has not been without its evil influence upon her. She has been taken from among her companions, and set on high as an object of adoration, the intellect of man has been humbled before her, and her very caprices have been laws to him. Is it to be wondered at, if she cannot at once resign her queenly station, and become the gentle and submissive and forbearing woman? Is it strange that the reproof or the cold rebuke of him who once taught her that she was all perfection, should sound strangely to her ear, and fall with bitterness upon her heart? The change which takes place in the mere *manners* of him who was once the devoted lover, is hard to understand. "I cannot describe," said a lady, who was by no means remarkable for sensitiveness of feeling, "I cannot describe how unhappy I felt the first time after my marriage, that my husband put on his hat and walked out of the house to his daily business, without bidding me farewell. I thought of it all the morning, and wondered whether he was displeased with me, nor until I had questioned him on the subject, did I discover (what was perhaps equally painful to me then,) that he was so occupied with his business, as to have forgotten it." Many a misunderstanding in married life has arisen out of circumstances as trifling as the one just recorded; for when a woman has been made to believe that she is the sole object of her lover's thoughts, it is difficult for her to realize that the act which transfers to him the future guardianship of her happiness, exonerates him from those minute attentions, which have hitherto contributed so much to her enjoyment. Do not mistake me, gentle reader; I do not mean to say as some have ventured to assert, that "Courtship is a woman's Paradise, and Marriage her Purgatory," for my own blessed experience would quickly give the lie to any such false theory; but I would merely suggest whether this exaltation of a mistress into something *more than woman*, before marriage, does not tend to produce a reaction of feeling, which is apt to degrade her into something less than the rest of her sex afterwards; and whether he who saw no faults in his "ladye-love" will not be likely to see more than she ever possessed, in his *wife*?

Charles Wharton had certainly committed this common error. Loving his mother and sisters with the most devoted affection, he had learned to regard them as models of feminine virtue and grace, yet there was something of sombre and grave in their characters, which did not exactly agree with his *beau-ideal* of woman,

"Skilled alike to dazzle and to please."

He was therefore peculiarly susceptible to the charms of playful wit and gaiety in his beloved Mary, and finding her thus in possession of the only gift which was wanting in his home circle, he, by a very natural error, attributed to her all the other qualities which he found there in such perfection. He had created an imaginary being, who should unite the lighter graces with the nobler virtues, and, fascinated by the beauty, and the sunny temper of Miss Lee, he found no difficulty in embodying in her form his ideal mistress. For a time he was perfectly enchanted, but the familiar intercourse of married life at length discovered some defects in the character of the young and light-hearted wife, and Wharton, feeling as men are apt to do,

"As charm by charm unwinds,
That robed their idol,"

was almost tempted to believe that he had utterly deceived himself. But in this opinion he was as far wrong as when he had fancied her all perfection. Mary possessed all the material for forming an estimable woman, but she was young, thoughtless, and untaught. She was one of a family who lived but for society, and whose deportment to each other was an exemplification of the old copy-book apothegm: "Familiarity breeds contempt." The self-respect which inculcates personal neatness as a duty—the respect towards each other, which should be as carefully cherished between brothers and sisters, as the affection which, in truth, will not long exist without it—were entirely unknown among them. In society, they were models of propriety, but, in the domestic circle, there was a want of method, and a neglect of neatness which could not fail to be injurious to every member of the family. I may be mistaken, but, it seems to me, that habitual slovenliness cannot fail to have its effect upon the mental as well as the bodily habits. To a well balanced mind, external order seems as essential as intellectual purity, and however great may be the genius, there is surely something wanting to a perfect equilibrium of the faculties, when the body—through the medium of which ideas must necessarily be conveyed to the mind—is habitually neglected, and consequently exposed to disgustful rather than agreeable images. But whatever may be the effect of a want of neatness on one's individual character, there is no doubt as to its influence on others. No man can have a proper respect for female purity and delicacy, when he has been accustomed, from childhood, to witness slovenly habits in his mother and sisters; for that chivalric feeling towards the gentler sex, which has preserved many a man from the early attacks of vice, never exists in the heart of him who has had the barriers of refinement broken down, ere he left his childhood's home.

Mrs. Wharton was not deficient in personal cleanliness; few women are found guilty of so revolting a fault; but she wanted personal neatness and order. She had learned to treat her husband as she was accustomed to do her brothers, and while she never appeared before company in an *undress*, scarcely ever honored him with any thing else. Her breakfast dress has already been described, and if the day hap-

pened to be rainy, or any thing else occurred to induce her to deny herself to visitors, she generally greeted her husband's eye in the same loose and flowing robes at dinner, as well as tea. Her total ignorance of every thing like method, was visible throughout all her domestic arrangements. Instead of *directing* her servants, she only *reproved* them, for she found it much easier to scold when a thing was *ill done*, than to attend to having it *well* done. Her domestics soon became familiar with her ignorance of the details of housekeeping, and availed themselves of it, to neglect their duty as much as possible, and, when she began to add to her other defects, that of *indolence*, her household fell into a state which cannot be better designated than by the expressive Irish word,' *Through-otherness.*'

The scene which I have already described, was but the beginning of domestic discord. Disappointed and annoyed, Mr. Wharton would not deign to tell her the exact nature of her fault, and point out the mode of remedy; while the wife was daily pained by some ebullition of ill humor, which made her sensible of an error committed, without enabling her to understand how it might be avoided for the future. There was a want of confidence between them, which threatened the most painful results to their future comfort, for while Charles was daily becoming more discontented with her ignorance of system, she, conscious that she really took pains to please him, was gradually acquiring the belief that he no longer loved her. There was no want of will to do right, but she sadly needed some kind hand to guide her into the true path, and thus, while each possessed, in an unusual degree, the elements of happiness, the poison of distrust was embittering the existence of both. The husband became moody at home, and soon began to seek, in the excitements of society, oblivion of the discomforts of his own fireside, while the wife, feeling herself neglected and forlorn, gave herself up to despondency, and became more careless than ever of her personal appearance. The bright beauty of her countenance vanished, and in the hollow-cheeked, sad-eyed, dowdyish woman, who sat, hour after hour, in a great arm-chair, devouring the last new novel, it was scarcely possible to recognize the bright-faced and cheerful-tempered bride of the once devoted Charles Wharton.

Such was the state of things at the end of the first two years of their married life. Mrs. Wharton, disheartened and dispirited, took little interest in her family concerns, while her husband, accustomed to seek his enjoyments elsewhere, found always something to censure at home. Fortunately his good principles kept him from the haunts of dissipation, or he might have added another to the list of those who have been driven, by an *ill-ordered home*, to a *well-ordered* tavern or billiard-room. His mother had long seen and mourned his evident disquiet, and, while she partially divined its cause, was in doubt as to the course which she ought to pursue. She was aware of the danger of interference in the domestic concerns of another, but she could not bear to see her son and his sweet-tempered wife so estranged from each other.

"You are unhappy, Charles," said the old lady, one day, when they were alone. "Will you not tell me the cause of your trouble? is it your business?"

"No, mother, my business was never in a more prosperous condition."

"Then something is wrong at home, my son; can you not confide in me?"

"Oh, there is nothing to tell; Mary is one of the best-hearted and good-tempered creatures in the world, but—"

"But what, Charles?"

"She has one fault, mother, and it is about the worst she could have."

"The worst, Charles? is she ill-tempered, or deficient in affection for you? does she run into extravagant excesses for dress or company?"

"Why, mother, you know she has none of these defects?"

"Then, Charles, she has not the *worst* faults she might have."

"Well, well, perhaps I used too strong a term, but really I am heartsick—I have a house, but no home—I have servants, but no service from them—I have a wife, but no helpmeet: I cannot yet afford to keep a housekeeper, and until I can, I see no probability of finding comfort at home. Mary is as ignorant as a baby, of all that the mistress of a family ought to know, and I am tired of living at the mercy of a pack of careless domestics."

"Mary has been unfortunate in not learning such duties in her early home, Charles, but certainly there is no difficulty in acquiring a knowledge of them now; did you ever try to teach her?"

"Try to teach housekeeping, mother? no, indeed; I should as soon think of teaching a woman how to put on her dress; who ever heard of a man teaching his wife how to keep house?"

"I will tell you, Charles, what you might have taught her; you have such habits of order, and are so systematic in your arrangement of time, that you could easily have imparted to her your notions on such subjects, without appearing to meddle with woman's affairs, and when she had once learned them, half her task would have been accomplished."

"A woman ought not to be married 'till she knows her duties. The parent who allows a daughter to marry, when conscious that she is utterly ignorant of these, is guilty of an actual imposition upon the luckless husband."

"You would scarcely expect a parent to blazon his child's defects, Charles; a man chooses a wife for himself—he marries with his eyes open."

"No, I'll be hanged if he does! he is blinded by a pretty face, at first, and then the lady and her friends take good care to noose him, before he gets his eyes open."

"You are angry, Charles, and I am afraid you have used bitter words, rather than arguments, with poor Mary."

"Mother, I am as unhappy as ever was mortal man: I love home—I love my wife, but when I seek both, I

am disgusted by the sight of a disordered house and a slovenly woman, and my feelings are instantly changed into anger and almost dislike. I shall break up housekeeping in the spring; I can't bear it any longer."

"I think I could remedy the evil of which you complain, if I was only sure that Mary would not resent my interference."

"Resent! why, mother, she never resents any thing; I never heard an angry word from her in my life, and I have given her many a one." Mrs. Wharton looked significantly at her son, as he made this acknowledgment, and smiled, as she promised to make the attempt.

It happened, not long after the conversation above narrated, that Charles Wharton was taken seriously ill, and his mother became an inmate of his family until his recovery. There is nothing which so effectually subdues wrathful feelings, and obliterates the recollection of past unkindness, as the touch of sickness. When death sits watching beside the bed of pain, the animosity of a lifelong enemy seems like a sin against the charities of life, and how much more vain and wicked seem the angry bickerings of those whom love has bound together! Charles saw nothing of the sloven in the attentive and devoted nurse, who untiringly ministered to his wants, and Mary felt more happiness, notwithstanding her apprehensions, than she had enjoyed for many months. But Mrs. Wharton, the mother, now obtained a clear insight into the difficulties which had marred their domestic comfort, and, no sooner was Charles restored to convalescence, than she set herself to the task of subduing them. Fortunately for her scheme, Mary possessed that perfect good temper which was not to be ruffled even by the interference of a mother-in-law, and Mrs. Wharton had sufficient tact to know just how far that interference could be carried with success. In the course of the frequent confidential conversations which occurred between the mother and wife, during the time when both were engrossed in the care of the invalid, Mary learned much of her husband's early tastes and habits, of which she had before been utterly ignorant. She heard, but not in the language of personal rebuke, of his peculiar notions of order and system, and her mind, which had unconsciously acquired habits of reflection and thought in her hours of solitude, began to understand the benefit of a regular and well-ordered plan of life. But still she was at a loss to know exactly how to arrange such a plan, and it was not until she had summoned sufficient moral courage, (smile not, reader, it required no small share of it,) to explain her dilemma, and ask the aid of her mother-in-law, that she was enabled to enter upon her new course of life.

Following the advice of Mrs. Wharton, the first bad habit which she corrected, was that of indulging in morning slumbers. Early rising afforded her the time to attire herself with neatness and propriety, while it also gave her the opportunity of visiting the important domain of the 'Land of Cookery,' and of inspecting the arrangement of the morning meal. It required a serious struggle with that hardest of all tyrants, Indolence, but Mrs. Wharton soon found that bad habits are like the bonds with which the Lilliputians fettered the slumbering Gulliver—united, it was impossible to break the fragile threads, but if taken singly, each could be severed by the movement of a finger. One by one she contended against her former faults. It required not only resolution, but the rarer virtue of perseverance, to carry all her good intentions into effect, for many a week and month elapsed, ere she could fully arrange the mechanism of her domestic concerns. In truth, it is no small task to regulate the microcosm of a household—to manage in such a manner as to bestow the greatest proportion of comfort upon each individual—to divide the duties of domestics, so as to secure the performance of business in its proper time, and the enjoyment of leisure when the tasks are over—to remember and provide for the wants of all—to study the peculiar tastes of each—to preserve order and neatness throughout the multifarious departments of domestic life—and to do all this without neglecting the claims of friendship and society—without relinquishing the cultivation of one's mind, and the study of one's own heart—without becoming a mere household drudge. It is no easy task, yet it may be done; the first steps in this, as in all other labors, are the most difficult: only employ the aid of system in the beginning, and all may be fully accomplished.

* * * * * *

It was a fine spring morning: a bright fire was burning in the polished grate, before which sat Mr. Wharton, deeply engaged in the study of the newspaper, while a neat servant was arranging the breakfast on a table-cloth as white as the eggs which she had just set upon it. A moment afterwards Mrs. Wharton entered, looking prettier than ever, and as she took her seat at the table, she drew down the wristbands of her well-fitting morning-gown, while a plate of hot biscuits, which just then made their appearance, told her recent employment. Charles threw aside his paper, and turned to the table with a cheerful look of perfect contentment. There was nothing picturesque in the group, but it was a scene of comfort and happiness, and, to the believers in that 'Dietetic' philosophy, which holds that the enjoyment or misery, nay, even the morality or immorality of the day may be traced to the effects resulting from a good or bad breakfast, such a scene could not but augur well for the parties. At the moment when Charles was discussing the merits of his third biscuit, and sipping, at intervals his fragrant coffee, a stranger was announced, who wished to see him on business. Slowly and reluctantly he left the room, and after the lapse of a few minutes, returned with a most whimsical expression of face.

"What do you suppose that man wanted, Mary?" he asked, as he again addressed himself to his breakfast.

"I am sure I cannot imagine, Charles."

"He wanted to know at what price I was willing to sell this house."

"Sell this house, Charles? surely you do not think

of such a thing," exclaimed Mrs. Wharton, in undisguised alarm.

"He says I told him last summer, that I intended breaking up housekeeping, and should offer it for sale this spring."

"What answer did you give him?" asked Mrs. Wharton, growing a little pale.

"I told him I had changed my mind," was the quiet reply.

"Do you really wish to alter our mode of life, dear Charles?"

"No, indeed I do not, my little wife; I would not give the comforts of such a home as I possess, for all the splendors which money can purchase at a hotel. I like to be beneath my own roof-tree, and really believe that in any house but my own, I should exclaim with the poet Dante:

'Salt is the bread by others given, and hard
Th' ascent of others' stairs.'"

"I am glad to hear you say so, for really I should regret any change."

"But you would have much less trouble if we were at board."

"And much less enjoyment, too, dear Charles; 'life's cares' are certainly very like 'life's comforts,' in the domestic circle, whatever they may be elsewhere. I assure you that the gratification which a woman derives from the consciousness that she is essential to the happiness and even to the daily pleasures of those she loves, fully compensates her for all trouble."

"It is a pity all wives did not think so, Mary."

"It is a pity all females were not taught this truth before marriage, Charles; I have not forgotten my own past errors, nor the kindness of your good mother, to whose wise counsels I owe my present happiness."

"Nor should you forget, sweet one, the energy and patience and self-denial of my own dear wife, who accomplished what few women would have been willing to do, when she persevered in conquering the evil effects of early indulgence."

"Call it early *neglect*, Charles; that mother sadly mistakes the nature of indulgence, who, to save her daughter from trifling discomforts in youth, allows her to grow up in ignorance of those duties which, in after life, are so essential to her welfare."

Brooklyn, L. I.

Original.

HEAVEN IS OVER ALL.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

In weary paths, my precious boy,
Your faltering feet must fall;
But bear in mind whe'er you go,
That Heaven is over all!

You're tripping thro' a garden now,
Where Childhood loves to play,
And kind hands pull the flowers for you,
And throw the thorns away;
And softly falls the tender light—
The breeze—'tis joy to breathe it!
And if, perchance, a shower descends,
New blossoms wake beneath it;

But by and by you'll leave your bower,
And "go your ways" alone,
With but a chance companion, love,
Across your pathway thrown;

And sometimes in the desert bare,
Grief's bitter tears must fall;
But bear in mind, my boy, e'en there,
That Heaven is over all!

And sometimes, over flinty rocks,
Your tender feet must stray;
And sometimes in a tangled wood,
You'll almost lose your way;

And oft you'll sigh for Childhood's home,
When gloomy scenes appal,
Oh! bear in mind, where'er you roam,
That Heaven is over all!

Be sure a sunbeam, thro' that wood,
Will light you on your way;
Be sure, within that solitude,
Some living fount will play.

And tho' the flinty rock should fret,
Full long your weary feet,
There's moss upon its bosom yet,
Will make a pillow sweet:

And now and then a balmy air,
Will float with soft perfume,
And lovely blossoms, here and there,
Will bless you with their bloom:

But if the clouds should hide the sky,
And blinding rain should fall,
Remember, God is always nigh,
And Heaven is over all!

Now—now, while yet in Childhood's bower,
With that wild way in view,
Oh! *put your little hand in His*,
And He will lead you through!

For if, with pure and patient heart,
With firm resolve and high,
You tread the path appointed, love,
And pass Temptation by,

A fairer home than Childhood's home,
A fonder love than ours,
Await you at your journey's end,
In Heaven's own balmy bowers.

Where'er you go—in weal or woe,
Whatever fate befall,
In sunny glade, in forest shade,
That *Heaven is over all!*

Original.

BIDDY WOODHULL;

OR, THE PRETTY HAY-MAKER.

A TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'LAFITTE,' 'CAPT. KYD,' 'THE QUADROON,' 'BURTON,' ETC., ETC.

PART I.

"Virtue belongeth nor to rank nor name—
As sacred in cottage held as in the hall."

THERE was a rude but pleasant farm-house situated on the green banks of one of the pleasant inlets that go meandering from the sound far into the verdant bosom of Westchester County. It was one story high, with a broad, steep, moss-covered roof, over which an old oak spreads its wide branches, shielding it the whole day from the summer sun. An old "stoope" protected the door, and its rude columns were thickly clad with the entwining honey-suckle. Each end of the old black farm-house was also nearly covered, save where openings had been cut for the windows, with woodbine and other creeping plants. There was a neat vegetable garden at one end of the dwelling and a small orchard at the other, with the thatched roof of a long, low barn, seen in the distance. Before the door was a sort of lawn, on which the sheep, geese, turkies, and an old domestic cow, fed all day. This lawn was between the house and the pleasant creek, where stood a gate sheltered by a sycamore tree, through which the cattle were driven to water. All around was a scene of pleasant vale and wood-land, with elms and oaks bending low over the clear deep stream. On the opposite side were seen several farm-houses with shady walks along the banks between them, and a little ways below, on an eminence, was visible the white columns of a handsome country-seat, the summer residence of a wealthy New-York merchant, who spent his winters only in the city, which was twenty miles distant.

The inmates of the old farm-house whose humble exterior we have described, consisted of Mr. David Woodhull, a plain farmer, his wife, and their three daughters, of the respective ages of seventeen, twenty, and twenty-four. David was a hard working man, and with great industry just managed, as he said, "to make both ends meet at the year's end." He was very good natured, and being always too tired when he came in at night to dispute any points with his good wife, she insensibly got to have sole authority in his household. When David had been married twenty-five years he found that he was a cypher in his own family. Mrs. Woodhull managed every thing as if she were in reality a widow. David only did the farm's work—a sort of wageless slave, whom Mrs. Woodhull allowed lodging and food for his support. Such undisputed power lodged in the hands of a wife soon exercise its peculiar influence over her habits and temper. From a pretty, pleasant young country bride, as she was when David first took her to wife, she gradually, with the possession of power, became imperative and absolute. Contradiction from David or from the three dear pledges of their "mutual love," she could not endure with patience. By-and-by Mrs. Woodhull grew old and plain and this affected her temper. She was now cross from morning 'till night, and poor David found no peace save in the field or barn. At the time of our story the character of the lady was established through the whole country as a shrew of the first water. "Poor David Woodhull—don't he lead a life of it!" were the ejaculatory expressions of sympathy he received when the subject was spoken of by his sympathizing neighbors.

If David, the rightful lord and master, "led such a life of it," what kind of a life led the three daughters over whom the mother had a legitimate right to rule? And Mrs. Woodhull did not shrink from availing herself of this right. She ruled her children with a rod of iron. Never were poor girls kept under such strict severity. They were waked each morning, winter and summer, with the dawn by her scolding uproar, and all day long worked beneath her eye to the music of her tongue. The eldest daughter, Euphrosia, was twenty-four and unmarried! It is true nature had not bestowed on her thin person many of those charms that attract the other sex. Her hair was not red but sorrel colored; her face not dimpled but freckled; her eyes a greyish blue with pink edges; her neck skinny and her bust flat and bony; her waist, to be sure, was very, very small, not one inch larger round than her neck; her hands would have been admired doubtless in a collection of anatomical specimens, and her feet were excellent matches for her hands. Her nose was turned up and the corners of her mouth down. She spoke always to beaux with a simper and a pucker and a general sympathizing movement of her whole body. She thought herself very beautiful—for fat people were her aversion, it was so vulgar to be fat! Of course thin people were her delight, and she delighted in herself particularly. One quality she had however, respecting which all who knew Miss Euphrosia had but one opinion. This was her temper! It was her mother's double-distilled—the concentrated essence, as the quacks' advertisements have it when they would forcibly express the strength of their nostrums. If Mrs. Woodhull was cross, Euphrosia was crosser. She did not, however, begin to manifest her peculiar disposition, (save, as will be seen, to her youngest sister,) 'till she found that she was waning an unwedded maid.

Sally, the second daughter, was, in her elder sister's opinion, very homely, inasmuch as she was very fat. In person she was the very antipode of Miss Euphrosia. She was a short, thick, fleshy, good-natured creature, whom her mother's scolding or her sister's malice could never put out of temper. She had her father's disposition, and like him received a shower of both their ill will. Though not handsome, Sally was very good-looking with her black hair, red round cheeks, and pleasant smile, which displayed fine white teeth. But her bare arms were brown and brawny, and her foot was like that of an ox.

Biddy or Bridget, the third daughter was as unlike either of her two sisters as a ripe, luscious peach is like a squash or a red-pepper. She was just seventeen and a perfect rustic beauty! Her hair was a dark brown,

and curled beautifully all about her brows and adown her rounded neck. Her eyes were black and piercing, in the depths of which love unfledged, lay covert. Her lips were pliant coral, richly contrasting the beautiful setting of her pearly teeth which were displayed by the brightest and most beaming smile in the world—a smile that emanated from a glad pure heart and bold brow—and bright was the sun of the soul within to shine forth so radiantly upon the face. She was just seventeen, and all the charms of womanhood were ripening in her person—the eloquent eye, the modest walk, the subdued smile, with the sweetly full bust, and rounded waist, and symmetrical foot, all betrayed that the spring of womanhood was just deepening into the warm and glowing summer. There was also a quiet dignity and a firmness of manner in her, rarely found with one so young and natural and wholly ignorant of the world. She was a girl of good sense, but of a high spirit. From the time her personal charms had attracted the notice of the farmers' lads around and at church and gathering drew on her the eyes of all the rustic beaux, which was about a year before our story commenced, she had brought upon herself the envious ill-will of her eldest sister, who from that moment became her persevering tormentor, annoying her in a thousand ways and making life itself almost irksome to her. Biddy had penetration enough to know the cause, and bore her ill-humor and overbearing tyranny with extraordinary patience, illustrating twenty times in a day the truth of the beautiful adage, "a soft answer turneth away wrath"—that is, in her case, by turning it aside from affecting her own temper and spirit. She could have borne this and also her mother's unnatural treatment which grew severer as Biddy grew handsomer, and which at last reached so far that she forbade her attending church or even leaving the house for a period of several weeks previous to the time with which we have to do. But she had unfortunately chanced to make an enemy of her sister Sally, who charged her with having tempted her stout and honest sweetheart, John Burn, from his allegiance and making him fall in love with her instead. It is true that John's heart was one Sunday set on fire by the blaze of an accidental glance of Biddy's bright eyes, and from that day he could think of nothing and talk of nothing but Biddy, quite forgetting that such a person as Sally Woodhull was in existence. He finished his madness by sending Biddy a bouquet composed of scarlet poppies, water-lilies, mari-gold and pea-blossoms! Sally discovered this act of treachery to her, and instead of visiting with her vengeance the culprit himself, she poured the fury of her fleshly indignation upon the unoffending Bridget! This was the first time Sally was ever known to show temper. But a sage philosopher very sensibly has asked, "what will not an aggrieved woman do, especially when injured in her devout affections?"

Thus Biddy's domestic relations became far from agreeable. Euphrosia disliked her from envy, Sally from jealousy, and her mother because it was her cross nature to do so. It was, therefore, very unpleasant for her to remain in doors and be the foot-ball of their several humors. Every disagreeable duty was put upon her, and she could perform nothing that could please either of the three.

"Here, you trollop," cries the mother, in a shrill octave, "that cat's got into the cupboard and spilt the cream! If I catch you to let the cat get in there again I'll trounce you within an inch of your life, if you was a grown married woman, as you never shall be so long as I have any work for you to do at home."

"Come, you Biddy," bawls Miss Euphrosia, in a cross, spiteful tone, "and wash up this water I've slopped, if your lady-like hands an't too fine to touch the floor-cloth. When you've done it go out and bring in some wood. Tramp, quick, minx!"

"What are you lookin' out o' the windur there for," cries Sally, from the churn, seeing Biddy pause in carrying a bucket of water to glance at a boat rowing on the creek; "you need'nt think it's that fool, John Burn, come to bring you any more yaller and red flowers! I give John a lesson that day, 'ill keep him in his senses a while I guess. Yes, you may laugh, but I guess John Burn knows who's substantial pretty and who is'nt, if he *was* beguiled one time from his true duty. Come along and take this churn and scour it out clean!"

Thus passed the wearisome days of slavish toil to poor Bridget. She sighed and patiently endured her servitude. But she had a secret solace in her lot! It chanced, that one sultry afternoon in July, two months before the time of our tale, that David was in a hurry to get his hay in, before a storm, which was swiftly rising from the south-west, should overtake it in the field. He sent to the house for Sally to come and help him.

"Humph," said Sally, tossing her head; "let Miss Bridget go; she'll may-be find some flowers in the field to send John Burn!"

"Yes, let her go," chimed in Miss Euphrosia; "and don't let her wear her sun-hat—a little tanning won't do her delicate complexion any harm."

So Biddy was sent to the hay-field and bare-headed, Euphrosia withholding her broad straw hat. But what more beautiful covering than her brown tresses could be desired? She, however, had some care for her complexion, and when she reached the field she playfully removed the straw hat from her father's head to her own, and tying his handkerchief about his brows, joined him in his labors. How beautiful she looked in her father's old torn straw! What a world of beauty, all unconsciously, it shaded! With what grace she handles that rake and how pliant and buoyant the motions of her body as she turns over the masses of fragrant hay! Hark! she is singing in a jocund, careless voice—

> "Every lassy has her laddie,
> None, they say, have I,
> Yet a' the lads they smile on me,
> When coming thro' the rye."

The sun at length set, seen in a celestial sea of roseate light, for the shower had rolled southward, where the columns of rain were at a distance falling from the cloud to the earth, and sweeping with vast and majestic motion over the sound. Biddy leaned on her rake and gazed on the setting sun with pleasing interest, for, to youth and intelligent beauty, like hers, is ever united pure, though uncultivated, taste.

"Come, my girl," said her father, "let us go homeward;" and taking his rakes and forks upon his shoulder, he proceeded in the direction of his house, without looking back to see if she followed.

She did not follow nor did she hear him call to her; for her attention had been a moment before drawn from the gorgeous clouded sunset, by the appearance of a boat upon the creek, which formed a graceful bend at the foot of the meadow, its dark limpid breast half hidden by the trees that lined its banks. She was standing beneath an old apple-tree that grew within a few paces of a wall and hedge that separated the meadow from the creek. The boat contained two young gentlemen, and from their costume and the appearance of the fishing-tackle in the boat, with a goodly number of fish, they had been on a fishing-excursion to the old bridge half a mile above. They had discovered her some minutes before she saw them, and had purposely checked their boat to gaze upon her as she gracefully leaned on her rake with her father's old straw thrown back from her brow and her fine eyes full of thought, dwelling upon the sunset sky.

Biddy lingered a moment to gaze with surprize and curiosity, as all pretty maidens would do, on beholding the apparition of two handsome young men at such a time and place. The bold glances of one of them who wore an incipient mustache and was very fashionably and finically attired, recalled her to a sense of the impropriety of her delay, and at the same time to the fact of her father's old hat being on her head. Half laughing, half blushing at her appearance, she took off the hat, loosening in the act a cloud of glorious brown hair, and turned to make her escape after her father, who had now got quite to the bars at the other end of the meadow. Before she had taken half a dozen steps she heard a footsteep behind her, and the sound told her one of the young men had bounded over the wall. Alarmed, she nevertheless did not increase her pace, and the next moment she felt a hand laid with slight force upon her wrist. She turned with some misgiving at her heart, though she felt no fear, and beheld beside her the young man with the mustache.

"Sweet creatshure!" he said, in that fashionable, *chewed* tone, so much in vogue with certain people, "deue not fly me! Boye 'Eaven! what rustic loveliness!"

"Let me go, sir," cried the young girl, struggling to disengage herself.

"Go! incomparable rurality! exquisite rusticity! no, I will not let thee go!"

"But I *will* go, sir," said Biddy with emphasis.

"Nay, do not struggle, moy pretty one, I must have a kiss first."

As he spoke he caught her in his arms and would have ravished a kiss from her bright, indignant lips, if the other, who on seeing him leap ashore and followed him, had not at the instant came up.

"What do you mean, Barton?" he cried in an indignant voice, at the same time releasing the maiden from his rude embrace.

"Poh, Morris," he answered, with a laugh, "she is but a pretty tit-bit of a rural—I was doing her an honor, boye 'Eaven, to kiss her!"

"An honor I have no desire of receiving, I assure you at *your* lips, sir," said Biddy, with a smile of contempt, which she instantly changed to one of gratitude as she turned to the other and warmly thanked him for his interference.

"I have done only my duty," he answered, fixing his fine eyes upon her with undisguised yet respectfully subdued admiration. "I hope you will pardon my friend here, who I trust will not offend again."

"Offend! demme! you are very green, Morris," said the other, as Biddy, after bowing slightly to Edward Morris and bestowing upon him a radiant smile and a glance that made his blood leap, tripped away with her old straw in one hand and her rake balanced over her shoulder; "she's but a farmer's daughter and unprotected!" And the sensual yet foppish Fitz Henry Barton stuck his glass in his eye and looked after her as she lightly crossed the meadow. Nor could Morris refrain from following her retreat with an admiring eye, as he contemplated her pretty, round figure and graceful movements, into which she had insensibly, from the innate consciousness of being observed, thrown a spice of rustic coquetry. Coquetry of manner is instinctive in woman—even in the most natural and unsophisticated!

"True, she is unprotected," said Morris, as Biddy disappeared amid the trees of her father's orchard, "but helplessness is in itself a sacred shield to protect innocence. I am pained, Barton, at your licentious notions with regard to woman."

"It is not woman in general I think lightly of," said Barton, arranging his cravat with an affected air, "but of girls of her class—pretty girls I mean. Do you suppose I would have gone up to a respectable young lady in this way, eh?"

"I don't know what you mean by *respectable*," said Morris, with some severity.

"Why, respectable is—demme! is *respectable*, eh?"

"Why, I will not affect to be ignorant of what your notions of 'respectable' are! They are on a par with those who move in what is called 'fashionable life.' But 'respectable' is, in my idea, based on integrity, honesty, and virtue. This farmer, whoever he is that is the father of this young girl, is, if he possess these qualities, as *respectable* as John Jacob A——"

"Pah! Morris!" said Barton, fingering his mustache, "you're getting devilish low of late in your ideas! Do you mean to say that I did as wrong in offering to kiss this pretty wench as if she had been—had been—had been for instance Miss —— of Broadway?"

"Yes, higher wrong—because in this instance the party was wholly unknown to you."

"But, still, you don't say I insulted her?"

"I do."

"She certainly can't *feel* so sensitively on such a point, as a respectable girl would do! Being brought

up in the country she cannot have that delicacy which is so easily wounded in cultivated females."

"If any thing their naturalness of character and retired mode of life render them more so than our city females. By heaven! Barton, I could have struck you—she was so very modest and pretty."

"Ha, ha! devilish good! Edward Morris, the high-descended and rich, doing battle for a hay-making wench! 'Pon honor, Ned, I must cut your acquaintance! ha, ha, hah!"

Morris looked slightly displeased, and they crossed the hedge and entered their boat in silence. They floated with the current some distance, when Barton said, in a light manner—

"By-the-by, Morris, I think I shall follow up this adventure! It is'nt every day a pretty thing like this jumps into a man's arms!"

"I do believe, Barton," said Morris, with quickness, "that you feel yourself at liberty to attempt the seduction of every unprotected girl."

"No, not if she is respectable! Oh! no! It is the pretty poor girls—the—farmer's daughters—the milliners—the poor widow's daughters—the—the—"

"The poor, friendless and unprotected, in fine," continued Morris, with a look of virtuous indignation; "those whom Providence, by denying them natural protectors, has tacitly and eloquently thrown upon the protection of the strong and able. If you were not my relative, Barton, I should despise you."

"Parbleu, Ned! you are too philanthropic! You have too high notions of the virtue of this class of girls. There is'nt one of them but would be glad to bestow their chary favors upon an elegant young fellow who has money and can buy them playthings. If we don't gather such ripe peaches as that rosy one we but now saw growing in yonder meadow, some country boor will for us!"

"Tell me truly, Fitz Henry Barton," cried Morris, rising in the boat and looking him full in the face; "do you really believe that every young woman in humble life less regards her virtue, that priceless gem of all female honor, than those young ladies with whom we daily associate in town on terms of equality? Answer me, truly."

"Whoy," answered Barton, coolly, trailing his hand over the side of the boat in the water, "I am surprized you can think otherwise."

"I do think otherwise and I know otherwise! Such girls feel an insult as deeply as—yes, as your own sister would, Barton! They think as much of their personal honor, too, as the females of our own condition! You are in a great error when you assert the opposite to be the truth."

"What fills our theatre galleries, and our streets at night with courtezans, my dear boy? They are mostly of this class," said Barton, scornfully.

"Not innate love of vice in them—but treachery, false treachery in man! In nine cases out of ten the poor creatures are victims of broken vows—youthful wives, degraded through intemperate and worthless husbands, or worse still, poor and unprotected maidens tempted and tempted by the glitter of the gold and the fascinations and art of libertines! Nor are they all of this class—many of them have fallen from the sphere in which the highest and best now move! It is, alas! too common an opinion you entertain, and one that needs correcting."

"Fudge, Ned! all this indignant sentiment because I offered to kiss a pretty country lass," said Barton, affecting to wear an air of indifference which he was far from feeling beneath his friend's severe language; "for all this I shall follow up my rustic *amour*."

"If you do, Barton, and wrong come of it to the young creature, I shall shake you off from my heart and hand as I would a serpent."

"Oh, you are too warm, Morris! Well, I will let her drop! But she is too fair to lose. Did you see what an inviting waist! what *tournure* and ease! Heigho! well, let her go! Here we are at the foot of your father's garden. Let us land."

The two young men, possessing such opposite characters, landed at the stairs of a summer-house that projected over the water, and taking their lines and fish, proceeded in silence, by a winding gravelled avenue, towards the country house before mentioned as visible from David Woodhull's.

Fitz Henry Barton was descended from an old Dutch family on his mother's side, and therefore belonged to the true aristocracy of New-York; for, in the eyes of this class, Hendrick Hudson and William, the Conqueror, had the same relative rank. He was an *exquisite* in mind and manners. Nature had given him common sense, but art had perverted it. He was a gentleman by education and position and circumstances, in every thing except principles. In this he was sadly wanting. He was sensual, and therefore when he found it was a fashionable vice, very easily became a *roué*. His libertinism, however, had its limits. He was one of that species of hawk that will pounce only where its game flies low and is crippled. He never saw a pretty girl of what Mrs. Trollope aptly called "the second quality class," without licentious emotions and regarding her as "fair game;" while in the presence of the young and lovely of his own condition, he never harbored thoughts unworthy them or his own relative social position—which is to say, that Fitz Henry Barton was a gentleman among his own condition, and a low, unprincipled debauchee out of this sphere.

Edward Morris, on the other hand, was a high-minded honorable man. He loved honor for itself and virtue for its own reward. He was a physician by profession, though his inherited wealth precluded the necessity of his pursuing it. He loved reading and the arts, and mingled freely in society, which he adorned and in which he was beloved. His elder and only sister had married the elder brother of Barton, and hence the intimacy of the two thus related—an intimacy of circumstances rather than of sympathy of minds. They were now in the country at the seat of Morris' father, it being the first time for five years he had passed any

time there, college and European travel having kept him that period from his native city. He now made his father's house, both in town and country, his home. Barton lived in town in his own private rooms, which he had fitted up and furnished in the most sumptuous manner.

Such was the character and condition of these two sportsmen whom Biddy so unexpectedly encountered. As she tripped lightly homeward, she could not help thinking to herself how rude and unpleasant one of them was and how handsome and generous the other. Fitz Henry, exquisite as he was, plainly suffered much by the comparison which she was busily instituting in her little head. At length the scales preponderated so decidedly in favor of her preserver, that she gave her thoughts from that moment wholly to him, quite forgetting the other.

"How indignant he was!" thought she, "how his black eyes lighted up! How handsome his face is, and how gentle his voice was when he spoke to me. I am sure I shall never forget him in this world!"

She said this as she reached the gate to the house, from which she now heard her name pronounced in every key in anger's gamut. She hastened forward, but caring less for her cross mother and sisters than she ever did before. She had something now in her heart pleasant to dwell upon. So she went in and received the usual three-fold scolding for her delay, after her father had got in, with great patience and went cheerfully about the tasks imposed upon her singing—

"I'm o'er young to marry yet,
I'm o'er young to marry."

The next day she was sent into the field by Euphrosia, who spitefully determined that she should be exposed to the sun, "'Till," as she said to Sally, "the pert minx who thinks herself so much better looking than other folks, is tanned black."

It was about noon of the next day that she was raking her swathe of hay, shaded beneath her good-natured father's old straw hat, and when she had got in her rake a heavy mass which she had made three several efforts to throw upon the hay-cock, that a hand was laid upon the rake, and a kind voice said to her—

"I fear this is too heavy for you to lift, miss—allow me to assist you."

The voice thrilled her heart with strange emotions—but they were those of undefined and subdued joy. It was the voice that she had heard in her dreams all the last night! She looked timidly up and saw also the face that had mingled in those dreams. She smiled, and tremblingly resigned the rake. Morris looked his thanks and soon completed her task.

"This is very warm work in the noon-day sun, for a young girl," he said drying the perspiration on his forehead with his cambric kerchief.

"No, sir, not quite so warm as in the house," she said, archly; but, he being ignorant of how her domestic affairs stood in the family, this was lost upon him at the time, though remembered afterwards.

David Woodhull lay beneath an apple-tree sleeping away the noon, in its cool shade. Morris cast a glance towards him, and then taking Biddy's hand, playfully, yet respectfully, led her to the same tree and sat beside her upon a grass grown root. Why submitted she to be led so passively? The power was not in the slight touch of his hand, but in his eye, his smile, the sweet inviting expression of his whole face. Love had her in leading-strings, all invisibly to her.

An hour elasped, and David Woodhull awoke, and so did Edward and Biddy from their happy waking dream! An hour had passed and Biddy was taught that she had a heart, and Morris also, found that he had lost his! An hour had passed! and in one hour a young couple can say a great deal and make wonderful progress towards friendship. It is useless to say all Morris said or all Biddy replied, with downcast eyes and tell-tale cheek. Suffice it that Edward Morris had been struck with the pretty hay-maker at first sight, and not having ceased thinking or dreaming of her, had resolved to pay a visit to the meadow to see her once more—*just* to get acquainted with her, and if she were worthy, devise some means to protect her from Barton's annoying libertinism. One hour in her society proved to him her worthiness; and when David awoke he had an impassioned declaration of his passion trembling on his lips. He hastily instead, pressed them to her hand and hastened away before her father was aware of his presence.

"How fortunate that I did not commit myself," he said on cool reflection, as he regained the boat; "if I had done so I could never have unbound my honor from my passed word! What would my friends have said? Well, 'tis passed now! She is very lovely— so ingenuous, so unsophisticated! So sweet in manner yet withal charmingly *brusque*. I am certainly in love with her and I am glad it has gone no farther—that I have not interested her in me so that she will not speedily forget me! Yes, I will see her no more! Honor, principle, duty forbid it, for I can never marry her. Oh, this confounded opinion of *caste*, that will not let a man marry where his heart would! If, now, she were in my condition of life, I should not hesitate to cast myself at her feet and declare my passion and offer her my heart. Because she is a poor farmer's daughter I can, (if I am only a fashionable man,) but honorably seduce her, if I pursue her acquaintance. Out upon the hollow falsities of life! I must cease to think of her! Honor forbids all else! Yet I will watch over her lest this libertine, Barton, should meditate her ruin. The maiden, however low she be, who has interested the feelings of Edward Morris, shall be entitled to his honorable protection! If then she should be *so* honored, why not carry it further and honor her as my wife with an undisputed right to protect her? Nay, I can think of the subject no longer."

In half an hour afterwards, during every moment of which he was thinking of this subject, he arrived at his landing-place at the foot of the lawn at his father's seat. Whether Edward Morris would have sought to see Biddy again or not, cannot be said, as he was the next morning

unexpectedly called to accompany an aunt to Charleston, where he was absent, even at the time our story opens. In a subsequent part, we shall carry out more fully the fortunes of our characters, than the limits of a single number of the 'Companion' will enable us to do, and show the effect of Morris' hay-making visit upon Biddy's heart and life. The remembrance of it was, as we have said, the only solace that enabled her to endure the tyranny of her mother and sisters, without a murmur.

J. H. I.

Original.

THE LEAF;

FROM A TREE STANDING NEAR SIR ISAAC NEWTON'S DWELLING.

BY HANNAH F. GOULD.

I.

"Leaf of the green and shadowy tree,
That guards the window where the eye
Of Newton once looked forth, to see
The glorious hosts arrayed on high,
Thy root holds fast the distant sod
That gave his foot a resting-place,
Untiring, while his spirit trod
Etherial heights the spheres to trace.

II.

Thou art to me a beaming page—
Ay, volume! and in radiant lines,
The story of a deathless Sage
On thy fair, verdant surface shines.
While I peruse thee as a tome,
To fancy's eye dear visions rise:
She hovers round his earthly home—
She soars where he surveyed the skies.

III.

I bend in homage to the North,
The power, the beauty of his mind,
That shows where'er it moved on earth,
By brilliant tracery left behind.
And he, to whom a falling fruit
Mysterious Nature's problem solved,
Unerring, up through space could shoot
And span the spheres as they revolved.

IV.

As through the solar world he moved,
Among its beaming mechanism,
His lucid thoughts, at will, he proved
To have the power of lens or prism.
And measuring those proud realms afar
With angel speed, and prophet's sight,
He set his foot from star to star;
His way-marks were the orbs of light.

V.

Yet, not alone for earth and time,
Did that aspiring spirit rise;
But for the science more sublime
To bear the palm beyond the skies.
His soul with love of truth inspired,
No rest in baser love could find,
'Till that vast mind divinely fired,
Broke forth with light for all mankind.

VI.

He sought her, studying Nature's laws,
And these harmonious proved to men—
He traced her to her great First Cause,
By Prophet's voice and Gospel pen.
And she then made so strong and clear
The crystal of his telescope,
It brought unearthly wealth so near,
'Twas seen by Faith, and grasped by Hope.

VII.

Newton, to thee, where Truth unveils
Her lovely image to thy view,
Are not the philosophic scales
Thou here hast used, proved just and true?
Did not her clear, sweet accents tell,
While she bestowed thy diadem,
That when that earthly apple fell,
It was her angel snapped the stem?—

VIII.

That when she saw thy soul ascend,
To seek her, from the blushing fruit,
She bade that holy servant bend
His pinion for thy parashute?
To that fair attribute of heaven—
That daughter of the King Most High,
When thy young heart so soon was given,
She gave to thee thy seer's eye.

IX.

Then, many a bright celestial hue
She to thy vision made appear,
Which other's ne'er discover through
Earth's dust and vapory atmosphere.
She taught the fair analysis
Of rays which made thy spirit mount,
Seeking a truer mould than this,
Of light's pure streams to find the fount.

X.

And thus thy high discoveries made—
The science so attained by thee,
Have made thy memory ne'er to fade—
Thy glory for eternity.
'Tis from the freshness of the one
My leaf hath verdure not its own,
While from the other as a sun
This radiance o'er the green is thrown.

Original.

BROOKLYN.

BY MRS. E. R. STEELE.

The traveller may praise the pretty towns and villages gracefully seated upon the gentle Ohio or lordly Mississippi. Saint Louis, pride of Missouri, and Cincinnati, Queen of the west—and speak admiringly of the eastern towns, yet, for beauty of situation, advantages of every kind, and surrounding scenery, few can rival the city of Brooklyn or Long Island. I do not mean in the extent of ground covered, nor in number and beauty both of private dwellings or public buildings, for, as yet, Brooklyn can boast of few of those imposing looking banks, city halls, or churches, which so adorn our other cities. When, however, the check which has been given to trade, felt here as well as elsewhere, shall have been shaken off, and business be revived, plans for ornamenting and extending the city, which have been deferred, will be put in execution. It is laid out in streets for several miles around, and calculated to accommodate an immense population. At present, the number of inhabitants is thirty-six thousand six hundred —in 1814, it was three thousand, eight hundred and five.

The city of Brooklyn, or Breuchlyn, as it was spelt by its Dutch settlers, stands at the mouth of the East River, just where its waters are poured into the lovely bay of New-York. The ground rises abruptly from the water, which gives the city an imposing appearance to the voyager, to whom its colonnades and steeples crowning the height, and stretched along the bank, is a pleasing picture. Upon each side, the ground slopes gradually down to the water, as if for the purpose of giving easy access to the city. Brooklyn is divided into two parts, Old Brooklyn and New, or South Brooklyn, the whole laid out in wide streets, lined upon each side with trees. The older part contains the shops, where the inhabitants can supply themselves with every species of goods. Glass, china, dry goods, stationary, grocery, confectionary, millinary, apothecary, jewelry, and many other stores, are glittering upon every side; and what these cannot supply, can be obtained in a half hour, from the city of New-York, across the East River. The newer part of the city crowns the higher ground, and is crossed by broad airy streets, ornamented with trees, containing large handsome private dwellings, surrounded by gardens glowing with flowers These are mostly residences of merchants engaged in business in New-York, who find the quiet, the pure, salubrious air of Brooklyn, and the sail over the river, a great refreshment, after a day passed amid the bustle and dust of the larger city. Among these dwellings, that of Mr. P——— is very conspicuous. It is built of white brick, having a high portico at each end, supported by pillars; is surrounded with gardens and grounds, ornamented with pavilions, kiosks, green, and hot houses, where one may see the stately palm tree, the banana and orange, rich with fruit, the nutmeg, sago, pine apple, cactus, and many other rare and beautiful exotics. The houses and gardens of Messrs. B——r, R——e, W——y, S——, J——, W——g, W——d, and many others, are delightful residences. Blaketown, so called, here also attracts attention, being an assemblage of neat brick dwellings, and a row of stately white houses, built by an enterprizing individual. In the older part of Brooklyn, also, are many handsome houses and streets.

Scattered about in different parts of the city, are thirty-two churches—four in process of building, will make the number thirty-six. These are, generally, handsome structures, although none equal to the larger churches of New-York, and are under the care of pastors, most of them, far above mediocrity, and many, celebrated as able and faithful ministers. Of Episcopal churces, there are six. The principal of these are, Saint Ann's, opened in 1795, and Calvary, a free church, an edifice in the gothic form—Saint John's, built of wood, but a close imitation of stone. It is of the gothic style, the inside painted like oak. The pulpit is of carved oak open work, lined with purple velvet, having in front and beside it, two old oak chairs, a reading desk and railing; outside of which, stands a marble christening bowl upon a pedestal. The windows are painted; two of them representing the ascension and the descent from the cross. Besides these, there are four more, and one frame, in future, will be built at corner of Pierpont and Henry. From Christ church, in South Brooklyn, two colonies will diverge, one to Emanuel church, just commenced in Sydney Place, and another, which is building for the Rev. Mr. Stone, of Boston, to be called Christ Church. This will be a fine edifice, in the gothic style, and shape of a cross, built of the dark chocolate brown sandstone, of New Jersey. Near this, stands one of the two Catholic churches. Saint Paul's church is of brick, the pillars having pedestals and corinthian capitals, of carved sandstone. In front are slabs of marble, having upon them texts of scripture. These two christian fanes take their faith from the same scripture, bow to the same God, and adore the same Jesus, and each thinks himself the true worshipper, and excludes the other from Heaven. When Saint Paul tells us to judge no man, leaving him to the disposition of his father, and when we remember our Constitution enjoins toleration, surely denunciations against our Catholic brethren is not in the spirit of christian love, or of patriotism. The other Catholic church is Saint James'. Besides these churches, there are, in Brooklyn, the Reformed Dutch—two Baptist, another one contemplated—seven Methodist, one African, one Quaker, one Unitarian, and seven Presbyterians, making, in all, thirty-two churches. Of these latter churches, those of Mr. Jacob's and Dr. Spencer's, are the best buildings. The first, in the gothic, and the last, Grecian styles. Mr. Illsley's, church among the Baptists, is a good building, and the Washington Street Methodist is the best belonging to that congregation. There are schools in every quarter of the city. Of these, nine are district schools; one African; Brooklyn Collegiate and Commercial; Young Ladies' Institute; Brooklyn Collegiate Institute; Long

Island Seminary; Select Academy, etc., etc. Of Banks, there are five. Of literary establishments, the Hamilton Literary Association, Brooklyn City Library, Apprentice Library, the Brooklyn and the Naval Lyceum, Medical Society, etc.

Three newspapers are supported here. The public buildings are few and plain. The Lyceum is a large granite building, containing Saving's Bank and Library. The county jail is a noble looking, heavy, gothic structure, built of dark sandstone. There is a city hall half finished, of marble, which, when completed, will be a very fine building. There are several gardens in the city, some for public recreation, and others for the sale of plants and flowers. The markets, here, are, some of them, very good, and if the inhabitants would confine themselves to them, instead of going to New-York, they would doubtless be larger.

In addition to these advantages, there is facility for locomotion in all directions. Four ferries, having seven, and sometimes, eight steamboats constantly passing night and day, giving the inhabitants instant access to the city of New-York opposite. The East River, upon which it stands, leads to the Sound and the Eastern States; across New-York, they reach the broad and noble Hudson—the Bay, which washes their southern borders, bring them ships from every quarter of the globe, while stages, rail-cars, and omnibus, coaches and cabs, stand ready to take them to any quarter of the island. The trees, which line the streets, and surround the churches, give it a very beautiful appearance, and afford a grateful shade. Here the grand elms, graceful China tree or Alanthus Chinesis, the silver oak, starry-leaved maple, linden, mulberry, sycamore, nut, etc., make long avenues, often meeting at the top.

The situation of Brooklyn is beautiful. It covers a high rising bank, which ensures fine air, enables the rain to wash the slanting streets, and gives an imposing appearance from the water. A fine walk runs upon the brink of this bank, from which there is a water view seldom equalled. Across the mouth of the river, which washes its base, are seen the spires, houses, and ranks of masts belonging to the city of New-York, with the hills of Jersey beyond—while on the left, stretches a noble bay, encircled by green shores, dotted with villas—Staten Island, with its ridgy outline, pretty towns and white houses, continues the circle. In the centre repose three picturesque islets, two of them, bristling with fortresses, and adorned with handsome residences for the officers, while, as if to remind the spectator the world is not as fair as it looks, Gibbet Island, the criminal's death spot, stands darkly beside them. Every species of water-craft glide along this lovely bay—the grand war-vessel, the merchantman, the graceful cutter, gay steamboat, yacht, schooner, sloop, and dashing pilot-boat, swell their white canvass, and flaunt their bright flags, adding variety to the beautiful picture. Upon this bank, are several handsome houses, some, with pillar and portico, and others, in the farm style, surrounded with deep groves, and shadowy recesses. This charming promenade is fast crumbling to decay; within these last ten years, half has fallen, and several houses now stand on the brink, their large gardens, foot by foot fallen down the bank. With a little public spirit, and small expense, this might be made one of the finest promenades in the world, where, besides enchanting prospects, the citizens and their children might enjoy pleasant exercise, and salubrious breezes, fresh from the ocean. This bank is over one hundred feet high. Beneath it are wharves, warehouses, and bathhouses. To the left, where the back has sloped down to level ground, a large basin is in progress, to be called the Atlantic basin, which is intended to accommodate shipping. Forty-two acres of water surface is to be enclosed by piers, upon which large warehouses will be erected, beside which, vessels can land or take in freight."

This island being larger than Manhattan Island, opposite, the citizens have an advantage in their rides and drives, over their neighbors. To Coney Island and Bath, are favorite drives, where you pass over eight miles of highly cultivated land, adorned with pretty dwellings, and through the villages of Flatbush and New Utrecht, arrive at the shore, and bathe in the sea water, or seat yourself upon the bank, and listen to the ocean surges. Coney, or Conyne Island, is said to be the spot where Hendrick Hudson landed first upon our coast. Bedford, Wallabout, Williamsburgh, Newton, Gowanus, and various other towns, are in the vicinity, and to one pensively inclined, a short drive of two miles, brings them to Greenwood Cemetery. This is a beautiful tract of ground, consisting of hill and dale, and forest, covering two hundred acres, intended as a resting place for those bustling citizens, now so actively employed in the two cities near it. After entering the gate, the road winds among the trees, until it attains the summit, where an expansive prospect delights the gazer. Here the eye roves over the bay and its islands, the green hills of Jersey in front, and the two cities with the East River, dividing them at the right. Turning again through the woods and lawns, to the opposite side of the hill, you look down upon the plains of Flat Lands, and the pretty village in the centre—then descending, you see the sweet Sylvan Lake, 'settled and blue in the vale,' nestled between the hills—so smooth, that the beautiful forest trees which bend over its waters, are distinctly reflected upon its mirrored surface. So bright, and yet so calm it reposes, that it seems an image of the souls who are resting near it—'the burden and the heat' of the day, to them, is over, and the placid smiling beauty which reigns around them, might be received as a token their souls, at last, have obtained happiness, and

"Rest, enduring rest, in Heaven!"

In many of the vacant places of Brooklyn, elevations are seen, which have been military entrenchments. Those who were in the city of New-York during the last war, may remember the enthusiasm which animated the bosoms of the young men of every age and

* Merchant's Magazine.

station, while forming some of these works. Each trade took its turn—one morning saw the hatters, the next, carpenters, shoemakers, printers, etc., merchants' clerks, and sons of rich men, whose hands had never handled any thing harder than a pen, were there seen, their hats adorned with cockades, busily engaged, pushing wheelbarrows of earth; and when their dining hour arrived, gathering in groups under the trees, to unpack their provision baskets. The cause of the poor and benighted, is taken care of in this city. Here are bible, tract, and missionary societies, and saving bethels, orphan asylums, etc. There is one conducted by ladies, which, in its humble but efficient course, reminds one of the tiny streamlet which winds its gentle way among the meadow grass, unperceived, were it not for the rank luxuriance around it, which, 'betrays the secret of its silent course.' With the modest request of six cents a month, it each year gathers a considerable sum, which is destined for the lonely districts of the valley of the Mississippi.

The Brooklynites confidently expect their city to eclipse New-York. At present, it is fast going ahead of it. There are now more buildings in progress than in the opposite city, and the population increases more rapidly. The increase, for the last twenty years, as seen in the census of Brooklyn, is 384, 72-100, while New-York is only 152, 96-100, and it is computed that if these cities thus continue, at the year 1873, they will each count one million. She cannot hope to rival her sister city, nor is it an amiable feeling to harbor, as she is indebted to New-York for much of her prosperity. Let Brooklyn be true to herself, consult her interests, regulate well her city police, patronize her own shops and churches and society, instead, as is too often the case, crossing the river, and she may see herself, if not the first, at least the second, and certainly one of the pleasantest, healthiest, most moral and religious cities in the Union.

Original.

MATRIMONY—PRO AND CON.

A MODERN INCIDENT.

"'Tis time that you should take a wife,
To render happy, coming life;
I know a lass will suit you well."
"Let all do better—I do well!"
"You do not know her worth; she's young
And fair as ever poet sung."
"If young and pretty, she is sly,
And danger lurks within her eye."
"Her family is ancient, good."
"Then Pride pursues her like a flood."
"By nature she is kind—will be
A tender-hearted friend to thee."
"Yes! Jealousy will seize the soul,
And rule and rage without control."
"She is intelligent, 'tis true!
And wise." "I cannot wed a blue!"
"Thousands of gold and silver make her."
"Oh! tell me where she is—*I'll take her!*" S.

Original.

LOVE AND MAGNETISM.

BY JOHN INMAN.

Samuel Dilbury, Esquire, as he delighted to see himself written down in the parish books, and on the backs of his letters, was a retired London tradesman, passing rich with a plum and an only daughter. He had a pretty estate, some thirty miles from London, where he amused himself with politics, the London papers, and innumerable games at backgammon; while his pretty daughter, Miss Harriet, contrived to pass her time away by the help of novels, a hot correspondence with two or three boarding-school friends, her birds, her flowers, the usual routine of parties and balls, dress, and a lover. This last was a nice young gentleman, not very long out of his minority, the only son of a rich widow, and heir to an estate, the income of which placed him above all necessity of doing any thing for his living. In a word, he was a very good match for Miss Harriet, and up to the time when this story commences, there had come nothing between him and the success of his wooing. The old gentleman had looked on graciously enough, while his young neighbor was dropping in every day, on one pretext or another—had always conveniently fallen asleep after dinner—and it was perfectly well understood that when, in the natural order of things, the proposal should be made in due form, and his consent be applied for after the usual fashion, there would be nothing farther required than the settlements, the license, the parson, and the favors and wedding cake. Such was the condition of things at the moment to which we have referred; but moments sometimes make wonderful changes, and so it turned out in the experience of Harriet Dilbury and young Walter Hamilton.

Samuel Dilbury, Esquire, while making his fortune in one of the narrow and dark lanes which they call streets in the city of London, was a steady, matter-of-fact person enough; giving his whole soul to the due disposition of consignments, the methodical entry of transactions, the punctual honoring of notes and acceptances, and, in general, to the orderly and successful fulfilment of all those duties incumbent upon him in his calling of a drysalter. Of books he knew little, and cared less, saving such as the day book and leger; in the newspapers he read only the debates in parliament, the marine list, the notifications of bankruptcy and the "city articles;" and as for science and literature, they existed for him only in certain vague and rather slighting conceptions, dimly connected somehow with the Blue-coat School and the universities. But when he became Samuel Dilbury, Esquire, of Dilbury Lodge, and gave up the business—when the trying necessity of getting through twelve hours every day of his life, excluding the time spent in eating and sleeping, drove him to the heedful perusal of his Times and Chronicle, from the left hand column of page one, to the right hand column of page eight, both included, a new world of wonders opened upon him, the perception

and enjoyment of which wrought quite a change in his character. He pored over the proceedings of the Association for the Advancement of Science, with huge admiration—understanding a very little, and longing to know what it was the members were talking about, as well as he supposed they did themselves. He subscribed for two or three of the weekly critical papers, and read all their notices of new books; and had serious thoughts of beginning to form a library. Out of this change in his mode of intellectual life grew the troubles of Walter and Harriet.

It happened, just at the time when the mind of the obtuse Samuel was thus beginning to emerge, as it were, from the lower region of trade in which it had so long subsisted, and to cast glances of aspiration toward the confines of knowledge and thought, that an old marvel was brought to life again, to astonish the multitude and puzzle the learned. In an evil hour, Samuel Dilbury, Esquire, read a long and amazing account, in one of the papers, of sundry astounding experiments in animal magnetism. His imagination, what little he had left of it, was excited; he bought all the books published, in which the revived science was treated of, went to London and attended the exhibitions, made the acquaintance of two or three professors, and, in a short time, became a sturdy believer. What effect this had upon the fortunes of Harriet and her lover will be partially intimated in the scene to which we now introduce the reader.

The grounds appertaining to Dilbury Lodge were not very extensive, but they were well laid out, and kept in the nicest order. There was a lawn in front, of about an acre; a flower-garden on either side, surrounded by an iron railing, having just within it a tall and thick hedge of privet; in the rear was a conservatory, and beyond this a shrubbery of three or four acres, having some fine old oaks and lofty elms interspersed among the smaller growth. Devious walks ran winding through it, and the grass, where the walks were not, made the greenest and softest carpet that foot of maiden could press upon. It was along one of these walks, shaded by several of the noble oaks already chronicled, and screened from observation more completely than any other, by the luxuriance of laburnums, that Walter and Harriet were slowly ambulating, and holding the converse which is here faithfully reported.

"Walter," said one of the softest and sweetest voices in the world, "I do wish you would try and please papa about this nonsensical magnetism. He has quite set his heart upon it, and you will lose his favor entirely, unless you contrive, at least, to preserve your gravity while he is talking about it. And if you could but assume a little appearance of interest—"

"Dear Harriet," replied the matrimonially inclined hero, "I would do any thing in the world to please him, for your sake; but this new whimsy of his is so very nonsensical. He wants me to believe such ridiculous impossibilities—"

"I know all that, Walter," answered the damsel. "I don't ask you to *believe*, but only to listen patiently, and without laughing in dear papa's face. You can't think how much he is taken up with it, and two or three times when you have been making fun of the magnetizers and the somnambulists, he has been almost angry at you. Now do, Walter, try and keep your countenance, at least."

"Well, Harriet, I will, but I know it's of no use. When he puts on his grave face of wonder, and begins telling me of a girl looking to see what o'clock it is with the back of her head, and of another flying away to the moon, without even a broomstick to ride on, I can't, for the life of me, help sniggering; and when I come into the room suddenly, as I did just now, and find him pawing and staring before the glass, by way of rehearsal, I suppose, I must either burst out in a roar, or run for it. My dearest Harriet, it is too ridiculous."

"But, Walter, if you go on so, you will offend him very much; and—and—perhaps you may have a favor to ask him, one of these days, Walter—"

"True, dearest, true—the greatest favor that he can bestow."

Here the young gentleman proceeded at some length in a strain very complimentary to the young lady, but this part of his discourse need not be repeated. Readers who have been in love will know what he said, without being told, and they who have not been in love would not understand it.

"But, Walter," observed the maiden, returning to the matter in hand, "I believe I ought to tell you something. That Mr. Watson has been with papa a good deal lately—and he pretends to believe in animal magnetism—and papa seems to be taking him very much into favor—and you know, Walter—"

"D—n Watson," interrupted the lover; "pardon me, dearest, for using such an expression, but I hate the very name of that fellow, and it slipped out unaware. I am not jealous of him, Harriet, because I know, and you know, that it is your fortune more than your precious self that he aims at the possession of. He has not soul enough to appreciate," etc., etc.

Here another digression, which we likewise omit.

"Well, Walter," resumed Harriet; "whatever his object may be, one thing is certain; that he is taking a great deal of pains to win favor with papa, and you must not let him get the advantage of you. So you will try and please papa about the magnetism, for my sake, wont you, dear Walter?"

This was not the whole of the conversation that took place on the particular occasion referred to, but enough of it has been given to let the reader into the state of affairs; and it would be ungentlemanly to play the eavesdropper any farther than is absolutely necessary.

It was very true, as Hamilton said, that the fortune of Miss Dilbury was the main object with Watson. He was a young man about town, with very expensive habits, and no expectations; at least, with no other than that of setting himself up by a rich marriage. He had made desperate love to our young Harriet, and being a handsome man, of fashionable appearance and manners, six feet high, with superb hair and teeth, moving in good circles, and thoroughly experienced in all the resources of a fortune-hunter, it is by no means

impossible that if he had found her inclinations quite unengaged, he might have succeeded in making himself very agreeable to her; but he was a few months too late; she had already listened with a pleased ear to the soft somethings of Walter Hamilton, and the moment she became fully sensible of the definite purpose had in view by his rival, she took pains to throw such discouragement in his way as she hoped would induce him to turn his thoughts in some other quarter. But in this matter her expectations were far from realized. Watson knew that Samuel Dilbury, Esquire, was worth, at least, a cool hundred thousand; and as Harriet was his only child, it was clear that the whole would be her's—and her husband's. She was a prize not to be given up so lightly; and the only consequence of her reserved manner and evident avoidance of his attentions, was a change in his plan of attack. He resolved, in the first place, to ingratiate himself with the father; and most opportunely for him, just at this time it was that animal magnetism and the professors thereof took such vigorous hold of the imagination and belief of old Samuel Dilbury.

Such was the state of affairs when our story commences; and their progress, for some months, was such as might be expected. Mr. Dilbury grew more and more bewitched with the mysterious science in which he had become a believer, and after a time he even took on himself the airs and practices of a professor. From reading the accounts in the newspapers, he went on to attending the exhibitions; then he submitted himself to be magnetized, but with no great success on the part of his magnetizer. Indeed, we may say that the attempt to put Samuel asleep was a dead failure, partly, perhaps, because he had got into a habit of sleeping only after dinner, and in his bed at night, whereas the magnetizing experiment was made in the morning; and partly by reason of his own eagerness and anxiety to be thrown into a snooze, which, as usual in such cases, kept him wider awake than ever. But the professor who manipulated on the occasion assigned quite another cause for the ill success of his endeavors. When he found that all his staring did no good—that passes, either upward or downward, had no effect on the obstinate eyelids of Mr. Dilbury—and that even the contact of thumbs was powerless, he gravely declared that his own power of magnetizing was inferior; that he felt himself overcome in the struggle; and, yawning portentously all the while, he assured Mr. D. that although sleepless himself, he could put almost any body to sleep in a very few minutes, advising him to make trial immediately of his mysterious energies. The advice was flattering to a believer so warm and zealous; and he began looking around at once for a subject.

In the meantime he had found a ready and attentive listener to his wondering discourses and speculations on the subject of magnetism, in the person of "that Mr. Watson." Sustained by the hope of marrying the old gentleman's daughter, and so coming into possession of the old gentleman's three per cents, bank stock, etc. and comforted, in the process, by rapid glasses of the old gentleman's choice Madeira and claret, Mr. Watson contrived to maintain a countenance and demeanor of serious, earnest, marvelling and believing interest, while Mr. Dilbury expatiated on all he had read, seen, or heard, on the subject; accompanied him to some of the exhibitions; brought him the new books that were published respecting it; hunted up cases in private practice, that did not find their way into the newspapers; and finally, just at the moment of need, when the ambition to magnetize was beginning to rage in the bosom of his intended father-in-law, completed the conquest of that worthy old person's affection, by offering to submit his own outward man to the mysterious exercise of that power before which the professor had felt his own so rebuked.

The offer, we scarcely need say, was joyfully accepted; and the experiments thereupon instituted were, in the highest degree, successful—as was, perhaps, to be expected. Never was magnetizer more elate and triumphant; never was subject more unconscious and docile. Mr. Watson went regularly to sleep in a minute and a quarter, when the old gentleman only stared at him; if he added the passes, the sleep came in three quarters of a minute, and was considerably more profound and absorbing. And then the somnambulic doings and sayings were so very astonishing! Wherever Dilbury wanted him to go, Watson went—whatever Dilbury wanted him to see, Watson saw—whatever Dilbury willed him to say, that Watson said, or he said nothing. Innumerable were the glasses of water he swallowed, pretending to take them for coffee, or champagne, or small beer, or south side Madeira, just as the old gentleman required; and there was not a key in the old gentleman's pockets, that had not been transferred into a book, a pine-apple, a pistol, a watch, a cannon-ball or a turnip. Divers headaches, moreover, twinges of incipient gout, symptoms of confirmed indigestion, and other maladies of no outward and visible seeming, had been speedily alleviated by the application of the magnetic fluid; and, in short, Mr. Dilbury, with the aid of his most capital "subject," had gone very successfully through all the received arcana of the marvellous science.

The effect of all this upon the prospects of our young lovers was by no means salubrious. As the stock of Watson rose in the market of the old gentleman's affections, that of his rival went down apace, considerably accelerated in its decline by the imprudent candor with which he disclosed his somewhat contemptuous incredulity, not unfrequently in direct avowals, and always by looks and manner not less explicit than language. That unhappy trick of "sniggering," to which he acknowledged his propensity, in the dialogue with his mistress, was neither diminished by time, nor conquered by his efforts to maintain a becoming gravity of deportment on special occasions; and the upshot of it was, that when Master Hamilton did at length "pop the question," not to Miss Harriet—that had been done long before—but to her magnetical father, he was distinctly informed

that the said father entertained other views and designs touching the disposition of the young lady in matrimony.

Now this was a rather astounding piece of intelligence, both to the lover and his mistress; yet to neither was it especially unaccountable. They had long since fathomed the project of Watson, as we have seen; they understood perfectly well both the means by and the purposes for which he had so ingratiated himself with the father; and they were firmly determined, both of them, that he should not reap the fruit of his ingenuity and his perseverance. But how to defeat him—that was the question. They might indeed run away and get married, without the old gentleman's leave; and, in fact, this solution of the problem was considerably more than hinted at by the lover; but Miss Harriet objected, for divers reasons, which it is not requisite here to specify, and it was agreed to consider the elopement as a *dernier resort*, to be practiced only in case of all others failing; an arrangement recommended to both parties, by the consideration that the young lady's fortune was not absolutely her own, but subject to the testamentary caprices of her respectable father, who might, if he pleased, cut her off with a shilling.

The result of a long consultation held upon the subject, was a determination to fight Mr. Watson with his own weapons; and, inasmuch as he had won the favor of Dilbury senior by craft and chicanery, to win it back from him again by an exercise of the same agencies. But to this end it was necessary to secure a confederate; and one excellently qualified, both in situation and character, was found in the person of one John Wilkins, who held the very respectable post of tiger to Mr. Watson.

John was an uncommonly shrewd lad—as most tigers are—of some fifteen or thereabout; so small of his age, however, that he could well pass for not more than twelve, were it not for the knowing cast of his face, and the mature aspect of precocious astuteness which he had acquired, as all boys do who have dealings with and about horses; a remarkable fact in natural history, by the way, which every one must have noticed, but which has never before been in print, to my knowledge.

An alliance offensive and defensive was entered into by John and our friend Hamilton, ratified by the transfer of sundry pieces of gold to the former; and a plan for the campaign was quickly agreed upon, the details whereof will appear in the sequel.

Mr. Samuel Dilbury was sitting one morning in his dressing-gown and slippers, leisurely discussing a plate of toast, and some cups of coffee, but dividing his attention between these agreeable companions and a long report of some wonderful experiences in animal magnetism, just achieved in London, by one Monsieur Lafontaine, from Paris. The subjects of Monsieur L. had been tickled with pins, needles, bodkins and lancets, thrust an inch or two into their flesh; they had had bottles of ammonia, concentrated to the highest attainable point of pungency, opened, and rolls of brimstone burned, just under their nostrils; they had undergone powerful shocks from a Voltaic battery; had pistols fired close to their ears, and many other severe trials made of their impassibility, but with no more effect than if they had been made of cast iron; they had been made to see through partition walls; to imagine all sorts of tastes and smells, at the will of the magnetizer; and, in short, there was nothing incredible or impossible, according to the judgment of men in their sober senses, which they had not achieved under the influence of the mysterious agency.

The full details of these wonderful wonders was our credulous senior devouring with infinite relish—flavored now by a savory snap of the toast, and now by a mouthful of Mocha and cream—when Peter, the footman, came in, to announce a message, in great haste, from Watson, of which the respectable tiger, John, was the bearer. He was instantly admitted, of course; and, after bobbing his head to "the governor," proceeded to relate that his master had been in torment all night with a raging toothache, to which he had applied opium, arsenic, brandy, kreosote, and all other known remedies, but to no purpose; that he had resolved on the extirpation of the offending grinder, but, as he dreaded the pain of the operation, he begged the favor of Mr. Dilbury to put him into the magnetic sleep, before it was performed, the fact being unquestionable, that one duly enrapped in the mysterious slumber might have all his teeth pulled out, or his head pulled off, in utter unconsciousness. If perfectly convenient to Mr. D., the afflicted gentleman would present himself at his house, between twelve and one o'clock, for the purpose; and he had taken the liberty of directing his servant to call on the apothecary, and tell him to meet Mr. Watson there, at the time appointed.

We need not inform the reader that Mr. Dilbury was hugely delighted at this evidence of respect for his magnetic powers, and at the opportunity it afforded of demonstrating their existence. He sent word to Mr. Watson that all things should be in readiness, and then proceeded to finish his breakfast, in a state bordering on beatitude.

Now it was perfectly true that Watson had sent John with a message to Mr. Dilbury; that the purport of his message was to solicit the elderly gentleman's curative agency; and that a toothache, real or feigned, was the subject on which that agency was to be exerted. But the tiger, acting under the advisement of Hamilton, had somewhat exceeded his mission; for, as has already been intimated, Watson's teeth were particularly sound, white, even and beautiful; he prided himself greatly upon them, and he would almost as soon have consented to lose an arm, as submit to the abstraction of one of them.

The appointed hour drew nigh; the apothecary was ready with his lancet, forceps and key, in another apartment; while Dilbury, Harriet, and Hamilton, were assembled in the old gentleman's library—or rather the room which he dignified with that name—the latter having been specially invited to be present, in order that he might see with his own eyes, and be convinced. It may as well be remembered, however, that the invi-

tation had been suggested by the young lady; for although the friendly relations before existing between the houses of Dilbury and Hamilton had not been broken off when the suit of the lover was rejected, there had been a considerable diminution of the ostensible intimacy, and the visits of the young man to the old one were neither so frequent nor so unceremonious as they had been. We do not say that his interviews with the young lady were at all reduced either in length or frequency,

But to return. Precisely at ten minutes after twelve, the parties being situated as we have described, to wit, Dilbury, Harriet and Hamilton in the library, the apothecary and his instruments in the room adjoining, the smart cab of Theophilus Watson, Esq., drew up at the door of Dilbury Lodge, and the occupant thereof, with his face nicely done up in a sky blue silk handkerchief, made his appearance upon the scene of action. He was welcomed with a bustling, sympathizing, but withal somewhat important assiduity by the amateur professor, who expressed a most affectionate interest in his sufferings, but consoled him with an assurance of speedy relief; and, with the undeniable axiom that a good deed could not be done too soon, proceeded at once to business. The patient, having divested his countenance of its envelope, seated himself in the old gentleman's easy chair, exhibiting a nicely adjusted expression of pain, just decided enough to awaken sympathy, but far removed from any thing like distortion. The magnetizer placed himself directly in front, with his knees touching those of the subject, staring him hard in the face, and looking as solemn and resolute as a judge, trying to keep awake on the bench; while the spectators occupied each an ottoman in a window, wearing a very becoming air of gravity, expectation and interest.

The gaze of Mr. Dilbury grew more intense—the eyelids of the sufferer began to droop; a few downward passes were added to the charm, and the form of Theophilus Watson gradually declined from the perpendicular. All were hushed in profound silence. Another pass, and the head of the patient fell a little to one side, resting in a comfortable position for sleep, on the high back of the easy chair; his limbs relaxed, his breathing grew long and heavy, and, in short, he was profoundly asleep. Mr. Dilbury looked round with a glance of proud satisfaction, and then, rising from his seat, desired his daughter to call in the apothecary. Hamilton would have sworn that at these words there was a slight movement on the part of the sleeper, but nobody noticed it save himself. The professional man entered with his hideous apparatus. Hamilton felt *almost* sure that the eyes of the sleeper were opened the least bit in the world, but they closed again, and his slumber appeared unbroken.

"Now, Doctor," said Mr. Dilbury, "he is nicely asleep, and you can whip out the tooth in a moment. I'll warrant you that he shall know nothing about it, 'till he wakes again."

There was, undeniably, a sudden flush on the face of the somnolent gentleman. Hamilton saw it distinctly, and so did Harriet.

The doctor drew near, bearing his lancet in one hand, and an atrocious pair of forceps in the other. The footman appeared beside him with a wash-bowl. He was in the act of placing his hand on the chin of the patient, to open his mouth, when his proceedings were cut short by an event not altogether unexpected by all the individuals present.

"What in the devil's name are you about?" roared Mr. Theophilus Watson, starting up from his chair, as broad awake as he ever was in his life, considerably frightened, and rather disposed to be in a rage.

* * * * * *

Any reader possessing the least ingenuity can imagine the rest. All I have farther to say is, that John Wilkins, the tiger, was discharged, the very same day, from the service of Mr. Watson, and taken at once into that of young Walter Hamilton. Moreover, a friend writes me from England, knowing the interest I take in the family, that Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton's first-born son is to be named Dilbury, after his grandfather.

Original.

THEE GOLDEN AGE.

BY THE REV. J. H. CLINCH.

In ancient lays of poets old,
We read of Saturn's age of gold,
And then, as Time's dark cycles pass,
  And man more gross and vicious grew,
The age of silver, iron, brass,
  Successive rise upon our view:
Now, thanks to potent art, we find
The iron and the gold combined.

Of iron now our ships we form,
To stem the tide, and brave the storm—
Our roads, o'er which with rapid march,
  Man and Earth's rich productions go—
The bridge, whose long inverted arch,
  Spans the deep river's ceaseless flow—
And e'en man's dwellings, lift their head,
Drawn from the iron's darkling bed.

And all this ore, which bids the Sage
Call this, in truth, an iron age—
The potent alchemy of steam,
  Transmutes, by motion, into gold,
While, like the changes of a dream,
  Man, to Earth's farthest bounds is rolled;
And wealth, by intercourse and peace,
Finds all its many streams increase.

Thus War's red weapons, rust decayed,
The useless spear, and broken blade,
May, from the blazing furnace heat,
  Come forth a mean to bless mankind,
Not to the hook and ploughshare beat,
  But mighty links our race to bind,
Turning, by peace and love untold,
The iron age indeed to gold.

Original.

THE TREACHEROUS DUKE.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

"Did not thy blood run cold when his true hand
Grasped thine?
Is there no hope,
No wild escape, no glimmering ray of light?"—
Mrs. Norton.

It was a bright morning in June, and the sunbeams, broken by the mossy foliage of a cluster of oaks, shone through the richly stained glass of a gothic window, and played with an ever shifting radiance over the floor of an apartment exhibiting the marks of Moorish splendor and taste. The ceiling, covered with gold and azure wrought in arabesque displayed a delicacy and carefulness of finish unsurpassed in more modern times, and the blue silk that draped the walls—so successful had been the cunning hand of the artist—seemed glowing with living flowers. On a slab of snowy marble were arranged a number of vases of light and elegant workmanship filled with perfume, which shone through the clear porcelain like melted rubies and diffused a fragrance through the room, rendered more agreeable by being blended with the odor of orange trees, myrtles and various kinds of flowers, wafted by the morning breeze through an open door. This door was the only opening into a spacious court, in the centre of which was a jet of the purest water, which ascending nearly to the roof of the building, fell in a sparkling shower into an alabaster basin and imparted a most grateful and refreshing coolness. The airy elegance of the apartment and adjoining court, which might almost have been thought to belong to some enchanted palace, with the exception of the gothic window with its heavy but richly carved frame, suggested no idea of the gloomy, castellated structure to which they belonged.

On one of the cushions by which the whole of the interior of the apartment was encircled, and which were embroidered in the same rich and elaborate style as the drapery ornamenting the walls, sat a young and very lovely female. Over a garment of light colored silk closely fitted to her form, she wore a robe of so dark and rich a crimson, that the shadows that rested in the folds deepened almost to a purple. It was gathered at the waist by a cincture of the purest gold, and the edges of the robe were beautifully embroidered with thread wrought from the same precious metal. Floating back from a plume of snowy feathers, which interspersed with small diamonds, seemed sparkling with dew-drops, she wore a mantilla of such exceeding lightness, that at a short distance it appeared like nothing more than a silvery mist, while the minute sprigs of gold which thickly gemmed it, with every slight movement or fresh breath of air, had the appearance of glittering insects revelling over the soft dark ringlets which fell in glossy luxuriance to the cushions where she reclined. The close sleeves of her under dress left her arms bare below the elbow, which were fully revealed by the wide open sleeves of her robe, beneath the skirts of which peeped the fairy slippers which covered her feet, and which were half buried amid the yielding softness of a small, superb foot-cloth. From the neck of a guitar, which rested by her right side, a broad ribbon or sash, lightly fringed with gold, crossed her left shoulder, but her fingers rested idly on its strings, and she would at that moment willingly have consigned the instrument to eternal silence, could she have heard the tones of a well-beloved voice floating through the solitude of her magnificent apartment. But he was, so she believed, far away, and as the sweet and thrilling memories associated with his idea faded gradually from her thoughts, a langour came over her spirits which approached almost to slumber, as she listened to the grateful and soothing fall of the *jet d'eau* into the alabaster basin, and the low whisperings of the wind as it dallied with the leaves of the orange-trees and the myrtles.

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The summer twilight was drawing to a close, when a cavalier mounted on a noble steed richly caparisoned, was seen approaching the castle.

"Who can it be?" said a soldier to his companion, as they stood together on the battlement.

"I should not wonder if it were the Constable de Clisson, himself," was the reply.

"But the Lady Amira does not expect him so soon as this."

"It must be he, nevertheless, for we can see very well through the gloom, that the steed is a grey one, and to my mind the bearing of the rider is much like Sir Oliver's."

"It will be well to let the Lady Amira know then," and the soldier went to seek some one by whom to send the message.

Amira was now seen moving about her apartment with the grace and lightness of a fairy, and if her countenance had been beautiful when in repose, it was doubly so now, radiant as it was with joyful anticipation. She had ordered her attendant to bring candles, and she was alone when the door opened and the stately cavalier who had just arrived, with his plumed cap pulled over his brows, entered. Amira flew to meet him, and with open arms he advanced to receive her, but ere she was folded in his embrace, she started back, exclaiming—

"Holy Mother, are you not then De Clisson?"

"No, Lady, a nobler than the Constable De Clisson stands before thee. The Duke of Brittany is here once more to sue for thy love, and ready to forget thy late haughty rejection of him."

"If it were haughty *then*, it must be the same now. My sentiments have undergone no change since last we met, unless it be to regard the author of so base a proposal as you were pleased to make me, with still deeper disdain, than at the moment it fell from your lips."

"By my troth, fair infidel, thy arrogance becomes thee well, and I have far greater hopes of winning thee, than if thy bearing were more calm and quiet. If thou hast smiles for one so far beneath me in rank as De Clisson, I doubt not but that thou wilt speedily find plenty for me. It was he doubtless, who caused thy cage to be so fairly gilded, but when he tires of his sing-

ing bird, he can with little trouble find another. Better accept the protection of one, who will surround thee with still greater splendor, and who is ready to swear by his trusty sword which never yet has failed him, that thou shalt ever hold the first place in his heart."

"There have vows been plighted me, far holier than you promise, for they were breathed before the altar."

"Thou darest not say that thou art a wife!"

"I not only dare to say thus, but I glory in saying that I am the wife of De Clisson."

"Thy glory shall be turned to sorrow and shame, as the sun shines again on the earth, fair infidel."

"I am no infidel, but a Christian, as this sacred emblem will show," and she drew a small cross from beneath the cincture that girded her robe.

"I thank thee for removing the only scruple that lay upon my conscience, when I proffered thee my love, and ere we again meet, I will take good care that there be no husband in the way to burthen thine. Farewell, Lady De Clisson, I will be careful that thou dost not pine for my presence."

The door had no sooner closed, than Amira, whose indignation began to give place to fear as regarded her husband's safety, commenced writing a note, in which she warned him to beware of the Duke of Brittany, and ere fifteen minutes had elapsed, a trusty messenger was on the road bearing it to his master.

At early dawn a letter was put into Amira's hand. The hand-writing was unknown to her, but on opening it, she found that it was from the Duke of Brittany. The contents were as follow—

"Forget, if possible, fair lady, the rash words that fell from me last evening, or remember them only as the ebullition of momentary anger and jealousy. A few hours of cool reflection have caused me to see my folly and to view your conduct with the admiration it merits. Persevere in your virtuous course and thus continue to render yourself worthy of the love of him you have chosen, whose virtues and bravery have ever recommended him to the kind consideration of every true and gentle knight."

"The Duke cannot deceive me," said Amira. The malignant scowl that distorted his features proceeded from no momentary ebullition of anger, but from a fixed and deadly purpose of revenge."

A messenger from De Clisson cut short her soliloquy. He had that moment arrived and had ridden hard, as was evident from the flush on his countenance and the dusty appearance of his dress.

"Has any thing happened to your master?" she inquired, anxiously.

"Nothing but good, my lady; and he sends you his kind greeting with the assurance that he had intended to be with you himself by this time, had not the noble Duke of Brittany sent a special messenger inviting him, in company with Lord Beaumanoir, and others, to pay a visit of inspection to the castle of Ermyne, which he is now building. So courteous and pressing in invitation he could not with decency refuse, but he bids me tell you that he will be here to-morrow night without fail."

"Did my messenger arrive before he started for Ermyne castle?"

"No, my lady, there was no messenger came from you or any other person, and as he took the cross-road for the purpose of taking Lord Beaumanoir with him, he will not meet him."

To the mind of Amira this sudden complaisance of the Duke, was by no means a favorable omen, and at first she resolved to despatch a second note to her husband, but another expedient presented itself to her mind, she immediately commenced putting it into execution.

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A gay cavalcade, consisting of the Duke De Clisson, Lord Beaumanoir, Lord Delaval, and others, with their several attendants, having assembled at the Duke's palace, where they received liberal entertainment, proceeded merrily towards Ermyne castle. Two hours of brisk riding brought them to its gate. The Duke, with great courtesy, conducted them into the building and through the different apartments. Last of all, he led them to the chief tower, at the door of which he addressed De Clisson.

"Sir Oliver," said he, "I know of no man this side of the sea, who is a better judge of architecture than yourself. Wherefore, I pray you ascend the stairs and examine the building of the tower. If in your opinion it be well, I am content, and if any thing be amiss, it shall be reformed after your device."

"With right good will," replied De Clisson. "Please go before and I will follow you."

"Nay," said the Duke, "go you up alone, and in the mean time I will talk with the Lord Delaval."

De Clisson, who suspected no treachery, and who might probably feel flattered at the high opinion the Duke expressed of his judgment and taste, ascended the stairs without further parley. When he had arrived above the first stage, armed men who were lying in ambush in a chamber, opened the door, and while some of them descended to secure the door beneath, others followed him, and rudely pushing him into a chamber, fettered him with three bolts of iron.

"In doing thus do you obey the orders of the Duke?" said De Clisson.

"Ay," replied one of the men, with an insulting laugh, "and you will, I doubt not, have time to form, at least, *one* device for the alteration of the tower, before your labors are cut short by the gibbet."

They now withdrew, and locking the door, left the prisoner to his own bitter reflections.

Whatever those who accompanied De Clisson to the castle might think of the Duke's treachery, they neither uttered remonstrance or made the slightest allusion to their late companion's fate. Soon afterwards, in company with the Duke, they mounted their horses and departed, having first drank so deeply of the wine-cup, as, in a great measure, to overcome the uncomfortable feeling of restraint occasioned by the fate of De Clisson. They had not proceeded more than half a dozen miles, when they beheld a page, on a coal-black jennet advancing with a speed that denoted him to be on an errand of no little moment. As he drew near he slackened his pace, and they began to imagine that he wished to hold some conversation with them, but just before he arrived against the foremost horseman, he lightly pressed his spurred heels against the sides of his jennet, and at the

same time pulling his cap over his brow and burying the lower part of his face in the bosom of his doublet, he shot by them with the swiftness of an arrow. Though they called on him to stop, he gave them no heed, and when at last it was decided by the Duke of Brittany to send a servant in pursuit of him, the waving plumes of his cap vanished beneath the brow of a distant hill.

"Let him go," said the Duke, "for by the bright eyes and saucy tongue of the Lady Amira, it can be no mortal that rides at such a rate, but some elfin king, and if we would remain free from the power of his mischievous pranks, it is best that we let him be at liberty to pursue his mad course according to his own humor."

"Elf or mortal, it was a right dainty foot which he pressed against the foam-covered coat of his little Arab steed," said Lord Delaval, "and I would lay a louis-d'or against a sou, that the Lady Amira, herself, would find her toes sorely pinched in one of his slippers."

"There's not a page this side the sea," said the Duke, "that can wear the Lady Amira's slippers, which you will be ready to acknowledge when you see her in the halls of Ermyne castle, or, if you are not ready to do so, there are sharper arguments than words, of which we will not be chary."

The page, in the mean time, was drawing towards the castle where De Clisson was a prisoner. The last light of day was fast fading from the west as he drew up beneath the shelter of some birches that drooped over a rivulet. He sprang from his panting steed, and stood a moment as if irresolute.

"If De Clisson has already fallen beneath the dagger of the assassin," he murmured, half audibly, but without finishing the sentence, he pressed his hand against his brow as if there were madness in the thought, while the beatings of his heart might almost have been heard beneath his silken doublet.

There was a calm and placid beauty in the surrounding scene, that seemed to mock the agony of his excited feelings. The moon was up, weaving her web of silvery radiance with the deepening shades of twilight, and tinging with her fairy light the glossy foliage of the birches that shivered at every breath of air. The noisy sounds of the workmen who had toiled during the day on the massive, half-finished structure, which formed the only gloomy object in the scene, were now hushed, and each had retired to the bosom of his family to enjoy his customary season of repose. The measured tread of the lonely sentinel was the only sound that broke the stillness. A slight rustling was heard among the birches, and a man emerged from their covert.

"Can you tell me," said the page, "if the Constable De Clisson has been here to-day, in company with the Duke of Brittany?"

"The Duke has been here," he replied, "in company with several brave looking cavaliers, but I knew not their names. I will conduct you to yonder sentinel, my pretty lad, and he may be able to tell you."

The sentinel ceased his measured walk, as the slight and beautiful figure of the page stood before him.

"I have a message for Sir Oliver De Clisson," said he, "which, if he be in the castle, I must deliver to him without delay."

"Sir Oliver is in the castle and a prisoner," he replied, "and no message can be delivered to him, except through his keeper."

"Where can I find his keeper?" inquired the page.

"I cannot leave my post," replied the sentinel, "but in half an hour my first watch will be past, and I will then show you."

The impatient page was obliged to wait the half hour, and the sentinel then performed his promise. Before the keeper had time to reply to his request, a horseman was seen coming towards the castle at full speed. In a few moments he was beside them.

"Villaret," said he, "I have a letter for you which requires immediate attention. It is from the Duke of Brittany."

"I would rather he would send ten verbal messages than one written one," said Villaret, advancing to a lamp burning near. "I have not had a pen in my hand since I was a boy, and I had as lief undertake to decipher the characters contained within the charmed circle of the magician, as these fine lines.

It was in vain that Villaret held the letter so as to receive the full benefit of the lamp-light; the contents, to him, remained an impenetrable mystery, and he was obliged to request the aid of the bearer, who being better skilled in chirography, was able to read it.

"It is an order," said he, "for the execution of the Constable De Clisson, to-morrow, at sunrise."

"Impossible!"

"It is true."

"I almost wish that you had been as ignorant of writing as myself."

"Will you obey the order, then?"

"I dare not do otherwise."

During this short colloquy, the page had stood pale and motionless, as a marble statue, but his feelings now, spurning all control, he threw himself at Villaret's feet, and adjured him by all he held dear to suffer De Clisson to make his escape. There was a bewildering sweetness in his broken and passionate tones of entreaty, and a wild, almost unearthly beauty in his pale, uplifted face, which at first seemed to chain the faculties of the keeper, as if he were spell-bound. Rousing himself, with an effort, he raised the kneeling page, and at the same time averting his face as if he feared there was fascination in his glance, he replied—

"No, my good boy, I cannot grant your request—if I should, the doom intended for De Clisson will fall on me."

"Fly—go beyond the sea, where the Duke can have no power over you."

"Better die than leave my country."

The page took a purse, well-filled with gold, and handed it to Villaret. "Open De Clisson's prison-door," said he, "and this, besides wealth more than you ever dreamed of possessing, shall be yours."

"It would take a far less eloquent tongue than this gentle boy's," said the bearer of the letter, "to persuade me from doing so foul a deed. I should much rather live in a foreign land with plenty of gold and a good con-

science, than live in my own country with no better companions than poverty and guilt."

Villaret stood musingly. The page felt that he was making a final decision in his own mind, whether to obey the mandate of the Duke, or to suffer the prisoner to escape, and there was a look in his large dark eyes, as they rested upon him with their intense and mournful gaze, that seemed to say that his words would be to him life or death. He spake at last, mildly but firmly—

"My poor boy," said he, "the Constable De Clisson has been a kind master to you, no doubt, or you would not be so anxious to save him. I would willingly spare your heart a pang, but I dare not disobey the orders of the Duke. If I should, I shall be hunted like a beast of prey. The prisoner must die."

A faint cry burst from the page. He staggered back a few paces, grasped an open door to prevent falling, while a stream of blood gushed from his parted lips.

"Your words have killed him," said Villaret's companion. As he spoke, he gently placed him on the ground, and supporting his head on his knee he loosened the silken doublet which was buttoned closely round his throat. At the same moment his plumed cap falling off a cloud of rich dark curls burst from the confinement of the slight band that held them, and fell so low as to sweep the ground.

"Villaret, this is no page, but a lady," said the man, as he wiped a fresh gush of blood from her lips.

"I am De Clisson's wife," she faintly murmured—"let me die in his arms."

"Your wish shall be obeyed," said Villaret, "and De Clisson shall live, if my own life prove the price of his."

The massy door of the prison-room was thrown open, and Amira was conveyed to the presence of her husband. At sight of her, De Clisson, forgetful of the fetters that bound him, attempted to rush forward. She feebly extended her arms towards him, but they fell down powerless—her eyes closed, and she was no longer conscious of joy or sorrow. De Clisson placed his hand on her heart. There was a slight pulsation that told that life was not extinct.

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Weeks had passed away, and in the same apartment on the low, embroidered cushions, where we first beheld the Lady Amira with the rich glow of health mantling her cheeks, she was again reclining. As the morning breeze, laden with the delicious perfume of flowers and ripe fruits, swept through the apartment, a faint, yet healthful color, such as tinge the outer petals of the water-lily, came to her cheeks, and her eyes beamed with a soft and natural brilliancy. De Clisson sat beside her, and while one hand rested on his, the fingers of the other roved playfully amid the profuse curls of her hair.

"And have you nothing to fear from the Duke of Brittany," said she, "or have you been amusing me with false hopes?"

"No, Amira," he replied, "I have not been amusing you with false hopes. My life, as respects him, is perfectly safe, but it has been redeemed at an immense price. Little is left me but this castle and you, my beloved Amira—but with these I envy not the Duke his ill-gotten wealth."

Original.

THE NORTHERN LIGHTS.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

The Northern sky is filled with fires,
But not of lurid glow;
White in the air like icy spires
That shoot from banks of snow,
The rays from piled-up clouds ascend
And pour a silver light,
Where Heaven's eternal arches bend
Above the halls of Night.

In vain have mortals toiled to scale
Those high and brilliant hills;
Sealed are the fountains, pure and pale,
Of all their frozen rills.
No eagle's wing can soar so far,
No sun can melt the chain,
Let down in links from star to star
To bind them to the main.

Mysterious, solemn, cold and clear,
Their shapes majestic rise,
Like barriers round this earthly sphere,
Like gates of Paradise.
And when, at times, a glory streams
Along the shrouded land,
Like Eden's flaming sword it seems
Waved by an angel's hand.

Ye wondrous fires—that seldom give
Your splendor to our clime,
But in your Arctic region live
Through all revolving time—
Well may Imagination faint
Before your sacred blaze,
And baffled Science fail to paint
The source of Heaven-lit rays!

Original.

MOUNT VERNON;

WRITTEN WHILE PASSING IT, SEPT. 6TH, 1841.

BY W. C. RICHARDS.

Fair Vernon, on thy green and wood-crowned mount,
With earnest eye and throbbing heart I gaze,
For bright remembrances of other days,
Nor yet unbidden, spring from Memory's fount,
And pour a tide of feeling deep and strong,
The channels of my grateful heart along.
There sleeps the dust of one whose honored name,
Shall greener grow, and yet more fresh and dear,—
While Time makes all things else grow dim and sere,
A sound to swell the loudest trump of Fame.
Thrice favored spot! Potomac's waters glide
In placid beauty, by thy verdant side,
And men shall honor as they still flow on,
The name—the hallowed tomb of Washington!

Original.

A VISIT TO SIMON RENTON,

THE LAST OF THE PIONEERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'CLINTON BRADSHAW,' 'HOWARD PINCKNEY,' ETC., ETC.

"An active hermit, even in age, the child
Of Nature, or the Man of Ross, run wild."—*Byron.*

FALLING, the other day, accidentally, upon Byron's beautiful lines in Don Juan, on—

"General Boon, Backwoodman of Kentucky,"

I thought, as I dwelt upon their freshness—fresh as the forests and the character which is his theme—of a visit which I paid some years ago, to Boon's cotemporary and similar, Simon Renton, who died shortly afterwards—and I determined to fill out a slight sketch then made of him. One bright morning in October, I think '34, after a hearty breakfast on venison, with the becoming appliances of cranberry jelly, and all the *etcetcras* of a luxurious meal, such as you often get in the western country, and which our kind hostess of West Liberty, (Ohio,) had, according to the promises of the previous evening, prepared for us by day dawn, my friend and myself started from that village on our way to Bellefontaine, resolved to call and pay our respects—the respects of strangers and travellers—to Simon Renton, who, we were informed, dwelt some thirty miles from our whereabouts.

It was a glorious Indian summer morning. The day had just broke as we started, and the thick haze, which characterizes this season of the year, enveloped the whole landscape, but without concealing, made it just indistinct enough for the imagination to group and marshall hill, prairie, tree and stream, in a manner agreeable to our feelings. The haze rested on the face of Nature like a veil over a sleeping beauty, disclosing enough of her features to charm, without dazzling us with the flash of her eye, which makes us shrink while we admire.

A vast prairie extended on our right, through which loitered a lazy stream, as if it lingered, loth to leave the fertile soil which embosomed it. A silvery mist hung over it, making it appear like a great lake. Here and there arising from the immense body of the prairie, were what we called islands—that is, great clumps of trees, covering, sometimes, many acres, appearing just like so many islands in an outstretched ocean. One I observed was peculiarly striking: it was a natural mound arising out of the prairie, and was covered with a dense wood, while around it the plain extended far and wide, and was as level as a floor.

As the day dawned the scene became more and more enchanting. The sun blazed up through the far forest trees that skirted the prairie like a beacon fire. Those of the trees which were earliest touched by the frost, and had lost their foliage, seemed like so many warriors stretching forth their arms in mortal combat; while the fallen ones, which lay in their huge length upon the ground, might easily be fancied so many braves who were realizing the poet's description of a contest:

"Few shall part, where many meet."

Then my fancy caught another impression; I thought, as I looked upon the tranquil scene—the wide prairie—the sheep browzing on it—the gentle stream—the mist curling up—the towering trees—the distant hills—the blue smoke ascending here and there from a rustic dwelling—all looking tranquillity—I thought that Peace had set her altar, and all Nature was worshipping the being whose blessings were upon all. The rich tint of those trees which still retained their foliage, added to the beauty and oneness of the scene; and in gilding the picture, harmonized with it.

On our left, a hill ascended abruptly up, covered with tall trees, which, in some places, were remarkably clear of underwood, and in others, choked up with it. The undergrowth, from its great luxuriance, where it did appear, seemed emulous of the height of its neighbors. At the foot of the hill, and winding round it, lay our road; sometimes it would ascend its side to the very summit, and then abruptly descend to the very foot. This gave us a full view of the surrounding scenery. It was beautiful. To me, like that of another world, coming, as I did, from the contagious breath of the city, where disease and death were at war, wide as the atmosphere, for I had just left Cincinnati, where the cholera was raging. The bustle of business—the hum of men—the discordant noises—the dusty streets—the sameness and dingy red of the houses—the smoky and impure atmosphere—the frequent hearse—the hurrying physician—the many in black, were all remembered in contrast with this bright scene of Nature. I caught myself almost unconsciously repeating the lines of the poet:

"Oh, how canst thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms, which Nature to her votary yields!
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, the garniture of fields;
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of even;
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
And all the dead magnificence of Heaven;
Oh, how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven?"

I felt at once why I had been an invalid. I had been breathing an air pregnant with all sorts of sickness; was it any wonder I was sick? I had swallowed a whole drug shop—for what purpose? To be drugged to death!

Every thing in this world takes the hue of our feelings. A few weeks previously, I had been to a wedding in Lebanon, where I had enjoyed myself gloriously. We kept it up 'till "'tween the late and early," and all went off appropriately—

"As merry as a marriage bell."

The next morning I breakfasted with the bewitching bride and her generous lover, and then away from the bridal scene in a hazy rain, over horrible roads, tossed about in a trundle bed of a carry all, with no companion but my crutch, and a whole host of bachelor reflections. The scene was sad every where. I passed an old rooster by the road side. He stood alone, dripping wet, with not a single hen near him—chick nor child—like a grand Turk who has been upset in an aquatic excursion, and has quarrelled with his whole seraglio. A dog skulked by me, with his tail between his legs,

looking, for all the world, as if he had been sheep-killing. How desolate the girdled trees looked! As the winds whistled through their leafless branches, they seemed the very emblems of aspiring manhood, deprived of all his honors when he thought them greenest; yet still standing with the world's blight upon him. The road wound about, as if it had business all through the woods; and the long miry places, which were covered with rails, to prevent one from disappearing altogether! what jolting! what bouncing! zigzag—this way, that way, every way. Why, Sancho Panza, when tossed in the blanket, enjoyed perfect luxury in the comparison. And when, at last, I did get upon a piece of road that was straight, it appeared a long vista leading to utter desolation. The turbid streams were but emblems of the lowering sky. They looked frowningly on each other, like foe on foe, while the autumn leaves fell thick around me, like summer hopes.

"To-day, if different—all is bright.
To-morrow may be cloudy—and thus wags the world."

There is no nobler theme for the novelist and the poet, than the stirring incidents of the first settlement of our country. The muse of Scott has made his country appear the appropriate place for romantic legend, and traditionary feud, but it only wants his genius, to make our country more than the rival of his, in that respect. The field here is as abundant, and almost untrodden. However, I am not one of those who believe that legends of the olden time are the best themes for the novelist. If he would describe truly the manners, virtues and vices round him, as they are, he would win more applause than in the description of other scenes; because all would *feel* the truth of the portraiture. Scott failed in describing modern manners in Saint Ronanswell. Why? Because his affections and feelings were with the past; and those ballads and romances in which his boyhood delighted, exercised over his imagination a controling power, and when he came to give it a "local habitation and a name," that controling power was manifest.

But who of Scott's readers has not sometimes regretted that he did not give us more of the men and manners of the day? If he had thought as much of them as of baronial and other periods—and if having studied, he had attempted to paint them when his mind was in its vigor, he would have succeeded as well as in Ivanhoe, Rob Roy, or the Crusaders. Fielding could only describe the manners around him, because he had only thought of them. Scott's imagination had a feudal bias, and consequently he painted that period best when, as he describes it—

"They laid down to rest,
With the corselet laced—
Pillowed on buckler cold and hard:
They carved at the meal
With gloves of steel,
And drank the red wine through the helmet barr'd."

How delightful if Scott had given us some of the scenes which he witnessed among the different circles with whom he mingled. In such scenes he studied human nature, it is true, but he applied his knowledge in describing how men acted in other circumstances than those in which he saw them act, for he well knew that the truthful portraiture finds sympathy in every breast. He learned the whole history of the human heart, and then gave us volumes of the olden time, because there his imagination feasted. He should, sometimes, have shown us ourselves as we are. It seems to me that not only in our early history is there a wide field for the novelist, but that in our own times there is both a wider and a better. What a great variety of characters in our country! Men from all climes, of all opinions, parties, sects. The German, Frenchman, Englishman, Russian, the backwoodsman, the Yankee, and the Southerner, are each and all often found in the bar-room of a country tavern. To one who likes to observe character, what enjoyment! Why, as Falstaff would say, "it is a play extempore." And then to quit a scene like this, pass a few miles from one of these towns, and be right into the wilderness: for it seems a wilderness to look round on the deep woods, and the wild prairie, and see no marks of civilization but the road on which you travel. How the mind expands! You look up, and fancy some far off cloud, the Great Spirit looking down on His primeval world, in all the freshness and beauty of its first years. The imagination glows, the feelings freshen, the affections become intense. Rapidly, then, the scenes of our boyhood rush upon us, our early manhood, our hopes, our fears, the lady of our love, the objects of our ambition. We see some brilliant bird that we have started from its perch, dart off in the blue ether, and thus before us seems the world, all our own. And then we enter the town, and behold the vast variety of human being among whom and with whom we have to struggle. Here, too, we often find women loveliest and most fascinating—a flower in the wilderness, and beautiful both in bud and in bloom. And here are generous and free spirits, who wear no disguise about them, whose feelings spring up like the eagle from its eyrie, in natural fearlessness. The change is enjoyment: one fits us for the other. In solitude, we think over, examine, and analyze what we see in the world; and in the world, the reflections and resolutions of solitude strike us like a parental admonition.

That simplicity which Cooper has described so well in the character of Leatherstocking, seems to have been the characteristic of the early Pioneers. It has been my good luck to meet with several of them. One, who is now a county squire, and, of course, far advanced in years, with whom I became acquainted in the interior of Ohio, frequently in conversation with me, dwelt upon the peculiarities of the Pioneers, lamenting with a simplicity, energy, and natural eloquence, which told that he was one of them, the "falling off," as he called it, of the present times.

"Why," said he to me, "if you will believe me, there is not half the confidence between man and man that there used to be, when I was in the wilderness here, and used to travel to the different stations. It was a long tramp, I tell you—but you might rely on the man who went with you, to life and to death, just as you would on your rifle—and then you rested upon your rifle, and looked round upon the beauties of the wilder-

ness—and the wilderness is beautiful to them that like it—and felt that you were a man. Why, I could do every thing for myself in those days—I needed no help no how—I tell you I have a snug farm, and may be, somethings that you call comforts; but I shall never be as happy as I was when I was here in the wilderness with my dog and rifle, and nothing else. No, I shall never be as happy again, and that's a fact. Mr. ———, our preacher, preaches a good sermon, bating a spice of Calvinism, that I, somehow, can't relish or believe natural, but he can't make me feel like I used to—I mean with such reliance on Providence—as I did when I roused up in the morning, and looked out on the beauties of nature, just as God made them. You find fault with these roads—and I know the travelling's bad—I thought so myself, as I came to town—and yet I used to travel through the wilderness when there was no road or town. I sometimes felt tired, it is true, but it was not the weariness I feel now—no, no! I never shall be as happy as I was in the wildernes, and that's a fact."

I believe I have repeated the very words as they fell from the lips of the fine old man. I was much amused with his opinion of novels.

"Why, I am told," he said, "that a man will write two big books—and not a word of truth in 'em from beginning to end. Now aint that abominable! To tell a lie, any how, is a great shame; but to write, and then to print it, is what I never thought of. How can you tell it from truth, if he's an ingenus man? It looks just like truth when 'tis printed. It destroys all confidence in books. Judge Jones tells me that there was a man called Scott, who has written whole shelves of 'em—what do you call 'em? novels? He tells me that he was a pretty good sort of a man, too, with a good deal of the briar about him. I read one of them books once, that I liked, I suppose, from the name; they called it the 'Pioneers;' that's the reason I read it. I think there must be some mistake; you may depend upon it, that man, Leatherstocking, never could have known so much about the wilderness, and the ways of the Ingins, without being in it, and among 'em."

What a fine compliment to the powers of Cooper. The scenery was striking, and as as we passed along, our conversation turned, of course, upon it, and from that, to the dark forms that once flitted through it—and to those who had first struggled with the red man for its possession; and how naturally to him whom we were going to visit, who had been among the first and most fearless of the Pioneers, and who was then lingering the last of them.

Simon Renton's life had been a very eventful one—perhaps the most so of all the Pioneers. Boon has been more spoken of, and written about; but, in all probability, the reason is, because he was the older man, and had been, then, some time dead.

Renton was a Virginian by birth, and, I believe, entirely uneducated. At a very early age, he quarrelled with a rival in a love affair, and after an unsuccessful conflict with him, Renton challenged him to another, and was getting the worst of it, in a rough and tumble fight, and being undermost, subject to the full rage of his antagonist, he was much injured; when it occurred to him that if he could twist his rival's hair, which was very long, in a bush near by, he could punish him at leisure. Crawling to the point under the stunning blows of his antagonist, Renton, with desperate energy, seized him by the hair, and succeeded in entangling it in the bush as he desired. He then pummelled him with such right good will, that he thought he had killed him. Renton, fearing the consequences, instantly absconded, and changed his name from Simon Butler, which was his real name, to Simon Renton. He pushed for the west. There he joined in several excursions against the savages, and was several times near being taken by them. He acted as a spy between the Indians and the colonies, in the war occasioned by the murder of Logan's family. After many adventures and hardships, he was taken by the Indians, in purloining some of their horses, which, in retaliation, he had led away in a night foray, into one of their villages. He was treated with great cruelty: he ran the gauntlet thirteen times, and was finally saved from torture by the interference of Gisty, a renegade white man, who had joined the Indians, and was their leader in many of their attacks on the whites. Renton and Gisty had been friends, and pledged themselves so to continue, whatever changes might overtake them, before Gisty apostated. He, with all his savageness and treachery, was true to Renton. This is but the caption of a chapter in Renton's life.

After journeying for some time through thick woods, in which there were innumerable grey and black squirrels, we arrived at an angle of a worm fence, and turned off into a swampy road, towards a log house, in which, we were told, the old Pioneer lived. The house was comfortable and large, for one of the kind. On stopping, a son-in-law of the old worthy met us at the bars, and, though he knew us not, with the hospitality of the country, he insisted upon putting up our horses, which kindness we were compelled to decline, as we could not tarry long. As we advanced towards the house, I observed every thing about it wore the air of frugal comfort.

We ascended two or three steps, and entered the room, in which was a matron, who, we learned was the wife of the Pioneer, and seated by the fire, the old worthy himself. He rose as we entered. Advancing towards him, I said, "Mr. Renton, we are strangers, who have read often of you and your adventures, and being in your neighborhood, we have taken the liberty to call and see you, as we were anxious to know one of the first and the last of the Pioneers."

The old Pioneer was touched und gratified by the remark, and while shaking hands with us, he said:

"Take seats, take seats, I am right glad to see you."

We sat down, and immediately entered into conversation with him. He conversed in a desultory manner, and often had to make an effort to recollect himself, but when he did, his memory seemed perfectly to call up the events alluded to, and when asked any thing, "Well, I'll tell you," he would say, and after a pause, he narra-

ted it. I have stood in the presence of men who had won laurels by field and flood, in the senate, at the bar, and in the pulpit, but my sensations were merely those of curiosity—a wish to know if the impressions which the individual made upon myself, corresponded with the accounts given of him by others—if his countenance told his intellect or his passions; and if the capabilities which he possessed, could be read in him. This wish to observe, prevents all other sensations, and makes one a curious but a cold observer. But far different were my feelings as I looked upon the bent but manly form of the old Pioneer, and observed his frank and fine features. Here, thought I, is a man who, if his human character was dissected with a correct eye, would be found to be braver than many a one who has won the world's eulogy as a soldier. Who cannot be brave with all the

"Pride, pomp, and circumstance, of glorious war"

about him! With the weeping steed, the martial trump, the unfurled banner, the great army? In such a scene, the leader of so many legions finds, in the very excitement, bravery. The meanest soldier catches the contagious spark, and cowards fight with emulation. But think of a man alone, in the wide, wild wilderness—whom a love of adventure has taken there, surrounded by wild beasts and savage foes, hundreds of miles from human aid—yet he sleeps calmly at night, and in the morning, rises to pierce farther into the wilderness—nearer to those savage foes, and into the very den of those wild beasts. How calm must have been his courage! How enduring his spirit of endurance! In the deep solitude, hushed and holy as the Sabbath day of the world, he stands with a self-reliance that nothing can shake; and he feels in the balmy air—in the blue heavens—in the great trees—in the tiny flower—in the woods, and in the waterfalls—in the bud, and in the beast—in every thing, and in all things, companionship. George Washington would have made such a Pioneer.

Renton's form, even under the weight of seventy years, was striking, and must have been a model of manly strength and agility. His eye was blue, mild, and yet penetrating in its glance. The forehead projected very much at the eye brows, (which were well defined,) and then it receded, and was not very high, nor very broad—his hair had been a light brown; it was then nearly all grey—the nose straight and well shaped, and his mouth, before he lost his teeth, must have been expressive and handsome. I observed that he had one tooth left, which, taking into consideration his character, and manner of conversation, was continually reminding one of Leatherstocking. The whole face was remarkably expressive, not of turbulence or excitement, but rather of veneration and self-possession. Simplicity, frankness, honesty, and a strict regard to truth, appeared the prominent traits of his character. In giving an answer to a question which my friend asked him, I was particularly struck with his truthfulness and simplicity. The question was, whether the account of his life in "Sketches of Western Adventure" was true, or not? "Well, I'll tell you," he said, "not true: the book says, that when Blackfish, the Indian warrior, asked me, when they had taken me prisoner, if Colonel Boon sent me to steal their horses, that I said no, Sir; (here he looked indignant, and rose from his chair;) I tell you I never said Sir to an Ingin in my life; I scarcely ever say it to a white man."

Mrs. Renton, who was engaged in some domestic occupation at the table, turned round, and remarked: "When we were last in Kentucky, some one gave me the book to read, and when I came to that part, he would not let me read any more."

"And I tell you," interrupted Renton, "I never was tied to a stake in my life, to be burned; they had me painted black when I saw Gisty, but not tied to a stake."

I mention this not at all to disparage the book, but to show Renton's character—for though personally unacquainted with the author, I have a high respect for his talents; besides, Mr. M. Clung does not give the account of Renton's adventures as narrated to himself, by him, but as abridged from a MSS. account, given by the venerable Pioneer himself, and now in the possession of Mr. John D. Taylor, of Kentucky. Renton stated that he had narrated his adventures to a young lawyer, (whose name I forget,) and that all in that book was true. In answer to a question about Gisty, he observed:

"He was good to me: when he came up to me, when the Ingins had painted me black, I knew him at first. He asked me a good many questions, but I thought it best not to be too forard, and I held back from telling him my name, but when I did tell him, oh! he was mighty glad to see me. He flung his arms round me, and cried like a child. I never did see one man so glad to see another yet. He made a speech to the Ingins—he could speak the Ingin tongue, and knew how to speak—and told them if they meant to do him a favor, they must do it now, and save my life. Gisty, afterwards, when we were at (I think he said) Detroit together, cried to me like a child, often, and told me he was sorry of the part he took against the whites—that he was too hasty. Yes, I tell you, Gisty was good to me."

I remarked, "It's a wonder he was good to you."

"No," he replied quickly, but solemnly, "it's no wonder. When we see our fellow creatures every day, we don't care for them; but it is different when you meet a man all alone in the woods—the wild lonely woods. I tell you, stranger, Gisty and I met lonely men, on the Banks of the Ohio, and where Cincinnati now stands, and we pledgd ourselves, one to the other, hand in hand, for life and death, when there was nobody in the wilderness but God and us,"—his very language, and a sublime expression I thought it.

He spoke kindly of the celebrated Logan, the Indian chief, and said he was a fine looking man, with a good countenance, and that Logan spoke English as well as himself. Speaking of the Indians, he said:

"Though they did abuse me mightily, I must say that they are as 'cute as other people—with many great warriors among them—they are as keen marksmen as the whites, but they do not take as good care of their

rifles. Finding one's way through the woods, is all habit. Indians talk much less than the whites, when they travel, but that is because they have less to think about."

He spoke of Boon, and said that he had been with him a great deal. He described him as a Quaker looking man, with great honesty and singleness of purpose, but very keen. We were struck with his acuteness and delicacy of feeling. He was going to show us his hand, which had been maimed by the Indians; he half drew off his mitten, and then pulled it on again.

"No," said he, "it hurts my feelings."

My friend observed that it was mentioned in the different accounts of him, that when himself and his companions arrived at the Ohio with the horses of the Indians, they might have escaped if they had followed his advice.

"Understand, understand," said he, "I do not mean to blame them. The horses would not, somehow, enter the river. I knew the Indians were behind us, and told them so; they would not leave the horses—I could not leave them, so the Indians came yelling down the hills, and took us."

"I observed to him, that I wondered, after his escape from the Indians, that he did not return to Virginia, and run no more risks in being taken by them.

"Ah," said he, "I was a changed man; they abused me mightily. I determined, after that, never to miss a chance"—(meaning at the life of an Indian.)

He was very anxious that Clarke's life should be written—General George Rogers Clarke—who, he said, had done more to save Kentucky from the Indians, than any other man. He told us that a gentleman from Urbanna, (Ohio,) had been with him two or three days, and that he had told him a good deal about himself; "But," said he, "I am mighty anxious to tell what I know about Clarke. You may depend he was a brave man, and did much."

He then told us that not five miles from the place where we were, he had been a captive among the Indians, painted black, with his hands pinioned behind him, his body lacerated with the severest treatment; the bone of his arm broken, and projecting through the flesh—and his head shockingly bruised. I observed to him that he must have been a very strong and active man, to have endured so many hardships, and made so many escapes.

"Yes," he said, "I believe I might say I was once an active man, but," continued he, taking my crutch in his hand, as I sat beside him, and holding it, together with his staff—I could trace the association of his ideas —"I am an old man."

I observed from his manner, that he wished to ask me about my crutch, but that he felt a delicacy in doing so. I explained it to him; after observing the fashion of it for some time—for I had a fashion of my own in my crutches—he looked at me earnestly, and said with emotion, showing me his own staff—

"You see I have to use one too; you are young, and I am old; but I tell you, we all must come to it at last."

Many, in their courtesy, have tried to reconcile me to my crutch, but no one ever did it with so bland a spirit as this blunt backwoodsman, who "never said sir to an Indian in his life, and scarcely ever to a white man."

True politeness is from the heart; and from the abundance of the heart it speaketh—the rest is but imitation, and at best, the automaton *fashioned* to act like a man.

We rose twice to leave ere we did so, the old worthy pressed us so warmly "not to go yet." At last, after a hearty shake of the hand with him, we departed on our way to Bellefontaine. We were scarcely upon the road, before the rain descended fast upon us, but we went on, transacted our business, and returned to West Liberty to spend the night, unmindful of the heavy storm which poured down upon us in our open buggy, but full of the old Pioneer, and the reflections which our visit had called up.

We looked around and did not wonder that the Indians fought hard for the soil, so fruitful with all the resources and luxuries of savage life; redolent with so many associations for them—all their own—theirs for centuries—their prairies, their hunting grounds—the places where their wigwams stood, where their council fires were lit, where rested the bones of their fathers, where their religious rights were performed.

How often had they hailed the "bright eye of the universe," as we hailed him that morning, almost with a Persian's worship, and on that very spot, in a few hours, we beheld him sinking in his canopy of clouds. And thus they sink; and the shadows of their evening grow darker and darker, and they shall know no morrow. Happy for those who now possess their lands, if they cherish, and if their posterity cherish the homely virtues—the simple honesty and love of Freedom of the early Pioneers—of him with whom we shook hands that morning, on the brink of the grave. If they do, then indeed may their broad banner with its stars and stripes trebled, be planted on the far shores of the Pacific, the emblem of a free and united people.

F. W. T.

Original.

BIRTH-DAY VERSES.

BY MISS A. D. WOODBRIDGE.

With joy I grant the boon you crave—
An off'ring for your natal day,
And cast a leaf upon the wave,
Which Time will quickly bear away;
Tho' on that leaf I trace a line,
It lays no claim to poet's art;
No other tribute may be mine,
Than the best wishes of the heart.

Thy stream of life is bright and clear,
Still brighter may it onward glide,
Undimmed by cloud or shade of fear,
Unruffled by an adverse tide;
And when, at length, its waters seek
The future's vast and shoreless sea,
Be thine the joys we may not speak,
The life of Immortality!

Original.

THE TIE OF HONOR.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

CHAPTER I.

THE theatre doors were flung open, and instantly the house was filled to the very dome by an eager concourse of people. Booth was there in the full vigor of his astonishing genius, and the boards of that house were trod nightly by a galaxy of talent, such as has seldom appeared since New-York was a city. But the house was opened that night for a purpose more baneful to public morals, than the most degraded exhibition of the drama could ever prove. Yet, in that crowd of human beings were men of intellect and refinement, women of matured loveliness, and fair young creatures who should have trembled and blushed with shame, thus to be found opening their pure hearts to doctrines, which, in the end, were certain to subvert the holy principles of delicacy and religion, which are the foundation of all that is sweet and loveable in womanhood. Of this class, and directly in front of the stage, sat a young girl in reality scarcely more than seventeen, though, from the quick flashing of her large eyes, and the singular play of features, which seemed to change their expression each moment, she might have passed for one of riper age. Many persons turned their gaze upon this young creature. There was something singular in her beauty, a spirited look of intellect and feeling, which attracted observation more generally than mere loveliness of features could have done. There was something in her manner, too, original and striking. While other females of less decided character, selected the most remote seats and timidly drew their veils, as if ashamed of a curiosity which they felt to be culpable, she leaned her arm gracefully on the crimson railing, and regardless of the general observation, kept up a light discourse with a gentleman by her side. Now and then a brilliant smile flashed over her face, and in the carelessness of her heart, a little hand was playfully lifted while her rich voice might have risen with her spirits, louder than she was conscious of, for she blushed vividly at what seemed a whispered remonstrance of her companion, and then with a playful motion of the head and a spirited curl of her red lips, she let her arm drop to the railing, and remained studiously silent 'till the rich volume of silk which formed the stage curtain was drawn back, revealing a portion of the stage, prepared as for the accommodation of a single lecturer. Directly all eyes were drawn from the beautiful girl, whose movements we have been describing, and directed to the stage. A woman stood there, tall and of commanding presence, but utterly devoid of all those gentler graces which win upon the heart as naturally as flowers live in the sunshine. This *woman lecturer*, stood with an unblushing forehead before a crowd of people, scanning them with a keen, powerful eye, and ready, the moment their clamorous greeting was over, to fill their ears with opinions which should have made every honest heart in her presence, tremble with indignation. Yet was she received by a congregation of intelligent people as if she had not urged her way to their notice by treading every principle sacred to the human heart beneath her feet, as if she had not striven, with her keen intellect and most persuasive eloquence, to undermine their faith in a Supreme Being and cast ridicule on the holy bonds which link families together in honor and brotherhood.

It were impossible to estimate the evil perpetrated by that bad woman's eloquent sophistry. Like seed scattered by the wind, it fell imperceptibly on many a young heart which should have fled from her opinions as too monstrous even for reflection. But our object is to trace its effects on one heart alone.

How beautiful was the expression which kindled up the features of that young girl, when the clear ringing tones of the lecturer fell upon her ear.

"Now," she said, turning with a bright smile to her companion, "now we shall soon decide if her eloqence is more potent than yours."

The man whom she addressed smiled quietly, and motioned with his hand that she should listen, but as she bent forward again, absorbed and fascinated by the flood of dangerous argument which fell from the lips of that masculine woman, he seemed more interested in watching its effects upon her eloquent countenance, than in the lecture itself. There was something in the expression of his eyes while thus occupied, which would have made a mother or friend to that bright girl, anxious for her welfare. He was her senior perhaps ten or twelve years, apparently a man who had mingled much with society, and one who had therein acquired a habit of concealing his natural character. It must have been a very close observer, however, who could have formed any just estimate of him that evening. But for that unsatisfactory expression, he might have passed as the brother or perhaps uncle of the young lady.

"Well," he said, as they left the theatre together and walked towards Broadway, "she has said nothing so very terrible, after all, do you think she has?"

"I don't know," replied the young lady, thoughtfully, "perhaps not, but I am almost sorry to have heard her."

"There could be no harm in going, certainly," was the answer, "still, you should not have taken so conspicuous a place."

"And why not," she replied, quickly, "if she is correct in her doctrines, why should I wish concealment in listening to them? I declare it made me quite despise the poor women who sat crouching behind their veils as if they were doing something terribly naughty. When I go again, it shall certainly be in the same way."

Her companion made a careless reply—he had learned from her last words that she *did* intend to go again, and that was enough.

The persons whom we have been describing, entered a hotel in Broadway, for they were but visitors in the city, and the lady went directly to her own room, not as she had left it, happy and cheerful of heart, but full of confused thoughts, which were imperceptibly shaping themselves according to the fashion of what she had been listening to. Her cheek burned as she laid it on her

pillow, and for the first time her sleep was restless. The step which was to shape her fate in life had been taken. She would have shuddered had any one told her so, but in her heart she was beginning to say—"There is no God!"

Meantime the gentleman occupied a large easy chair in his parlor at the hotel, tranquilly sipping his Burgundy from a glass which stood on a small table by his side.

"I say, Emmerson," exclaimed a young man, fashionably dressed, who lay with half closed eyes, smoking a segar, upon the sofa, "I wish you would give me one piece of information. I have a bet depending. Come, that's a dear fellow—tell me if you are not over head and ears in love with that splendid girl you just came in with."

"Certainly," replied the other, in a careless tone, languidly lifting his Burgundy and holding it between his eyes and the candle. "Have you been betting for or against the probability?"

"Not exactly either—it was about your marriage that we laid the wager. Wilson insisted upon it that she was only your ward, and engaged to young Randall, a fellow from your part of Virginia, who came on here and spent the summer last season. A fine, gentlemanly fellow he was I remember, for we met once or twice. She was then at some boarding-school up the river. Wilson insisted upon it that she was engaged at that time, and I offered a dozen baskets of champaigne that you would marry her yourself."

"You will loose the bet," said Emmerson, sipping his wine.

"The deuse I shall," exclaimed the exquisite, holding out his segar and knocking the ashes from it with a finger white and jewelled like a lady's. "Well, I never will calculate upon the actions of you quiet men again. I would have sworn that you were in love with her."

"So I am," replied Emmerson, setting down his glass.

"Then what in the name of all that is wonderful should prevent you marrying her?" persisted the other.

"I cannot afford it, that is all the reason that I know of."

"Indeed," rejoined the exquisite, sinking back on the sofa, "I thought that an old aunt or something of that sort, had died and left her a large property near your own in Virginia, and that you were appointed guardian both to the estate and the lady, so we supposed of course that you would legalize the guardianship for life."

"So far you are right," replied Emmerson, more earnestly than he had yet spoken, "but the old maiden aunt having lived selfishly single all her life, resolved that her estate should descend only to a spinster. So she added an ugly clause to her will, whereby Miss Parsons is deprived of her wealth should she ever marry."

"That is awkward," muttered the lounger, "but she will probably accept young Randall after all. He was desperately in love with her before this old aunt died, and is rich enough to please himself. It is folly to think she will remain single."

"Perhaps not," muttered Emmerson, and a smile of peculiar meaning came to his lip. "But good night, Leicester, I am getting sleepy. Don't let me disturb you though—stay as long as you like, only be careful and not set the curtains afire with your segar."

As he spoke Emmerson took a light from the table and left his languid visitor in possession of the room.

It was true that Emmerson had left Virginia for the purpose of conducting his orphan ward from the school at which she had been placed, up the Hudson, more than a year before her estate had fallen to his guardianship. And it was also true, that but for the clause in her aunt's will, he would, both from inclination and interest, have offered her his hand in marriage. But his own estate, a family inheritance, had fallen to his possession much encumbered, and he looked forward to a wealthy union, at some future time, for the means of restoring it unimpaired to his own free possession. Whatever his motives might be, and probably at first he had no settled plan, he removed the young heiress from her school, and conducting her to the city, made it his first desire to promote her amusement in a place full of interesting objects to a young and imaginative girl fresh from the restraints of a school-room. Week after week went by, and still they remained at the hotel in which he had first placed her. He excused this delay to her and perhaps to his own conscience, by pleading that time was necessary before those who had received his orders to that effect, could prepare her residence for the reception of its mistress, or a suitable female be found for a protectress and companion. Thus consigned in the first bloom of a heart full of quick and sensitive affections, to the unrestrained society of a man, matured in intellect, noble in person, and endowed with a suavity of manner which would have concealed his faults from a person of more experience, it is not surprizing that the talented and lovely girl learned to look upon him at first with a feeling of grateful interest, which finally deepened in her heart to a sweet trustfulness, which she in her innocence never dreamed of calling love. With this tranquil feeling she had left the hotel on the night when we introduced her to the reader, eager for excitement and full of curiosity regarding a woman who was boldly trampling her way to notoriety by cloaking infidel principles and immoral designs under a pretended championship of woman's rights and woman's equality with man, equally, which never did and never can exist until the order of nature is subverted, and the name of woman becomes a bye word and a reproach among those she was created to comfort and bless.

If Emmerson persuaded that singular and beautiful girl, within the syren influence of this being, in order to unsettle her yet vague principles of religion, his design was accomplished, from that fatal night her heart forgot its rest.

Again that preacher of iniquity put forth her lectures, and again did the infatuated young creature listen, 'till the well spring of her thoughts became sullied to the bottom, and its purity was lost for ever.

When Emmerson returned to Virginia with his unfortunate charge, the carriage swept by the mansion which had so lately become hers. It was a fine old building, surrounded by a park, and rendered cheerful by a well-

kept garden. Every thing was prepared for her reception. The old family slaves were all assembled, eager for the arrival of their new mistress, and the park gates were flung open at her approach—but it was not there that she was to take up her abode.

When Emmerson lifted his ward from the carriage and presented her to his servants as their future mistress, a queen could not have borne herself toward them with more sweetness or delicacy. In trustfulness of heart she believed that her dominion there would end only with her life. Yet she still retained possession of her estate. The marriage tie alone could deprive her of that. Her's was the *tie of honor*. She had become an apt scholar in her new creed, and her heart exulted in its independence to public opinion when she thought how true they would be to their principles, and how much more highly she would be prized by the man whom she had learned to love with such intensity, for the faith which she had placed in his single promise. For a few short months her anticipations were more than realized. Domesticated with a man to whom she was devotedly attached, endowed with beauty which matured into richer loveliness each day, and gifted with talent which ever gave variety to her manner and conversation, it would have been strange had she not for a time retained a powerful influence over the heart to which her own turned for happiness. But even then there would arise occasions of humiliation which all her independence could not bear her through without some feeling of pain. Many familes with whom as a child she had been familiar, lived in their immediate neighborhood, but no one came to welcome her to the haunts of her childhood, if they happened to meet her by accident, it was to gaze coldly in her face, as if she were a stranger, or to pass by with averted looks, still more cruelly cutting to a sensitive spirit. It was in vain that she accused them in her mind of prejudice and feeble intellect—that she looked upon them as persons incapable of comprehending the sublime philosophy which had impelled her to fling off all restraint save that imposed by her own will. There was an innate sense of degradation at her heart which could not be shaken off. At times she felt lonely and miserable in her splendid and solitary mansion. Emmerson was obliged to absent himself from home occasionally, and then thought became irksome. Still there was no change in him to warrant one feeling of apprehension—he always returned to her with affectionate haste, and it was not 'till after she became a mother that one feeling of regret disturbed the serenity of her conscience.

Maternal love is so akin to religion, that it seems almost impossible for a mother to remain in unbelief. Sometimes when her child lay nestled in her bosom a pang would shoot through the heart of that erring mother, for she remembered that he had no legal right in the home of his father, and that all her care or Emmerson's generous love, could not shield him from the shame of illegitimacy. Oh! how her proud heart writhed at the thought that the sweet being whom she loved with such passionate fondness might yet be taught to blush for the mother that had given him birth. That he might fail to comprehend the sublime train of argument by which she had silenced her own scruples to an unconsecrated union, and join with the world in condeming her. The consequences of her philosophy began to make themselves keenly felt, but still there were times when she would not permit them to render her unhappy, when she could answer the crowing laugh of her child with a voice bird-like and cheerful as its own. The bitter fruits of her conduct were yet to be plucked.

Caroline was so occupied with her child, that, for a time, it drew her attention even from the father, passionately as he was still beloved; but at last she could not fail to remark that he was absent from home more frequently, and for longer periods of time, than he had been since their return to Virginia. She had never doubted that business took him from her side; but once the thought flashed through her mind that he might be drawn away by some other object—the supposition was too agonizing, and she forced it from her heart. It seemed like sacrilege to doubt his constancy. His love seemed necessary to her very existence, and her heart grew cold within her bosom at the bare possibility of living without it. Caroline was naturally of a trusting and cheerful nature. She was still very young, and notwithstanding her position, as ignorant of deception or treachery, as the child who lay upon her bosom. She knew that nothing but death could separate her soon from the father of her child; judging of his heart by what she found in her own, she dreamed on, more thoughful than before these reflections had presented themselves, but as yet not decidedly suspicious or unhappy. About the time that these thoughts awoke in her mind, a circumstance happened that excited her indignation as it had never been aroused before. Though the ladies in her neighborhood had never entered Emmerson's house since she became a resident there, he had frequently received gentlemen, and among the number, Randall, the person whom she had rejected while at school in the vicinity of New-York. Perhaps the first pang which had reached her heart was the altered manner of this young man when they met again in Virginia. It was studiously cold and respectful, but oh! how unlike the generous interest in her welfare and pursuits which he had betrayed then, even while suffering under the pain of a refusal. On her child's first birth-day, Emmerson had been absent several weeks, when a letter was delivered to her from this person which filled her proud spirit with keen resentment. After dwelling eloquently on the miseries of her position, and expressing a belief that she had been the victim of a designing man, who had dignified his treachery in her eyes by the adoption of opinions which in his heart he despised. The writer asserted from his certain knowledge, that she would soon be abandoned for another, and besought her to leave the house she then occupied, before she was compelled to submit to the terrible degradation of being expelled from thence. The letter ended with a generous renewal of the offer which he had made at a happier period, so delicately expressed, that it pained her more than open insult could have done. With a burning heart and brow she sat down to answer him.

"Why am I thus mocked by an offer of love," she wrote; "I, who am the wife of another, bound by a tie which no heart of true honor would dare to violate. I am not deserted; there is no power on earth can make me believe it. I—I—"

She broke off, and sprang eagerly to her feet. A carriage at the moment passed the window by which she was writing, and she caught one glimpse of the face dearest to her on earth, as it was lifted a moment to answer her greeting. Oh, how her heart beat as she heard the steps let down, and his voice with all its dear familiar tones sounding in the passage. Never had she waited his approach with such tumultuous pleasure; she had no power to move, but stood with trembling limbs, leaning upon her writing table for support, her large eyes filled with troubled light, bent earnestly on the door. How slow his step was as he came along the passage! It seemed as if he would never reach the door which led to her. When he did appear, what chilling restraint was in his manner, how cold his bow, and how forced the smile upon his lips! A moment before, and Caroline would have sprung to his bosom in the fullness of her confidence, but when her gaze fell upon his face, her limbs began to tremble, she sunk slowly to her seat, and her eyes fell upon the letter to which his cold restless look was too sure a commentary. She took up the letter with a painful smile, and placing it in his hands, asked him if there was truth in what it said.

Emmerson took the letter from her hand as if glad of an excuse for avoiding the look of agony which had settled on that young creature's face. The blood rushed over his brow, and his eye seemed willing to rest on any thing but the pale girl whom he had wronged so terribly. She was answered. His silence and embarrassment was enough; her face grew white as death, and without one word of reproach, she tottered from the room.

Emmerson flung the letter which had conveyed the information of his intended marriage, upon the floor, with a gesture of impatience.

"Confound the impertinent fellow," he muttered, but after a pause he added, "still, he has done me a service. I could not have told her myself. How deucedly pale she was. She bears it better than I expected, though. Thank Heaven the worst is over, unless," he added, restlessly, "she takes it into her head to kill herself or the boy. I *should* like to keep him; still it might be awkward. I will see her again, and settle it all in the morning."

With these disjointed sentences passing through his mind, Emmerson went to his own room, still congratulating himself that his victim had seemed to suffer less than he anticipated. Little did the selfish man dream that she lay, at that moment, stretched senseless on the floor of her child's nursery, and that the beautiful little creature, terrified by her fall, had crept to her side, where he was lying with his rosy cheek pressed to her's, and his dimpled hand buried amid the dishevelled masses of her bright hair; wondering why she did not open her eyes and answer his caresses as she was wont to do when he broke upon her slumbers. Poor deserted mother! her child had become weary with her silence, and sat busy with his playthings again, long before she returned to life. It was evening before Caroline descended to the room where she had parted with her last hope of happiness. She sat down by the table where her half finished answer to Randall still lay, and wrote beneath the words of confidence already there—

"I have left his house. I have no friend on earth save you, but do not seek me; my heart would loathe you if you did."

When the letter was sealed, and sent away, she went up to the nursery again, took her child from his crib, and folded him in a cloak. The boy opened his eyes and burst into a sweet laugh at the sight of his mother but the smile with which she strove to answer it, was so ghastly, that he became terrified, and began to cry as if he had fallen into the arms of a stranger. She turned his face to her bosom, and drawing the cloak over him, left the house.

Emmerson's property bordered on the estate which still belonged to Caroline, she passed rapidly through the groves and meadows which separated the two mansions, and late in the evening, glided like a troubled spirit beneath the shelter of her own roof, with her child sobbing upon her bosom. It was thus the heiress took possession of her estate.

To be continued.

Original.

"MARY!"—RABBONI!"

BY WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

She turned her from the empty cell,
Where late the prince of glory lay;
A shadow in her spirit fell—
Her Lord was borne away.
"If thou hast spoiled the tomb,
And for its new born light,
Hast left the pall of ancient gloom,
Oh, wanderer of the night,
Tell me!"
He looked into her earnest eyes,
Where lately shone hope's dazzling dew—
Her lips of the carnation dyes,
Now of the lily's hue,
He saw were quivering with dismay.
One word could light those eyes again,
And banish every grief away;
One word bring back the lip's sweet red,
One word restore the dead!
And pleasure substitute for pain;
'Twas music when he spake it,
"Mary!"
She turned herself, and from that face
Of beauty, every care was fled;
And in its stead,
Was much of grace,
And something meekly proud.
As look our skies when midnight's cloud
Is chased, and they are overspread
With morning's early blush, so she,
The spirit of young Piety—
Divinely looked, when answering,
"Rabboni!"

Original.

TECUMSEH'S LAST BATTLE.

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH, M. D.

A SHOUT of battle in the air—
A noise of rattling thunder there—
The trumpet braying,—
The short, sharp sound of rifle shot—
The imprecation fierce and hot—
The war-horse neighing,
As 'mid half-leafless limbs he sees
The dusky aborigines.

The savage cometh nigh and nigher,
The war-yell riseth high and higher,
The soul inspiring;
The teeth is set, the breath drawn hard,
Defiance sits on features scarred,
The eye is firing;
They come—and man to man they close:
Death to the weakest of the foes!

The war-club 'gainst the bayonet,
In fierce and deadly strife is set,
And sudden clashing.
TECUMSEH, with his might and main,
Sends the red hatchet to the brain,
The skull-bone crashing.
Down falls the pale face to the ground,
Scattered his blood and brains around.

On! patriot and honest man!
And, ending as thou hast began,
Rend thou asunder,
The chain the white men forge for thee,
Swearing nor thee nor thine shall be,
Oppression under;
Then sweep them off, with sudden stroke,
As fells the Thunder-God the oak.

The fight grows fiercer. Quick and hot
Is heard the ringing rifle-shot
And bullet rushing.
Down sinks yon warrior. His blood
Forth from his heart in purple flood
Is fastly gushing—
Then slower comes—then flows no more—
The last drops stiff'ning into gore.

Another falls; half man, half boy,
That morn a fair bride's only joy,
Joy nipped in growing.
There is a round hole in his breast,
Bored by the ball that gave him rest.
No blood is flowing.
He bleeds within, pain knits his brow—
His young wife is a widow now.

* * * * * *

TECUMSEH sees naught can prevail,
He sees each Briton ally fail,
And captive yield him;
Yet fights he with determined arm,
Turns not aside for fear of harm,
Asks naught to shield him;
But cheers with shouts his dusky band,
Waving aloft his red right-hand.

Who on his war-steed tall and white,
Amid the thickest of the fight,
Is now careering,
His sabre dealing deadly blows
Upon the fiercest of his foes?
Hark! he is cheering
Kentucky's hunters to th' attack,
While move the red-men slowly back.

'Tis JOHNSON! meet him, Indian king!
Thy tomahawk resistless fling
Its steel to bury
Within his skull, as in a cell,
And to the white-man's hottest hell,
His spirit hurry.
Meet him, ere he be past and gone—
Meet him! he brings thy death-doom on.

The chieftain raised his shining steel,
He saw his foeman's war-horse reel,
As if expiring;
He deemed already dealt the stroke—
But hark and see! the sound and smoke!
Of pistol-firing—
Red man and white went down together,
Like battling trees in stormy weather.

* * * * * *

TECUMSEH, patriot and brave,
Scorning to live the white-man's slave,
His chain disdaining,
Where has thy dauntless spirit fled?
Is't with thy body buried,
That no complaining
Comes from thy brethren, when their rights
Are trampled on by robber whites?

No matter! thou shalt have a place,
Last champion of a falling race,
In Fame's proud temple;
And future ages thee assign
Unto thy countrymen and mine,
A stern example,
The noblest of a noble stock,
Last chieftain of the SHAWANOCK!

ORIGIN OF TRADES AND PROFESSIONS.—Most of the trades, professions, and ways of living among mankind, take their original either from the love of pleasure, or the fear of want. The former, when it becomes too violent, degenerates into luxury, and the latter into avarice.—*Addison.*

Original.

EARLY LAYS;

COMPRISING SONGS AND SONNETS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'ATALANTIS,' 'THE YEMASSEE,' 'GUY RIVERS,' 'THE KINSMAN,' ETC. ETC.

THE verses which follow, form but a very small part of a collection which has been growing upon the hands of the writer, in various shapes, almost from his earliest youth. Some of them have been the production of his later years, though, it has occasionally furnished the employment of his leisure intervals, in the last six or eight of his life, to revise their crudities and retouch their fainter outlines. He is not so sure that they deserve this pain-taking, but he has not found himself possessed of sufficient courage to destroy them. Looking them over on these occasions, they presented themselves to him like so many friends and relatives, loved and honored in their day, who had been absent for many years. They recall scenes and associations, events and feelings, which, it is not always unprofitable to remember; and it is rather in homage to the past, than as an offering to the present, that he would now seek to present them for the future. W. G. S.

—

I. SONNET.—I WILL BREATHE MUSIC.

I will breathe music in the little bell
That cups this flow'r, until it takes a tone,
For every feeling human heart has known:
Though hearts their secrets do not often tell,
Mine is the spell to win them. I will wake
Strains, which, though new to men, they shall not fail
To tremble when they hearken; as an old tale
Will by surprize the absent wanderer take,
Moving his spirit with a strange delight.
Love will I win from friendship; the old lure
I will make new; and all the new, secure;
And beauty never more shall fade from sight!
Such charms—the magic fruit of holiest pow'r—
May gather in the blue cells of a flower.

—

II.—QUIET IS ON THE EARTH.

I.

Quiet is on the Earth, and in the Sky
The moon rides gloriously;
Silence is o'er the city, and the gush
Of the sweet south is all that breaks the hush;
What wonder then, when life has ceased all jar,
That thou becom'st my spirit's only star,
And, from my bosom's depth, my soul should move,
In search of thine, dear love!

II.

Shall I not wake when human strife is o'er,
What I have woo'd and watch'd for, to adore!
Like some heart-humbled devotee, I bow,
To the cold idol that disdains his vow;
Hopeless, like him, my prayers in vain are sent,
Into the far delusive firmament—
Yet cans't thou not the right to bow deny,
I worship, though I die.

III.

Oh, graciously, in the blue sky, the stars,
Smile goldenly from out their silver cars,
And Earth, enamor'd of each gentle gleam,
Sleeps, as if favored with some happy dream.
While all around thus waits upon delight,
Why dost thou rise thus coldly on my sight—
Thou break'st the quiet of the scene I 'prove,
Yet oh! be there, my love!

—

III.—'TIS THY FIRST VISION.

'Tis thy first vision of Glory—
Lo! he is sleeping beside thee;
Sweet is the boy in his slumber;
Slumber more beautiful, never
Curtain'd the eyes of an infant—
Hung on his lips like a zephyr,
Or dew from his tongue a sweet laughter,
Such as an angel might share in.
Dark are his violet eyelids,
Soft with a tear dewy-glist'ning:
Red on his cheeks are the blossoms
Of youth and ineffable beauty;
And, o'er his brow, how transcendant,
Bright with all colors and glowing
Lovely as Summer's first rainbow,
Circles the halo of Heaven.

II.

Madden not, gazing upon him,
Thus he but sleeps to beguile thee;
Dare not to kiss from his eyelids
The pearl-drops that gather and glisten,
Like gems, the first tribute of ocean
Cast on the grey sands and shining,
Bright, in the last glance of evening.
Waken him not in thy passion,
Sore is the grief he will bring thee,
Hard is the task he will set thee,
Soon, with the daylight beginning,
Late, with the midnight, unending;
Toil that will make thee to weary,
Sinking to die by the wayside,
With an eye and a hand ever stretching,
To the lone unattainable summits.

—

IV.—EXHORTATION.

Go forth with a good counsel. Be't thy task
To note its lessoning well. Deny the extreme,
Keep still the middle path, the modest garb,
And be a watcher, calm, considerate!
Sit thee beneath the pleasant shade and mark,
So that thou lend'st thy help, the toils of man,
Thy fellow as thy friend. Rest thee not long,
In a vain idlesse, 'till old Time shall come
With deeds more harsh than words, to drive thee on,
Sad, with unwilling footsteps, to thy home.
'Twere the worst word of all, if thou should'st hear
The guardian Giver of thy benefits,
Reproach thy stewardship—charging thy slack soul

That did forget its duties, glad to lose
Its solemn dues to Heaven—happy to dream,
A life which was so profitless, away!

—

V.—BILLOWS.

Gently, with sweet commotion,
Sweeping the shore,
Billows, that break from ocean,
Rush to our feet;
Slaves, that, with fond devotion,
Prone to adore,
Seek not to stint with measure,
Service that's meet—
Bearing their pearly treasure
Flinging it round,
Shouting, the while, the pleasure,
True service knows,
Then, as if bless'd with leisure,
Flung on the yellow ground,
Taking repose!

—

VI.—THE SELF TAUGHT.

Some men are Nature's favorites. They were born
Beneath the canopy of trees in May,
When beauty fills the sky, and from the bud,
Breathes the fresh odor—when the merry birds,
Go, singing, through the air; and whirls aloft,
In a mad paroxysm of delight,
The wanton mocker of a thousand tongues,
Pouring a torrent of prophetic song,
That stuns the wood to silence. She has been
A gentle mother, leading them away
From the confined embraces of the town,
To the secluded walk beneath old trees,
And teaching them that life is there alone,
The sweet life of romance. They have gone forth,
And brought her flow'rs and filled her lap with them;
And she has told them of the life of each,
Some very pleasant stories. It is sweet
To be taught thus! No musty books—no rules,
In close pent walls that shut out the blue sky,
And trammel the young Fancy into wo—
But all is sweet indulgence. 'Tis my pride,
That I have thus been tutor'd. Nature came,
And took me for her charge when I was young,
And brought me up herself. I was not taught
Vain histories of school-men—men of cloud,
And vapor, with philosophies of straw—
That strove in bubble-hunting. Ancient tongues,
That having answered for their day, had gone
Into forgetfulness, ne'er tortur'd mine!
Destined for life, the present and the real—
Condemn'd to its necessities, and full
Of all its glorious conquests—its new truths,
And coming victories—I was not taught
Dead languages, nor doom'd to nightly toil,
In doctrines, better dead, that never lived.
The present was my own—best heritage!
I look'd upon the past enjoying it—
Trod the same ground that they had travel'ed o'er,
The sage and soldier of dim ages gone,
In the same company. What did I need,
With the same feelings and affections stored—
For I drew milk from breasts which they had drawn—
To toil through their adventures? They were mine,
Already, in my progress. I was taught
By the same tutor, happy that I was!

—

VII.—WHERE BY DARROW'S EV'NING WATERS.

I.

Where by Darrow's evening waters,
Hang the weeping willows low,
There they sat, the twilight daughters,
Ever beautiful with wo:
Murmuring songs of fitful sorrow—
Sorrow mingled with such sweetness,
That it would not know completeness,
But for softening tears, that borrow
From the yielding heart compliance.
And such touching fond reliance
On the rapture of the morrow—
That the hearer weeps for pleasure,
As the music o'er him creeps,
And he finds increasing measure,
In his pleasure, that he weeps.

II.

Sleeps he then beside the waters,
By that twilight song opprest;
Softly gliding, then, the daughters
Steal beside his rest.
Three young maids of touching sweetness,
Born of dew, and light, and air,
Mourning still the life of fleetness,
That belongs to birth so rare.
Yet, so human still their 'plaining,
In his heart strange pangs arise,
And a new life they are gaining
From the drops that fill his eyes.
Reason good for sorrow's power,
In that sad and dreaming hour—
Far beyond their hapless plight
Is his own and kindred birth;
Born of air, and dew, and light,
He is also born of earth.

—

VIII.—COMPOSED AT THE SEAT OF A FRIEND IN SAINT PAUL'S PARISH, S. C.

Summers! if to thy court the robin comes,
Cheerily chirping—and the yellow-bird,
That in the thorny thicket, hourly hums,
Like some wild vagrant, with a wilder word
Of thoughtless ease and mimic pleasantry;
If, at the season when the mock-bird pairs,
The wanton warbler at thy window sings,
Sending his spirit forth in melody;
If the devoted dove no longer fears
The sheltering close that all about her springs,
Striding the worker's hoe and scarcely fleeing,

(Though then most taught to love and cherish being)
In fear away, when the old man appears—
If these, unharmed ones, thus speak with me,
Thou hast an evidence that nobly cheers,
And with no scruple I award it thee!

—

IX.—"WAKING I GATHER."

Waking, I gather
From silence and night,
The peace that I never
Could win from the day;
The sad spirit rather
Retires from the light,
Imploring for ever
The daylight away.
The soul which is bounded
By bonds which it hates,
Still flies to the lonely,
Sad shades which are free;
The heart which is wounded
By loss of its mates,
To the night shadows only,
For solace may flee.
And when the soft moonlight,
Is streaming around;
When, curling the billow,
And, sweet from the sea,
The night breeze takes flight,
With a murmuring sound;
Then, from their cold pillow,
Ascending to me,
Sweet spirits of sadness
Keep watch o'er my heart;
The dark doubt is fleeting
The moment they come;
The fear and the madness,
That vex'd me, depart,
While Faith and Love meeting
Bring peace to my home. W. G. S.

Original.

TO MALVINA.

BY WILLIAM G. HOWARD.

The winds have ceased, the leaves are still,
The waters gently roll;
Ah! why not such sweet freedom move
The pulses of my soul!

Methought that passing down this vale,
My youth would fly for aye;
As o'er its clear and crystal bed,
Yon streamlet glides away;

But seeing in thine eye's soft gleam,
Beauties that charm my sight;
I trembled, as upon that stream,
Trembles the moon's pale light.

Original.

THE MOTHER'S PRAYER.

My treasure on the sea,
Father in heaven, I consecrate to thee!
Guard thou the mother's hope with tender care—
Yield to the pleadings of a mother's prayer!

Watch o'er my wayward boy,
Lest evil thoughts his lonely hours employ,
And his untainted heart be taught to sin,
And the fierce tempter strive his soul to win!

Upon the slippery deck
Be thou his strength; or 'mid the fearful wreck
With thy sufficient arm his form enclose,
Nor add his anguish to my weight of woes!

I give him with my prayer
And helpless sorrow, to thy holy care!
I would have kept him still, but free and bold
His spirit pined to leave my narrow fold!

A mother's love is deep,
But thine, oh father! will not, *may* not sleep!
Thou canst alone, my troubled spirit read—
Its depth and height are thine, its strength and need!

IONE.

Original.

ON SEEING MY MOTHER'S MINIATURE.

BY ANNA CORA MOWATT.

My Mother's face! my lost! my loved!
The first on which mine infant eye unclosed—
My mother's smile! the first that moved
With joy, the breast that on her own reposed—
My mother's voice! the first that taught my knee
To bend—and bade me lift my voice to thee
Great God! to whom her own oft rose for me!
'Tis there—my mother's high and polished brow,
My mother's eye beams softly on me now!
And, as I gaze, surely that pictured form
Is glowing—ay—with mortal being warm!
The pale lips move—the saint-like eye looks down—
And hark! whence comes that unforgotten tone,
That prayerful blessing! see—my brain is wild!
The *buried* mother smiles upon her child!
She points to where our souls may be rejoined—
She fades—oh! mother leave me not behind!
My tears have chased the dear illusion—stay—
Sweet mother—spirit! pass not thus away!—
'Tis gone! but, angel mother! for that sky
Where thou art, I will fit my soul—on high
We soon shall meet again! thou'rt only gone
Thy child to welcome to her maker's throne!

Original.

THE GONDOLIER.

BY ROBERT HAMILTON.

During a short residence in Venice, it was my habitual custom to enjoy the sweet hours of twilight in sailing among the canals and lagoons, in one or other of the many beautiful gondolas which, at every quarter, are to be obtained for a trifling expense. Among the various gondoliers whom I employed, was one whose appearance and conversation peculiarly attracted my notice. He was a man, I should consider, nearly sixty years of age, and who, although thus old, yet presented a noble person, with most exquisitely formed features—his conversation, too, was likewise characterized by a purity and elegance of language, which showed that he had moved in a better sphere than the lower order of Venetians. Whenever I could find Fabiano, for that was his name, among the gondoliers, I was certain to engage him, and thus, from frequent association, a kind of intimacy was soon established between us. One evening we were more conversant than usual, and Fabiano happening to remark that he had been in Paris, from which capital I had just come, I ventured to hint —"That I was of opinion that he had once seen better days." My remark called from him a deep sigh, and he mournfully replied—

"Ah, Signor, you are right, but they are gone never to return."

"Is your life a secret?" I inquired. "You have always appeared to me to be suffering from some deep grief. If you are willing, confide in me, Fabiano; I promise that your confidence shall not be abused."

"I believe you, signor," he answered. "I will confide in you; to tell you my sorrow, perhaps will lighten my heart, but I fear I will fatigue you with that which you cannot help, and in which you cannot be expected to take an interest."

"You do not know," I replied. "Let me have it. I at least promise you attention and secrecy."

Reclining on his oars, he thus began his narration without further preface.

THE GONDOLIER'S STORY.

"I was not always a gondolier, signor, but circumstances over which I had no control, compelled me to adopt the calling. I was born in Venice, and although I am now known as Fabiano, my right name is Gaëtono Fiorello. My father, who was one of the wealthiest merchants, determined that I, his only child, should be educated in a style equal to the sons of our republican nobles, and with this design, I was sent to the college of Padua, one of the most ancient and famous in Italy.

"I had reached, at this time, my twentieth year, and with all the passions natural to that age, sought for amusement in the intervals of my studies. With money at my command, and the thousand temptations which presented themselves, I need not say that I was soon initiated into all the gaieties of fashionable life. A certain number of young Patricians, at this time, were studying at the same university, and although their birth and family pride caused them to draw a line of demarcation between themselves and the sons of citizens, nevertheless they seemed to consider that I was entitled to ally myself to their party, thinking, no doubt, that my wealth counterbalanced the want of nobility, and on all occasions, I became a participator in their extravagancies and pleasures. My father, too, denied me nothing, but countenanced my most unbounded desires, and liberally provided me with money, in the supposition that I should acquire a rank in society from such associations, which my birth could not for me procure.

"Among the party, was a young Patrician, Lorenzo Morosoni, of one the most ancient families of Venice. His illustrious house having given no less than four Doges to the republic, he was one of the haughtiest of the young nobles, and had particularly distinguished himself by his studies. We were exactly of the same age, and being addicted to the same tastes and amusements, soon became inseparable. One trait in his character, and which exalted him highly in my esteem, was his inveterate hatred to the distinction of rank. He spoke with disdain of the arrogance of the Patricians. A republic without individual liberty, was, in his eye, an absurdity, and the extreme inequality of conditions, a monstrous combination. He openly denounced the Venitian oligarchy a hundred times more despotic than an absolute monarchy, and at every opportunity, sought to disseminate his doctrines among the students of the university, and had he not belonged to a family of unbounded power, the poniard or the wave would certainly have silenced him.

"Our studies being completed, we hastened to Venice to once more repose in the arms of our families. In our conversation, I had frequently heard him mention the name of his sister, whose beauty and amiable qualities, he extolled with all the fervor of a fond brother, and I, naturally inheriting a romantic disposition, became inspired with the tenderest sentiments for the young Emilia.

"Lodovico Morosoni, the father of Lorenzo, received me with the greatest affability, when he learned I was the friend of his son, and although of an aristocratic nature, his manners were gentle, and his courtesy most gracious. He intoduced me to his spouse, the Lady Beatrice, who was equally kind, in her reception of me. There, too, for the first time, I beheld Emilia. The dream of my heart was then realized—my destiny was written. I will not attempt to describe her person, for my adoration of her, would render my language impious. She was all that perfection in humanity could achieve, and my youthful heart was at once captivated.

"From that moment, a total alteration took place in my feelings—sleeping or waking, Emilia was ever before my eyes. I loved her! 'Love the daughter of Morosoni?" said I, to myself; 'what temerity.' Even though my passion was reciprocated, how could I ever hope that the chief of a Ducal family would consent to give his daughter to a plebeian. Lorenzo quickly marked a change in my appearance and feelings, and questioned me as to the cause. I replied that it was owing to an illness which then had befallen my father,

and endeavored to assume my former look of joy and content.

"It happened at this time the carnival came on, that joyous season of ball and masque. One night there was a magnificent fête given at the house of a senator, named Zeno, to which his son, Manfredi, had invited myself and some other students who had studied with him at Padua, and among the female guests was Emilia. About midnight, fatigued with the dance and the heat of the apartments, Emilia expressed a desire to inhale the breeze, and, in obedience to her request, her brother and myself conducted her to the balcony which overlooked the sea. It was a night never to be effaced from my remembrance. The brilliant moon rolled through a sky of spotless ether, over which were scattered innumerable stars, and the pure breeze came blandly o'er the cheek of Emilia as the wings of a zephyr saluting the rose. Oh, night of beauty! I was then young, rich and happy—in the mansion of one of the most powerful noblemen of Venice, and by the side of the idol of my heart. Alas, what a contrast! What am I now? an humble gondolier, poor, old and forsaken, without a prop to sustain me, or a friend to soothe my griefs. Oh, would to Heaven that this heart would burst."

The old man buried his head in his hands, and wept. I sought not to interrupt the luxury of grief, but awaited his recital. At length he continued:

"Emilia removed her mask, and we seated ourselves to listen to the music, and the plaintive barcarole, as it came from the fishermen in the distant lagoons. Suddenly there glanced before us an elegant domino, who, in the soft voice of a female, said, 'Does Lorenzo prefer the charms of a moonlight revery to the delights of the dance?'

"At these words the masquer vanished, and Lorenzo followed her swiftly, promising to return. For the first time in my life, I was alone with Emilia; at the same moment the moon broke forth in all its glory. The scene was magnificent. Sea, tower, dome and spire, were embathed in the radiance, and Emilia, casting her eyes toward Heaven, as if ravished with the splendor of the scene, looked like a seraph in breathless adoration.

"'I see,' said I, 'that Emilia prefers to gaze upon the beauties of nature, to induge in the luxury of solitude, to the turbulent pleasures of the fête.'

"'Ah, Gaëtano!' she replied, with a deep sigh; 'all hearts have their moments of sadness.'

"'Sadness!' I exclaimed. 'Surely thou knowest nought but happiness!'

"'Alas!' murmured she, with a sweet smile, 'what is happiness?'

"'It is to love!' I passionately exclaimed.

"The vehemence with which I pronounced these words, made her start, and borne on by the violence of my feelings, I continued—

"'Are you unhappy, Emilia?—unhappy that you love? Am I the unfortunate cause? If so do not blame me. I cannot see thee but to adore.'

"Emilia became pale and trembling, and looking upon me, said, 'I will be plain with you, Gaëtano. I love you, and my heart can never love another; but you know the insurmountable barrier that is placed between us; the pride of family will never permit our union, and therefore it is better that we crush the flower of our loves in the bud, and in saying this, she covered her face with her hands, while I beheld a tear glistening through her fingers. A tear—a tear of Emilia's, and for me. Oh, moment—oh, only and happy luxury that was ever on me conferred.

"'Emilia,' said I to her with fervor, 'dear Emilia—arbiter of my destiny—if you desire it, I will struggle to subdue my passion. Fear nothing from my love. I shall adore in silence, and respect your peace a hundred times more than my life.'

"The return of Lorenzo interrupted this brief and indecisive conversation. The confusion of his sister appeared to strike him; he regarded me with astonishment, and without speaking, conducted Emilia back to the saloon.

"The next day I was on the grand canal in my gondola, when I encountered Lorenzo.

"'I have been looking for you. I desire to speak with you,' said he, coldly.

"'Well!' replied I, 'you have found me; what do you require?' and passing into his gondola, he drew the curtains, and spoke as follows:

"'Gaëtano,' said he, in a low and collected tone, 'Gaëtano, you love my sister. It is vain for you to deny it—I know, and am certain of it.'

"'I will not dissimulate with you,' I replied; 'it is true. I do love your sister—love her to distraction.'

"'How, sir?' cried he, 'do you not know the immense barrier which exists between you?'

"'Yes, Lorenzo, I know the distance which separates us, but I also know your friendship for me, and I have dared to believe that it will now not be withheld.'

"'Count not on that,' cried he, with vehemence, 'count not on that; my friendship for an ingrate, will never lead me so far as to sacrifice the honor of my house.'

"'The honor of your house, Lorenzo! I do not understand you. Where are those republican sentiments that you so lately professed? those high and generous feelings which actuated your every movement. The honor of your house! Think you that the love of an honest man for the daughter of a Venetian noble is a stain upon the 'scutcheon of your family? I am, it is true, the son of a merchant, but his conduct is without reproach, and the integrity of his sentiments entitle him to the respect of the republic. We are simple citizens, I allow, but we are rich and powerful, and, after all, there are few families that lay claim to nobility, but what have derived their rank from the exercise of the merchant's profession. I mean no disrespect to the heir of Morosoni, who is my friend. I wish still to hold him as such, but I will not sacrifice the independence of principle and honesty, to pride and aristocratic tyranny.' Lorenzo, who had listened to me with impatience, said:

"'Enough, sir. It is not for you to tax me with a change in my principles; but why should I be surprized?

I have descended too far in making you the friend of my heart. This is a fit reward for my folly.'

"'This language, Lorenzo, is astonishing and offensive,' I replied. 'I had hoped to have been able to appeal to your reason—to your feelings, but I see with profound regret, that I can to neither; but be assured, if aught could persuade me from continuing my addresses to your sister, your menaces would be the very last.'

"'If they cannot, at least, I shall forbid your ever beholding Emilia again.'

"'That is a right, sir,' I answered quickly, 'which I shall take the liberty to contest.'

"'We shall see,' said Lorenzo.

"The dispute being ended, we parted. We who were once inseparable friends, were now irreconcilable enemies. I returned to my home, and shortly after, I received a letter from the elder Morosoni, couched in respectful yet serious language, requesting that I should no more consider myself a visitor at his palace.

"What was to be done? how was I to obtain a sight of Emilia? If I dared to force myself into the palace, certain destruction, I was sure, awaited me. Thus circumstanced, my only consolation was, at night, to wrap myself in my mantle, and pace before the gates of the palace, in hopes that I should see her at her casement, or to embark in my gondola, and give myself up a prey to melancholy, watching the dashing of the waves, and imaging them to the agitated feelings of my bosom.

"At this time, I had a valet in my service, by name, Stefano, who was attached to the maid-servant of Emilia, and entrusting him with my secret, I endeavored to gain intelligence of what was passing in the Morosoni palace, but this, too, was denied me, all access being strictly guarded. All that he could learn was, that Emilia was destined, by her parents, to espouse a member of the Grimani family, but against whom she had expressed herself in terms of strong repugnance. This report of Stefano served only to increase my agony, while my rage against Grimani knew no bounds. In every place, and at all hours, I sought to encounter him, but in vain.

"One day, having wandered in search of him, I found myself opposite the church of Saint Marc, and entering it, sought to calm my agitated bosom by the holy solitude of the place. Leaning against a pillar, I beheld a female figure closely enveloped in a mantle, which entirely concealed her visage. Suddenly she approached me, and thinking her a mendicant, I was about to offer her some money, when she slipped, mysteriously, a letter into my hand, and darted from my presence Regardless of the place, I broke the seal, and read:

"'There are beings who still love you. They wish to sacrifice Emilia in marriage to Grimani, but she will never consent. A convent shall receive her sooner. For her sake, support life.
BIANCA.'

"Oh, joy unutterable. Emilia then loved me. She prayed that for her sake, I should support life. This unexpected intelligence revived again my hopes, and I felt as breathing a new existence. One morning shortly after this, Stefano entered my apartment with the intelligence that a magificent mask was that night to be given at the Morosoni palace, and I at once resolved, under diguise, to be admitted, and thus, perhaps, procure a sight of the being of my love. Stefano acquiesced in my design, and having obtained for me the necessary disguise, at midnight, I departed for the palace. Amidst the bustle and confusion which reigned, as the guests arrived, it was not difficult to effect admission, and I shortly found myself in the principal apartment. As I entered, I was seized with a giddiness, and nearly was falling, when my eyes chanced to rest upon Emilia. She was seated upon a sofa, without her mask; her face was pale, and her beautiful eyes, once bright as diamonds, were sunk and lustreless; her whole aspect contrasting strangely with the rich habiliments in which she was attired. Around her were seated her parents, and by her side stood Lorenzo. I saw, too—oh, agony—my rival bending over, and breathing in her ear his words of—perhaps of love, but to which she coldly listened. In perceiving Grimani, my first feeling was to place my hand upon my sword. Judge of my feelings—of my horrid situation. There, in the midst of a magnificent assembly, surrounded by the richest and most powerful in Venice, with a thousand lamps making the scene more brilliant than day—a thousand instruments sending forth their strains of melody, and the laugh and smile of joy and innocence around me. There I stood enveloped in my robe of darkness, burning with the furies of love and hate. I was as the dark cloud which conceals the tempest, ere the thunderbolt bursts forth to level and destroy.

"As I thus stood, a rich mask approached me, and laughingly said to the others around him, 'What silent visitor have we here? Why, his very habit is the symbol of melancholy.'

"I recognized the voice of my friend, Manfredi, but replied not, and only endeavored to elude his presence, by mixing in the throng; but he was not to be evaded, and seizing my arm, continued, 'I will know who we have here,' and was about to look beneath my mask, when finding it impossible to elude his vigilance, I whispered in his ear—

"'Manfredi, in the name of Heaven, be not so indiscreet. I am Gaëtano Fiorello!'

"'Imprudent!' he exclaimed aloud, then lowering his voice, in great agitation said—'why have you come here? Know you not that if you are discovered, instant death will follow your temerity?' As he uttered these words, Lorenzo passed before us.

"'Do yo know, Manfredi,' he demanded, 'who is this strange domino? I have several times observed him; he moves about with the air of an apparition.'

"'Tut,' said Manfredi, laughingly, 'he is a friend of mine, who is a little suspicious that his mistress is not altogether true to him, and I am rallying him upon his folly.'

"'Enough; I shall therefore respect his incognito, otherwise I should have demanded his name and business,' and saying this, he left us.

"Thus saved by the quickness of my friend, I was on the eve of departing, when my eye again caught

the figure of Emilia, and I was rivetted to the spot. She was moving about the apartment in the midst of admirers, and I involuntarily joined the group. I followed her, breathing in secret, my last adieux, and venting my curses on my rival. Suddenly a hand seized mine, and slipped within it a fragment of paper. I turned to the mask, but it made a sign to me to be silent, and vanished from my sight. Agitated almost to fainting, I hurried from the ball-room into the court-yard—there, by the glimmering of a lamp, and alone, I read traced in pencil, these lines:

"You are known—fly, or danger will overtake you. He is even now—'

"The hand which had commenced the billet, had not had time to finish it, but I could recognize it to be that of Bianca. At the same moment, Manfredi came running towards me.

"There is not a moment to be lost,' he exclaimed, in great agitation. 'Depart. They are in search of you.'

"I was paralyzed; I could not move, while he hurried me unconscious from the scene.

"On the canal reigned great confusion, owing to the multitude of gondolas hurrying to and fro. Finding that it would be difficult to steer our gondola, Manfredi proposed that we should fly on foot, and I willingly obeyed his counsel.

"The night was dark and rainy, not a single star sparkled in the heavens, and I was mechanically led by Manfredi, without speaking, along the banks of the canal. Already we had passed over several of the narrow bridges which every where abound, that without parapets or other defence, are so perilous to the foot passengers, and were about to cross another when there appeared a figure, tall, and enshrouded in a cloak, in the middle of it, standing as if to prevent our passage. Suddenly he cast from him his diguise, discovering a gorgeous habit. I recognized Lorenzo. He drew his sword, and in a voice of rage exclaimed:

"Traitor! here thou shalt expiate thy audacity. Nothing can save thee from the chastisement you merit."

"Lorenzo,' I replied, 'I am the most unfortunate of mortals, but traitor I am none. If you desire my life, strike home. I offer myself a victim to your passion. Life is to me a burden. It is fit, since you have abandoned me as your friend, that you should become my assassin.'

"Thy cowardice!' replied he, transported with anger, 'is equal to thy perfidy; but think not to escape me. Draw, villain—base seducer—or I shall plant my sword in thy bosom.'

"Manfredi, indignant at his language, had interposed himself between us, and struck the sword from his hand: justly irritated in my turn, I had drawn to defend myself, but more in the hope of disarming my aggressor, when, oh, God! how shall I speak it? he rushed upon me; blinded with rage, he aimed at me a blow, and stumbling, received my weapon in his body. The blade pierced through and through, and staggering, he fell into the water of the canal. A deep splash broke upon mine ear, and then a dead dull silence followed.

"I would have fallen upon my sword, I would have plunged into the canal, had not Manfredi prevented me. Securing my weapon, and taking my hand, he said, 'Leave this place; he has met only the fate which he merited; he would have deprived thee of life, had not his own rage turned his intent against himself,' with these words, he dragged me from the fatal scene, and directing our steps to his palace, we reached it, in a state of mind which I will not, cannot describe.

"What was then to be done? concealment was impossible, and my only safety lay in flight; but then to leave Emilia—to quit Venice, the spot in which my all of life was centered, I found I could not do. 'I will stay,' I cried frantically to Manfredi, 'I will surrender myself as his murderer.'

"Madman!' he exclaimed; 'you shall not. Venice you must quit, and instantly. Emilia shall know the truth of this; it is essential that you should appear innocent in her eyes. Your conscience cannot reproach you; an involuntary act is not a crime, but if you remain in Venice, guilty or not, you cannot escape the inflexible tribunal of the inquisition. Go, then, Gaëtano, and hope for better times, confide in my friendship, and doubt not all will yet be well.'

"Persuaded by his words, but more by the train of events, I consented. My only desire was, that I should say farewell to my father; but this Manfredi would not yield to. Not a moment was therefore lost; all was quickly prepared for my journey, and his valet and two gondoliers, men, brave and determined, engaged themselves for my safety. Manfredi wished to attend me to the gondola, but feeling he had already compromised himself too much, I declared, positively, that I would not depart, unless he renounced such an intention. All being ready, we descended in silence the stairs of the palace, and parted with a deep and mutual embrace; we wept, we could not speak—but we felt our hearts beating against each other, a more eloquent testimony of friendship, than all the language of the lips.

"In the gondola I found arms, and a purse, containing a thousand sequins. It took but a short time to thread the canals, and darkness still reigned, when I landed not far from Mestro, near to which, on the main road to Treviso, Manfredi possessed a country villa, where I was immediately conducted by Domenico, the faithful valet. An old and faithful steward was the only inhabitant, and to him, Domenico communicated the order of his master, which was, that he should provide me instantly with a horse, to convey me to Vincennes. The honest Domenico would accept of no recompense, and it was with difficulty that I could prevail upon him to receive twenty-five sequins to divide among the two brave gondoliers, who had striven so nobly to preserve me.

"A few hours after their departure, I obtained from the old steward, the habit of a peasant, and mounting my steed, took the road for the Alps, the foot of which, I reached on the second day of my journey, where, leaving my horse, and engaging a place in a carriage on its return to Valteline, easily gained the little town of Chiavenna. There I took a guide to conduct me

into Switzerland. From thence I followed the banks of the beautiful Rhine, and at last, departed for the capital of France.

"Since my departure from Venice, I had been ignorant of what had transpired, and was a complete prey to sorrow and suspense. One day, to my great delight, I encountered a young Venitian in the streets of Paris, who had come thither to complete his studies, and from him, I learned that the Quarantine tribunal had condemned me to death, with the confiscation of my present wealth, and all that should hereafter descend to me. I was also informed that Emilia had expressed her determination never to espouse my rival, and received the consent of her father to enter a convent.

"Finding that I dare not return to Venice, I resolved to place myself under the principal philosophers of the French capital, and by study, dissipate, in some degree, my melancholy reflections. Although, by the laws of the republic, my father was forbidden to assist me, yet he, nevertheless contrived that I should receive a sufficient sum for my support. For three years did I thus exist, when I received the news of his death, with the intelligence that his property had been seized upon by the government. Thus circumstanced, I was comparatively destitute in the world, and resolved to seek a living in some less luxurious city, than that of Paris. With this resolution, I departed for Milan, and there found support, by assisting in its university. One morning as I was hurrying along the Servian Place, the common promenade of the Milanese, feeling myself somewhat fatigued, I seated myself on one of the benches with which it abounds. On the same was seated a woman, whose dress and appearance bespoke her of the common order. In regarding her, it struck me that her face was familiar to me, but when or where I had seen her, I could not recollect. I observed, also, that from time to time, she seemed to examine my features minutely. Suddenly a ray of remembrance flashed across my brain.

"If I mistake not, it is Bianca that I see," I said to her.

"Are you not Gaëtano Fiorello?" she cried in return.

"In short, it was Bianca, once the female confidante of Emilia. Since our separation, six years had passed over her head and mine, and many changes had taken place with us both. You may therefore easily judge how many questions we had to ask of each other, and how interesting was our conversation.

"Emilia! Emilia! lives she?" was the first question which tremblingly I addressed to Bianca.

"I have quitted Venice these two years," she replied to me, 'but Emilia then lived, though her health was shattered, and her spirit broken. She is now a *religieuse*, in the convent of Catharine, of the order of 'Saint Augustine, under the name of sister Helena.'

"And her father—her excellent mother—and my friend Manfredi Zeno—what has become of them? Speak, my dear Bianca; speak, I conjure you.'

"The signor Morosoni and his lady, are now no more. The father of Emilia died four years since, an the Signora Beatrice shortly afterwards followed him to the tomb. As for Signor Manfredi, it is three years since he quitted Venice, to go to Vienna, and he had not returned at my departure. But you, sir, where have you been all these years? We all believed you dead; and Emilia, especially, thought you had perished."

"I recounted the main particulars of my adventures to Bianca, and announced to her my determination to return to Venice. 'According to all probability, I shall not be able to see Emilia,' I said to her. 'I desire only that she should know of my destiny, and that my last sigh should be breathed near the walls of her living tomb.'

"In return, Bianca gave me a brief detail of the most prominent incidents of her life. After the fatal event which drove me from Venice, she had espoused Stefano, my valet. The kindness of my father had placed them in comfortable circumstances, but Stefano being persuaded to embark his little all in some commercial speculation, where he lost it, had now gone, in the service of an English nobleman, to France, but was expected shortly to return. In the meantime Bianca resided with his lady, in a villa in the neighborhood of Milan.

"This fortunate rencounter appeared to me as a happy presage. It was, alas! a last delusion, and I indulged it freely. I begged Bianca to accept of some few pieces of gold I was able to bestow, and consulting my inclinations more than my strength, for my health was in no way completely established, I departed next day for Venice. In the meantime I had taken the precaution to assume a false name, knowing the danger I incurred by appearing in a city where the sentence of death was against me. On nearing its banks, you may judge of my feelings, as the towers and turrets of the adriatic queen burst upon me. After many years of exile, I had returned to the land of my fathers. Those only who have had the calamity to suffer banishment, can tell of the strange joy that takes possession of the heart, —of the burnings, throbbings—hopes and anxieties, which intoxicate and bewilder the soul. I will not attempt to describe them. I will not express the boundless bursting happiness that rushed throughout me, as the gondola struck against the shore of the place which held my all of life.

"It was at the close of day that I sprang ashore in the square of Saint Marc. So lost was I in my feelings, that when the attendants requested where I should be conducted, I made no reply, and it was only after a a repetition of the question that I remembered my situation, and told them it was, to me, alike indifferent. Being conducted to the hotel, I found myself so weak, that it was necessary for me to be supported to bed, but alas, repose was denied to me. Agitated by a thousand feelings, towards midnight I arose, and leaving the hotel, determined to await the dawn, under the walls of Saint Catharine To effect this I had to pass the dwelling of my father. This was, to me, a new trial. I knelt upon the threshold, kissed the very ground with transport, and abandoned myself to the luxury of tears.

"Alas!' cried I, 'behold my paternal dwelling, now the home of the stranger.' At this moment a servant coming to the gate, and thinking that I meditated some nefarious design, spurned me from the place. I arose; my heart was bursting. I could not speak, but rushed from the spot in an agony of grief.

"I now repaired to the convent, where dwelt Emilia. As it is usual for all churches to open at the break of day, I fondly hoped that by entering thus early, before any of the inhabitants were present, I might get near to the walls of her monastic prison, and by some lucky chance be discovered to her I entered the temple of Heaven, a universal silence reigned around, the only light came from the tapers of the altar, and the images seemed to glare angrily upon me, as if conscious of my unholy design. I found, however, that the gates leading from the aisle of the church to the monastery, were closed, and all hope of access was denied me. Thus frustrated, I leaned against a pillar, with my eyes fixed upon the entrance to the living grave of my love. Not a being came to disturb the silence of the moment; not a sound was heard save the dashing of the waves against the banks of the canal, near to which stood the convent. The moon shone pale and melancholy through the windows. I was sunk in a revery of deep reflection —the world was forgotten to me. I seemed to have passed from existence, to another and a better sphere, when suddenly the bell proclaimed the fourth hour of morning, and the silence which every where surrounded me was broken by solemn strains from a neighboring convent. They were the voices of men, and appeared to rise like the solemn hymn which is chaunted when a pilgrim of earth descends to his last and narrow home. At these accents of grief, a strange presentiment took possession of my heart, and I vainly endeavored to combat against my affrighted feelings. At length a door, close to the altar, swung back upon its hinges, and I perceived the interior of the sanctuary, and in the distance, the usual grating which conceals the nuns from the sight of the congregation.

"Ah!' cried I, 'there, perhaps, dwells Emilia; even now the hymn which rises to the throne of Heaven, may be swelled by her voice. Why, why should I seek to destroy her peace, why seek to let her know that I am still on earth; better that she live in the thought that I am numbered with the dead, than disturb her repose with the knowledge that I am living.'

"Thus reasoning with myself, I proceeded up the nave of the church, when my eyes were arrested by the sight of the walls covered with the names and epitaphs of the departed. At every step, I trod upon a tomb, and I was seized with a secret horror. At last, glancing upon apparently a newly placed marble, I beheld—oh, God—oh! moment of inexpressible anguish—I read, traced in characters that seared my vision, the name of Emilia Morosoni!!! I gasped for breath—sight and sense forsook me, and I fell prostrate upon the floor.

"When I revived, I found myself in the hospital of Saint Juan Baptiste. By degrees I recovered, and resolving never again to leave Venice, where the ashes of Emilia rested, I became a gondolier, and for these forty years have followed the calling. From time to time I visit the tomb of the beloved being, where, though my tears flow not so freely, yet is my grief not less bitter. The God who has thought fit to make me suffer, will also recompense me. I wait his will with resignation, and the happiest hour of my life will be that of my deliverance. You have my secret, keep it, and respect it, signor."

I thanked him kindly, and offered to better his condition, if he would accompany me to Paris. "Never," he said. "Venice gave me birth—it shall also receive my ashes." We parted, and the last glimpse I beheld of Gaëtano Fiorello, was on the morning of my departure from "the sea girt city." As I shot up the lagoon in a gondola, he passed me. "Ah, Gaëtano!" I exclaimed; he turned, and recognizing me, said, "Adieu, signor. Remember not Gaëtano," and placing his finger upon his lips, as if to remind me of my pledge of secrecy, in a few moments we were lost to each other.

Original.

THE FUGITIVE FROM LOVE.

BY EPES SARGENT.

Is there but a single theme
For the youthful poet's dream?
Is there but a single wire
To the youthful poet's lyre?
Earth below, and Heaven above—
Can he sing of nought but love?

Nay! the battle's dust I see!
God of war! I follow thee!
And, in martial numbers, raise
Worthy pæans to thy praise.
Ah! *She* meets me on the field—
If I fly not, I must yield.

Jolly patron of the grape!
To thy arms I will escape!
Quick, the rosy nectar bring;
"Io Bacche!" I will sing.
Ha! Confusion! Every sip,
But reminds me of *her* lip.

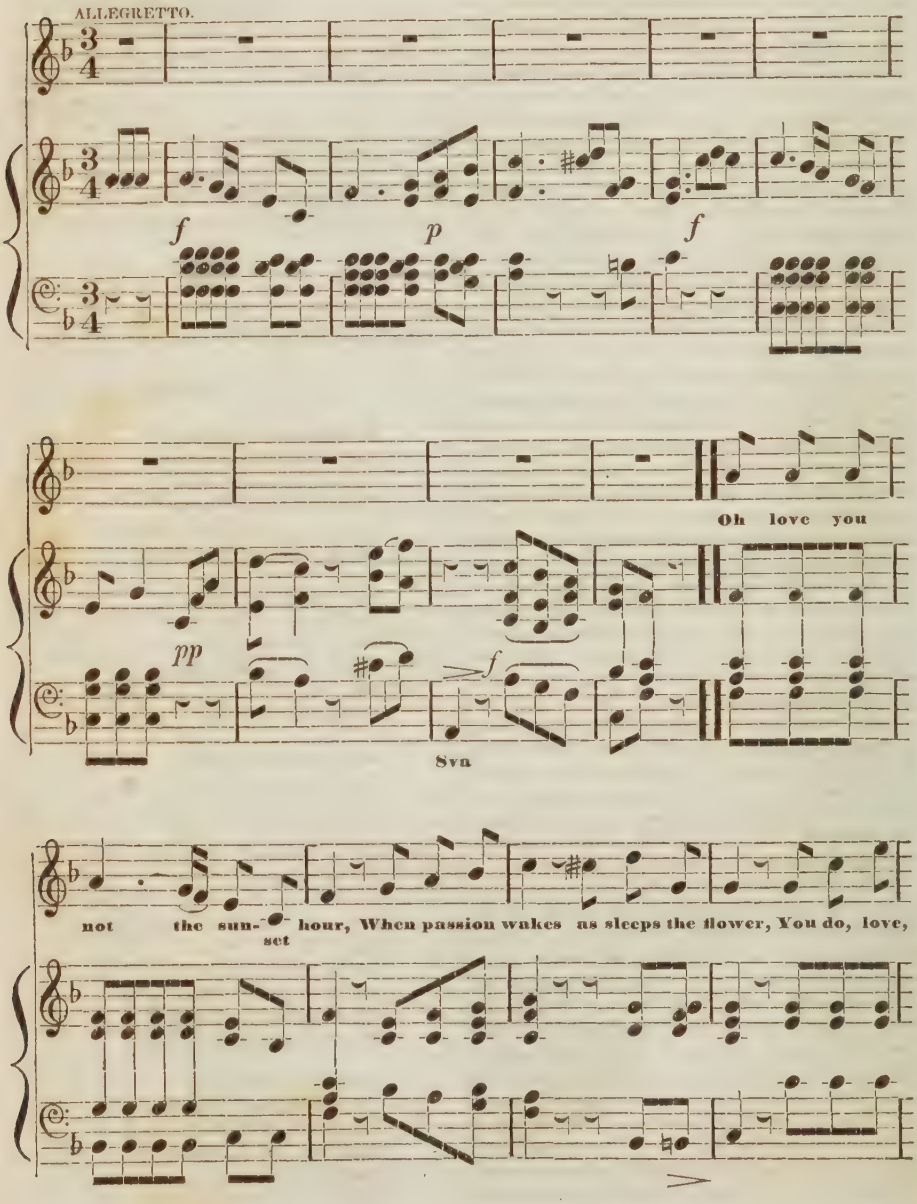
Pallas! give me wisdom's page,
And awake my lyric rage!
Love is fleeting, love is vain;
I will try a nobler strain.
Oh, perplexity! my books
But reflect *her* haunting looks!

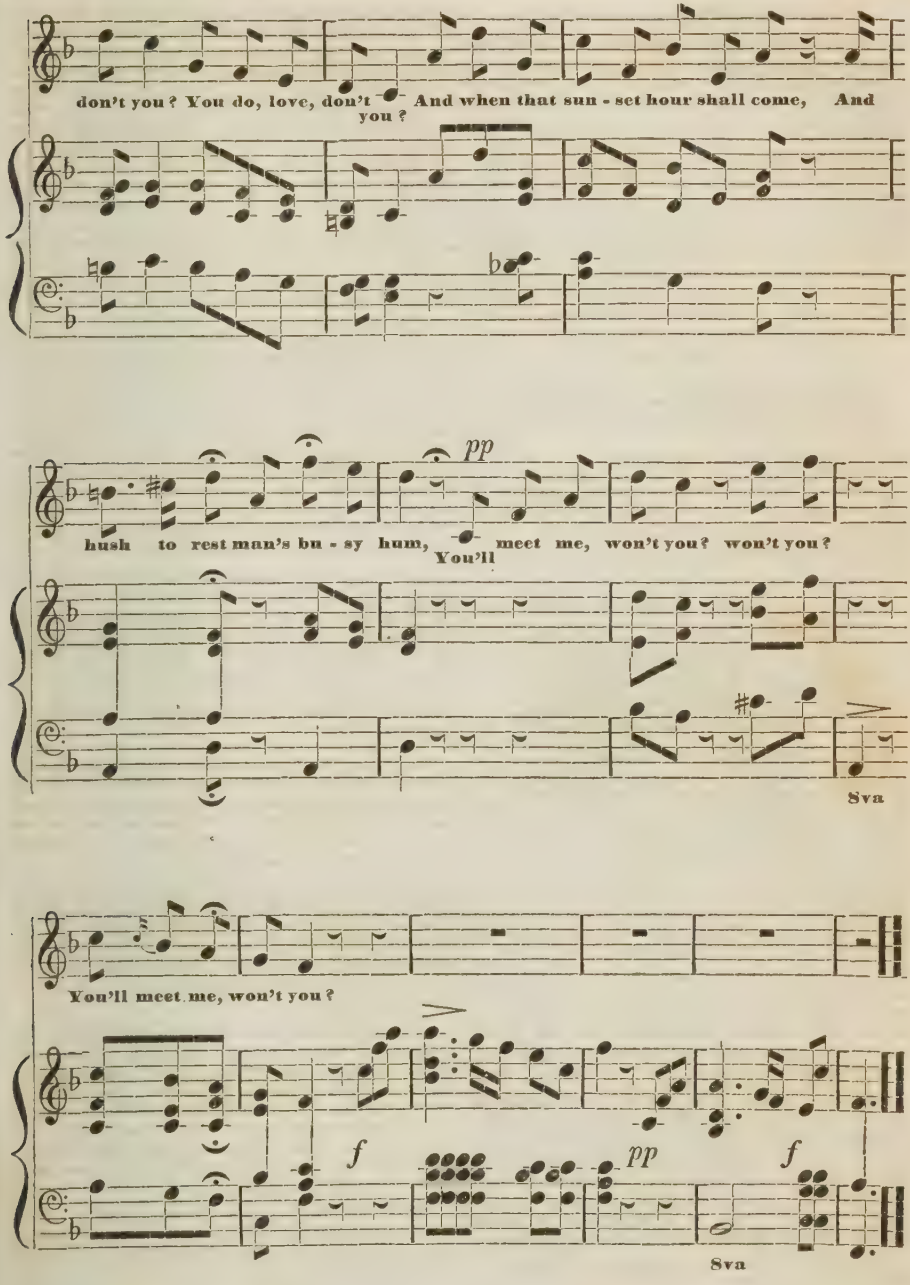
Jupiter! on thee I cry!
Take me and my lyre on high!
Lo! the stars beneath me gleam!
Here, oh, poet! is a theme.
Madness! *She* has come above!
Every chord is whispering "Love!"

YOU'LL MEET ME—WON'T YOU?

AS SUNG BY MR. WOOD, IN THE "MARRIAGE OF FIGARO."

WORDS BY SUTTON ELLIOTT, ESQ., MUSIC BY JAMES G. MAEDER.





SECOND VERSE.

You'll think of me when each bright star
First throws its diamond beams afar,
You do, love—don't you?
And when the moon's dear silv'ry light
Shines forth a beacon of delight,
You'll meet me—won't you?

THIRD VERSE.

You'll think of me when cold one's sleep,
But true hearts still their vigils keep,
You do, love—don't you?
And at that soft soul breathing hour,
When all is love within your bow'r,
You'll meet me—won't you?

LITERARY REVIEW.

POETICAL REMAINS OF THE LATE MISS DAVIDSON: *Lea & Blanchard.*—It is truly melancholy to look upon these beautiful emanations, and know that their young and gifted authoress is, to use her own words, now "sleeping in her grass-grown bed." Had she been permitted to ripen into years what might we not have expected from this daughter of song, possessing the same ardent love of nature, tenderness, sentiment and feeling, which shone in the delightful Hemans. The biography of the youthful poetess, which is from the pen of Miss Sedgwick, is intensely interesting. A beautiful and mournful dedication of the work to Washington Irving, is written by the mother, and cannot fail to draw a tear from the reader that one so gifted should have been thus prematurely snatched away in the spring dawn of her genius. So touching are the following lines, and so full of melancholy prescience of her departure, that we cannot refrain from introducing them into our columns.

ON SPRING.

"I have seen the rose bloom on the youthful cheek,
And the dew of delight neath the bright lash break;
The bounding footsteps, scarce pressing the earth,
And the lip which speaks of a soul of mirth.

I have seen the winter with brow of care,
With his soulless eye and his snow-white hair;
And whate'er his footsteps had touched was cold,
As the lifeless stone which the sculptors mould.

As I knelt by the sepulchre dreary and lone,
Lay the beautiful form in its temple of stone;
I looked for its coming—the warm wind passed by—
I looked for its coming, on earth and on high.

The young leaves gleamed brightly around the cold spot,
I looked for the spirit, yet still it came not.
Shall the flower of the valley burst forth to the light
And man in his beauty lie buried in night?

A voice on the water, a voice in the sky,
A voice from beneath, and a voice from on high,
Proclaims that he shall not—the Spring in her light,
Shall waken the spirit from darkness and night."

THE EARLY ENGLISH CHURCH: *by Edward Churton, M. A.; D. Appleton & Co.*—This is a reprint of an excellent work, and which has had an immense circulation in England. Its object is to show how, from time to time, Christianity gained ground among our Saxon, Danish and Norman forefathers; to point out the changes it wrought in governors and people, and how its own condition was improved or made worse by the changes in the sovereignty of the realm. The author displays a spirit of great industry allied to a deep love of his subject, and has produced a volume of inestimable value, fraught with information essential to the spiritual welfare of man.

THE TWO DEFAULTERS: *by Mrs. Griffith: D. Appleton & Co.*—We are glad to perceive this delightful series of tales for the people and their children, is still progressing, the present volume being the latest addition to the same. Mrs. Griffith writes with clearness and fluency, and has interwoven a capital moral with a tale of deep interest.

PURE GOLD—*A Token of Remembrance—A Token of Friendship—A Token of Affection: D. Appleton & Co.*—Such are the titles of four beautiful miniature publications, made up of selections from favorite authors, in poetry and prose, and edited by the author of Affection's Keepsake. The contents are specimens of high genius, moral sentiments, and elegant diction, while the mechanical execution of the volume is of the first order, constituting most beautiful and appropriate presents.

THE HISTORY OF CONNECTICUT, *by Theodore Dwight, Jr.*; *Family Library: Harper & Brothers.*—We have read this volume with much attention, and in justice are obliged to say, it is one of the best historical and statistical accounts of this ancient state existing. It commences with the founders of Connecticut colony and is carried down to the present time, omitting not the most minute circumstance, and imparting much valuable information.

MEMOIRS OF THE DUCHESS OF ST. ALBANS: *by Mrs. C. B. Wilson: Carey & Hart.*—To those persons who are interested in theatrical matters these volumes will be read with avidity—containing as they do, many curious facts and reminiscences of a profession whose members perhaps endure more privations than those of any other. The heroine of the work, it is well know, was reared in the lap of poverty, and for many years an actress on the London boards, where, from remarkable circumstances, she became the wife of the wealthiest *millionaire* in England, and subsequently the celebrated Duchess of Saint Albans. Mrs. Wilson has contrived to manufacture a very interesting work out of the materials afforded her, and but that the subject of the memoirs is still fresh in the memory, we would pronounce it a capital work of fiction. However we recommend it as a very readable book, containing much curious information and amusing anecdote.

HOWITT'S BOOK OF THE SEASONS: *Carey & Hart.*—This is another delightful volume from the good and talented William Howitt, rich in true and lovely descriptions of rural life, intended to create a love for and a general acquaintance with nature; or, in the writer's own words, 'to rouse his fellow creatures to get out at times and renew that animating fellowship which God designed to be maintained between the soul of man and the beauty of the universe.' Although not intended, yet we consider this work as a most valuable addition to natural history, as well as an excellent guide to the botanical and entomological student, a delicious repast for the poet, a study for the philosopher, and a manual for the moralist and christian.

THE GIFT: *Carey & Hart.*—All that wealth, enterprize, taste and genius can effect, has been contributed to the production of this magnificent annual. In its literary excellence we may safely assert it is superior to aught of a kindred grade in England. The illustrations, of the highest order, are from designs of American artists; the typography is unexceptionable; the binding of the most gorgeous character, altogether making as a whole, one of the most splendid, appropriate, and intellectual gifts of the season.

THE MISER: *by William Carleton: Carey & Hart.*—The author of this novel has been styled "the Scott of Ireland," and certainly, in the present production, his claims to the appellation must be freely acceded. We know not when we have read so intense and interesting story with such powerful and natural delineation of human character.

ILLUSTRATIONS ON THE LAW OF KINDNESS: *by Rev. G. W. Montgomery: O. Hutchinson.*—This little work is intended to inculcate a predominance of the passion of kindness over that of revenge, illustrated by a variety of circumstances and anecdotes culled from all countries, and woven in the subject matter. It is perspicuously and soundly written, and deserving of a wide circulation.

CONFESSION; OR, THE BLIND HEART: *by W. G. Simms; Lea & Blanchard.*—Criticism is almost disarmed by the candid preface to these volumes, yet we must declare that the work is not one of the happiest efforts of Mr. Simms. The language in many places is prolix and occasionally inflated, and the plot stretched out to an unnecessary length; however, there is much that is excellent to balance against these defects, and in the present state of novel writing, it will, at least, rank with some which lay claims to higher favor.

THE PIC NIC PAPERS: *by Boz: Lea & Blanchard.*—These are two capital volumes, rich in humor, sentiment and romance, and published for a most worthy purpose, being, as we are informed in the introduction, to minister to the relief of the widow and family of a young and enterprizing publisher. The contents are voluntary contributions from several popular authors, and number twenty-one tales and poems in all. The Lamp-lighter, by Boz—Marcus Bell, by Ritchie—The Knight Banneret, by Miss Strickland—and Jean Cameron's College, by Allan Cunningham, are all excellent stories, and will well repay perusal.

THEATRICALS.

PARK.—Highly as report had prefaced this comedy before its appearance, we were in no way disposed to receive all as verity, and therefore, on the first evening of its representation, we determined to see and judge for ourselves, to canvass minutely each scene and its substance, and to speak in a spirit of candor as to its success or failure. We did so, and are happy to acknowledge that a more perfect theatrical production it has never been our lot before to witness. The appointments are correct and gorgeous, the plot natural and easy, the dialogue arch and pungent, the characters vivid and distinct, each presenting a striking antithesis to its fellow, while the moral which runs throughout, is one of the best which can be conveyed to an audience. Perhaps we cannot do better than give it to the reader in the author's own language. We consider it a gem, and its principles such as should be engraven on every young man's heart. It is the closing speech of the comedy, and delivered by Sir Harcourt Hartley—by-the-bye, rather an anomaly with the nature of this character, being a description of the qualities which only and truly constitute a gentleman, and an exposition of those which are too often practised by the vulgar upstart or coxcomb, and received as genuine by the mass of the world—"Barefaced assurance," says Sir Harcourt, "is the vulgar substitute for gentlemanly ease, and there are many who by aping the *vices* of the great, imagine that they elevate themselves to the rank of those whose faults alone they copy. The title of gentleman is the only one out of any monarch's gift, yet within the reach of every peasant. It should be engrossed by *Truth*, stamped with *Honor*, sealed with *good-feeling*, signed *Man*, and enrolled in every true heart." Apart from the moral the intention of the dramatist is to expose the foibles of fashionable life and apply to them the lash of satire. That he has succeeded admirably, the success of his composition has been attested by its running in London upwards of seventy successive nights, while it promises at the Park to be equally as successful. Harcourt Courtly, an old *roue* and man of fashion, is admirably sustained by Placide, indeed it is the very best personation which we have ever seen him pourtray. It has all the essence of originality about it, and we question much if his London prototype was more successful in its delineation. The next character of importance is Dazzle, a gentleman who lives by his wits and impudence—or, in his own words—"one that lives on the best that can be procured for credit, who never spends his own money when he can oblige a friend, who is always thick on the winning horse, an epidemic on the trade of tailors, and who, for further particulars, you may inquire of any sitting magistrate." In Browne we are confident this character found a more able representative than it did at Covent Garden. The dashing, careless, unprincipled sponge, the bare-faced assumption of gentlemanly ease and manners, were depicted with the tact and talent of an accomplished artist. Mr. Spanker, by Williams, a kind of hen-pecked husband, was well acted, perhaps a little too pliant and simple, but as a whole a very excellent personification. Mark Meddle, a Paul Pry attorney, was hit off with great eccentricity by Latham. Mr. Wheatley as Charles Courtly, looked, acted, and dressed like a gentleman, was free of mannerism and identified himself entirely with the part. Of that excellent actor, Fisher, we are sorry to say that his Max Harkaway was not a happy performance, neither his dress, figure, or look, were in accordance with the character of "a fine old country gentleman." Miss Cushman had the sustaining of the principle female character, Lady Spanker, a kind of stage Diana Vernon, a creature full of life and joy—one whom "Nature in some frolic mood shut up a merry devil in her eye and spiting *art*, stole joy's brightest harmony to thrill her laugh which peals out sorrow's knell." Her acting was forcible and her costume correct and becoming. Grace Harkaway, by Miss Clarendon, was deficient in animation and ease, two qualities which only time and experience can bestow. She, however, looked and played the character like a lady, and has nightly evinced symptoms of rapid improvement. Miss Clarendon is certainly a *novice*, but she is in no way deserving of the wholesale and ungentlemanly abuse which has been heaped upon her. We have beheld the performance of this comedy frequently, we have also carefully perused it, and can only regard the character of Grace Harkaway as a superior *walking lady*, which owed its importance as much to the style and delineation of the elegant Vestris, as aught the author has done for it. To Mr. Barry great praise is due for the manner in which he has brought forth this admirable production; it is his first great essay since his assuming the stage direction of this establishment, and he has proved himself an able and correct master of his art. If the management has heretofore been marked by parsimony, the liberality manifested in the production of London Assurance has certainly effaced such a stain, and we rejoice to see that its spirit and liberality are appreciated by the public, in the nightly aspect of full and fashionable houses.

BOWERY.—At this theatre Mr. Forrest has performed a round of his peculiar characters, among which the most prominent was Jack Cade, a new and most appropriate title to Judge Conrad's play of Aylmere. On the nature of this production we have already discoursed, and have only now to add, that our opinion remains unaltered. Some little curtailment has been bestowed upon it, and if a hundred times more had taken place it would have been better for author, actors, and audience. Why not condense it into three acts? there is a redundancy of matter which could be most advantageously dispensed with, and as to patriotism, enough to spare to concoct a dozen more such dramas. It was however, even in its present crude state, most admirably suited to the audiences assembled on the nights of Mr. Forrest's engagement, who failed not to receive every sentiment and expression with the most "enthusiastic delight and approbation." While witnessing the performance of this "national drama" we could not help thinking, that could the ruffian, Jack Cade, have again "revisited the glimpses" of the moon and avowed his intention of invading the Canadian territory, he could not have found a riper or a fitter race of *patriots* to have accompanied him "to desperate ventures and assured destruction." We honor the genius of Judge Conrad, but denounce the principles of his drama. They are calculated to do no good, but much evil. Throughout the whole play there is scarcely a sentiment uttered but which is directed to the *ad captandum vulgum*. It contains not the language of poetical inspiration, not the spontaneous breathings of nature, free and fervent, but the destructive and demoralizing doctrines of a political clique, which are a violation of all law, truth, and justice. We should like to have a "national drama," but such a production as this will never lay its foundation. "A poet's soul should own a richer fruitage," not pander to the feelings of any sect. Were our columns a vehicle for politics we would show and descant upon the bad taste which has directed this composition. As a writer we regard the author an ornament to his country, and even in the present case, he has evinced high capability for dramatic composition, but we regret that he should have been so deluded as to sacrifice his genius at the shrine of party. With respect to the production of the play at this theatre, we must speak in terms of high commendation. The actors variously exerted themselves to their utmost ability, and in the female characters it was certainly better sustained than at "Old Drury." The appointments of the stage, the scenery and costumes were all in strict keeping, and nothing was lacked that could aid in giving effect to it in any department. Mrs. Shaw not having yet departed for the South, has been delighting the audiences with her beautiful personations of Alice Darvil, in Ernest Maltravers, and Nydia, in the Last Days of Pompeii, and has failed not to *benefit* the treasury, if we may judge by the full houses congregated on the nights of her performance.

CHATHAM.—A succession of showy dramas, generally embracing the strength of the company, have been the order of the evenings throughout the month at this theatre, and a succession of full houses the reward of the manager's enterprize. The company contains many good actors and the pieces are always produced with attention to scenery and costume.

EDITORS' TABLE.

With the commencement of our new volume, we return our thanks for the generous support we have heretofore received from our numerous subscribers, and assure them that our future arrangements are such as will show that we esteem, and are determined to deserve their encouragement. The present number displays an array of talent rarely to be met with even in the most popular magazines of Europe, and in addition to our extensive list of contributors, we have to announce the name of Theodore S. Fay, whose productions are in our possession, and will shortly illustrate the pages of the Companion; others of high standing in the world of letters, are also under engagements to furnish articles during the course of the present volume, while the ornamental portion will, every month, contain, at least, two elegant engravings, executed by the first masters in America, with the usual plates of fashions. Need we say more? Have not our former promises been faithfully fulfilled? We think the public will acknowledge they have, and, in conclusion, eschewing all puff or hollow protestation, we may add their confidence and support will never by us be abused or neglected.

The Season.—Autumn, crowned with her "wheaten sheaf," and robe of russet, has departed from among us, and the Fall has followed in her steps. *The Fall*—the fall of nature—how graphic, how truly poetical. In the whole range of English poetry, we do not know of an expression so comparatively beautiful. Who that has beheld an American landscape in the western world, with its hills, lakes, and illimitable plains of foliage, tinted with innumerable hues by the pencil of nature, "dipped in the colors of the rainbow," but will own that earth can boast of nothing more gorgeous or sublimely beautiful; and even if denied such an enjoyment, in the neighborhood of our own busy city much may be seen to gratify the lover of nature. A more delightful and soul-exciting scene, it has scarcely ever been our lot to witness, than when gazing from the summit of sweet Weehawken, just as the sun is sinking in his pavilion of gold and amethyst. It was on such an occasion the following lines were lately written, which perhaps will not be deemed inappropriate at this season of the dying year.

FALL STANZAS.

The Fall hath donned his garb of varied hue,
The earth is glowing in the mellow blaze
Of a rich sunset—and the ocean blue
Is gleaming in his glory-giving rays.
The distant mountains, in the welkin raise
Their Alpine crests in russet garb bedight;
'Till lost within their purple vesting haze,
They die in softness on the ravished sight,
Like Beauty's eye shrouded by auburn tresses bright.

The emerald furze its flowers of golden dye
Hath changed to others of a seared bloom;
The bell-cupped flowret and convolvuli,
The dying cheek of summer now assume;
The maple with his shroud of green and gloom,
Glows like the crimson cloudlets of the eve;
The willow waves his silver drooping plume,
And, (as the soft south-winds in sadness grieve
O'er Autumn's bier,) a melancholy sigh doth heave.

The bush where many a rose in fragrance grew,
Hangs laden with its stores of scarlet gems;
No more the tears of balmy dropping dew
Crest the sweet lilies' scented diadems,
The wild vine's tendrils, and the ivy's stems,
In keener closeness round their sire-trees cling,
And through the leafy weft the golden gleams
In flickering threads of light their radiance fling.
Tinged in a thousand dyes by nature's iried wing.

The mountain ash his rosy garnered store,
On every bough his treasures doth unfold.—
Gay grows the lichen on the rocks all hoar;
The walnut spreads his canopy of gold.
O'er the green meadows hath the mower rolled,
Cropping the daisy and the harebell's flower:
The mountain thyme and lily of the world—
The myrtle mantlet, and the holly bower,
Are blushing, in the radiance of the evening hour.

Within the hazel copse of sun-tinged brown,
The blythesome squirrel sports in playful glee;
Or from the branches drops the clusters down,
His winter home to garner plent'ously.
And from each lated bush, and flower, and tree,
Where still one blossom vainly woos the sigh
Of vanished Autumn; roves the golden bee.
Gleaning his honied sweets, ere life doth die
Beneath the with'ring scowl of Winter's cheerless eye.

The lake lies sleeping in the mountain dell,
One burnished sheet beneath the setting sun—
The woods are ringing with the vocal swell:
Beside the fountain stands the wild-deer dun;
The sapphire stars their vigils have begun;
While in the distance peers the silver crest
Of the mild Luna—and in Ocean, down
Drops the day monarch to his couch of rest,
Like lover pillowed on his maiden's swelling breast."

Fine Arts.—The Apollo Association contains many choice gems in its present exhibition, contributed, we are proud to say, by our own native artists, but we are also sorry to add, the balance preponderates greatly in favor of the crude and diabolical abortions of pretenders. Is it from lack of material to decorate fully the walls of the gallery, that the committee sanction the admission of so many villanous attempts? if so—for we will not do them the injustice to even *surmise* that they do not know better—we can inform them they are pursuing a system ruinous to their institution, and injurious to the principles of taste. Better a dozen good pictures, than a thousand *daubs*.

Dempster's Concerts.—This delightful singer has again returned to our city, where he has commenced giving a series of concerts, which promise to be liberally supported. We know of no individual at this day, possessing sounder claims to the title of a concert vocalist, than Mr. Dempster. His style is chaste, his voice melodious, his enunciation distinct, and taste and feeling pervade the whole. All attempts at unnecessary flourish, or unnatural effects, he studiously avoids, and in listening to Mr. Dempster, you may almost imagine yourself seated in your own snug parlor, with this modest musician and vocalist, thrilling and delighting you with his "native wood notes wild."

King's Concert.—This gentleman's concert came off with signal success, the house presenting a very fashionable display. The various performers elicited the warmest applause, and but one feeling prevailed throughout the evening, that of universal satisfaction.

The Fashions.—Although the present number does not contain a plate of the fashions, the prevailing costume varying little from last month, yet as we know our lady friends are ever anxious to be acquainted with such particulars, we have selected the most prominent points of the *beau monde* of London and Paris, and which we in future intend to do, whenever the occasion does not afford matter enough for the execution of a plate.

Morning Dress—Commonly a robe of rose colored *barege*, with a three quarter height corsage. Sleeves long and tight, with a lace ruffle falling over the hand, a falling collar, roblings, and turned up cuffs. Small round cap, trimmed with lace; pink flowers and foliage are lightly intermingled with the lace.

Promenade Dress.—Robe of green silk—peaked corsage—sleeves full in middle, with gauntlet cuff. Bonnet of green silk, and sometimes white crape, trimmed with wreaths of forget-me-nots. Cashmere shawl of blue ground and rich borders.

Ball Dress.—Same as our last description, but the hair is worn plain, with a single rose or half wreath, pendent from the left side. Necklace and bracelets.

VIEW OF THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.

THE MAIDEN.

R. Miller, Printer.

Engraved for the Ladies Companion

THE LADIES' COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, DECEMBER, 1841.

VIEW OF THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.

From the burin of that distinguished artist, Jordan, we present our readers this month with a view of the Capitol at Washington, as seen from the east end of Pennsylvania Avenue. It is the most superb building in the United States, of the Corinthian order, constructed of white free-stone, and situated on Capitol Hill, at the western extremity of a beautiful square. It is composed of a central edifice and two wings, the front being three hundred and fifty feet, and the depth of the wings a hundred and twenty-one. In the centre is the Rotunda, about ninety feet in diameter, and the same in height to the top of the dome. It is ornamented with several paintings, by Colonel Trumbull, representing the most prominent events of American history. The Hall of Representatives, is a beautiful apartment of a circular form, ninety-five feet in length and sixty feet in height; the dome and galleries being supported by beautiful variegated marble pillars, taken from the banks of the Potomac. The Senate Chamber, is of a like form, but only seventy four feet in length. The library, in which are many rare and valuable works, is also kept in the Capitol, and contains about twelve thousand volumes. The cost of the erection of this magnificent edifice, was over two millions of dollars. The view from Capitol Hill, is very fine, commanding for many miles a view of the Potomac and the surrounding country. In the war of 1814, between America and Great Britain, the Capitol with the public offices, and the President's house, as well as the library, were completely destroyed by an army under the command of General Ross, but at the close of the war were again rebuilt. Pennsylvania Avenue, which composes part of our engraving, is the principal street of the city, and is about a mile and a half in length, connecting the Capitol and the President's house, and is delightfully shaded with trees. It is called after the state of that name, as are also the other avenues after the different states of the Union. The city was first laid out, in 1791, by Pierre C. L. Enfant, under the direction of Washington, who was then President, and from whom it takes its name. In 1800, during the Presidency of John Adams, the Seat of Government was removed to Washington from Philadelphia, and in two years after the city was incorporated by Congress. The location of the city is on the Maryland side of the Potomac. On the north-west, is Georgetown, from which it is separated by Rock Creek, and the two are connected by bridges. An elegant bridge of nearly a mile in length, crosses from the city to the road leading to Alexandria, which place is seven miles below, on the west bank of the river. There are also here a large navy-yard, marine barracks, a magazine, army arsenal, with numerous places of public worship, schools, a museum, a gallery of paintings, etc., etc. The population is nearly twenty-four thousand.

R. H.

Original.

THE AUTUMN WIND.

BY HENRY E. HIRST.

Whether thou comest from the mountain's brow,
Or creepest from the melancholy north,
Wind of the Autumn! who, around me now
Sendeth sad music to my lonely hearth,
I know not—yet, I give ye gladly hail!
Tracing God's voice within your solemn wail!

Fearful to all, yet sweet to me, thy song;
Thou! who hast revelled where the wild fowl soars,
And boreal breezes bear the strain along,
That riseth ever over Lapland's shores;
And, thou hast freshness in thy playful sweep,
Gathered all sweetly from the northern deep!

And, bearest on thy wings, the pine's wild shriek,
As it soughed 'neath thee, whirling swiftly past;
And the proud oak tree's quiv'ring branches creak
Again around me, in thy groaning blast,
And far above me, in the deep blue sky
I hear the eagle as it soareth by!

Thou hast been floating o'er the distant lake,
Tossing its waves all mountainous on high,
And thou hast eddyed thro' the tangled brake,
Mocking all scornfully the panther's cry,
And stolen swiftly o'er the rushing river,
Whose falling shakes the sturdy *rock* for ever!

And, thou hast passed o'er gardens in thy way,
For faintly to me comes the scent of flowers;
Or, where the Gentian and the Aster lay
Beside the spring, or, in the forest bowers,
Whose massy trunks and limbs grown seer and gray,
Mourn o'er their offspring that upon thee play.

And, thou wilt pass o'er other lands along,
As now, thou floatest sadly over mine—
And the poor man shall sorrow o'er thy song
And thin and worn to hear thee will repine,
Hailing thee, mourning, as the courier grim,
Who bringeth winter and its wants to him.

Wind of the Autumn! welcome and farewell!
But not forgotten shall thy visit be;
For thou hast twined around my heart, a spell
Of bitter sadness in thy memory;
For, with thy coming, faithless proved the one
To whom I bent adoring and alone.

Original.

THE TIE OF HONOR.*

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

CHAPTER II.

"Alas! the love of woman! it is known
To be a lovely and a fearful thing;
For all of theirs upon the die is thrown,
And if 'tis lost, life hath no more to bring
To them but mockeries of the past alone,
And their revenge is as the tiger's spring,
Deadly and quick, and crushing; yet as real
Torture is theirs, what they inflict they feel."

It were in vain to trace the subtle windings of the human heart, to explore that inner world, the mind; it is a region of contradiction and strange mystery. Those who saw Caroline Parsons after the desertion of one who had called forth the wealth of her young affections to whom she deemed herself bound by ties firmer and more lofty than those of wedlock, until she had felt those ties wither and drop beneath her feet like flax touched by the fire—thought her cold, passionless, at least, resigned. They knew nothing of the unconquerable pride that lived for ever within the innermost depths of her heart, forbidding a nerve to tremble, or the firm lip to give one quivering sign of the powerful and bitter feelings that were breaking her heart, or, perchance, hardening it to stone. Emmerson, himself, was deceived by the calm quietude of her life. Never, since the day when she first learned his intended marriage, had she uttered a syllable of reproach, or striven by word or message, to win him back. He was a bold man, but at first, this unnatural calmness gave him inquietude, almost amounting to alarm. He had learned too much of the fiery strength of her nature for contentment, and had expected expostulation, tears, passion, nay, quick and stern vengeance—any thing but the quiet and dignified silence which she maintained; whence could it arise—had the wayward passion and perverted intellect which had tempted her to abandon the birthright of her sex, and brave public opinion for his sake, all at once sink into apathy—had neglect and wrong for once failed to awaken the wrath of a scorned woman? or had his own unmanly conduct so encased her heart in contempt, that he had become an object of disgust, too abject for vengeance? There was a sense of safety in the last conjecture, but his vanity refused to yield thus much to his coward nature; he chose rather to think that in her light estimation of the marriage bond, she still expected that he might become weary of it, and return to her, and thus resolutely stifled the anguish which was consuming her. Emmerson smiled when this thought presented itself—smiled with a feeling of satisfied vanity, that her conduct could thus easily be accounted for, and at the delusion of her hopes. Full of these thoughts, he had introduced his bride to the mansion which Caroline had so quietly relinquished—to the furniture which she had used, the room she had occupied, and the grounds her fine taste had embellished. Even on the first month of his marriage, he could sit idly among his household gods, each bearing some rich trace of her exquisite taste, and listen to the voice of his bride, or to the music of those instruments which had so late given forth their sweetest notes to the thrilling touch of *her* genius, and all this tranquilly, and as if he had not trampled the heart of a human being beneath his feet, as if he had not imbued the attributes of a fine mind with the base qualities of his own nature.

A disgraced, friendless, and solitary creature, Caroline Parsons remained in the noble home which had been her father's. In the confidence of a most generous passionate heart, and the arrogance of an immature intellect, she had formed a tie which was to be made lofty and firm in the strength of *man's honor*, her weakness was to be rendered sublime by the strength of that magic word. While proud and strong in her unconsecrated union, she saw him throw off his irksome shackles, whose very looseness had made them galling—fling them away in weariness and distrust, and ruthlessly leave her to the contempt of society which she had so wickedly and foolishly braved. That there was agony, stern bitter agony in the heart of that gifted, forsaken, and erring young creature, no person could doubt. Yet her life was so quiet and blameless, that the most fastidious of her neighbors could find nothing to complain of. If she felt that disgrace had been attached to her late union, the consciousness was only manifested in the strict and blameless retirement which she maintained. She sought no society, nor yet shrunk from it timidly, as one overpowered by a sense of shame; she seemed, at all times, too deeply occupied with her own thoughts, for anxiety about the opinions of those about her. Her mode of life was quiet, and her occupations strictly feminine, yet there was something unnatural in it all. The change from a high spirited, audacious, and gifted being, such as she had been, to the icy, calm sweetness of manner which now characterized her, had been too sudden for permanence, and yet for a whole year there was no change in her tranquil habits.

Caroline Parson's child was a beautiful creature—a bright, bold, fearless little fellow, whose mirth filled that solitary dwelling as with the music of a choir of singing birds; he was singularly like his father, the same broad, open forehead, the same black eyes, lighted up with all the joyousness of childhood, were his; and his voice—one might have closed his eyes, and deemed it but his father's, in a most happy and joyous mood. It was strange that a being who had flung aside all the religious attributes of her nature, should have been so careful to instil just principles into the tender mind of her child; never was a young creature so guarded, so watched over and studied—every thing high and noble he was taught to imitate, even while a mere infant. But if any thing of the devoted attachment which had made her the victim of Emmerson, still lingered around his child, it was never displayed by the doating fondness or passionate outbreak of maternal tenderness which might have been expected from one of her ardent nature. Even to the boy, she was calm, gentle, and, at times, judiciously severe, but never did she allow one

* Concluded from page 37.

rich gush of motherly love to repay his childish caresses. At times, when a smile so like his father's would wreath the red lips of the boy—when he would hang about her, and in the fullness of his young heart murmur his fondness, and strive to mingle them with kisses, a shadow of strange commingled feelings would pass over that fair smooth brow, and she would put him silently away, as if some bitter thought lingered in her heart, which repelled the yearning of maternal love. At such times, the child would gaze earnestly at her, 'till his large thoughtful eyes filled with tears, and then he would wander off with a strange lonely feeling pervading his young bosom, and remain thoughtful and sad for hours together. He was a precocious boy, full of strong clinging affections, and the mother's cold gentleness fell chillingly on his young nature.

At length there came a change—a sorrowful, heart-wringing change in that lonely dwelling. The boy was taken ill, then the strong fervent affections of that woman's heart once more aroused themselves. Again her eye kindled with a fitful anxious lustre, and she watched by the side of her suffering offspring with a degree of tenderness so gentle, so devoted, and yet mingled with such keen apprehensions, that her very slaves would turn away from the sight with tears in their eyes.

For many days had that beautiful boy been struggling with the fever which was preying upon his young life; at times, when his childish fancy was heated by delirium, he would lie beneath his mother's gaze, talking cheerfully as if at play—would shout, and fling up his hands as if to grasp the butterflies and pretty humming-birds that he said were flashing every minute about his pillow. Sometimes he would clutch his tiny fingers with a feeble laugh, and call for his papa to come and see how the color went and came about the neck of the bird, which he said was fluttering and fluttering so to get away, but he would hold it—yes, yes—'till his father came to see how beautiful it was, and how its wings were all spotted over with sunshine. Then he would open his hand, and turn his large bright eyes around from object to object, and gaze up in his wretched mother's face, as if wondering how his fancied victim had escaped, and asking anxiously why his father would not come to help him catch the bird, again—would murmur of something else in broken and incoherent sentences, but all the time his mind wandered toward the cruel parent, who knew his first born to be ill, perhaps dying, and never came near his bed. Oh, how bitterly was that erring woman's heart wrung, to hear her betrayer's name mentioned with such yearning love by her dying child. It was a season of keen retribution. The only blossom left in her desolated path, lay perishing before her eyes, and even then it seemed as if the serpents which her own act had engendered beneath its leaves, were every moment starting up to sting her into keener agony.

On the morning of the eighth day, the suffering child had fallen into a broken slumber. The mother had been watching night after night, 'till her strength gave way, and she, too, sunk to sleep in her chair, still holding his feverish hand in her's. It was a touching sight—that sinful and yet beautiful woman, sleeping thus over the child of her shame, who lay in the snowy sheets of his crib, motionless, with the bright hair clustering over his head, the vivid scarlet of disease burning in his cheeks, and his lips parted and dry, from the hot and painful breath that passed through them. In his restless slumbers, he had drawn one fat arm from his night-gown, and exposed his small rounded chest and white shoulders, while one little leg and foot had spurned off the covering, and lay upon the sheet naked, and like a limb of exquisite sculpture. And the mother—even in her guilt and her unquiet sleep, she was very lovely. True. about that small mouth there still rested a scarcely perceptible expression of passions deep and fatal, yet unsubdued. Excepting this, there was nothing in that sweet face, pale with many a night of anxious vigil, which might not have been found in the most gentle and loving of women. There was a languor in the long lashes lying so heavily on her cheek, in the scarcely closed lips, and the chin, curving gracefully into the neck, that gave to her whole being a gentle beauty, touching to behold. One arm rested on that of the chair, and her graceful head, with its abundance of dishevelled tresses, drooped over the back of her bent hand, while the other hand lay on the edge of the crib, its slender fingers woven lovingly over that of the suffering child. Her form, though slight, and still very youthful, betrayed that indescribable loveliness which brings to the heart all the tender associations of maternity, and there was something grief-stricken in the weary solitude of her position, that few could have looked upon without tears.

But few moments of rest had that weary mother obtained, when the little hand prisoned by her's, began to quiver fearfully, and each pulse beat against her fingers like the stroke of a tiny hammer. She awoke, started up, and looked wildly down on the child; he murmured something restlessly, unclosed his eyes, and opened his parched lips for drink. She gave him some water, which he swallowed with a sigh of satisfaction, and again closed his eyes as if weary with the light. After a few moments he moved, and lifting his arms, wound them feebly, and with a degree of touching fondness round his mother's neck, as she bent over him.

"Take me up, mamma," he said, faintly moving his hot lips as if he would have kissed her, had strength been given.

She raised him to her bosom, put the curls softly back from his forehead, and kissed him. The touch of her lips seemed to give the boy exquisite pleasure, and as the bland air came stealing through the roses at the window, cooling his flushed cheeks, and greeting him with its fairy touch, he smiled very faintly, and fixing his large eyes earnestly on his mother's face, said, in the sweet, imperfect language of infancy—

"Mamma, dear mamma, I'm very sick. Don't you think papa will come now?"

An expression of acute anguish contracted the mother's face, her bosom heaved, her face fell forward

upon the child, and she burst into a passionate flood of tears.

"Don't cry, mamma, oh, don't," said the poor child languidly, raising his little hand, and attempting to pat her cheek. "I won't ask again, but I do want to see him this once, mamma, only this once."

"You *shall* see him, my child," said the tortured woman, lifting her pale and tear-stained face, and speaking in a voice choked and interrupted with sobs, and pressing her lips with almost painful force to his forehead, she laid him once more in the crib. She went to her desk, penned a note with a kind of desperate haste, and ringing for a servant, gave it to him, then returning to the crib, she bent over the child, whispering, "Now try to go to sleep, love: he will soon come."

The little invalid was satisfied with her promise, turned his cheek on the pillow, and seemed exerting himself to obey her.

An hour passed—an hour of fierce tumult in the bosom of that wretched mother; her breath became thick, her cheeks became afire with the kindling of an anxious spirit. Now her heart throbbed with suffocating violence, and again its very pulsations seemed paralyzed. She gazed earnestly on the child, and yet did not see him. Those sensations were terrible indeed that could win the thoughts of a mother from the death-bed of her first born.

At last the servant entered. A bright red spot started into either pale cheek, as Catharine saw the man, but such was the mastery pride had given her heart, that she arose, put forth her hand and took the note which he held toward her, steadily, and without a tremor, which might expose her weakness to the menial. When the door closed upon him, she tore the note open and read:

"MADAM:—If indeed I can be said to owe any attention to the child in question, my present duties as a husband will prevent me visiting a place where I should be certain of meeting one who holds such obligations in derision. Permit me to express my best wishes for the child's recovery, and believe me

Your obedient servant. EMMERSON."

Caroline read this unfeeling note, and except that her lips were more firmly compressed, and a strange light kindled in her black eyes, she betrayed no emotion. Nay, from that moment she became outwardly calm. Unconsciously, as it would seem, her fingers clutched upon the note, 'till it lay crushed within her small palm, but she bent down, and with her other hand removed a portion of the muslin drapery which had swept over the sick boy, who seemed struggling faintly for air. A gasp and a cry of sharp agony broke from her lips as her eyes fell on that young face. A change had come upon it—the change of coming death. His eyes were open, and fixed upon her; he struggled, half rose, as if his wish was to creep to her bosom, fell back across the pillow, and died.

With a face of marble, the heart-stricken mother stood gazing upon the dead. It was long before she moved, or uttered a sound. At last she laid her hand silently on the forehead of the corpse, and held it there 'till an icy chill crept up to her fingers. Then she looked mildly up. The servants had crowded to the door, and stood staring in silent wonder at what they saw. She ordered them to bring water, bathed the limbs of the little one, and with her own hands, wrapped the cold body in its shroud of fine linen. Then she laid it on the table by the open window, and with an icy smile, marked how softly the wind came through the sash, and lifted the bright curls from the face of her dead, it seemed as if the gush of perfume which it brought up from the garden, might awaken the beautiful boy to life again. All at once her eye fell upon Emmerson's note, which had dropped from her hand on first seeing the death signs on the face of her child. She took it from the floor, thrust it sternly into her bosom, and moved away. After a time she came back, seated herself with a strange, stern calmness by that cold, sweet blossom, just gathered from her bosom, and with her elbows resting on the table, and a clenched hand pressed hard against either cheek, she remained all the day long, scarcely moving an eyelash, or raising that fixed look from the body outstretched before her. There was no hope, no comfort, stirring within her; all the sweet chastening consolations of religion were lost to her; she sat comfortless and stern under her bereavement. In the presumption of beauty and talent, she had dared to use the rare gifts bestowed on her by a beneficent God, in the overthrow of his image in her heart—had risen in the presence of the Most High, and with the very breath which He gave, denied the supreme existence. She, with the small capacities of a human soul—capacities which, with their utmost exertion, cannot comprehend the simple elements of a drop of water, had dared, in the very morning of life, to deny the existence of Him who had clothed her in beauty as with a bright garment, and quickened her spirit with the ever burning fires of genius. His existence was before her, pictured in every thing about her, even to the delicate blossoms that shed their breath over her pale features. His power was made fearfully manifest on the forehead of that beautiful corpse, written there by the cold finger of death, and yet her riven heart impiously denied both His existence and His power. She would have smiled in the bitterness of a proud unsubdued spirit, had any one striven to comfort her with the beautiful consolations of religion, to her, it was all a fanciful dream, got up by the bigoted and those less cultivated than herself, for purposes which she cared not to investigate. She was lost to that sweet balm-like power which mingles itself so gently with the affections of the good, which converts death into a dear promise—a cherished light from Heaven, opening visions beyond the grave of boundless time spent in companionship with the lost and loved, with no check upon the lofty impulses of a freed mind, no shame for the deep holy feelings which often live on, half concealed by our earthly nature, and almost intuitively hidden by a weak fear of ridicule. No such hope lay before that wretched young creature; to her there would come no season of peace, no certainty of a time when her soul might be at rest in its own exceeding purity—when holy itself it should delight only in the immaculate, and perhaps fold the love of

her child once more in a nature regenerate and spotless as its own. No, to her, that dead body was not the casket of a freed spirit, emancipated in its spring, and sent to congregate with cherubim and seraphim for ever—it was only a beautiful portion of earth in which the joyous spirit was quenched to annihilation. Eternity, to her, was chaos—death, a dark seal, set on time—a season of decomposition, darkness and horror. She was an Atheist.

Stern, deadly thoughts were alive in Caroline Parson's heart as she sat gazing so calmly on the dead. Every look and lisping tone which had once given a gentle music to her heart, was hushed for ever, but no yearning tenderness came with the thought. She had room for but one train of feelings, and those filled her heart, as if each had started to life, serpent-like, and armed with venom. Insult, cold cruel insult had been heaped upon the death-bed of her child, by his unnatural father. She had submitted to the yearning tenderness of a mother, had conquered her stubborn pride, and even humbly had entreated the father to stand by the death-bed of his son. A second time she had bowed her soul to him, and it was wantonly spurned, even when the brave boy, whose bright innocent presence had been a safeguard and a blessing, was stricken dead before her. She had no hope, no fear; her heart was hardened with one deadly wish—a thirst for vengeance. All day she sat gazing upon the dead, unconscious of the progress of time, and holding dark council with her own spirit.

Night drew on; one of the soft, balmy nights of a southern June, and the mother had not yet moved from the side of her child. The moonbeams fell gently through the blossoming honeysuckles at the window, and lay in broken light on the face of the dead infant. It was the signal she had agreed upon with her soul. She arose, pressed her lips on the forehead of the corpse, and turned to a desk standing in another part of the room. After groping about for a moment, she took something from the desk, and placed it in her bosom; then throwing a large cloak over her head, she left the house.

It might have been minutes or hours, for aught the misguided woman knew of time, before she arrived at the garden which sloped down from behind the house which Emmerson occupied. She had walked very rapidly through a thick piece of woodland and meadows, heavy with grass, and burthened with night dew. Her feet were damp, and the silken cloak which she wore, was heavy with dew, but there was no moisture on her pale forehead, and her breath came regularly as if there had been neither haste nor fatigue in her progress. With a steady but cautious tread, she moved along the serpentine walks of the garden, her heavy cloak sweeping the carnations as she passed—and occasionally thrusting out her hand, and forcing back the flowing branches that obstructed her way. A sudden curve in the path, placed her opposite the windows of a lighted chamber. A moment she stood in the moonlight, and the shadow which lay athwart the thickly matted box shrubs which defined the path, might have fallen from a statue, it lay so dark and motionless. At length she drew cautiously beneath a thicket of orange trees which commanded a nearer view of the window, and folding her arms, remained motionless as before. Her movement disturbed some overhanging boughs of the thicket; the blossoms were over-ripe, and the white petals rained like a shower of snow-flakes over her cloak, and fell amid her dishevelled hair, as with stern upturned face she stood, pale and statue-like, gazing upon the window. Suddenly her lips moved, and her black eyes flashed fearfully as the moonlight flickered through the branches on her working features. The shadow of a man moving to and fro within the chamber, had darkened the window. The folds of a summer curtain fell like a cloud between her and the object of her keen regard, but she could not be mistaken even in the shadow. Her victim was there. A sound disturbed her watch; it was produced by the opening of a door. An old negro came from the house, and moved slowly towards a cluster of slave dwellings, grouped beyond the garden. Caroline drew back, and crouched beneath the thicket 'till he disappeared. Then gathering her cloak about her, she moved cautiously toward the door, thus left unfastened, and entered the dwelling. She found herself in a hall dimly lighted, and with one end buried in shadow. The family had not all retired, for she could hear the household slaves chatting and laughing cheerily in a lower apartment, as she ascended the stairs. The upper hall was dark, and with noiseless footsteps she glided along the wall, and took shelter in a chamber opposite that whence the light had gleamed. There, concealed by the darkness, she stood leaning on a dressing-table gazing sternly on the scene exposed in the open chamber. It had once been her own sleeping-room, but some of its furniture had been removed, and much within seemed new and unfamiliar. At the farther extremity stood a light French bedstead, the curtains of azure silk and gauzy muslin, were drawn up in graceful folds exposing the snowy couch beneath, a heap of frilled pillows, and reclining upon them, a fair young creature, whose lovely features were rendered exquisitely soft and delicate by recent illness. Caroline's breath came sharply, and she bent forward with her quick eager gaze fixed on that sweet recumbent form. Oh, how painfully did her heart thrill at the sight of that young creature lying there so languidly, unconscious that any eyes save those of love were upon her. The night was warm, and the invalid seemed oppressed by the heat. The ruffles of her night-dress were flung open at the throat, betraying a neck smooth, slender, and dazzling white, and upon it reposed, like a large rose-leaf, the tiny hand of an infant. At first, Caroline had not seen the babe, for the head, which rested on its mother's bosom, was half buried in lace and embroidery. She had excluded herself from all intercourse with the neighborhood, and until that moment, was ignorant of the child's existence. The sight came to her heart like a poisoned arrow. A storm of mingled feelings swept over her; she thought of her own dead child at home, of the happy time when she had held it to her heart, and been smiled upon even as that young

mother; for a moment the woman's heart softened in her bosom at the recollection. She covered her face with her hands, and though her sobs were suppressed, large tears stole noiselessly through the slender fingers. It was but a momentary burst of regretful sorrow, supplanted directly by passions that hardened the tears as they sprang up from her heart. She lifted her face again, and this time her eyes fell upon Emmerson. He was sitting on a sofa near the bed, in a position which broke the light from the face of his wife. He held a book in one hand, while the other shaded his eyes, with the fingers buried in the short black curls that swept back in wavy masses from his forehead. Occasionally he looked up from the volume, and addressed a few words to his wife, who, in answering, would raise her large blue eyes for a moment, which again drooped lovingly to the nestler on her bosom, as her husband resumed his book.

After a time, an aged negress, with a brilliant Maddras kerchief folded over her wrinkled forehead, entered the room. Emmerson arose, with a slight yawn, went to the bed-side, pressed a kiss on the pure forehead of his wife, and whispering good night, was about to leave the room. The young mother half rose upon her pillows, and lifting the child from her bosom, called him back in words of playful rebuke for thinking to leave them without a good night kiss for her son. The father returned with a half fond half weary smile at her sweet importunity, took the babe in his arms awkwardly, as if afraid of dropping it, and pressing his lips to its round cheek, placed it by the young mother again, and left the room.

Caroline witnessed the scene, and a cold suffocating grasp seemed clutching her heart. She did not alter her position, but her teeth were locked, and one pale hand stole up to her bosom. The pressure of cold steel against the crushed note which still rested there, sent a gleam of satisfaction across her pale face. She did not remove her hand again, 'till the rattling of bolts, and the noise of retiring servants had ceased. When the halls were darkened, and every thing was hush as death in the dwelling, she stole forth to her work of vengeance.

Noiselessly that young creature moved forward on her errand of guilt. The thick carpet yielded to her tread, and broke all sound as she passed forward to the chamber which Emmerson had entered. Her pale fingers rested a moment on the door knob, and the moonlight, as it fell through the hall window, revealed a face white and ghastly as that of a corpse. The latch was slowly turned, and Caroline stood in the chamber of her victim. Thick heavy curtains obscured all light from without, and the dim radiance of a small lamp gleaming through its shade of ground glass on the face of the superb mirror, and flickering over the marble slab on which it stood, served but to reveal the luxurious gloom of the apartment. The intruder gazed about sternly, but with gleaming eyes, and a face pallid as death. The deep shadows cast by the furniture, seemed like dark witnesses, ready to start up and call her to justice, and the lamp beamed on like the ever burning eye of a spirit about to be quenched by a deed of horror. The murderess drew the cloak slowly from her shoulders with a slight shudder, for the rustle of the silk seemed like the stirring of unseen wings in the room. In a recess directly opposite the mirror, stood a bed cumbered with heavy crimson drapery which swayed to and fro in massive folds, as the wind swept over it through a sash window which opened behind the bed to a balcony overhanging the garden. The moonbeams poured gently in through that window, and though half their pearly light was lost amid the depths of the curtains, enough remained to reveal the dim outlines of a manly form sleeping beneath the mass of mingled light and shadow.

Caroline drew a small dagger from her bosom, and grasping it tightly in her hand, moved toward the bed. Her victim lay before her sleeping quietly as if he had never wasted the hopes, or hardened the heart of a human being. One arm was flung out upon the counterpane. The dim light fell across the broad expanse of his forehead, and softened the warm glow of his cheek. His lips were bright with healthy color, and a contented smile lay upon them as he slept. It was a splendid bold head, with its mass of black hair, its broad forehead, and the lower portion verging with a firm and classical beauty into that superb neck, exposed by the unbuttoned collar. Even she who came to destroy, could not entirely conquer all the ardent admiration of her nature; she could not forget the past, so full of passionate love, as she gazed on that head. She bent over him, her eyes lost something of their fierce light, and those pale lips began to tremble; her face drooped lower and lower, 'till his warm breath once more stirred the curls upon her cheek. Oh, how many regretful memories awoke to the fanning touch of that sleeper's breath. Once more the blood came back to that pallid cheek, her fingers trembled on the dagger hilt, and a shiver ran through her frame. While her heart was thus yielding to better impulses, a slight wail came up from the infant in the next room, followed by a sweet hushing voice. The sound fell upon her heart like an audible reproach. That instant her head was erect, her foot planted hard on the floor, and the sharp dagger flashed on high, its blade quivering like the tongue of a serpent, just above the sleeping heart of the victim. A moment more, and it had indeed slept in blood. He turned on his pillow, smiling and murmuring in his dreams. She might have been mistaken, but the murderess thought it was her name that he repeated. A terrible burst of feeling rushed through her heart, her limbs shook—the poniard dropped from her relaxed hold, and she fell upon her knees, pressing the bed-clothes hard against her mouth, to stifle the anguish struggling so fearfully in her bosom. Minutes went by, and the stillness of that room was only disturbed by the suppressed breath and shivering limbs of that relenting young creature. At length she lifted her face, and the moonlight streamed full upon it. The fire of those eyes was quenched in tears, and every feature stirred with emotion tender as that of a grieved infant. Emmerson slept on, all unconscious of the

danger he had escaped, or of the sorrowful and heart-thrilling gaze with which the being he had wronged was regarding him. At last she turned away with a sigh of hopeless despondency, took up the dagger, and folding the cloak feebly about her, tottered forth from the house, unsteadily and faint, as one who had just arisen from a bed of sickness. She struggled home through the damp grass and the underwood, as she had found her way to the house, but the fever of a fierce spirit no longer supported her; drops of perspiration started over her pale forehead, and more than once she sat down utterly strengthless. At length she reached her own dwelling, staggered to the room where her child still lay, and dropped exhausted and almost lifeless upon a sofa, still wrapped in her damp cloak, and holding the poniard in her nerveless hand. A few moments, and it fell from her relaxed grasp, and stuck quivering in the floor. She had fallen into a death-like slumber.

The sun was up, and drying the dew from the wet earth, when Caroline awoke. There was the dagger sticking in the floor, and outstretched before the still open window, lay the body of her child. The morning wind had shaken the roses and honeysuckles about the sashes, and the corpse lay half buried in their scattered blossoms. The mother arose, and stood over him calmly and still. The red leaves lying on the shroud reflected a color like that of beautiful life over the marble face of the dead. It seemed like mockery to the mother's heart. With a cold, sad smile, she brushed them away, and they fell in a shower over the room. By degrees stern and bitter feelings again settled on her heart. She gazed on the lifeless boy, thought of his death-bed, of the cruel blow that had been stricken there—his touching entreaty for a sight of his father—the humiliating request wrung from her agonized spirit—that heartless note still lying crushed in her bosom. She thought of all that had driven her soul to thirst for revenge, and loathed herself for the momentary return of tenderness that had unnerved her hand when retribution was in its grasp. He had spurned, trampled upon her, and yet her fond woman's nature must awake to the sound of his voice. Oh, how she loathed the redeeming tenderness of her nature. How she despised her soul for its weakness of purpose. These stern, wicked reflections passed over her, each bringing its tribute of venom, 'till her spirit was once more entirely poisoned, and given up to thoughts of evil.

While Caroline stood thus busy with her re-awakened purpose, her eyes bent vacantly on the corpse, and supporting herself by the table, the door opened, and a young man stood with the latch in his hand, hesitating, as if doubtful of a kind reception. Caroline did not observe him, and, at length, though with evident trepidation, he advanced to the table, and respectfully touched the hand resting on its edge. Caroline started —removed her hand, and looking haughtily in the intruder's face, demanded why he had forced himself upon her solitude. The young man looked disappointed and hurt, but his look was proud as he answered:

"I should not have intruded on your patience, Miss Parsons," he said "after your unqualified refusal of my late proposition; perhaps there is a want of self-respect in it. But I heard of your bereavement. I thought of your friendless and solitary position. I—"

"Thank you, thank you," interrupted Caroline, hastily, but with a broken voice. "I am indeed bereaved, and most desolate, but not heart-broken—not yet." She turned hastily away, dashed her hand over her eyes to scatter the tears his sympathy had awakened, and moved rapidly across the room.

The young man gazed earnestly upon her, but she made a gesture of impatience, as if it annoyed her to be so regarded, and to relieve his embarrassment, he gathered up the rose leaves one by one, still scattered on the table.

For some minutes Caroline walked hastily about the room, her hand pressed to her forehead, and her manner becoming each moment more and more agitated. At length she stopped suddenly before the young man, laid her hand on his, and said in a voice that, from its mingled wildness and energy, thrilled to his very heart:

"George, you have sought my hand when most men would have scorned the gift. You have wooed the love which has been wildly, madly exhausted on—on—nay, I cannot condescend to call him that which he too surely is. George Randall, do my behest in one thing, and I am yours for good or for evil, for life or death."

The youth grasped her hand, but seemed staggered by this sudden appeal. He could scarcely comprehend that a boon which he had so humbly sued for, should be thus suddenly flung at his feet. There was something unnatural—startling, in it all. His soul was in tumult, and he hesitated in answering.

Caroline's face darkened. "Has my hand become worthless? Is any *new* stain upon it since the last time it was sought, that you hesitate, before knowing the terms on which it is given?" she said scornfully.

"Not so, not so; you wrong me," replied Sargeant, in a voice of deep feeling. "I was bewildered, but did not hesitate. Why should I? You can make no terms worse than the sacrifice of society, friends, kindred; all these I was compelled to make, before my hand was offered You have but to name the price at which I am to win you, and it is given."

Caroline's eye kindled. She knew that he had sacrificed much in the pursuit of her love, and his chivalric devotion was grateful to her rankling and but half humbled heart.

"Avenge me on *his* father," she said, blanching white and pointing to the corpse—"avenge my wrong, and I will be to you a very slave! will love you as woman never yet loved man. Through good and through evil, I will cling to you—ay, to the very grave."

"Caroline," replied the young man, turning pale with intense feeling, and yet speaking slowly and with calm deliberation, as he gazed into her fiery and flashing eyes, "Caroline, you but ask that which I had resolved upon months ago. Life, even with you, girl, would be but torture, if there existed a shadow of chance that *he* might cross our path. I have heard him speak your

name—have brooked his mocking smile already, when the blood has boiled in my veins as if it had been kindled by the torch of a savage. No, no; become mine, and the earth is not large enough to contain that man and myself! Give me a right to avenge you, and my challenge shall be sent from the altar. The hour of bridal shall see you a widow, or that man a corpse!"

Caroline's brow contracted as with a painful and sudden flash of memory. She turned away to hide the sudden agitation of her face, and said—

"I was united to that man by the most sacred bond known to me—*the tie of honor*—dishonor, the world calls it. Were I to wed another while he is living, it were indeed so. Challenge him!" she continued, fiercely. Let the strife be mortal; and mark, George, in dying, let him know that his victim is not so valueless as he thinks—let him feel to his innermost heart that her hand is offered in reward for his death—that her love is given to his conqueror. Do this, and I am yours by any bond, this very night!"

"My *wife*, by religious forms—will you be that?" exclaimed Randall.

"Even so," she replied, with a bitter smile, "I have good cause to avoid weak ties of this kind."

Sargeant's brow flushed, but without answering, he went to the desk and hastily wrote a challenge. When it was finished, he brought it to Caroline. She read it, rang for a light, and proceeded to seal it with her own hand. Deliberately, and with steady fingers, as if it had been an ordinary note of invitation, she dropped the wax, and opening a secret drawer, took out a small opal seal, a rich and fanciful gem, its device, an eagle sheltering a dove beneath his wing, and its motto, "*Trust me.*" The seal had been Emmerson's first gift to the woman who had indeed trusted him so fatally. A smile of cold, bitter meaning wreathed her lips as she pressed it down into the yielding wax. She placed the challenge again into Sargeant's hands, saying very calmly—

"Now leave me, that I may bury my dead."

The little grave was dug in the corner of the garden, shaded by a cluster of lime and orange trees, violets flushed the sods which were to cover it, the fragrance of a large magnolia tree swept by with each passing breeze, and the tinkling music of a fountain, as it dripped over the rude stone basin which nature had formed for it, came pleasantly up from a valley near by. The mother had chosen a sweet and sheltered spot for the resting-place of her child, but yet it was a painful funeral. No man of God hallowed the scene, or bared his head in prayer, over that beautiful corpse. No solemn music arose through those shadowy branches, to consecrate the grave. Black slaves brought forth the coffin of inlaid mahogany, and with serious faces lowered it to its narrow bed. The earth was heaped over it with a dull smothered fall—the square green sods were pressed one by one on the little mound, and then the slaves went away slowly, and with tears staining their dusky faces, leaving the Atheist mother alone by the grave of her first born. She remained motionless, with folded arms and tearless eyes, leaning against the trunk of a tree, and gazing mournfully on the heap of newly-piled sods, as if, (to use one of Neal's most beautiful expressions,) she had buried her heart there, and was waiting for the flowers to spring up out of it.

The mother was yet standing by that grave, as a horseman dashed along the highway leading to the house. He saw her still in that melancholy spot, and springing from his horse crossed the garden with rapid strides, heedlessly trampling down the flower-beds in his path, while each heavy footprint sunk deep into the yielding earth in his progress. The mourner was yet lost in mournful thoughts, when Sargeant stood by her side, breathing hard through his shut teeth, and a dark fire breaking through his large grey eyes. He thrust a letter into her hand without speaking, and stood pale as death, and grinding his teeth with suppressed rage as she read it. The letter was a refusal of Sargeant's challenge, couched in terms of scornful insult—insult to her. Not a word was spoken—not one. Their respirations came at intervals. Their faces, lips, and even hands, were ashy pale. Their eyes met. The fierce spirit burning therein commingled, and murder was engendered. There was a withering smile on her lips, and her hand was pale to the finger nails as she extended it, and grasped his. Together they went to the house, still without speaking a word, their quick footsteps spurning the gravel walk at every tread, their hands interlocked, her eyes flashing, and his burning with a deep settled fire—the fire of stern purpose, and deadly hate. They entered the room whence the child had been removed. She threw open the desk, and took out a small rusty pistol; with her own steady fingers she put in the bullet, and placed the percussion cap; then bowing her white face to Randall's, and placing the weapon in his hand, she said in a low, distinct whisper—

"This night, at nine, I will be ready for the bridal."

Randall grasped the pistol, wrung her marble fingers convulsively, and left the house.

The bell rung a sharp summons. Caroline's black coachman and waiting-maid presented themselves before her. She ordered the first to see that her scarcely used carriage was brought to the door at nine, and when he had departed, bade the latter bring forth a dress of white satin and blond, which had been one of her festal dresses in happier times. The girl stared with astonishment at this strange demand, but on lifting her eyes to those of her mistress, she met a terrible brilliancy there, which checked the expressions of wonder almost breaking from her lips. Awe-stricken and afraid, she went out, and soon returned with the splendid finery. A smile of fierce mockery wreathed the lips of that unhappy lady as she took the glittering vestments from her servant's trembling hold, and calmly bade her withdraw. The girl shrunk away, terrified by a strange belief of her lady's insanity, for there was something wild and yet wickedly sublime in that beautiful face.

With a cold stern composure, Caroline put on the the bridal robe. Mechanically, and yet with nice exactitude, she smoothed each pearly fold, braided her long

black hair, and bound her marble forehead with a wreath of white roses, smiling a bitter, stony smile as her chill damp fingers performed their office. A jewel box lay before her—a small ebony casket, with a wreath of tiny forget-me-nots inlaid in silver about the lock. That, too, had been his gift, presented on the day her son was a week old—*his* gift, and he—the blood curdled about her heart when she thought of the act which might be doing even then. Still she seized the casket suddenly, as if she were grasping a serpent, forced open the lock, and untied a magnificent suit of pearls upon the table. They were large pearls, full of moonlight lustre, yet she drew her hand slowly over her eyes, as if to clear their sight, for to her wild fancy, it seemed as if the white gems were each turning red with a drop of blood at the heart. It was but a fleeting delusion. That strange smile which seemed to mock at her own weakness, came back to her lips. She took up the pearls, fastened the ear rings, bound the pure white bracelet above a hand almost crimson with murder, and at last drew the snowy necklace slowly around her neck. It had been there once before, playfully entwined by *his* hand. She remembered it—his words, his look —every thing; her face was for one moment convulsed, and as the pearls touched her delicate throat, it contracted as if circled by the fingers of death. Yet, with a kind of gladiator love of self-torture, she wound them but the tighter, and resolutely locked the clasp.

That fearful toilet was finished. Beautiful in her splendid agony, the bride seated herself, and stooping forward, with her hands locked firmly, her white lips slightly parted, and the gleaming teeth just perceptible underneath, she waited the coming of the bridegroom.

A noise came from without. The wretched woman started, her hands were entwined more rigidly, and each nerve seemed creeping through her frame with a distinct life of its own. The carriage drove round, and all was still again. Another ten minutes went by. A clock on the mantel-piece struck nine. An audible groan was wrung from her heart at each musical stroke. A low, sweet sound the clock gave forth, but to her it seemed like the iron tones of a death knell. Again there was a sound from without. The garden gate opened, and swung to with a sharp jar. Rapid, heavy footsteps smote along the gravel walk. The door was thrown open, and Randall stood before her; his brown hair lying in damp masses on his forehead, and big drops sparkling on the fierce curve of his upper lip. His white vest was soiled and spotted as with raindrops, where the perspiration had rained over it, and the discharged pistol hung loosely in his powerless hand. Caroline arose, and walked steadily toward him. The fire of his large eyes was smothered, a mist was upon them, and they quailed beneath her searching look. She knew that the deed of death was done, and reached forth her hand. He dashed the reeking pistol from him, almost crushed her hand in his own, and muttered, in a voice hoarse and indistinct—

"It is done! Let us away. His blood will not yet be upon the altar."

He felt the shudder that crept through her frame, even to the fingers grasped in his. He dropped her hand as if about to relinquish it even then, after its fearful price had been paid. Then flinging his arms wildly about her form, he drew it to his bosom, and pressed his lips to her white face. Again she shuddered. It seemed as if he had thus imprinted the brand of Cain which burned on his own forehead, indelibly upon her's. They entered the carriage, and drove forth to seal their crime with a vow before the pure altar of Heaven.

They were married—those two sinful beings—and the bond of their crime was consummated. Then fell upon that woman a feeling of attachment wild and unnatural, for the partner of her sin—a passion like that which binds the mother to the idiot, or the child most hideously deformed, who has claims upon her sympathy. When the sure footsteps of the law fell upon his path, she would have shielded him by a confession that she alone had perpetrated the murder, and when that failed—when she saw him dragged from her home, and consigned to a criminal's cell, she followed him to the prison, and with a devotion worthy of a better cause, ministered to his wants, consoled his forlorn condition, and remained firmly by his side through the trial, and to the very day of his execution.

The morning of that gloomy day at length dawned. Caroline was sitting by the murderer's bed; he slept heavily, and her position was a painful one, for his head rested upon her arm, and the weight bent her form forward 'till it almost lay across the pillow. Her fine hair had broken loose, and lay in a black and half twisted mass upon her shoulder, casting her form into shadow, and increasing the pallid hue, 'till she looked passionate and deathly as the head of Osgood's Cleopatra, that last and most splendid effort of his genius.* She bent her cold cheek to that of the sleeper for a moment, and then softly withdrawing her arm, rested his head on the pillow. She lifted her hand, thrust it into her bosom, and remained motionless for the space of several minutes. When her hand again appeared, it was clutched round the haft of a poniard, that which we have before mentioned. She bent her pale head again as if to be certain that her companion still slept. When satisfied of this, her fingers worked with a closer grasp about the poniard, it flashed out into the grey light, descended, and was flung from that desperate hand to a corner of the dungeon. But this time its blade was warm and red to the haft. A change fell upon the face of that wretched being, her forehead contracted, the hue of death came to her lips, and the small hand which she had pressed hard against her side, was crimson to the finger ends. With her hand still forcing the life blood back upon her heart, she crept to an opposite side of the bed, and stretching herself upon it, lay motionless. A moment, and her limbs faintly relaxed, the hand fell red and wet from her side, and she never moved again.

*To be seen at his room, corner of Chamber Street and Broadway.

When Randall was summoned to execution by the sheriff, he was found sitting on his bed, with the lifeless form of his wife clasped to his bosom, and weeping over it as a mother might mourn over her first born. He looked up and smiled when informed that his time had come. With trembling limbs he stretched his cold burthen upon the bed, folded the hands softly upon her bosom, and touching her cold forehead with lips scarcely less cold, turned away.

They were buried together—the guilty man, and that beautiful and gifted creature, who had tempted him to evil. In each other's arms, and sharing the same coffin, they were laid in unconsecrated earth both victims—for in substance, this tale is no fiction—to a wicked doctrine promulgated by a *woman lecturer*—one who, in attempting to leap the barrier which so beautifully divides the sexes, became rejected by one, and justly despised by the other; a woman who is now reaping her merited reward in the neglect and contempt alike of those whom she disgraced and those whom she would audaciously have rivalled!

Original.

THE PREACHING OF POPE URBAN.

BY JOSEPH BARBER.

The following stanzas refer to the celebrated council held at Clermont, in Auvergne, towards the close of the eleventh century, at the instance of Pope Urban, the II., for the ostensible purpose of regulating the affairs of the church, but, in reality, to confirm the chivalry of Europe in their design of wresting the Holy Land from the Saracens. The assemblage was composed of an unheard of multitude of Priests, Princes and nobles, of Italy, Germany, France and Spain, all willing and eager to receive the Pope's injunctions with reverence and obedience. The enthusiasm kindled by the preaching of Peter, the Hermit, became a perfect furor after the council of Clermont. The first results were terribly disastrous. Millions, under the banners of *Guatier Sans Avoir*, and the Hermit, set forth for Palestine, only to perish by famine and the sword, in the marshes of Hungary, or before the walls of Nice. The next expedition was better organized, and its leaders, after losing more than two thirds of their gallant army, had, at length, the satisfaction of planting the banner of the cross upon the walls of Jerusalem.

Waves the white standard of the church, o'er Clermont's
frowning walls,
The city swarms with mail-clad men, and bright the sunshine
falls
On 'broidered pennons, jewelled helms, on plumes—a tossing sea,
And all the gay and glittering pomp of knighthood's panoply.

The lances of the Rhine are there, the paladins of Spain,
The haughty knights of Normandy, the nobles of Lorraine;
Tarentum's purple banner streams o'er twice five hundred
spears,
And, centre of a radiant host, the Oriflamme appears.

Ne'er since puissant Chivalry snatched up the avenging spear,
Defied the spoiler to the lists, and ran his first career,
Did herald's voice, to joust or fray, bid forth so brave a band
As now, within old Clermont's walls, in arms together stand.

High on a platform in the midst, stands one whose fiat dread,
Outweighs all law, suspends all power, discrowns the proudest
head;
Around, in gorgeous vestments clothed, Rome's lordly priests
are seen,
But Urban towers above them all, in majesty of mien.

His triple crown is cast aside, his mantle edged with gold,
And simple robes of snowy white the pontiff's limbs enfold;
The Red Cross blazes on his breast, and in his soul the flame
Of zeal, beyond the power of fate to baffle or to tame.

He speaks, and in impassioned words his glowing thoughts
find way,
The spirit with Promethean touch has roused the failing clay;
With port erect and flashing eye, in accents firm and strong,
He claims, as God's vicegerent here, revenge for Christian
wrong.

"Think! Champions of the Cross," he cries, "a God-defying
race
Have pitched their tents on Calvary, defiled each holy place;
The Saviour's miracles they scoff, His followers hold in chains,
And o'er the soil that drank his blood, their paynim caliph
reigns.

"Brothers in Christ, from the far East I hear the martyr's cry,
Your brethren writhe upon the Cross, beneath the scourge they
die;
The daughters of Jerusalem are toys of heathen lust,
And the foul walls that hide their shame, are reared on sainted
dust.

"The symbols of our holy faith, are marks for moslem scorn,
And palmers tell—the famished few permitted to return—
That on the bones of pilgrim dead, their altar-stones they
raise,
And in the sepulchre of Christ, shout their false prophet's
praise!

"The sacrilege shall be atoned, 'mid those blaspheming hordes
Shall rage, with a resistless might, your God-avenging swords,
'Till dim with sacrificial blood, dulled with the work of doom,
Ye sheath them with victorious shouts, around the rescued
tomb.

"Rich are the plains of Palestine, her mountains cedar-crowned,
Glorious her olive-cinctured hills, with blue streams winding
round,
And on her plains, like emerald isles clasped by a golden sea,
Thick groves of palm the red sands dot, to tell where fountains
be.

"The presence of the Godhead once, those scenes with glory
filled—
The mountains trembled at His voice, the rushing waves were
stilled.
God wills that ye reclaim the soil from sacrilege and shame,
And I devote ye to the work, in His most holy name.

"I see, methinks, this valiant band, ranged on the Syrian
shore,
The white waves barring all retreat, the Infidel before,
Refulgent o'er their serried ranks, the crescent banners shine,
And in their midst is borne, reversed, our faith's dishonored
sign.

"A rush as of ten thousand wings—a shout—a shock—and lo!
Crushed by an avalanche of steel, down, down, the moslem go!
Blood gouts have dimmed the crescent's sheen, the Caliph's
flag is riven,
And in his camp, as victors stand, the soldiery of Heaven!

"And now, by God's authority, upon his church devolved,
Your sins I solemnly pronounce, remitted and absolved,
To perish by your conquering sword, I doom the heathen
brood,
Bind the red cross upon your helms, and forth to Holy Rood.

"'God wills it!' In the hour of strife, be that your charging
cry—
'God wills it!' All that multitude with one wild shout reply.
And oft again, in after days, that dreadful war cry pealed,
Where fetlock deep in moslem blood, those warriors scoured
the field.

Original.

THE GUILTY WIFE.

"Go—and sin no more."

Lonely and sad was the heart of Emily Chilton. She had left her native land, with her pure mind unsullied by the follies of the fashionable world, and at the early age of fifteen had laid aside the discipline of her school for the pageantry of a bride, to gratify the ambition of her parents, whose blissful experience of wedded life, led them to hope their daughter's happiness and interest were both secured by the desired union, forgetting the bond of love which had made their trials seem so light—the soothing sympathy of congenial hearts which shared each other's sorrows. "But Emily is so young," they said, "and so gentle, she will be easily won by kindness and indulgence, and Captain Chilton is well calculated to guide her affections." And mild and gentle she was, and pliable the material which in proper hands would have been moulded into perfect form —but, alas! for human guidance.

A boyish ambition, which he dignified by the name of patriotism and courage, had induced Louis Chilton to join the American navy, and, as in those days promotion came not so tardily, and anxious hearts waited not as now, until their laurels withered above the frosty brow of age ere they received the meed of long tried service, Louis had attained the dignity of Captain while he was still young enough to prove his gratitude for his country's favor, by the prospect of a long life devoted to his country's good; but the unexpected acquisition of a large fortune, by the death of a distant relative, proved too great a temptation, and as it was necessary that he should personally attend to his estate, he easily satisfied himself it was best to resign his commission. It cost him some pangs to separate from those with whom he was accustomed to associate, but a sailor must be ever forming new ties, and Louis had none but those of casual acquaintance to sever.

Among his earliest recollections, and mingled with sweet tones of his mother's voice, were the soft airs of Normandy, and many a song of "la belle France," sung to him by lips now hushed in the stilly sleep of death; but the ardent wish to visit his mother's home still lived in the bosom of her son, and the occasional tours which he had been obliged to make in his professional capacity, had afforded him but little opportunity to gratify his desire, and now that he might claim a goodly portion of that "land," he determined to take immediate possession; but he wished not to go alone. He had met Emily Russell at a party, and was struck with her sweet face and simple manners, and thought if he could gain the affection of that youthful heart, what a lovely flower he would transplant from the "wilds of America" to that hot-bed of vice and fashion, Paris. It has been often said that our sex is fascinated by an officer's uniform. I know not how it is, but either the *dress* or the *man*, have peculiar tact in making themselves agreeable. I more than half suspect there is a lurking vanity at the bottom, which makes us think their glittering epaulettes and tinsel show, brings *ourselves* into more conspicuous notice, certain it is that Emily was pleased and flattered by the attention of the fine looking Captain Chilton, and it needed not much persuasion to obtain her consent to his wishes.

Two years had passed since these events had occurred, and amid the festive scenes of the gay world, Emily had almost forgotten she had a heart to be won and neglected the all-important duty of securing her husband's affection. 'Tis true he treated her not unkindly, he gave her unlimited sway of his purse, and consequently their occasional interviews were not clouded by reproaches or complaints; but the heart of woman yearns with an aching void which nothing less than the "untold wealth of heart" can satisfy.

Among the constant visitors at Emily's soirées, was the young Count de L——. Gay, witty, and a devoted admirer of his fair hostess, need I say he was a most welcome guest. She never chid him that he came too often or staid too late. There seemed a spell which chained her to his society—drew forth her best feelings, and those superior powers of conversation, which Emily, almost unknown to herself, possessed. And then it was *so* pleasant for him to correct her little mistakes, in a language which few but natives speak correctly, and she was *so* submissive, and *so* grateful, for what she deemed his disinterested attention.

The Count de L—— was not utterly depraved, but let it not be supposed that a young heart, unguarded but by mere morality, can pass the ordeal of Parisian life unscathed, unless clad in the panoply of unyielding piety—the shafts of temptation will pierce the frail barrier of feeble resolves, which are formed in almost every breast before they are exposed to its influence.

He had discovered Emily's feelings towards him long before she was aware of them herself, but unwilling to lose his advantage, which he feared would be the case should he alarm her by a profession of his attachment, he silently allowed her to live on in the pleasing delusion.

Such was the state of things when he was called away for a few months. His last words at parting were filled with meaning and spoke volumes to the heart of Emily. After his departure she grew listless and unhappy—her soirées lost their charms, and she secluded herself under the plea of indisposition. Her husband she seldom met, and when she did, he found his once gay Emily quiet and melancholy. Five long weeks had she waited the return of the Count, and yet he came not. She began to fear it was only the whisperings of her own heart which taught her to think he loved. Thus we found her at the commencement of our tale. She had watched for him in vain, and worn out with suspense, she almost gave up hope, and when at last he came, and in the joy of meeting forgot they must ever part again, he poured forth the treasures of his love, and thought not of those ties which bound her to another; and the lovely, gifted Emily Chilton sacrificed her honor and her duty at the shrine of guilty love.

And where was he who had sworn at God's altar to protect and cherish her? Could he not warn her of her perilous situation? Alas! he thought not of her—he had long since ceased to seek his happiness in his

domestic circle, and found attractions in the captivating round of pleasure to which his abundant resources gave him easy access, and left his young wife to the guidance of her own inclinations. True, she had some misgivings, and ever and anon the 'still, small voice' of her mother's prayer 'lead her not into temptation,' whispered to her 'beware!' but the fitful gleam of virtue paled amid the lurid atmosphere of love, which Count de L—— so often vowed should be always sunshine—and Emily fell.

We will not attempt to describe the feelings of her husband when he was informed of her flight—grief for the misery which he saw she had accumulated for the future, and remorse for his own neglect, determined him to lose no time in seeking her retreat, and using every means to induce her return to virtue. Long and patiently did he search for her in vain; when, walking one warm afternoon among the lovely vineyards in the south of France, he sought rest and refreshment in one of the neat little cottages by the way-side. Scarcely had he seated himself when the well-known figure of his wife passed rapidly through the adjoining room and fled from the cottage. He strove to follow her, but she was soon lost in the intricate windings of the vineyard.

The laborers of France are contented to take their mid-day meal of bread and garlick with their bottle of claret, under the vines where they gather their fruit, and knowing the communicative disposition of these persons, Captain Chilton inquired of them to whom the cottage belonged. They told him it was the property of the Count de L——, that the lady who occupied it was a poor relation of his, who was dependent on his bounty; that she was seldom seen abroad, and received no company except the occasional visits of the Count. They could tell nothing of her, whence she came, or if she was happy. Once she had been seen weeping, and her fair complexion and blue eyes led them to suppose she was a foreigner. She was charitable to those who applied at her door for alms—but, on no occasion had they been able to converse with her.

The next day Captain Chilton wrote to his wife entreating permission to visit her, but received no answer. Disheartened but not hopeless, he wrote again.

My still dear Emily:—

Let me beg of you to see me once more, and persuade you to leave the paths of sin, before you feed upon the bitter fruits which you have garnered there. Let the past be buried in oblivion, return to America, and dedicate the remainder of your life to the fulfilment of those duties which my inattention has caused you to neglect, and I will endeavor to guard you with the pure devotion of a *brother's love*."

But Emily could not see him, she knew she had forfeited her right to his protection—that as his wife she could not meet him; and, although his generous offer of brotherly affection, made her feel from what she had fallen, it sounded cold on the ears which had heard such soft music from the syren tongue of seductive love. She began already to feel those tones had become less tender, and the visits of the Count less frequent, but he had taken care she should want no comfort which money could procure, and his poor victim was content to bask in the sunshine of his presence, at such times as suited his convenience to pass a few hours with her.

To her husband's letter she returned but few words—

"It is in vain—leave me to my lot—yet deem me not ungrateful for your kindness, and plead for me when my parents shall hear of my disgrace—be as lenient as your judgment will allow to the faults of Emily."

Weary and discouraged, Captain Chilton returned to Paris. To all the letters of her parents, he simply answered—"Emily is well." His conscience would not permit him to tell them the consequence of his neglect of the treasure they had committed to his care, and he still indulged a latent hope, that when she should have become sated with her present mode of life, and convinced of the fragile tenure on which she held the affections of the Count, Emily would consent to return to her native country.

Meanwhile the Count de L—— was pursuing his pleasure at Bordeaux—sufficiently near Emily to visit her whenever he was inclined to do so; but he daily felt she had less influence over him, although it would seem an additional tie had bound them together, in the person of her infant daughter, but he knew not a father's feelings because he felt not a father's rights. And Emily, found a new source of consolation for his absence, in the nurture of the little Adelé. The first emotions of a mother's love opened the fount of virtuous feelings, which had been so long sealed by crime. She could now realize her parents' misery when they heard of her degradation, for she knew not they had been spared the tale of woe; and she resolved, so soon as her health would permit her to undertake the journey, she would return to them, a guilty but repentant child, for she knew a mother's arms would be ever ready to embrace her, when all else would turn from her in scorn.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days."

This beautiful metaphor of Holy Writ, is taken from the custom of the Egyptains, whose country being inundated by the Nile, at the time of sowing their grain nearly until harvest, cast their seed upon the water, which, in due time sinks into the earth, and "after many days, they see the fruit of their labor," and gather their sheaves rejoicing.

Thus it was with Emily—the good seed which had been sown while her young heart was in all its pristine purity, although so long hidden by the waves of vice and affliction, began to spring up in her heart, the omniscient eye of an overruling Providence had watched that germ, which warmed by the beams of the "Sun of Righteousness," was now to bring forth fruits meet for repentance.

One bright moonlight evening, as she sat gazing upon her slumbering infant, and thinking its angel innocence might shield her from temptation and danger, she was startled by footsteps beneath her window; a boy handed her a letter and disappeared. It was from the Count—he informed her, "that circumstances had occurred which induced him to marry a lady of much beauty and high birth. He hoped Emily would not judge him too harshly—he would often think of her, should always provide for her, but they must not meet again." The blow was heavy but it was sent in mercy, and did not break the bruised reed. Emily deigned no answer; she merely returned the key of the cottage,

and having disposed of the jewels and wardrobe which her parents had given her, took passage for herself and child for New-Orleans.

There, although a stranger in her own country, she soon found friends, who interested by her sweet face and desolate condition, obtained for her the means of subsistence. She had been well educated and her long residence in France had enabled her to acquire a proficiency in the language, and in the humble capacity of teacher of French and music, Emily found more quiet happiness, than when as the courted and flattered bride of Louis Chilton, she revelled in the gilded saloons and splendid misery of a life in Paris.

And Adelé, too, began to totter beside her mother, as she went to teach her pupils, and tried to lisp after them "*parlez vous*," and "*bon soir*," to be sure it sounded as much like Greek as French, but then her infant efforts seemed to Emily very precocious in a babe of a year and a half old.

She had written to her mother soon after her arrival, giving her an account of all that had transpired since she last heard from her, and begging a few lines to assure her she was forgiven and remembered with affection. She told her she was living in honest independence on the proceeds of her own exertions, and needed no pecuniary assistance, but her heart yearned for that consolation and sympathy, which she who gave her birth alone could give. She had not long to wait for an answer. Mr. Russell received a letter from Captain Chilton informing him that Emily had left France and gone he knew not whither. On making another attempt to see her he found the cottage closed, and all the neighbors could tell him, was that the Count de L—— was married, and a few days before had made the same inquiries concerning "the lady," and they presumed he was quite as ignorant of her residence as themselves. Louis still hoped she had gone to America, and he begged Mr. Russell, if such should be the case, to find the place of her abode, and receive her with kindness.

Most welcome then were the tidings which Emily's letter conveyed to the stricken heart of her parents. They wrote to her to meet them at Savannah in the ensuing fall, and left the little village where they had resided since their marriage, to follow her to the "sunny south," and after six months of loneliness at New-Orleans, in the arms of her natural protectors, the weary dove found rest.

—

"See, see, mamma," lisped the little Adelé, "who is that gentleman coming up the lawn?"

Emily fixed a long, earnest gaze upon the stranger—and ere she could speak, was folded to the breast of her husband. "Forgive, Louis," she murmured, "forgive your repentant wife."

And did Louis Chilton spurn from him one whom he felt was more "sinned against than sinning?" No—he looked upon her chastened features and knew her afflictions had been sanctified, and he clasped her to his bosom—the future resting place of all her joys and sorrows.

And are there those, who from mistaken ideas of delicacy and honor, would blame his decision? "*Let him who is without sin among you cast the first stone.*"

D. M. H.

Original.

WYOMING.

I.

Vale of the hills, Wyoming!
Begirt by greenwood mountain walls,
Where day's last sun-tints sleep, and fling,
From all their emerald coronals,
Soft shadow o'er thy vine-wreathed halls:
Thou art Sylvania's highland home,
Though no Ben Lomond's eyrie-crest,
Bendeth its pines above thy breast,
When winter's tempests come.

II.

Ere Freedom in her eagle-flight,
Spread her pure pinions o'er thy vale,
The wild-rose blossomed on the height—
The rill laughed many a merry tale,
In its wild leap adown the dale—
Thy haunts the lonely red-man sought,
And the young Lackawannock bore
His bounding skiff along its shore,
With nature's skill, untaught.

III.

Gone are the wigwams of his race,
The bow has fallen, the whoop is still,
The leaves of Autumn hide their place
Of rest, on every haunted hill,
By mossy rock and fountain rill,—
Yet proudly stands their forest-tree,
Shading the jasmine of the dell,
And Cynthia sheds the same soft spell,
From her blue canopy.

IV.

The villa with its nooks of shade,
And the neat cottage, Wyoming!
Peep from each plain and skirted glade,
Wrought by Art's fair imagining,
'Mong Autumn fruits, and flowers of Spring—
Nor Rosia on the Sabine field,
Nor the rich valleys of the Rhine,
From tulip-branch and trellised vine,
Beauties, more luscious, yield.

V.

And it is meet that such a home,
Be hallowed by the sleeping brave,
Whose spirits, in sweet memory, come,
Forth from their monumental grave,
By Susquehannah's murmuring wave,
And mingle in the simple grief
Of desolate birds—and in the shade
Of eve, with zephyr, haunt the glade
And kiss each trembling leaf.

Wyoming Valley, Oct. 1841. H. W. N.

Original.

BIDDY WOODHULL;*

OR, THE PRETTY HAY-MAKER.

A TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'LAFITTE,' 'CAPT. KYD,' 'THE QUADROON,' 'BURTON,' ETC., ETC.

PART II.

"Love laughs at locksmiths."

THE memory of the hour's tête-a-tête with the handsome young angler beneath the shadow of the old apple-tree, was all that sweetened, after his departure for Charleston, the bitter cup of Biddy's domestic servitude. At length, her amiable sister, Euphrosia, heard of this interview, through a rustic called Mike Moore; who witnessed it and told it in petty jealousy. It was during a visit to a neighbor's that the intelligence was whispered into her ear. That Biddy should have a beau first, and a *city* beau, that was not to be endured by a young lady of her temperament. She made no delay in hastening home to vent her rage upon the lovely victim of household ill-humor. Biddy was sitting in the door pearing apples for a dumpling, and was singing, as her sister approached—

"Some love to roam,
Away, from home—"

"Yes, you little jade," cried Miss Euphrosia, untying the strings of her bonnet and removing it from her head with a flushed countenance; "yes, some love to roam, miss! in hay-fields, under apple-trees, miss! with strangers, miss! I'll put a stop to this kind of pretty business very quick, miss!"

"What's the matter, 'Phrosia?" cried the mother, coming out of the dairy with a roll of butter in her hand which she was working; "what's the jade done now?" and she cast an angry and suspicious maternal glance towards the silent, conscious Biddy.

"Done, mother! she has been flirting and fooling with a young city gentleman she's got acquainted with some how. Yes, when she should have been making hay she was making love! I wish," she added, spitefully, on reflecting how much she had herself missed, "I wish I had never let her go to the meadow! But who'd have thought it?"

By degrees Biddy's mother got the whole tale from the mortified and indignant Miss Euphrosia; when she turned full upon the culprit, who with her blushing face half hid in the dark curls that fell around it, bent her head over the pan of apples to hide her confusion. She was rather angry than intimidated, and while she feared her mother's wrath she could not but secretly smile at her sister's vexation and her own triumph.

"So, jade!" cried the mother, stepping up to her and stooping so as to bring her face upon a level with her's; "so, you have been encouraging beaux! Pretty hay-making this! I'll teach you how to make hay! I'll give you beaux to be sure! What right have you to speak to a man? What right have you to let a man speak to you? A whole hour under the apple-tree and that old fool, my husband, snoring away all the time, I'll wager! Oh, you little deception-piece! Oh, you trollop! Who was the man?"

"I don't know, mother," said Biddy.

"Don't know! You shall tell! You'll get to be no better than you should be, yet! But I'll take care o' that! I'll make you tell who the villain is you keep company with! Won't tell! *We'll see!* Put down that apple-pan—put it down I say and come with me to the attic!"

Biddy obeyed and silently followed the cross old woman to a little dark room opening upon the roof of the old farm house.

"Now, miss!" said her mother, taking breath, "here you shall stay shut up just one week on bread and water! I'll cure your love and flirts! One week shall you stay, and then a week more if you don't let me know who it was Mike Moore saw you billing and cooing with under the apple-tree! Will you tell, jade?"

"I don't know, mother," said Biddy, vexed and weeping.

"Don't know, mother," mocked Miss Euphrosia, from the bottom of the stairs; "lock her up, mamma, and let's see if it's 'don't know, mother,' at the end of the week! There is nothing like lock and key and bread and water for love and obstinacy!"

Finding she could get no confession from Biddy, her mother locked her in, though not without leaving her a large quantity of wool for her to card before night, saying she should have enough work to do, "if she was locked up."

Left alone, the youthful prisoner sat for a long time upon the edge of the low bedstead that nearly filled the room, and the tears trickled silently down her bright cheek. But Biddy's spirit was not such as readily bows to grief. It was keenly alive to injustice and could not endure insult or wrong. She reflected upon her situation, and felt that she was the victim of a species of domestic tyranny that might last until life itself ended. She felt she had done nothing to deserve all she daily suffered at the hands of her mother and sisters; and that in the present instance she was blameless. She knew not the name of her admirer. She had, therefore, told no falsehood. She felt she was unjustly and wrongfully punished.

"Am I to endure this for life?" she said, her dark eyes flashing and her cheek burning; "no, I will be a slave no longer! I will quit this hateful house this very night! I will go to the city and seek for employment. Other young girls have gone there and are doing well! Why may not I? I have to work and slave here at home, a common drudge—I can be placed in no worse condition in the city; and I may, at least, find people that will be kind to me! Oh, dear! this way I live at home will break my spirit! I tremble now at my mother's or sisters' step, or the sound of their voices. I will tremble no longer! I will run-away and take care of myself. The day may come when they will be glad to have the privilege of speaking to me, much as they despise me now! The West-Chester stage passes the

* Continued from page 17.

gate at five o'clock to-morrow morning. If I can possibly escape from this room I will be at the gate before any one is up and take it! I have five shillings of my own, and the fare is only half a dollar."

Having formed this resolution in her mind, Biddy looked round her little chamber and collected all the scanty apparel that she could call her own into a bundle which she hid beneath the bed. She arranged more neatly a pretty artificial in her Sunday hat, smoothed out the ribbons and prepared all her travelling costume, as it should be. Soon as she had got all things ready for her elopement, she sat down and began diligently to card the wool her mother had left for her day's task, the mean while thinking of her apple-tree lover, and singing:

"They told me not to love him,
They said that he would prove
Unworthy of so rich a gem
As woman's priceless love,

"What is that caterwauling up there in the loft, you miss," cried the gentle Euphrosia; "mother didn't lock you up there to sing, I guess!"

Biddy ceased her song and continued her carding, while her thoughts busily ran upon the mode in which she could best effect her escape. All at once she laid down her cards and stepped softly to the door. The lock was a large stout one, and the bolt went deep and firmly into its bed! A few moments examination convinced her she could not move it. Shaking her little plodding head she approached the window and softly opened it. It was what is called a dormant window. For several feet the steep roof descended from it to the eaves, from which it was twelve feet to the ground. She surveyed this mode of egress with much misgivings; to slide safely down the roof and then descend to the ground, was a feat she hardly dare attempt. Yet she could see no other mode of escape, and resolved to attempt it towards morning, if she could find any thing by which to let herself down from the room. After a long search for a cord or a hank of yarn, and not being able to find any, she was forced to give up all thoughts of this mode of egress. Again she approached the door and carefully examined the lock. It promised to resist all efforts to move it. She was ready to give up all hopes of escape unless by the dangerous passage of the roof, the height of which intimidated her. As her eyes wandered over the door she saw that a screw was loose in one of the hinges. Instantly the idea occurred to her that if it were possible to remove the hinges she might escape at midnight through the door, and so by stealing down stairs, softly pass out of the house by the back door, which, as is customary in farmer's houses, was always left on the latch.

With an eager touch she tremblingly took hold of the loosened screw. It yielded, and a few revolutions placed it in her hand. There were two more in the same hinge and three in the hinge below, all five of which, on examination, seemed to be too firmly driven to be removed without a screw-driver. After a moment's reflection, Biddy recollected there was an old case-knife among some nails and rubbish in a trunk beneath the bed. She soon had it in her hand, and to her delight, on trial, found that it fitted the heads of the screws. To make sure, she applied herself to startone of them. After a little exertion it yielded! Great was her joy at this promise of success. The second also gave way to her broken knife, and in a few minutes she had loosened all five of them a single turn in their bed.

"Now," said she, with triumph, "all I have to do is to take off the hinges when every body is asleep and walk quietly out of the house. I feel already free! What will sister, Euphrosia, say! Oh, what will mother do? Sally 'll be glad, because I shall be out of the way of offering temptation to her awkward sweet-heart, John Burn!"

"What are you at here, miss?" suddenly cried her mother, bolting into the room. "I've been listening and hant heard a bit of carding for ten minutes! What are you doin', jade, with that old knife?"

"Nothing, mother," said Biddy, throwing it behind the bed.

"Nothing, I'll promise you! Oh, you are a good-for-nothing!" Here the old woman looked at her carding. "Not two bats of wool carded, as I'm a living woman! What have you been doing all this while? Tell me, or I'll wallop you if you was fifty years old!"

"I've been carding."

"Carding!" repeated her mother, scornfully; "I could do in five minutes what you have been two whole hours at! Well, you don't go to bed this night, nor I neither, 'till you get that wool all carded and batted, so you know what's best for yourself!"

Here the maternal jailor was leaving the little prison in which she had confined our heroine, but turned back to say—

"Don't let me hear any more singing, miss, if you do, I'll tie a handkerchief over your mouth, and see how you'll like that! Come now, work! I shall be in after night's milking to see if you have done your task."

With this parting admonition she left her to her solitude and carding.

"Oh, how glad I am she did not get the knife," said Biddy, as her mother closed the door at the stair-foot; "now I have that I don't care how much she scolds. Oh, I wish the night would come. Well, if I don't card this wool, I see it will interfere with my plan of escape, for mother 'll set up all night to make me do it. I'll work hard and have it done when she comes in and then she'll let me alone 'till morning. Dear, delightful morning, that is to give me freedom! It will then find the bird flown from its cage!"

Biddy now set herself industriously to ply her task. She was naturally studious, and labor was rather a pleasure than a toil to her. As the sun set she completed her "stint," and soon afterwards she received the anticipated visit of her amiable mother. Mrs. Woodhull looked sharply at her "bats" and then cast her eyes round the room and looked under the bed to see if none of the wool had been concealed to lesson the task.

"Well, girl, you have got through, I see. It's well for you you have. To-morrow I'll give you something

else you'll not get through quite so easy. Here, 'Phrosia, bring your sister up her supper."

Biddy heard a light malicious laugh from below, and the gentle Euphrosia appeared with a tin dipper filled with water, in one hand, and a plate of the crust of bread held in the other. She could hardly conceal her exultation beneath a look of assumed compassion. Placing them on a chair she gave the prisoner a glance of malicious pleasure, made her a contemptuous curtsy, and left the room. Biddy would have cried with vexation if she had not determined on flight from her tormentors; as it was, she smiled quietly like one conscious of having the victory.

"There is your supper, trollop!" said her mother, in her usual cross tone; "bread and water, just as I promised you! It's all you'll get 'till your week's out. Now, you go to bed and don't let me hear any more singing."

"No, ma'm," said Biddy, calmly and quietly.

"You are quite cured, I see, with your being shut up. Oh, yes, I'll bring down your high look and proud spirit. Lovers! City beaux! I guess you'll care 'bout 'em after a week's living on bread and water! Now to bed, for I'll have you get out of it bright and early."

With this the old woman left her and went down stairs, from whence Biddy heard the hateful laughter of the tender Miss Euphrosia as she asked her mother how she relished the bread and water.

"Yes, they may laugh to-night and I will laugh to-morrow," said Biddy. "This hateful bread! They have given me what no body can eat. If I should stay here they would positively starve me! No one can blame me for running away from such a home—for leaving such an unnatural mother and sister."

Biddy drank a little water but left the stale crust untouched; then placing her bundle on a chair, and her neat Sunday bonnet upon it, and laying her old case-knife beneath her little pillow, she threw herself upon her bed without undressing, and was soon buried in profound sleep. Accustomed to wake at dawn to build all the fires, she did not fear oversleeping herself; on the contrary, while asleep, she retained the consciousness of the purpose she had in view, and this consciousness caused her to wake just after midnight. She instantly, but lightly, started to her feet, and looked out of the window to learn from the stars, which shone brightly, the hour. Though she could discover in the east no traces of morning, she resolved at once to effect her escape from the house and wait by the road-side for the stage.

Listening some time, and finding the whole house still, she put on a neat calico dress, her cottage hat, and best shoes, and sticking her old green parasol through the knot of her bundle, she took the broken knife from beneath the pillow, and approached the door. After pausing to be sure that all was quiet below, she felt for the hinges, (for the room was lighted only by the stars,) and after a few awkward attempts, she succeeded in drawing the first screw. In a few seconds the other followed, and the upper hinge was liberated from the door! Inspired by her success, to active exertion, the fair girl stooped to draw the three from the lower hinge, careful, the while, to keep the door in its place, lest it should fall upon her head, or, worse still, upon the floor, and so betray her by the noise! She had drawn one out, and was turning the second, when the knife slipped from her grasp, and fell at her feet with a sharp startling sound! Involuntarily she held her breath, while her heart ceased to beat! Full two minutes she remained immoveable, listening to learn if the noise had disturbed any one; but all was silent. Every one slept save herself. Again she renewed her work with more caution, and the last screw slowly yielded to her knife. The next moment, with a bounding pulse, she drew it forth from its loosened bed with her fingers.

The most difficult part was now to be achieved. The door was made of heavy oak plank, and she feared that in displacing it, she might, from want of strength and light, let it fall to the ground. She was, however, not a girl to be checked by possible obstacles. Standing up, she felt for the bolt which alone held the door, and as she did so, scarcely could she refrain from smiling at the emphasis with which she recollected her mother had last turned it to secure her, as if she had said, "Good bolt, I can safely trust *you!*"

Fertile in expedients, Biddy, on finding the bolt would easily slide out from the side in which it was so strongly imbedded, to prevent the door falling upon her when she should move it, drew, without noise, her bedstead along, 'till a corner of it pressed against the door, and served as a supporter. Having made this cautious preparation, she took hold of the door by the side on which the hinges had hung, and exerting all her strength, drew it bodily towards her. As the bolt left its socket, the whole weight of the door was supported an instant upon her arm, which soon gave out, when it fell heavily over upon the bed which her sagacity had placed to receive it. A dead sound, not very loud, was all the effect it produced. She paused, and listened to see if the noise had awakened any one, when, finding all was still as before, she began to indulge the joyful emotions that filled her bosom at the prospect of securely effecting her escape.

Taking up her bundle, and feeling in her bosom to ascertain if her little purse of five shillings was safe, she knelt down by her bed side, and softly and piously repeated the "Lord's prayer," a beautiful series of petitions that, poor girl, she much needed to put up at such a time. Then with a light heart and a lighter step she crossed the prostrate door of her little prison. Accustomed to traverse the whole house in the dark, she found no difficulty in reaching the narrow angular stairway that led to the large family room below. Softly as a kitten and with as stealthy a step, she descended the stairs and opened the door at its foot and entered the room below. All was still, save the monotonous ticking of the old clock standing in the farthest corner, and the occasional sharp chirp of a cricket on the hearth, where a faint gleam showed the half-buried fire. She listened to detect any sound from her mother's room, which was on one side of the family room, or from her sister's which was on the other. She could only hear her father

snoring. Gaining confidence she stole across the wide room and laid her hand, dark as it was, readily upon the wooden latch! She hesitated ere she raised it, for a feeling of loneliness and desolation came suddenly over her! She was leaving the house of her infancy—the roof of her child-hood, perhaps for ever! her father, too, whom she loved, possibly never to see him more! She felt desolate, and her heart swelled with grief at the cruel fate that should drive her thus young and unprotected from the home which should have been the natural asylum of her youth and innocence. And whither was she to go? For *what* was she to exchange her present unhappy lot? Was she going to a happier one?

Such were the thoughts that passed through her mind as she stood with the latch half lifted in her fingers; but this natural emotion was temporary. The next moment she raised the latch and crossed the well-worn door stone into the night air! She immediately experienced a sensation of freedom and elasticity of spirits. Her pulse bounded—her feet scarce touched the ground as she flew over it in the direction of the high-road, which was half a mile distant. The meadow where she had first seen Edward Morris, lay in her course. As she came to the stile that led from the domestic yard or lawn into this field, she heard a noise behind her. She bounded in alarm over the fence, and at the same instant, her favorite old house-dog, Bruin, was at her side with a fierce bark!

"Down, Bruin," she said, in a low, authoritative tone as the dog caught her bundle in his glittering teeth. The noble dog recognized her voice and crouched at her feet. "Go home, Bruin," she cried, stamping her little foot on the ground. The dog crouched lower and licked the shoe that enforced her command.

"No, you shall not go with me! Poor Bruin, I shall not see you for a long time, I fear! Who will now pet you and feed you! I know you will miss poor Biddy, for one! Go back!"

The affectionate animal still kept his almost supplicating posture at her feet. In vain she scolded, in vain she caressed him! If she ran forward a few yards, he would bound joyfully by her side; and, when she stopped to reprove him, he would crouch silently at her feet.

"Well, then, if you *will* come, I can't help it," she said, in a tone that conveyed to his understanding all which the words could have done to a human being. With a quick, short bark of delight, he now bounded on before her, and his very happiness rewarded her for her condescension. Bruin was a large, noble barn-dog, affectionate and faithful. Biddy had petted him from a pup, and a mutual affection had grown up between them! She now felt happy that he was with her, for his presence cheered the loneliness of her way. It was her determination, however, to make him return when she got into the stage at the gate; and so, together, they went across the meadow, 'till Biddy reached the old apple-tree. Here she paused, and seated herself just where Edward had sat beside her that sultry noon, and indulged her heart in thinking over the whole sweet interview, and all that he had said to her, and in recalling his gentle smile and the rich tones of his low-keyed voice! She sat there full two hours, so lost in silent reminiscences, with Bruin lying watchful at her feet, that she was wholly unconscious of the flight of minutes. The distant rattle of wheels along the turnpike first roused her from her dreams of the past. On looking round she saw that morning was already tinting the east, and that the sun would soon be up. Blushing herself like the roseate morn, she took up her little bundle, and, followed by Bruin, hurried across the meadow to the hedge which the two young fishers had bounded over, one to insult, the other (how dear in memory that other!) to rescue and defend her! After she crossed the hedge she hastened along a narrow foot-path, by the side of the creek, towards a wide bridge which she had to cross before getting to the turnpike. She at length reached the road just as the stage came in sight.

"Now, Bruin, you will have to go back," she said, patting him and half embracing his shaggy neck, as if taking farewell of her favorite. He rubbed his nose in her hand and pressed against her affectionately, as if he understood her but loved her too well to obey.

"Yes, but you must go, as *I* can't pay your fare," she said, in half playfulness half in earnest, as the driver on discovering her with the bundle by the road-side, drew up his horses. There were but three passengers in the stage, a farmer, an old woman, and a young man, all of whom were asleep.

"Whoa, oah! wo! Want a passage, miss?" asked the coachman, throwing his lines over the back of his box and preparing to descend from it to open the door.

"Yes, sir," said Biddy.

"To the city?" he asked, as he closed the door after she had got inside with her bundle.

"Yes, sir."

"I'll take your fare, miss—fifty cents."

Biddy searched for her little purse and drew from it four *short* shillings and gave them to him. The good-natured driver looked at them in a hesitating way a few seconds, as they lay in his palm, and then shaking his head and smiling as he gazed upon her pretty face, said—

"Rather short, miss, but as your little purse seems to be full as short, and you are a pretty girl, I'll let you ride for this;" and Dick Sherwood pocketed the four ten-cent pieces, mounted his box, and dashed along towards the city.

It was the first time Biddy had been in a stage-coach, and the novelty of her situation for awhile drew her attention from her present object. Every thing pleased and interested her.

At length, as the sun rose, they entered the little village of Fordham, and her fellow-passengers awaked, at the stopping of the stage at the inn, to change horses. Once more started, they dashed on towards Harlem, and traversing this town entered upon the Third-Avenue, which, for five miles, approaches the city in a straight line, a noble and magnificent thoroughfare! Swiftly the stage rolled over the Macadamized Avenue, and Biddy looking from the window, soon beheld the towers and spires of the metropolis, while on her left was the Sound, lively with vessels and steamers, and its shores adorned by the beautiful country seats of opulent merchants. As she

approached the junction of the Avenue with the Bowery, she delightedly recognized the surrounding houses and churches, for she had twice been to the city, in the family-wagon, once with her father, two years before, and once with her mother and sister, with marketing. She therefore had some idea of the place which she was entering, and whither she had come to seek her fortune. As the stage rattled over the pavements of the Bowery, she turned her eyes from the bewildering scenes that attracted her gaze, on either crowded side-walk, to decide her thoughts on some mode of conduct, that she might pursue on being landed at the stage-office. She could think, after much reflection, of no better course to adopt, than to seek one of the intelligence offices, of which, in common with all other country lasses living in the neighborhood of the city, she had heard much; and like them, thought she had only to go there to get employment at once. What this employment should be, she had not decided! Vague ideas of milliners and mantua-makers, sempstresses and tailoresses, housemaids and childrens' nurses, flitted through her little head; and the stage drew suddenly up at the office before she had determined what she should be. She sat still, undecided and irresolute, until the other passengers alighted. As the coachman offered his hand for her bundle, she said, now for the first time feeling the embarrassment of her situation—

"Will you be kind enough to direct me to an intelligence office?"

"Certainly, miss," said Dick Sherwood, bluffly; "so, you've come up to service, then? Too pretty a face to be trusted here unless you have some body to look after you! Here, you darkee," he cried to a negro lad, lounging in the sun on a bench near by, "you know every crook and corner in York—show this young woman a respec'ble 'telligence office! When you come back, come to me and I'll give you a silver sixpence."

"Done, Boss," said the African, grinning; "I knows firs' rate 'telligem office, up in de wicinity ob de Battery and City Hall."

"See then you take her to it, and make no mistake."

"Boss nebber know nigger make mistake when de silver in de bargain. Come, missus, I'll show you de way. Leff nigger car' him bundle."

The coachman kindly assisted her from the stage, and struck with her innocence and beauty, he cordially shook her by the hand, as she left him, saying—

"If as how, miss, you don't get along so well as you expect to here in York, and want a friend, you'll always find one here, at No. 21, that is, provided you behaves yourself vartuous; 'cause I am a family man, with a wife and seven children of my own. Good bye, and bless your sweet face! it'll be your best friend or worst enemy, in this wicked world! Now start, you nigger, and be civil to the young woman, or I'll—" and Dick finished the sentence by making a significant gesture with his doubled fist.

"I thank you, sir, for your kindness," said Biddy, "I hope I shall one day be able to repay it."

"Confound it now," said Dick Sherwood, to himself, angrily, "that's al'ays the vay! I can never do a little sarvice but I must be paid for it with a 'thankee!" I never gets any body in my debt for a good turn. I likes, miss, to do a good service, but I don't like to be thanked for it. It is too much like *quod* for *quid*, as the lawyers say. Now, go and follow that nigger, and may you get a sitivation to suit you, for I knows you deserve a nice one."

Biddy again thanked the kind coachman, with a grateful glance of her bright eyes so long as he forbade her to do so with her tongue, and, happy at finding even so blunt a friend in the great lonesome city into which she had thrown herself, tripped lightly after the negro; yet her heart was lonely and heavy! Every face was strange! She had gone but a few paces, when she felt something coldly touch her hand, for Biddy wore no gloves. Shrinking and looking down, she gave a scream of delight and surprize. It was good old Bruin! He had followed the stage all the way to town, keeping a cautious distance behind it, and now approached her and thrust his nose into her hand. It was like meeting a dear old friend! She forgave him for the happiness it gave her to see him once more. He evinced his joy in his own rough way, in finding he was no longer an unwelcome companion, and sticking close to her side, accompanied her through the long and thronged thoroughfare, a faithful friend and attendant. She patted him on the head and felt that much of her loneliness and desolation had vanished with his presence.

"Yes, good Bruin, you shall stay with me if you wish to—it shall not be my will that parts us," she said to him, as he trotted along, looking up in her face and occasionally casting a suspicious glance at the negro, between whom and his mistress he saw there existed some kind of mysterious relationship, which he could not understand. All at once, as they entered a narrow street, he bounded from her side and smelled at the bundle carried by the black. The next instant he tore it from his grasp with his teeth, and brought it and laid it at Biddy's feet.

"What are you doing, Bruin? He is carrying my bundle for me. Don't be so rude!"

Biddy restored the bundle to the alarmed negro, with a reproving glance at the dog, who shrunk along beside her with an ashamed look, 'till by a kind word she restored him to her confidence.

"Dat big dog, mighty sharp, missus," said the negro who at every step glared his round white eyes over either shoulder to see if he was likely to be assailed again in the discharge of his function of porter.

"He'll not hurt you," said Biddy, smiling at his fears.

"He hab mighty sharp teeth, missus! Yah, yah! I tink he sensible dog—yah, yah, yah! guess he tink nigger steal um bundle."

"Is the intelligence office a good ways from here?" she asked, anxious to reach it.

"Jiss roun' de firs' corner ob de secon' street, seben doors from de nex' one—gi! I knows de place like de primmer!"

Leaving Biddy on her way to the intelligence office, let us return to the farm-house she had left. Just as Biddy

was startled from her pleasing reminiscences of the hour in which Edward Morris had won her guileless heart, by the rattling of the stage coach, Mrs. Woodhull was awaked from her sleep by a more than usually sonorous snore of her lord, or rather vassal, David Woodhull. It was just the peep of day, the hour busy house-wives love to rise and set to work! Her first thought was of her prisoner in the attic. Hurrying on her clothes she hastened forth from her sleeping-room and opened the stair door. She listened and all was still.

"The jade! She sleeps sound enough for all her bread and water! Biddy—Biddy Woodhull," she screamed, up the stairs. But Biddy was being whirled along the turnpike in a stage coach, and could not hear her. "Why don't you wake up, you lazy thing, you!" added the mother, in a louder and angrier tone. "If I come up there, I'll wake you up, with a vengeance!" Again Mrs. Woodhull listened, and all was still. Quicker than old women usually move, but not cross old women, she hastened to the water pail and filled a great pitcher with water. Softly she crept up stairs into the dark attic and felt her way to the door. She felt along, and felt along, still all was vacancy!

"Where can the door be?" she almost spoke aloud. She took another step forward, struck her shin against it and pitched headlong upon it. The pitcher was smashed, the water deluged her to the skin, and her nose was broken in the fall! The noise of this mishap, added to her screams of fright and fury, awoke Miss Euphrosia from a dream of a spruce Chatham steet beau who was in the act of falling at her feet when her mother fell over the door; awoke Miss Sally from visions of connubial bliss with John Burn, and roused David Woodhull to his feet as if the house had been on fire.

"Oh, what is the matter?" shrieked Miss Euphrosia and Sally, flying from their room in their night dresses.

"I am killed and murdered! Mercy, help!" shrieked their mother, while the water from above leaking through the floor, fell trickling upon their faces.

"Yes, yes! she's murdered! I feel the blood!" shrieked the delicate Euphrosia, and she tried to faint but could not for want of sufficient blood of her own.

"I'll soon know what's the matter, gals," said David, striking a light; and hastening up stairs in his drawers, followed by his daughters, they soon saw how the whole affair stood! Mrs. Woodhull had got to her feet and was wiping the blood from her nose, while her dress dripped with water. As soon as the light appeared she recovered her self-possession and looked around. The door, for which she had been feeling, instead of being in its proper place, lay upon the bed, and she had stumbled over it as she now saw! A glance told her that its hinges had been drawn on the inside. The whole truth flashed instantly upon her ready mind.

"Where's Biddy?" she cried, looking under the bed and in every part of the room. "She's escaped!"

"Where, how?" cried the sisters, bewildered with surprize. "Not by the window!"

"Window! Fools! What need of jumping from windows with a door off its hinges, and laid on its back to walk over, yes, and to break one's neck over? She's got off in the night by going down stairs! Here's the knife I saw her have in her hand. This was her screw-driver!"

"And she's taken her clothes and best Sunday hat with her!" cried Miss Euphrosia, in unalloyed astonishment.

"And her parasol, too!" exclaimed Sally, who found no trace of it after looking about the room.

"She shall pay for this," said Mrs. Woodhull, compressing her thin lips with spiteful rage. "She's gone to some o' the neighbors with a doleful story of being locked up. I'll lock her up and tie her too, if I catch her again."

"Perhaps she's gone to the police-office, to complain," said David, whose indignation sometimes got the better of his fears of his wife, and who now felt angry that Biddy should have been locked up, of which he had not known before; "I've hearn of parents being put in "the Tombs," there, for ill usage to their children."

This was a great and bold speech for David, and it produced the effect he intended. Mrs. Woodhull turned pale, and so did the amiable Miss Euphrosia.

"Well, she was obstinate and wilful," said Mrs. Woodhull, as if excusing herself to her alarmed conscience; "and if a mother isn't allowed to manage her own children, I wonder who is?"

"Well," said the pale and guilty Miss Euphrosia, "I'm sure sure I never treated her bad!"

"Well, you'll hear on her agin, I reckon, in a way you won't like," said David, grown bold at his success, and inwardly rejoiced that his favorite had shown such spirit as to escape from the tyranny which he daily witnessed, but could not prevent.

"Now, I guess, you'd better hold your peace, David Woodhull," said his wife, letting her wrath, her fears, and shame, all fall upon him; "if I catch you saying your soul is your own, if Biddy should lever 'peach me, I'll make this house and farm too hot to hold you."

With this characteristic menace, the several inmates of the family separated to their rooms to dress, variously effected by the extraordinary discovery they had made. Biddy had flown! The mild, gentle, submissive Biddy, had run away! Mrs. Woodhull had to repeat it over a dozen times to be able to realize a truth so astounding; and when she did, trembled at the consequences that it might lead to, and she repented, when too late, that she had been so strict and tyrannical a mother to her. Her conscience told her that Biddy was right in flying from home; her fears pictured to herself the escaped prisoner making her complaint before the village magistrate, or, what was still more to be dreaded, the terrible New-York Police.

Leaving her and her amiable daughters to their wonders and conjectures over this mysterious disappearance of Biddy, and trembling at the personal consequences to themselves, we will follow the lovely girl to the intelligence-office, to which we left her on her way, escorted by Bruin and the negro.

To be continued.

Original.

THE PREDESTINED BACHELOR.

BY MRS. A. M. F. ANNAN.

"One woman is fair, yet I am well; another is wise, yet I am well; another virtuous, yet I am well; but 'till all these graces are in one woman, one woman shall not be in my graces."
Much Ado About Nothing

"If ever a man was cut out for an old bachelor, Doctor Witherton was!"

This had been reiterated by every individual of woman kind in our village, until it was so nearly realized, that there seemed but faint proof of sagacity in the affirmation, for the gentleman presumed to be thus fated, arrived unwedded at the age of thirty-four or thirty-five, which, if not within the epoch of old bachelorhood, very few ladies under twenty, will allow to be far from its limits.

"Why so?" might have asked some one not so fully initiated into the mysteries of destiny; "the doctor is handsome, affable, amiable and talented; why should he not have a wife? though modest, he is not too bashful to court for one; though not rich, he is well able to maintain one; and though a student, he has domestic qualities in abundance to enjoy the society of a family. Strange that *he* should be doomed to live an old bachelor!"

"But he seems not to be able to make up his mind to marry;" would have been the answer of one of our gossips; "there was a Miss Gray from the city, who boarded a summer here in town;—an elegant looking girl—I never saw a finer figure on horseback; he gallanted her time after time, and every body thought it would have been a match, yet he allowed her to return without even popping the question."

"And there was a Miss Brown, whom, it was universally believed, he could not help falling in love with," would have been the argument of a second; "a most exquisite singer; all our amateurs agreed that she united the merits of all the *prima donnas* they had ever heard; he used to listen to her by the hour, yet it all ended in nothing."

"And Mrs. Greene, a pretty young widow,"—argument the third; "she would have suited him so well! she had him attending her for months; every body thought more on account of the doctor, than the disease; she had a nice fortune, too, yet he still remained uncaught."

"*Ergo*, because a handsome, affable, amiable, talented man, of five-and-thirty, had not met with a young lady who rode well, and another who sung well, and a widow who was pretty and rich, without finding a wife, he must live and die an old bachelor! patience!"

The domicile of Doctor Witherton stood aloof from the village, and shone amidst the green trees surrounding it, of such snowy whiteness, as might have attracted to it similes of an "eggshell," or a "house of cards," from the censors of the present day, who have conspired, as far as in them lies, to overcast the walls that hold us, with the smoke and time-created hues of those of older lands. Indeed, the most delicate fabric of Bristol-board, that ever graced a fancy fair, could scarcely have surpassed it in unspotted cleanness. But let the taste have been good or bad, no one then even found fault with its whiteness, which, as long as its owner occupied it, was never diminished a shade, for white-wash and white paint were as necessary to his comfort as white linen. And not only the mansion itself, but every thing pertaining to it, exhibited the same unvarying neatness. The green tops of the elaborate palings never lost a tint of their greenness; the gilt mortar and pestle, displayed on the window-shutter, against a background of pounded blue glass, turned to every sun the same glittering front; and as to the garden, it was prim enough for the promenade of a mandarin. Never a honeysuckle turned up the pale side of its leaves for want of a trellis; never a cluster of carnations sighed their sweetness upon the ground, through lack of a stick to lean upon, and in no cabbage and onion department, could have been found shapes of greater rotundity and grace.

The interior was in excellent keeping. To say nothing of the office, or "shop," according to the parlance in which it was oftenest treated of, with its well-matched bottles and jars, "all in a row;" the little library, or study, in its rear—for the doctor was too much the man of taste, to use the aforesaid apartment for that purpose—was snugness sublimated. A peep through the windows—the only chance, indeed, which a visitor—at least, a female one, could have had of gratifying her curiosity; the clear, clean little windows, which, in the winter, gleamed with the reflection of the bright fire within, and, in the summer, mirrored their external curtainings of vines, would have served to take in the room with all its principal characteristics. The carpet, on which not even the cuttings of a pen were to be seen; the chairs, each at its proper angle; the table, with its ample cloth cover, and commodiously disposed writing materials, and the well-filled book-cases, displaying through glass doors, long ranks of their contents in untarnished bindings; all attested how methodical was the mind that presided over their arrangement, while the composed confidence of the sleek grimalkin, which, one half the year, kept possession of the rug, and the other half, of a broad window-seat, as fully demonstrated its placidity. Had our sybils drawn their predictions from such a scene, there would have been less reason to wonder at their revelations. Regarding the doctor's surroundings as part of himself, how much would their uniformity have been destroyed by the boxes and baskets of female thrift or idleness! and how much their tranquillity by a rocking-chair, to encroach upon poor pussy's tail, or a little urchin or two, to provoke her claws into action! It was the very room to think in. Its brightness and precision were reflected back upon the mind of its inmate, and thence to the packets which now and then issued from it to our post-office, slowly to gather a fame of which its possessor was almost in entire ignorance.

As to this inmate himself, we shall be content to describe him in simple advertising fashion, one, which, if not the most graceful, certainly tends to save labor,

both of writing and reading. He was a middle sized man, well formed, with light complexion, regular features, and prepossessing countenance, and generally wore a handsome, carefully brushed suit of black. Altogether, he had such a face and figure as most "ladies love to look upon," particularly when accompanied, as in the present instance, with agreeable manners, and the best qualities of the head and heart.

Careful as our lover of quiet and order had been, to remove himself from the sights and sounds of the village, he was not long allowed to enjoy his seclusion uninterrupted. A retired sea-captain, Johnson, by name, took it into his head to purchase a piece of ground adjoining, and commenced, almost under the shade of the doctor's trees, an edifice designed to be as massy and imposing as the philological structures of his illustrious namesake, and while, for aught of resemblance it bore to any thing in the known orders of architecture, might have been modeled after a mermaid's palace, or the chapel of Prester John. For two consecutive summers, the doctor's ears were vexed with the noise of saws and trowels, and his eyes, with piles of boards, brick and mortar, when, the captain's funds giving him warning to return to "the cotton trade and sugar line," the monument of his ambition was left unfinished, to remain an eyesore to its neighbor, and a wonder and jest to the whole country round, under the title of Johnson's Folly. And there, for several years, it stood, unused and useless, except that the main building sometimes served as a sanctuary to the truant boys of the village, and the ungainly stack of stone in front of it, honored with the purpose of a porter's lodge—to a yard some fifty feet deep!—afforded a convenint shelter for the horses of those who came to demand the doctor's services. And there and thus every body expected it would stand for years longer, but that time every body was mistaken. The workmen of the neighborhood were at last called into requisition by a letter from Captain Johnson, and, their task of duty completed, the Folly was one day found to be tenanted, and that, too, by a family whose estate, and even whose name, had not preceded them.

The first satisfactory intelligence that Doctor Witherton received relative to his new neighbors, was communicated by his female factotum, Sally, or, as he always scrupulously called her, Mrs. Eyeset, who, on the Sunday evening after their arrival, dealt out to him with his tea, the amount of what she had acquired through a day of leisure.

"They are prodigious queer folks, these new people over at the Folly," was her first proposition.

"How so, Mrs. Eyeset?" asked the doctor, with the requisite degree of interest.

"They are English, real English, from over the sea, and talk our language quite broken yet. At least, the man does that drives their carriage for them. They call wheat 'corn,' and their meadow, a 'paddock,' and their house a 'hall.' I never like to hear the poor old barn called a Folly, but to call a whole house a hall, isn't much better."

"What is their name and occupation?" inquired the doctor, somewhat amused by her critical acumen.

"Wharncliffe is their name, but what they are going to follow nobody knows. The man that drives their carriage, calls the old gentleman the 'squire, and from that, I suppose he intends to get into the law business; he'll hardly make much by that, here. We have 'squires enough already, and people would not like to go to a stranger to prosecute their own neighbors."

The doctor rested his cup long enough to explain that the English and the American title of 'squire, though the same in sound, differed materially in sense.

"At any rate," pursued the housekeeper, "they ought to do a good business at something, to live as they do. They eat five times a day. The report is, that they eat seven times, but I asked Nancy Jones, who cooks for them, and she says it's only five times. They have what they call a luncheon, between breakfast and dinner, and a supper after most people have gone to bed."

"Very injurious to health, those late meals," observed the doctor.

"Yes, and Nancy thinks she ought to have nearly as much more wages, considering that she is obliged to cook nearly as often again as for other people, and they must be tremendous eaters, too, to be genteel people. For all that they eat so often, they sit three times as long at the table as would satisfy so many ploughmen. And they have all sorts of strange things to eat with. Their knives and forks are of solid silver."

"Not their knives?" said the doctor, smiling, and with a glance at the keen-edged and polished utensil in his hand.

"Well, I can't be so sure about the knives, but their forks are for certain, and how they eat with such shaped things, is a mystery to me. They are nearly as broad as cake-turners. As if common sized forks could not hold as much as they wanted! And then they wash their hands at the table, after dinner, instead of going to their own rooms, or to the kitchen, for that matter. It does not seem to me to be over cleanly. And the young lady has a dog, that she sometimes keeps in her lap all the time they are at table, which looks rather nasty; but may be when they've lived in America a while longer, they'll learn more manners."

"Whom does the family consist of?" the doctor inquired, as he left the table.

"Only the old gentleman, and his son and daughter," concluded Mrs. Eyeset.

With this information, Doctor Witherton was not surprized to meet, the next day, on his professional round, and nearly every succeeding day, for two or three weeks, a lady and gentleman, of English physiognomy, taking surveys of the neighborhood on horseback, but save by the slight bow which courtesy there demanded for every passer, he made no advance for nearer acquaintance. The sister, with her masculine habit, and bold equestrianism, had too much of the dashing air of which most diffident men are instinctively shy, to prove attractive to him; and the brother, whom, besides, he met sometimes with dogs and gun—a florid, athletic, rather handsome young man, appeared too much the mere sportsman to interest him more favorable. Nor did the

red-faced, gouty-looking elderly gentleman, who sat yawning and stretching every evening on the portico, find much more grace in his eyes. Thus, the advances, which such close vicinage would have admitted, might long have been deferred, had their impression of him been of a different character.

One afternoon, at the expiration of the above named period, Miss Wharncliffe and her brother were idling in the windows of the drawing-room, which, though it contained some handsome and fashionable articles, had yet an unfinished, unfurnished look; and contrasting the hot, unsheltered walls of the Folly, with the embowered dwelling of their neighbor, when, after a pause, the lady remarked, "There never was any thing more preposterous, than papa's bringing us into such a desert. He ought to have required better assurances with regard to the society, than those of a talking ship-captain, who had scarcely ever been on land a month at a time, and who had a house to sell. And such a house—it is ludicrous as well as vexatious, to think how we have been taken in. Why, from your account, there cannot be more than two *eligibles* among the men in the whole district."

"You forget, though, that we got the house on a good long credit, a very important matter, just now," yawned the young gentleman in reply, snapping his fingers to a couple of dogs that were rolling and tumbling about the floor, "however, it would have been wiser to have taken pains to find a place where the old gentleman could not only retrench, but provide for his dutiful daughter at the same time. You have no time to lose, Nelly, and we have already made the tour of the cities and the watering-places without success."

The lady laughed, but received as a matter of earnest, her brother's observations. "It is, indeed, too provoking," said she; "that of the thousands of Yankees I have met, not one but has been too stupid to appreciate me, and to be at last reduced to manœuvreing for mere village notables; but it would be still worse, after crossing the Atlantic for a husband, to get nobody at all. So, your two *eligibles* must be attacked."

"Well, what think you of Meadows, the lawyer? I have put you on his track already, by introducing him."

"Oh, the Pottowattomy! such a figure! such a *patois!* however, he is not altogether to be despised. From your account of him, he may yet go to Congress, and by taking him, I might some time be sent home as American ambassadress—who knows? But I may as well let him run until I shall have met the other, the doctor. There he is, at this moment, sitting in the verandah. He really does look like a gentleman, and he really has a pretty little homestead. It is the tidiest, snuggest thing I have seen on this side of the water;—rather too humble, though."

"Not more humble, Nelly, than the parsonage you tried so hard to get, when you better deserved it, five years ago; however, he does look like a gentleman, for a Yankee. Professor W———, who likes a Manton as well, at least, as his scalpel, told me that he really was one, and remarked that though I might not find him exactly to my taste, he certainly was a man of talent and learning. He seems, though, to have very little inclination for our acquaintance."

"If that is his character, no wonder; you and papa look so unintellectual, that I suppose he thinks he would not find either of you very companionable. I am now the more anxious to have a chance at him, and shall lose no time to obtain it."

"In spite of himself, I suppose, Nelly? who is to assist you? none of the female villagers have made an incursion upon us yet."

"I shall introduce myself, if I find none else to do it," replied Miss Elinor, coolly.

"With all your genius for management, you will find that rather an undertaking—the gentleman unwilling."

"No such thing, George; rather than miss him, I would bravely invade his premises alone. I am half tempted to do so now, he looks so comeatable there among his vines."

"I wager a guinea you would not do it, daring as I know you to be."

"Done!" returned the lady, promptly.

"And I'll hold the stakes," said Mr. Wharncliffe, senior, who had been dozing on a sofa in the adjoining room, and had awakened to hear the conclusion of the dialogue.

"The doctor's name is Witherton, is it not?" asked Miss Elinor, as she carefully adjusted her bonnet before the mirror; and with a low curtsy to her brother, she walked composedly out of the door, leaving the gentlemen to watch her movements from the windows.

"That girl has the effrontery of old Harry, when she chooses to exercise it," said her brother, laughing.

"Let her alone," said the old gentleman, with a look of parental satisfaction; "she'll play a bold game, rather than lose a chance for a husband. It is a strange thing to me that she has failed so long. She has cleverness and good looks in plenty, and not too much fastidiousness, neither, yet half the ugly and simple misses of her acquaintance have gone off before her. If we had her provided for, we could take care of ourselves, George."

Doctor Witherton, as Miss Wharncliffe had remarked, was seated in the vine-covered porch, before his house, and with his eyes fixed upon a scientific pamphlet in his hand, was speculating upon its contents, when the closing of the principal gate attracted his attention, and he beheld his fair neighbor advancing up the walk. He politely arose from his seat, and descended a step or two to meet her, and thus obtained, in the short time it takes to make such an observation, a full view of her face and figure. The latter, though rather too tall and robust for his taste, was well formed, and the former, if not strictly handsome in its features, was agreeable in its expression, and rendered particularly animated by a pair of well managed black eyes. Altogether, her appearance was prepossessing, and that of a lady. Her age might have been a debatable point. She was certainly not under twenty-five, and did not look to be thirty. She approached with a manner of perfect ease, and declining the doctor's offer of a seat, she asked

distinctly, "Can I have the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Witherton?"

The doctor started, and repeated, Mrs. Witherton!" then coloring and stammering, he returned, "there is no lady—madam—that is—my house, madam—is not fortunate enough to possess a mistress."

"Indeed, sir!" exclaimed Miss Wharncliffe, starting and stammering in her turn, with the most consummate skill. "I beg pardon; I must then have mistaken—misconstrued—at least, if I was not so informed, I presumed that a place so beautifully arranged, was, of course, under the superintendance of a lady."

The doctor bowed, not yet sufficiently recovered to answer vocally, and Miss Elinor, with a graceful effort to recover her composure, and a smile, half timid, half assured, proceeded. "However, since I have ventured so far, and though the lady of my imagination has vanished, I will take the liberty to state my errand. I have, literally, sir, come a-begging, and I am sure you will have too much gallantry to turn me away. Your good taste, has, no doubt, been, many a time, shocked by the desolate aspect of yonder Folly, to which, of late, I belong; there is not a tree nor shrub about it to make it look like a Christian habitation, and its utter contrast with your territory, renders its appearance still more deplorable. Have you any thing to spare from your abundance, to its poverty? the least twig or root will be thankfully received, though it be of nothing more than a currant or gooseberry-bush. Any thing on which I may exercise my skill in gardening to make my home look a little more home-like. I would not have presumed to ask such a favor, but we are too far from any of the large towns, to have plants carried at this season, and I have inquired for nurseries and gardens in the neighborhood, in vain. Will you excuse me?"

"Certainly, madam, it will give me pleasure to share any thing my little plantation may afford," replied the doctor, descending with a courteous alacrity from the porch; "allow me to show you my garden. I hope you will find something in it to answer your purpose. I am happy to have a neighbor who takes an interest in a pursuit which affords me so much healthful recreation," and he marshalled her among the nice, box-bordered divisions of the garden, in which it would have been almost as difficult to detect a weed, as a flower in an iceberg.

The lady led the conversation with admirable tact, examining and admiring every thing pointed out to her, with the most earnest attention, complimenting her companion with flattery so nice, that he could not, modest as he was, perceive it to be flattery; and making a little knowledge of botany, and less of gardening, pass for fourfold the quantities. The doctor, not a little pleased with her intelligence and vivacity, made her liberal offers of his vegetable stores, and, on her return, escorted her to the gate of the Folly, without a suspicion.

"Pray, sir, consider it a duty to make the acquaintance of such near neighbors," said Miss Elinor, after he had declined her invitation to the house; my father and brother will be extremely happy to receive you; our name, perhaps you have not heard, is Wharncliffe;" and with a gracious curtsy, and an insinuating smile on her part, and a profound bow on his, they parted, to the infinite delight of the two speculators, who still retained their station behind the Venetian blinds, impatiently awaiting the details of the adventure, which were soon given in triumph.

After this introduction, Doctor Witherton could not well have evaded a visit to the Folly, or the Hall, as it was newly denominated, even had he been so inclined, which, however, from the impression made by his fair neighbor, was far from the case. Accordingly, he called at an early day. He found the elder Mr. Wharncliffe to be a favorable specimen of the northern islander—jovial, social, with some reading, and considerable knowledge of the world; and the son, a copy of his senior, though scarcely a correct one. But Miss Elinor proved more companionable than either of them. His communication with her sex had been limited, and confined principally to those of his own retired neighborhood, and consequently her superior education and acquaintance with society, were not without effect. She perceived her advantage, and followed it up with practised generalship. She seemed to discover intuitively the subjects in which he most delighted, and if they were not already within the range of her acquirements, she possessed the greatest solicitude for information upon them. She submitted to his taste and judgment with the most engaging deference. She contrived occasions for daily intercourse, in which suspicion, herself could not have detected design, and, in short, she performed her part so well, that our village gossips, judging from outward indications, were unanimously convinced that the fates had grown tired of the old thread, and commenced a new one in our bachelor's favor.

"Have you heard the news?" was echoed at church, at market, and at tea-table; "Doctor Witherton is caught at last."

But was he really caught? It was a question that would have puzzled the doctor himself. He was certainly not in love, yet he was not far from the point at which he might have offered his hand. He knew that Miss Wharncliffe's equal in manners and intelligence he might not soon again meet with. Her person, though it was not one he would have selected out of many, was still sufficiently agreeable not to be an objection; her temper, for aught he had seen to the contrary, was not to be found fault with; but beyond this, all was uncertainty. Where were the strong affections, the high moral qualities, which he had always held as requisite to complete the character of the woman he should select for his wife? As yet, he had had no proof that she possessed them. Besides, even if he had felt fully satisfied on these particulars, he was too modest to believe that she was to be won merely at the asking. Of the history and the fortunes of the family, he knew nothing. He was confident that they had been accustomed to the higher walks of English society, and had received hints of a family estate leased out for a term of years, but of their object in emigrating hither,

he was altogether ignorant, as he was of the extent of their finances. And with this undecided, he sometimes felt that it would be absurd to presume that a woman of the world, like Miss Wharncliffe, would quietly unite herself with a man of moderate fortune—for his income, independent of his practice, would have been insufficient for the support of a family—and one who might never be able to advance himself from a retired country location, where there was little or no society to appreciate her.

Whilst Doctor Witherton was deliberating these things one afternoon in his study, a note was handed to him, written in a female hand, more beautiful than any with which he was acquainted in the village. It was merely a request for his services.

"Dr. Witherton will please call, as soon as possible, at Mrs. Harrington's, on the Main street three doors from the last, east side.',

"Mrs. Harrington—Mrs. Harrington—I never heard of such a person in the neighborhood; do you know any one of that name, Mrs. Eyeset."

"Mrs. Harrington, sir? that must be the new school mistress," returned the housekeeper, who had brought in the note; "is she very bad? poor woman! I thought, from what I heard, that she would be obliged to send for you at last;" but without waiting to hear more, the doctor set off in quest of his patient.

He found the place indicated, a little, one story, wooden building, unenclosed, and unpainted—one of the humblest in the village, and rapped at the door. It was opened by a pale, but pretty little girl, who replied in the affirmative to his question, "Does Mrs. Harrington live here?" and quickly disappeared at the door of an inner apartment. The one in which she stood was evidently the kitchen, from the dresser containing table furniture, and the cooking utensils disposed in the large chimney; yet the little pile of primmers and spelling-books lying on two or three long, low benches, indicated that it was also used for a school-room.

"Doctor Witherton?" said a voice, inquiringly, from the door which the child had entered, and he saw before him a girl of seventeen or eighteen, so lovely that he almost forgot in his surprize and admiration, to bow in return. She held in her arms a tiny infant, apparently little more than a week old, and directing him to the bed where the patient lay, she continued to pace the floor, trying to hush the plaints of her little charge, with a look of such anxious tenderness, as might well have adorned the face of a mother. The invalid was a middle aged woman, of exceedingly interesting countenance, and a few words from her, together with the presence of the infant, explained her situation. Her voice betrayed extreme debility.

"Do not exert yourself to talk, madam," said the doctor; "you ought to have had advice sooner. I should like, miss, to speak to the nurse, if you please."

"You may leave your directions with me, sir," said the young lady, stepping before him. He hesitated a moment, and then prescribed the necessary treatment, while she listened with an earnest attention, and replied to his questions with a modest and dignified composure, which he had never seen equalled, and held to be beyond praise.

"Who can she be?" mentally asked the doctor, reverting, as he passed through the street, to the young lady, whose dress and air and language were so far superior to what was to have been expected in an abode so humble—indeed, so really mean. And its fair inmate was not the only anomaly the apartment exhibited. The furniture was mostly of the commonest kind, yet against the wall hung several beautifully executed and elegantly framed water-color paintings, and on a table lay some richly bound books, and a guitar. Such incongruities were almost out of fashion in romance—it was strange to meet with them in reality, and he felt assured that they had not been arranged for effect. The manner of the fair stranger was too earnest, too feeling, to be suspected. Who could she be? he could never have seen her before; such extreme beauty, once seen, must have retained a place in his memory.

With this subject for conjecture in his mind, the doctor proceeded homeward, when, on the way, he was overtaken and accosted by a tall, loosely-made gentleman, with a slovenly dress and dishevelled hair, who proved to be the lawyer, Mr. Meadows—the other *eligible* of Miss Wharncliffe.

"Pray, can you tell me any thing, Meadows, about the family in yonder little frame house, the last of the row but three? they seem to be strangers here," said the doctor, glad of an opportunity of questioning one who was presumed to know the concerns of all in the village, high or low.

"Ah! yes, Mrs. Harrington and her children; I did a little business for them a short time ago," replied the lawyer; "do you attend the mother? did you ever see so beautiful a creature as the daughter?"

"Beautiful, indeed; but can you tell me no more about them?"

"Yes, and I know you cannot help taking an interest in them, for 'albeit unused to the melting mood,' myself, the hints necessary for me to have of their misfortunes, softened me considerable. The mother came here last winter with her younger children—I believe she has half a dozen of them—from L———. Her husband, who died at about that time, must have been a scoundrel. He was considered a man of wealth, but, having for several years been addicted to all the vices that run away with money, it was at last discovered that he had exhausted all he was worth, with as much more for others, and as he could pursue his career no longer where he was known, he abandoned his family, and absconded to the south, where he soon found that death was not so easy to baffle as the law. His property, of course, had been seized, and the widow was left utterly destitute. Pride, sensibility, or whatever you may please to call it, placed her above dependance on friends—of relations she had none to assist her, and she came hither, both to lose sight of the scene of her troubles, and because hopes were held out to her that she might raise a girls' school, for the support of her family. In the latter she was anticipated by another,

and even if it had been otherwise, her delicate health would have prevented her from engaging in it. She was therefore obliged to become the tenant of the miserable place in which you found her."

"But the daughter?" said the doctor, with much interest.

"Well, the daughter, as I was telling you, was boarding in one of the cities, to complete the ornamental part of her education, and hastened here, after her mother, as soon as possible. She immediately exerted herself to obtain pupils in music and drawing, but with no better success than her mother, and she was obliged, by their pressing necessities, to put up with such a school as she could get—a few little brats, to learn their A. B. C's—an employment entirely unworthy of her, as she is, as far as I could judge, from seeing her twice or thrice, a girl of uncommon talents and accomplishments. That is all that I know about them; are you going this evening to Mr. Wharncliffe's"

"I believe not. I must be back again this way to see my new patient, and, besides I have other matters to attend to."

"I am glad of it. I am going there myself, and may stand some chance. When you are present, you always engross Miss Elinor yourself, or she monopolizes you, which is pretty much the same thing. Pray tell me, Witherton, are you really engaged to her? every body says you are caught at last."

"I thought that every body regarded me as doomed to live and die an old bachelor," said the doctor.

"So I believe they did, 'till lately, and so do I still. However, Miss Elinor is rather a fine-looking woman—hardly feminine enough for your taste, though. How old do you think she is? these English women keep their looks so well, that one can hardly ever guess their age by ten years."

"That ought to make it a matter of little consequence," said the doctor smiling.

"Oh, confound it, no! I think Miss Wharncliff must be at least thirty—rather too far advanced. Do you know their circumstances? I never fell in with people so close-mouthed about their money matters. Sometimes I am led to suppose them rich, and then again, quite the reverse. Miss Elinor might make a good wife, that is, if there was plenty of money to go upon. I would not object to her myself, if she had brought over a few bags of gold guineas with her. Would you?"

"You know we doctors are less accustomed to handling money than you gentlemen of the law, and, consequently, have it less in our thoughts. However, I do think that Miss Wharncliffe, habituated to the luxuries of English high life, would be rather out of her sphere united to an American of limited means. But I must bid you good evening. Success to your visit."

The next morning the doctor called again at Mrs. Harrington's. He found her daughter seated in the outer apartment, with the baby again in her arms, and a couple of children standing beside her, spelling, while some eighteen or twenty others, from three years old to seven, were closely crowded around her. She arose quietly, and accompanied him into her mother's room. His patient, though better, was still feeble and suffering.

"I fear, madam," said he, "that you will be affected by the noise of so many children near you; had not the school better be dismissed for a time?"

"It does not disturb me. I am accustomed to the noise," she replied.

"Then would it not be prudent to obtain—" he was about to propose an attendant, but delicacy checked his question before it was finished.

Adeline Harrington seemed to understand him, but the same delicacy prevented, in her reply, any allusion to the restricted circumstances which occasioned the want, and she observed, with a faint smile, "The children have just had a two weeks' holiday, and their parents objected to it as being too long. They are mostly sent here to be merely kept in the house, and out of the way at home, and they would be withdrawn entirely, if we gave them frequent vacations."

"But the duty of attending your mother and the infant, is sufficient for you, Miss Harrington, without the trouble of your pupils," observed the doctor, with increasing interest.

"Oh! I don't mind it! no one can nurse mamma as well as myself, and as to the children, they are really very good. Besides, my little sister helps me more than could be expected of her."

Mrs. Harrington sighed deeply, and the doctor, after giving farther directions, again took his leave. As he passed the window, he saw the young nurse return to her seat amidst her school.

Dear, dear Miss Addy! never was teacher so gentle and patient; never had a teacher pupils so fond and admiring! her appearance, as she sat among us in that miserable school-room, is present to my mind's eye as a scene of yesterday. Not a child of us but thought her the best and loveliest object in the whole world, and very few have had an opportunity, through the lapse of years, to change their opinion. I, at least, have never seen any one to rival her picture in my memory. Her figure was rather above than under the middle height, beautifully, and rather fully developed for one so young. Her eyes were of a dark grey or hazel, clear and bright and soft beyond description. Her features were faultlessly symmetrical, and her hair, dark and glossy, brought smoothly down over the temples, as is common at the present day, and hanging in long rich curls, from behind her ears, upon her neck, enhanced the calm sweetness of their expression. Added to these, was a skin of unblemished purity—care and grief had taken away its bloom, and a combination of beauty was formed, such as it is rare to meet with, and yet more rare, to find it united to equal charms of the heart.

Imagine a kitchen of the most comfortless aspect, lighted by one small window, which rattled in every breeze, and around which the cold wind came whistling, sometimes drifting snow-flakes over the floor, and this fair young creature seated in front of the scanty fire, which scarcely warmed the huge chimney in which it burnt, and the little benches of shivering children drawn

closely around her, and you will have a picture of what the school-room presented every day through the long winter past. Then imagine her hastening, at the end of every lesson, into the room of her sick mother, to minister to her wants, and sometimes bending over the fire to prepare some nourishment or medicine required, or, if the invalid particularly needed repose, gathering us still more closely around her, whilst she kept us in profound silence, by relating some wonderful fairy-tale, or some touching narrative of juvenile sorrow or excellence; and remember that she had just left the comforts and elegancies of a fashionable boarding-house, where she had been admired and caressed by all, and her cheerful resignation will be the more justly appreciated.

Dear, dear Miss Addy! there was not one among us who did not regard the little airs on the guitar, with which she rewarded us for a day's good behavior, the greatest of all pleasures, and the tiny, but graceful paintings on cards, which paid us for a longer term, the greatest of all possessions that could have been bestowed. Young as we were, we could not but perceive in her, something of superior goodness; that she had troubles, many and deep, and yet that a frown never visited her face, nor a fretful nor a harsh expression ever dropped from her lips. The weariness, the impatience of school-children, we never felt. She made even our alphabet and spelling-lessons a source of entertainment, and when, after a short holiday, we returned to school, and found there the baby, it was made a new source of enjoyment and reward. We learned to regard the little creature as something sacred, from her demeanor towards it. Its loudest and most protracted cries only brought from her looks of the greater affection, and proud we were, when, after a well-said task, we were allowed to hold it, shielded by her careful hands, in our arms!

All this Doctor Witherton heard of and witnessed, and no wonder that he soon gained the confidence of those of us, who, from the associations of lancets and tooth-drawers, had a dread of "the doctor," by his kind and respectful manner towards Miss Addy!

But to return to the family at the Hall. About three or four weeks after Doctor Witherton's introduction to the unfortunate widow, Mr. Wharncliff and his son were seated in the portico, one day after dinner, awaiting the return of a messenger, from the post office.

"Has Nelly told you, George, how she and our neighbor are getting on?" asked the elder gentleman. "He has not called here so often, of late."

"I am afraid it will turn out a failure; he seems very slow about coming to the point; I believe she begins to have a few doubts herself."

"Hump! I feel half sorry to hear it. He is really a gentleman for an American, and under present circumstances, a match not to be despised. I must wonder, for the hundredth time, why she has been so long unprovided for. She is good looking, and has every advantage of education and travel; her manners are agreeable, and her character not amiss, yet at home she could attract nothing better than an offer from a curate or a lieutenant, and here, not even so much. I expected, when we came over, to get a secretary for her, or a senator, at least. It is strange, very strange."

"Fate, father, fate! that's the explanation; unless, as I have sometimes expected, the men perceive that she is, like her papa and brother, something of a schemer, and presume her, consequently, to have less heart than head. But here come the papers."

The old gentleman opened a letter, while his son tore the covers from the newspapers, and read it with a perturbed countenance. "Smith, Thompson, & Co., again, George," said he. "I thought I had silenced them for a twelvemonth, at least."

"Let me see the letter," returned the son. "The deuce! the——! 'again demands payment'—'patience exhausted'—'obtain judgment'—'levy execution'—the deuce! what's to be done, father?"

"That's the question! they allow us two or three weeks to determine, but we have little choice as to the conclusion to come to."

"My course is plain," said George. "I'll go forthwith to one of the cities, and marry some rich grocer's or chandler's daughter."

"Ah, George! that's easier said than done. I have depended upon you too long. You have been talking about it ever since we came over, as you did before, and to no purpose."

"I had never fully made up my mind, father, that was the reason, but now I will set about it in earnest. A suit of the latest London cut, and a little talk, now and then, about our cousin, Lord Lumley, will do wonders. I wish I had a title to sport, if only for the occasion. These republican damsels are as eager for titles, and as much interested about the 'higher circles,' as ever was a romance-reading, grazier's daughter. At all events, I can talk about them as familiar things, without a great deal of fibbing, and, occasionally, for effect, can exhibit one of Lumley's letters. Luckily, though a fool, he really is a lord, and our cousin, if it be but in the fortieth degree. And then, sometimes, I can throw in a word about our entailed estate—I need say nothing about the ninety-nine years' lease; and it will work admirably. Let me alone! I can manage with very little rascality—I would not stoop to that."

"That's right, George; I am glad to perceive that you preserve the honorable principles which I have always tried to instil into you," said the old gentleman with much complaisance; "but poor Elinor! what's to become of her, in case you do not succeed?"

"We must try to bring the doctor to a proposal, and, if he proves obstinate, we shall have to take up with Meadows. He has been rather assiduous, of late."

"Meadows? I don't like that, altogether. He wants education, refinement—it would be a sacrifice, George."

"The deuce! better have him than no body! Indeed, it would not be such an easy matter to secure him. He is a cunning fellow, fond of money, and, like most of his countrymen, has a horror of old maids. It is well that our baptismal register is on the other side of the ocean. It would never do to let him know that Nelly has stepped out of the twenties. But we will leave it

to her to arrange these matters herself. She has a longer head than either of us."

The next day but one, Mr. George Wharncliffe set out for New-York, and immediately after his departure, Doctor Witherton received a message to call upon the old gentleman professionally. He obeyed it promptly, and found his neighbor in bed, and looking very gloomy.

"I'm afraid it's all over with me, doctor," said he; "my time has come at last."

The doctor inquired as to the principal seat of pain, but could get no satisfactory answer. "There is not the least cause for alarm, Mr. Wharncliffe," he repeated; you have perhaps caught a little cold, and are threatened with one of your fits of gout, or the weather, perhaps, affects your spirit. You will be well enough in a day or two."

"No, no, doctor," persisted the old gentleman; "I have lived a long time, and it will take but little, now, to carry me off. Do you know I am upwards of sixty?"

"Is that all, sir? I do not know any one of that age, more likely to go beyond the three score and ten, than yourself," said the doctor, conceiving that he now understood the nature of the case.

"You only flatter me, doctor; you must be aware that it is time for me to prepare for the worst. I must set about making my will at once; I do not understand the forms of your laws, and must, therefore, employ a lawyer; I have been thinking about Mr. Meadows."

"No one could do it better, sir; however, I assure you there is not the slightest necessity for it, from present appearances. The absence of your son makes you a little gloomy; he left you this morning, did he not?—when do you expect him to return?—have you received any English papers lately?"

"Don't talk to me about any thing but my own situation, my dear sir," said the patient, and the doctor, after reasoning a little to no purpose, settled it in his mind, that the disease was one of hypochondriasis, and leaving a trifling prescription, he withdrew.

"Don't forget to call again in the evening, doctor," said the invalid, calling after him; "if I should get worse, I will send for you sooner."

"I hope papa is not seriously ill?" said Miss Elinor, meeting him in the hall.

"Nothing more than a disease of the imagination; has he been subject to it?"

"I never knew him to be so affected, before," replied the lady, and notwithstanding her apparent desire to protract the conversation, the doctor returned homeward.

In the afternoon he received another summons from Mr. Wharncliffe, and on arriving at the Hall, he found Mr. Meadows in his patient's apartments, surrounded by writing materials.

"I have sent for you this time, doctor," said the invalid, "to perform an act of neighborly kindness. I wish you to affix your name, as witness, to my will. Mr. Meadows has done me the favor to write it. You remember I told you this morning, that I was impressed with the necessity of having it done. Mr. Meadows, will you oblige me by reading it to Doctor Witherton?"

"That will be a needless trouble, sir; it is not required that I should know its contents, Mr. Meadows?"

"Not at all, not by any means—that is, according to law," replied Meadows, eagerly.

"If you please, I should prefer the doctor's hearing it," said Mr. Wharncliffe; and agreeably to his wish, the lawyer proceeded to read his performance. Its substance was, after all the requisite formalities, that George Wharncliffe, the heir by law of the family estate, was made legatee of all the testator's unentailed property, in the kingdom of Great Britain, and the proceeds of the said testator's real estate, in the United States of America, to be designated by the aforesaid George Wharncliffe, after sale, and the payment of all claims against the same, were, to an amount not exceeding ten thousand pounds, English currency, affectionately bequeathed to his beloved daughter, Elinor Wharncliffe.

The reading over, the old gentleman subscribed his name with much solemnity, and after his two companions had added theirs, it was duly folded and sealed.

"Now I have done what duty required of me," said the invalid, with great apparent satisfaction; "and if the worst come, why I am prepared for it."

The two witnesses shortly took their leave. "Do you think the old gentleman will die?" asked Meadows, anxiously.

"Not from any disease he has at present," replied the doctor, smiling.

"That's a nice fortune he has left to Miss Elinor, isn't it? even if it should not come for twenty years. Ten thousand pounds sterling—nearly fifty thousand dollars!—a man might spout law for many a long day before he would be worth such a sum. That George is a lucky dog; I did not suppose they had so much among them; indeed, I sometimes half fancied that they had nothing at all. It is quite satisfactory to write and witness wills, sometimes. Now tell me, Witherton, in sober earnest, have you any notion of Miss Wharncliffe?"

"In sober earnest, Meadows, I have not."

"I thought so; I never could believe that you were intended for any thing else than an old bachelor. But you give me your word?"

"I do. Won't you walk in?"

"That's a clever fellow!—no, thank you—good bye."

The doctor was serious in his reply to Meadows. Whatever might have been his views formerly, he had ceased to think of Miss Wharncliffe as his wife. "Thank Heaven!" thought he, cogitating over the events of the day; "that before this temptation presented itself, I had found a woman whose price is far above rubies! I think it is not vanity that suggests that I might have obtained Elinor Wharncliffe's hand; her fortune, though enjoyed at a distant day, might do much for me; it might aid in placing me in that position before the world to which ambition points, and which I may now struggle to reach, in vain. But what then? Could I, with a venal object, in spite of my conscience and my avowed principles, enter an institution designed for the security of the holiest earthly gift,

domestic happiness—and that, too, when the probability is before me of obtaining a woman who would not only be the pride of my home in prosperity, but its blessing in adversity? never!" and he concluded his deliberations by setting off to the house of his patient, Mrs. Harrington. He found her sitting at an open window of her apartment, with her infant in her lap.

"Thank you, doctor," she replied to his inquiries about her health. "I now feel quite well; so well, that I think it will be no longer necessary to trouble you with looking after me."

"But, my dear madam, I hope you will sometimes let me come for my own benefit; to acquire lessons of fortitude and patience against my hour of affliction shall arrive. I have now come for a purpose of my own—to get you to be my confidant. Is not Miss Harrington at home?"

"She has just gone out with the children, to walk for exercise," replied the widow, the tears starting in her eyes; "poor Adeline! her school, and her domestic labors, begin to overpower her. I can perceive her spirits changing as well as her appearance, notwithstanding all her efforts to support them. God help us all, if she should sink under her exertions for us!"

"Place her under my care, my dear madam, and, I beseech you, be it for life! a daughter so admirable, so incomparable, must make a noble wife! is there any hope that I can win her to be mine?"

"Doctor Witherton!"

"How could I help falling in love with her, Mrs. Harrington, seeing her every day, as I did, so devotedly, so gracefully sustaining and ennobling duties, under which, if she had not possessed the soul of a martyr, she must have sunk! tell me, my dear madam, is there any hope for me? I could not bear to forfeit her confidence, by appealing to her at once, as must have been the case, should she not have been disposed so listen favorably. You must have suspected me! you will not, I trust, throw any obstacles in my way?"

"I will not, indeed, Doctor Witherton; you have won my esteem as well as my gratitude, and, what, I am confident, you will also desire, I promise to use no persuasion in your favor. I did not suspect your feelings. I knew of how little consequence the greatest virtues are, in the eyes of the world, generally, when found in one as unfriended and portionless as my daughter. Of this, too, she was well aware, and while she received gratefully, as marks of sympathy and kindness, the attentions you offered her, she has never allowed a thought of a warmer feeling to enter her mind. Of this I am assured, yet equally so, that she fully appreciates your character, and admires your talents."

"Then I do not despair. With your leave, I will go and look for her;" and our bachelor started on his quest, happy in the feeling that he was "caught at last."

The making of his will, seemed to have a salutary effect upon Mr. Wharncliffe, for, on visiting him the next morning, the doctor found him much more cheerful. The favorable symptoms increased, and at the end of a week, he was perfectly well. During this time, his daughter gradually perceived that a conquest of their neighbor was out of the question, and, nothing daunted, heroine as she was, she turned her battery upon Mr. Meadows, whose visits were now daily repeated. How well she succeeded in this, was proven by the lawyer himself, who, a few weeks after, entered the study of the doctor, with looks of great exultation.

"I beg your pardon, Witherton," said he, "but I have cut you out completely."

"In what?" asked the doctor, with a strong suspicion.

"With Elinor Wharncliffe; I have called, however, to make as much reparation as is in my power, by asking you to be my groomsman."

"Ah! has it come to that? when will you require my services?"

"To-morrow two weeks."

"Not 'till then? I am sorry, my dear fellow, to be obliged to decline the compliment, but against then I shall be disqualified for the office. To-morrow, *one* week, I hope 'to signify under my sign, here lives Benedict, the married man.'"

"*You!* that's a good one! ha! ha! you make up your mind to get a wife! but, upon my word, you tell it with as good a grace as if it were earnest!" said Meadows, staring a moment, then laughing.

"And so it is earnest," said the doctor, returning his laugh. "Why should I not make up my mind, when I could find a wife to suit me?"

"Why, who, under the sun, are you going to get?"

"A lady, some of whose good qualities you made known to me yourself—Adeline Harrington."

"Adeline Harrington! is it possible!—to be sure she is beautiful and good, but—"

"But she has not ten thousand pounds! well, well, Meadows, every one to his taste. Neither of us need wish that we had both thought alike."

And, at the end of two weeks, both marriages had taken place. Mrs. Harrington and her family were removed to the house of Doctor Witherton, who, it was unanimously agreed, in the village, "had his hands full," while the elated Meadows became an inmate of Wharncliffe Hall.

Several months went round, when, one day, Meadows, with other idlers of the village, was standing before the principal inn, to inspect the disembodying of a mail-coach, and, among the passengers, he recognized an old acquaintance, a civil officer from the nearest city. Greeting him cordially, he accompanied him into a parlor, where, after a little conversation, the gentleman, on opening his portmanteau, took from it a packet, which, he asked his assistance in delivering.

"For Doctor Witherton"—with pleasure; he is a near neighbor of mine. I'll carry it myself."

"I would not trouble you, but I am not personally acquainted with the gentleman. Report speaks highly of him. That packet contains, I believe, the first intelligence of what most country physicians would consider both honor and good fortune. He has been elected to

the professorship in the medical college, recently vacated by the death of Doctor C.———."

"Is it possible? then the fellow has some luck, after all."

"I must, also, request your aid, professionally, in an affair which has brought me hither. There is a person in your neighborhood named Wharncliffe; I have an execution against him in favor of Smith, Thompson & Co., brokers. It is for the sale of his personal effects, the real estate being secured by mortgage, to the former owners."

"The devil!" ejaculated Meadows; "Mr. Wharncliffe is my father-in-law."

"I beg pardon, then, for mentioning the subject; I was not aware of it. We are all liable to difficulties of the kind," but without waiting to hear more, Meadows snatched up his hat, and hurried home.

A few hours afterwards, he presented himself in the office of Doctor Witherton, in evident agitation.

"What's the matter?" asked the doctor; "have you come to get that tooth taken out?"

"Pshaw! I have been cheated, Witherton—swindled most villanously. Old Wharncliffe is bankrupt—not worth a clear dollar in the world."

"I am sorry to hear it. How have you involved yourself with him?"

"Involved myself? I have done no such thing. But don't you remember *that* will? All the property they have in England, is leased out for a couple of generations, to pay old claims, and the Folly, over here, all they have in this country, is mortgaged to almost the full amount—only a few hundred dollars having been paid on it; and an execution has just been levied on the personal effects for other debts. They had some money left from their lease, which they have been travelling and living upon, but it is really all spent."

"It is very unfortunate, certainly, but I am glad to hear that you are not injured by it."

"Injured! haven't I been grossly cheated?—that will! Witherton, that will!—it was a rascally fraud—do you see into it?"

"How does the old gentleman explain?" asked the doctor.

"There's the bite! he says it was done in a fit of the hyppo, when a man can't be expected to know what he's about."

"Well, well, Meadows, if you are no worse off than you were before, you had better say nothing about it."

"Say nothing! be fooled in that way, and say nothing! Why, Witherton, I believe my wife was party to the deception—I do, indeed! I have made up my mind to be divorced!"

"Nonsense, nonsense, man!" said the doctor, scarcely able to restrain a laugh, as a full perception of the plot broke upon him; "you'll soon get over it. You may be mistaken, and even if you are not, you know that ladies are excusable in resorting to a little artifice, to provide themselves with husbands. You must forget it all. Mrs. Meadows is a woman of excellent sense, and will, no doubt, make you a very good wife."

But Meadows chafed on, pacing the floor at full speed. "I had almost forgotten to deliver this," said he, stopping to present the packet; "it seems your good luck comes with my misfortunes."

The doctor broke the seal, and taking out a letter, read it, while a flush of pleasure passed over his face; "I suppose you know the contents of this?" said he.

"Yes, and I believe the situation you are elected to, is one of the most honorable in the country, for a scientific man, and one that yields several thousands a year. You will accept it?"

"Certainly. I am the more gratified by my election from its being altogether unexpected. It never entered my mind to be a candidate. It is exactly what I would have wished for, if I had thought there was any probability of obtaining it."

"You are a lucky fellow," said Meadows, sighing, and turning to leave the room.

"I suppose I may receive it as my wife's marriage portion," the doctor could not help observing, with a smile, as he attended his visitor to the door.

The duties of his chair immediately called Doctor Witherton to the city, where he and his lovely and accomplished wife were soon regarded as among the most distinguished ornaments of the polished and intellectual circle which received them. Their house was left in the occupancy of Mrs. Harrington, who, with the assistance of the notable Mrs. Eyeset, in the domestic department, there established a boarding-school, by which she not only benefitted the community at large, but realized a handsome competence for herself, and secured the education and comfortable establishment of her younger children.

"What has become of Meadows and his wife?" asked the doctor of an old neighbor, on his first visit to his former home.

"They went to house-keeping in the village, after the sale of the Folly. I suppose you have heard that it was sold to pay for itself. Old Mr. Wharncliffe went with them, being disabled from going any where else, by a severe fit of the gout, which has not yet left him. Meadows, who was not on the best terms with him, would not be convinced that he was really ill—I don't know from what reason—until he had received a solemn assurance of it from your medical successor. He will be obliged, I suppose, to keep the old gentleman to the end of the chapter."

George Wharncliffe, according to his design, scoured city after city in search of a rich wife, living, no one knows how, and has not found one yet.

Baltimore, Md.

It may be said that disease generally brings that equality which death completes. The distinctions which set one man so far above another, are very little preserved in the gloom of a sick chamber, where it will be in vain to expect entertainment from the gay, or instruction from the wise; where all human glory is obliterated, the wit clouded, the reason perplexed, and the hero subdued; where the highest and brightest of mortals find nothing left but connsciousness and innocence.—*Addison.*

Original.

SYBILLINE SCENES IN THE LIFE OF NAPOLEON.

BY ROBERT HAMILTON.

One evening in December, in the memorable year of 1772, in a café, in the Rue Montholon, was seated a mixed party discussing the events of the present time, and speculating on those of the future. The greater part were citizens, while the lesser, from their costumes, appeared to belong to the military profession. The laugh and gibe occasionally broke forth, but their conversation was more that of seriousness than mirth. Apart from the company, in a corner of the room, stood a young soldier, with his back against the wall and his arms folded upon his breast. He appeared to be completely buried in thought, and regardless of every object around him. His features were beautifully modelled, inclining almost to feminine delicacy, and his hair of a rich glossy brown, fell in flowing ringlets down his back. His stature was that of the middle size, with a person correctly formed altogether presenting in form and feature, a study for the artist or sculptor. So silent was he that he had been completely forgotten by his associates, and it was only whilst one of them in tossing off his glass of *vin ordinaire*, in prefacing it with the toast of "Destruction to the Bourbons," that he quickly raised his head and casting his flashing eyes towards the drinker, ejaculated in a short quick tone—"*Remercier Monsieur!*" that his presence was remembered, and hailed with shouts of welcome.

"Ah, ha! Monsieur Bonaparte, are you still there?" cried one of them; "we thought you had gone to keep the mice company in the garret."

"Or to the Odeon to take lessons from Talma—when do you appear, Lieutenant? we hear that you are about to change the sword for the buskin."

The young man surveyed the speaker with a frown upon his brow, and a contemptuous curl of the lip.

"No offence," continued the speaker, seeing that the young soldier did not receive his ribaldry in the best of tempers. "But you and Talma are so constantly together, we thought you had some serious designs of becoming a follower of Melpomene."*

"Bah! you are a child, Captain Berryer, waste your words upon fools, they are only fit for such society," said Bonaparte.

"Ha! ha!" shouted Berryer, "the little gentleman is angry."

"And most complimentary withal," added another of the party, "if your words are to be wasted upon fools, you have had a numerous assemblage around you sometime, Berryer."

A loud laugh followed this remark, and Bonaparte rising, took his place at the table. A deep gloom was settled on his countenance, and he seemed in no way disposed to join in the merriment, but politely uncovering, he begged his companions not to imagine that his remark alluded at all to them. "But," added he, "I retract not one word I have applied to Berryer."

In an instant Berryer was on his feet, and the others followed his example—but Bonaparte remained coolly seated, and filling out a glass of wine, as he *looked* a volume of scorn at Berryer, quaffed off the liquor and quietly replaced the glass upon the table.

"You shall answer this, Lieutenant," cried Berryer.

"When, where, and how you please," firmly and coolly, answered Bonaparte. "Here, at this very moment, and on this very spot," and drawing his sword, he stood waiting the assault of his enemy.

"Not here! not here!" shouted a dozen voices. "This is no place to settle such an affair."

"All places," cried Bonaparte, "are proper. The church should afford no safer shelter than the field where your honor is to be vindicated."

"Enough!" answered Berryer. "Enough! Gentlemen, pray do not prevent me," and breaking from them he drew his sword.

A circle was in a moment formed, and the two combatants stood face to face, cool and determined. A profound silence reigned in the room, which was only broken by the sound of their swords, as the combatants each sought for an advantage of assault.

At last, Berryer, thinking he perceived an opening in the guard of his adversary, thrust home, when Bonaparte, quick as lighting disarmed him. The sword flew whirling into the air, and descending, was caught by a female, who unseen and unheard, glided like a spectre into the circle.

"Hold!" she exclaimed. "Stain not your name by a drunken frolic. The future Emperor of France must war with nobler enemies."

As she said this she looked like a sybil in the moment of inspiration. She might have been about twenty-five years of age, tall and commanding in person—browned with the suns of foreign climes. Her eye was dark as the raven's and of unspeakable brightness—her hair, which descended in thick black ringlets over her shoulders, was braided in front, and her brow encircled by a brilliant scarlet kerchief. Her garment was a loose flowing robe of green, fastened at the waist by a blue silken scarf, which descended nearly to the ankle; and her feet were encased in richly ornamented slippers of red morocco.

The party were surprized at her appearance, and it was some moments ere the silence was broken. At last Bonaparte said—

"Who are you and what want you here?"

"I am the genius of your fate, Napoleon. In my hand I hold the rudder of your soul—to good or to evil I can direct it. Forbear—seek not to imbue your hands in the blood of your friend," and saying this she dropped upon her knee, and placing the sword of Berryer at his feet, cried—"Hail, Emperor of France!"

A loud laugh burst from all around save Napoleon,

* It is well known, that Talma was the intimate friend of Bonaparte, on his first coming to Paris, and so poor then was the young soldier, that he refused not to accept of the kindness of the tragedian in procuring for him, free admission to the theatre. This was not forgotten by Bonaparte when he had ascended the ladder of fortune.

who, impressed by her sudden and singular appearance as well as by her words, stood transfixed to the spot, gazing upon her.

"Mock me not," she replied to their derison. "I speak the truth—there is not one of you but shall yet behold *him* the conqueror of the world—the Emperor of France! Look! look, behold that star, how brightly it gleams," she continued, pointing to the window through which, in a dark December sky, one bright and only star was glowing in unspeakable brilliancy; "it is the star of his glory. Lodi, Marengo, Austerlitz—bloody will be your fields—but they are his passage to the imperial diadem. Behold how it waxes, it glows in accordance to my words, and yet dark clouds seem to threaten to bedim its glory. Ha! they prevail. Rout, carnage and confusion, are on his track. The sceptre falls from his hand—he bends in submission. What now passes o'er its disk? Interminable seas—*a barren rock his home and a grave in the regions of his enemy*," and uttering a loud scream, she rushed from the apartment.

Her mysterious speech, had created a strange feeling in the bosom of every one present, but more especially in that of Bonaparte, who stood like a statue, gazing upon the star. At that moment a loud roll of drums was heard, and Barras, one of the directors of the Convention, entered, and addressing Bonaparte, told him he was appointed to the command of the Conventional troops, with full power to act as he deemed proper for the restoration of peace to Paris.

"Ha! ha! ha! said I not rightly?" shouted a female voice at the window. All eyes were in an instant turned towards it, where, for a moment, the face of the sybil was seen, flushed with joy and waving her hand above her head.

"'Tis strange!" half aloud muttered Napoleon.

"What is strange?" inquired Barras, amazed at the apathy evinced by Napoleon on receipt of his good intelligence.

"Nothing, nothing Monsieur," he replied; "a strange female has been among us, who pretending to the art of divination, has covered me with glory and shame in the same breath. Behold!"

At this moment a brilliant light arose from without illuminating the whole apartment; but, in place of the sybil was seen a beautiful female with an imperial diadem encircling her brow. In her left hand she held another, while with her right she pointed to Bonaparte.

"Do my eyes deceive me?" exclaimed Barras. "Is this the effect of a fevered imagination—or do others see as I do?"

"It is no deception!" shouted some dozen voices.

"It is indeed there—approach her, Napoleon, 'tis on you that she smiles so graciously."

He did so, but the next moment she had disappeared, and nought but darkness supplied the place of brightness. Loud shouts now arose without, and the rolling of the drum, the report of fire-arms, told that tumult and bloodshed were again at work in the streets of Paris.

"Lose not a moment, Bonaparte," said Barras, "we shall talk of this again—may the vision prove true. Take this sword—let it carve out your path to its fulfilment."

Bonaparte received the weapon, and bowing assent, departed to assume his appointment, while the others followed, wondering at and speculating upon, what they had witnessed.

We shall now change the scene to the battle of Lodi, that memorable event which won for the Corsican high fame and honor. During a greater part of the day he had assisted in the duties of the common soldier, with his own hands charging and discharging a piece of ordnance, when on the very eve of victory he was struck with a musket-ball—the blood flowed freely, sight almost forsook him, and he was nearly falling to the earth, when a voice whispered in his ear—

"Arouse thee—thy wound is healed. This is thy first passage to the imperial crown!"

He looked, and the sybil who two years before had confronted him in the café, in the *rue de Montholon*, stood there in the midst of death and carnage.

"Ha!" cried Bonaparte, "you here!"

"Why not?" she coolly replied. "I am thy genius. Hearken—'tis accomplished! the day is won—the wreath of victory is thine!"

At the same time the bugle of the Austrians was heard sounding a retreat, and the wild shouts of triumph from the French, mingling with the roar of cannon and martial music, proclaimed Napoleon the victor of that ever memorable and bloody field. He had but for a moment averted his eyes from her, towards the scene, her words were yet in his ears, when he turned to her again, but she was not to be seen. He placed his hand upon his breast, his dress was yet moist with blood, but no pain was by him felt; and when in possession of the field, he uncovered his bosom, there only appeared the semblance of a wound but not the slightest sign of its recent infliction.

In 1800, five years after this occurrence, during which time success had ever attended him, when he had added to his name the Conqueror of Egypt—had returned to France—had boldly dissolved the Directorial government, had been declared First Consul, had crossed the Alps, and was now encamped on the field of Marengo. It was on the night preceding that battle, worn and weary with a long and arduous march, he had wrapped his cloak around him and thrown himself upon his camp couch, before the opening of his tent, so that the refreshing breezes of an Italian summer night might play upon his distracted and fevered frame. The moon shone with unclouded brilliance upon the marshalled plains, and the opposing armies were bound in the slumber of silence and fatigue. Scarcely a sound was to be heard, save

> "The clink of hammers closing rivets up,
> Giving dreadful note of preparation."

At the opening of the tent paced two sentinels, whose orders, at the peril of their lives, were to admit no one 'till the morning bugle had sounded. But look, what form is that which moves in the dimness of the tent, so softly that even the breath of the mid-night zephyr ruffles more the stillness of the hour. 'Tis a female—

she approaches the couch of Napoleon—she looks keenly upon him—she casts her eyes upwards and for some moments seems as imploring aid from a spiritual power—again she gazes on him—a smile irradiates her features—it now gives place to sorrow—tears fall from her eyes on the face of the hero, as she bends over him—Napoleon starts from his slumber—he is about to speak, but she places her finger upon her lip to command silence. Is it a spectre or reality that stands before him? Her mantle falls from her shoulders, and the sybil again stands before him.

"Speak not but listen," she said, in a voice of melancholy tenderness. "The star of thy fortune is once more in the ascendant. To-day shall victory award thee the laurel!"

"Mysterious being, who are you and from whence come you?" asked Napoleon.

She spoke not, but taking from her bosom a small talisman of the form of an eagle, cut from an emerald and richly set in gold, placed it in his hand, saying—

"When from thee this departeth, then will depart the star of thy glory. Up, up and be doing—already is thy foe preparing. Go—be fearless, and victory is thine."

In an instant she was lost in the gloom of the tent, and Napoleon starting up sought to pursue her. At that moment the morning bugle sounded to arms, and the sentinel entering the tent was surprized to find him standing lost in abstraction. The noise of his footstep, however, recalled him to remembrance—he rushed from the tent—the field was a moving mass of warlike life illumined with the first streaks of morning—he leaped into his saddle—the word for battle was given—deep and deadly roared the voice of destruction throughout the day, and when the sun was sinking behind the distant mountains, another garland was hung upon the banner of Napoleon.

Austerlitz! glorious, brilliant, yet bloody Austerlitz—how swelled Napoleon's heart on that day, when the sun rose in dazzling splendor o'er his host, and the Austrian and Russian powers lay scattered o'er the field, thick as the autumnal leaves of the forest. When the first blast of the bugle thrilled to each heart, telling that the work of battle had begun, and man and horse in thundering conflict met. While on the cast of that day depended the summit of his ambition, the stability of his regal sway—and when at last the evening fell upon the vanquished, and he stood there, *he* the terrible and triumphant conqueror, say, were his feelings to be envied or his fame to be desired! It was as he thus stood, surrounded by his brilliant staff on that bloody field, flushed with victory and devising plans for the morrow, that Murat approached and informed him that a female in the thickest of the fight, had arrested his arm and placed within his hand a packet, with these words—"This is the brightest day in the cycle of Napoleon."

He took it, it was addressed to him; he broke the seal, and within it lay the fragments of a ring, but no writing. A gloom overshadowed his countenance, and hastily folding it up, he thrust it into his bosom, and gave orders for the disposal of his troops for the night.

Having retired to his tent, and seated himself by his watch-fire, which burned brightly in the clear keen air of a December night, his busy soul was soon filled with a thousand thoughts of the future. In the ever changing embers he could almost depict, in "his mind's eye," crowns and sceptres tumbling into his grasp, and monarchs bending captives at his footstool. Then would the spectres of misfortune throng before him, 'till he beheld himself a vanquished and humbled being, at the mercy of those, whom like a second Attila, he had scourged without feeling and destroyed without cause.

Lost in these reveries, the remembrance of the packet flashed upon him. He took it from his bosom and unfolding it, again beheld the broken fragments of the ring.

"What am I to divine from this?" said he "What symbol does this betoken?"

"That the circle of thy glory is shattered!" exclaimed a voice beside him.

He started—his hand was on his sword, and he was on the eve of calling to the sentinel, when the speaker arrested his arm and commanded him to be silent.

"Know you me not?" said the speaker. "'Tis five years since we met, on the plains of Marengo—I then placed in your grasp the talisman of fortune, but to-day it hath departed from thee!"

"Not so," exclaimed Napoleon, thrusting his hand into his bosom, "'tis here!" But his pale countenance grew crimsoned, and a strong trembling seized upon his frame—he stood aghast, gazing with vacant horror upon the face of the speaker, whom he now recognized as the sybil.

"Speak I not truth?" cried she; "'tis gone, vanished, never to return. Thy star may wax brilliant, and the sun of fortune may *seem* to smile upon thee as brightly as ever, but a storm is gathering in the distance that shall burst upon and destroy thee for ever!"

"Whither hath it gone?" asked Napoleon, faintly.

"To the spirit hand that formed it—to the mansions of destiny," she replied. "Farewell! we shall meet again, but then thy sun shall be set and the tempest shall be o'er thee!"

She rushed from his presence, and escaping from the tent, was challenged by the sentinel, but on perceiving it was a woman, and that she readily gave the countersign, he permitted her to pass safe and unmolested. Napoleon could not speak, he stood statue-like and speechless, and at length sunk beside the embers of his watch-fire in a state of oblivion, from which he was only aroused by the entrance of the officer of the morning.

Nine years had passed away, and Josephine, his wife, the promoter of his fortunes, had been discarded, and another, a regal, but not a better being, taken to his arms. Battle after battle had been fought, kingdom after kingdom had been conquered, and in the intoxication of success, the sybil's prophecy had totally escaped his memory. But reverses of fortune now fell upon his arms, and alone in the old and princely palace of Fontainbleau, in a solitary chamber, on the evening of the 11th of April, 1814, we now behold him, driven to the very

verge of despair—at the mercy of those, a captured conqueror, to whom he had shown none, and with whom he had violated every principle of honor.

He is seated at a small table, where before him lie various documents, one of which he scans with a keen and anxious eye—ever and anon he rises and walks about the apartment, muttering to himself—and striking his hand upon his brow—he suddenly pauses seizes the pen and is about to apply it to the document—now he casts it from him, and assumes an air of terrible determination—his hand now falls unwittingly upon a pistol—he starts—he grasps it—a wild light flashes from his eye—he raises it—what, shall the hero of "a hundred fields," bow beneath the reverses of fortune? No! he dashes it from his grasp—he draws his hand across his eyes—a tear drops from beneath it, and flinging himself into his chair, his head falls upon his breast, and a deep smothered sigh bursts from him.

Slowly on its hinges moves the door, and with a step noiseless as death, enters a figure in full white flowing garments. A thick veil conceals her features. She advances to the table, and stands motionless before him. He perceives her not 'till she deeply and solemnly pronounces the name of—"*Napoleon!*"

He starts from his revery. Who dares thus break in upon his *last* night of royalty? The veil falls from the face of the intruder, and the spirit of his destiny stands before him—'tis the *Sybil!*

"Said I not we should meet again, when thy sun should be set, and the tempest should be o'er thee?"

"Ah! Austerlitz—I remember—the—the—" He would have added more, but surprize at her strange and sudden appearance had appalled him, and he looked upon her unable to speak.

"Behold—the talisman of thy fate!" said she, as she exhibited to his sight the eagle she had presented to him on the memorable visit at Marengo.

"Ah! give it me!" he exclaimed, and he rose eagerly to clutch it—but it was but a shadow in his grasp, while the act was followed by a derisive laugh from the Sybil. "Fiend! tempter!" he ejaculated; "why come you here to mock me? Dost thou too rejoice with mine enemies at my downfall?"

"Thy downfall is a fitting retribution for thy bloody and boundless ambition. Think of the millions thou hast murdered—of the hearts thou hast broken. The curses of the childless, widowless, and fatherless, are upon thee. Think of thy *Josephine* and tremble! Once more I shall be with thee—but *once more!* remember!" and she glided swiftly and noiselessly from his presence.

Change we the scene. In his sea-girt citadel, in an apartment in Longwood, dimly lighted, and surrounded by his weeping household, lay the dying exile. His last moment was fast approaching, and reason had departed from her seat. His breathing was low and heavy, and indistinct and incoherent words occasionally broke from his lips. A furious storm was raging without—vivid gleams of lightning, followed by terrific claps of thunder, shook the island to its foundation. It was a fitting hour for the departure of him, who with his engines of destruction and insatiate ambition, had shaken the world to its basis. Fainter and fainter became his breathing; the death-rattle rung frightfully in his throat, and his sunken and glassy eyes wandered vacantly around. In a moment, as if inspired by superhuman power, he suddenly raised himself from his pillow, his eyes were kindled with unnatural brilliancy, and with his thin and emaciated hand pointing to the window of the aparment on which the beams of lightning were playing, exclaimed—"There!"

All eyes were turned towards it, and the form of Josephine, well known to the attendants, was beheld smiling upon the scene.

"Come, my Cid,"* it exclaimed; "'tis the Sybil of thy life awaits thee."

The exile fell back upon his pillow—his eyes assumed again their glassy hue—a faint sigh escaped from him, followed by a convulsive shudder of the frame, and the next moment his spirit had departed. The prophecy was fulfilled—"*A barren rock his home—a grave in the regions of his enemy!*"

* A name that Josephine delighted to apply to him.

Original.

SONNETS.

BY MRS. EMELINE S. SMITH.

HISTORY.

High power, oh, Muse of History, thou hast
O'ervanished things. 'Tis thine to weave a spell
Which calls the long departed beings of the past
Back from their shadowy home! 'Tis thine to dwell
Amid the monuments of ancient Time,
By crumbling palace, temple, tomb, and tower,
And from the mouldering wrecks of pomp and power
Read unto man a lesson most sublime!
'Tis thine to give to noble deed and name
A fadeless glory and undying fame.
'Tis thine to lift the mind from meaner things
And bear it on to loftiest realms of thought,
'Till contemplation o'er the spirit flings
A spell, with highest, holiest inspiration fraught.

POESY.

'Tis thine, sweet Poesy, to lure the soul
A willing slave from Reason's sober ray;
And bid it wander, at thy soft control,
Through Pleasure's paths and Fancy's flowery way.
'Tis thine to weave a wild and witching spell
That chains the mind in fetters of delight,
And leads it far, in fairy worlds to dwell
'Mid blissful dreams and scenes of beauty bright.
'Tis thine to scatter o'er life's changeful stream
The fragrant flowers of Hope and Joy and Love;
To shed o'er cold Reality a beam
That lights and warms like summer sun above.
And thine, oh, child of high and holy birth,
To deck with Eden hues the lowly things of Earth!

Original.

MARRIAGE.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

Balthazar.—"Nay, nay; all marriages are made in Heaven.
Benedict. — Trust me, not so—if some descend from Jove,
Many spring up from earth; and, sooth to say,
Not few are tinkered in the sulphury realms
Where Pluto holds his court.
Balthazar.—How prove you this?
Benedict. — Right easily: three powers are there which win
Mankind to noose themselves in wedlock's bands;
When Eros binds the soul in gentle chains
Heaven smiles upon the vow; while Earth puts forth
For Anteros its fading, fragile flowers;
But Hell itself sends forth its pitchy flames
When Pluto leads th' unwilling votary."
Old Play.

"Look what a magnificent present I have just received, Cousin Clara, and tell me if Mr. Walmsley is not a most princely suitor." Such was the exclamation with which Eveline Harris entered the apartment of her cousin. Clara quietly raised her eyes from her needlework, and taking the richly enchased box which was proffered to her view, replied: "It is really very pretty—a work box I suppose?"

"A work box, indeed!" exclaimed Eveline, "no, no; the casket, pretty as you may think it, is scarcely worthy of its contents!" As she spoke, she touched a spring and Clara almost started at the dazzling brilliancy of the gems which flashed before her eyes.

"Did you ever see such splendid diamonds?" cried Eveline.

"You surely do not intend to accept them, Eveline?" exclaimed Clara.

"Indeed I do: only look at the exquisite taste of the setting;" and with these words, the gay girl drew from the box a superb bandeau, which she carelessly twined in her long curls as she turned to the mirror to observe their effect.

"Take care what you do, Eveline," said Clara gravely; "you may pay too high a price for these costly jewels."

"What do you mean, coz?"

"Do not pretend to misunderstand me; you cannot with propriety accept so valuable a gift, unless you intend also to accept the hand of the donor, and surely in that case you would buy them at the cost of happiness."

"Really you are very complimentary, Clara; it seems to me, that youth and health, good temper and fortune, are not such very despicable ingredients in the cup of life."

"Listen to me without displeasure, Eveline; you are gifted with talent and with beauty, education has improved the faculties of your mind, and society has added elegance of manner to your native charms. Mr. Walmsley is four years your junior, and nature has been to him a most niggard step-dame; since, to an insignificant person, she has connected an exceedingly weak mind. Even his better qualities serve to render him ridiculous, for his extreme good temper makes him the butt of his associates, while his profuse generosity subjects him to the continual impositions of the knavish and designing. He has too many virtues to deserve contempt, and too many weaknesses to command respect."

"You are a faithful limner, coz.; Master Simeon Walmsley is all that you have depicted; and yet, nathless his juvenility, and his imbecility, Eveline Harris is his future bride. Dont start, Clara; the affair was all settled last evening;—he wears my turquoise ring, and I suppose these diamonds are to be considered as his "troth-pledge."

"Eveline, you are jesting."

"I am speaking the words of sober truth, coz."

"Can it be possible that the pure proud nature of Eveline Harris has become so sullied by communion with the world, that she can sell herself for baubles like these?" exclaimed Clara, vehemently. "I have seen the time when the mere thought would have been spurned as an insult."

"I know all you would say, Clara; you think me enamored of Walmsley's wealth, and you are right; but my motives are not so selfish as you suppose. You know my father's high-toned feelings, and the difficulty which he has had in sustaining such an appearance in society, as could satisfy his family pride. That difficulty increases every day, and we must soon stoop from our proud eminence, or we must find some new method of resistance to the pressure of poverty. I am now five and twenty, and three younger sisters yet remain to be provided for; so that there is no other resource for us than wealthy marriages. Papa has never urged me to marry, but he has had his eye upon Mr. Walmsley ever since he entered college; and he has taken care to wind around him the light but firm bonds of habit, by accustoming him to the attentions of our family. A few days ago, papa came to me with a volume of Dante in his hand, and bade me read attentively a passage which he had marked. It contained the advice given by the poet to a certain noble duke respecting the marriage of a daughter. 'Marry the eldest advantageously, even if you mortgage all your estate to do so, and then all the others will reap the benefit of her position.' Strange counsel from the Poet of Heaven and Hell, was it not, Clara? I pondered long over the thoughts which the book had excited, for I understood papa's wishes the moment I read the passage, and could not but admire the delicate mode which his elegant taste had suggested as the best means of making me acquainted with them. Last evening, when young Walmsley entered, I perceived a restlessness in his manner which foreboded something unusual; and at length, when by the management of papa, we were left alone, he blundered out the momentous proposition: He was all confusion, and I all self-possession—for a moment I hesitated, but my eye fell upon the book which lay upon the table, and that decided me. He is not exactly the beau-ideal of my fancy, but I have the satisfaction of knowing, that the sacrifice of my own feelings will purchase the welfare of my family."

"And do you really believe, Eveline, that you have been perfectly disinterested in your motives? Did no vision of grandeur heretofore unattainable, of wealth

almost unbounded, of triumphs over rival belles, flit across your fancy? Did not ambition whisper, that wealth is power?"

"Clara, I will not pretend to more virtue than I possess. I have lived long enough in society to be fully acquainted with the value which is set upon fortune, and I should be as wretched *now* with 'love in a cottage,' as I might have been in my joyous girlhood from the anticipation of a destiny like the present. The truth is, that I have outlived the age of romance, if indeed I ever possessed it. Mr. Walmsley's wealth will place me at once upon an eminence which many are painfully toiling to reach; it will enable me to sustain the falling fortunes of my family, to marry my sisters to advantage, and to gratify my father's ambition. Are you satisfied, coz?"

"Far from it, Eveline; you know not your own character, or you would never subject yourself to the torture which you will now be called to endure. You are proud and sensitive to a fault—jealous of ridicule, and shrinking from any thing which can in the slightest degree wound your self-love; yet you are now about to marry a man who will be the means of inflicting daily pangs upon your susceptible feelings."

"You do not give him credit for his truly amiable temper, Clara."

"I do, I do, Eveline, if, with your eyes open to all its consequences, you allow this marriage, you merit all the unhappiness which must inevitably result from it; but poor Walmsley doubtless loves you, and believes you bestow a reciprocal affection; to him, therefore, the suffering will be severe and unmerited."

"Do you suppose I shall be fool enough to let him discover his mistake, Clara? No, no; he is not very acute in his perceptions; and as I really estimate his goodness of heart, it will not be difficult to treat him with such kindness, as may be easily mistaken for a warmer feeling."

"You deceive yourself, my dear cousin; before marriage it may require but little artifice to make the counterfeit coin pass current for the pure gold of true affection; but, depend upon it, the close observation of wedded life soon discovers the cheat."

"You and I, Clara, differ very widely in our ideas of that mystery called love. For my part, I have no faith in its existence:

> 'The mind hath made it, as it peopled Heaven,
> Even with its own desiring phantasy.'

I have had many a passing fancy, and have awakened many a transient passion in the hearts of others, but I have never felt a spark of that ardent, devoted love, of which maidens dream and poets sing."

"It is not too late for you to experience it yet, Eveline."

"Yes, my time is past for all 'youth's fantasies,' all my 'opium dreams' of romance have given place to more substantial visions. I have seen many a love-match degenerate into a union of 'hands not hearts;' and, therefore, I feel no anxiety about my future destiny. I mean to be a most dutiful and affectionate wife—not from a blind and selfish affection, but from *principle*."

"I have no more to say, Eveline; you seem to have calculated the chances with a degree of deliberation rather unusual in such cases; and therefore all further discussion would be useless. When will your marriage take place?"

"Oh, as soon as the wedding gear can be prepared; I hate long engagements."

"They give one too much time for reflection you think, Eveline?"

"'No more of that an' thou lovest me, good coz;' a truce with your grave lectures, and let us discuss the subject of the toilet."

"Do you mean that your diamonds shall form part of your bridal attire?" asked Clara dryly.

"What a shocking idea—no, certainly not; diamonds would be as unsuited to a bride as roses to a great-grandmother; the perfection of a wedding dress is elegant simplicity—a single gem upon the brow, a band of snowy pearls to confine the flowing veil, or a delicate spray of orange buds may be tolerated, but no more."

Eveline Harris was the spoiled child of the world of fashion. Her father, a man of versatile and brilliant talents, was the idol of society; but while his votaries fed him with the incense of flattery, he was compelled to keep alive their devotion by lavishing his golden favors among them. His patrimony diminished as his popularity increased; and at length, he was reduced to practice the thousand expedients which are necessary to the poor and proud slave of appearances. His eldest daughter, who closely resembled him in personal beauty and brilliancy of character, was an object of his especial affection. He saw her the admired of every gay circle, dispensing smiles to all alike, but evincing no disposition to assume the responsibilities of matrimony; and he rejoiced in this because it ensured to him the continuance of her society at home, while it enabled him to arrange ambitious plans for her future establishment. He had long determined that one of his daughters should marry Simeon Walmsley, who had been left to his guardianship when quite an infant, and whose large estate had increased to an enormous amount during a minority of nearly twenty years. In order to effect this, the young heir was taught to consider Mr. Harris as a second parent, and to look upon the daughters as intimate and confidential friends, even from his boyhood; while, at the same time, his wary guardian took care that his youth should be passed in the safe retirement of a remote village, under pretence of regard for his health. Educated in seclusion, young Walmsley had been studiously preserved from all contagion of evil example. The follies and vices which, in great cities, are learned almost in childhood, were totally unknown to him, and, when, at the age of twenty-one, he came into possession of his immense wealth, he was one of the most pure-minded and single-hearted beings in the world. Affectionate in his disposition, generous in his impulses, and kind in all his feelings, he possessed many qualities calculated to awaken regard; but unfortunately, the

finer qualities of his character were thrown into the shade by a weakness of intellect almost amounting to imbecility. His mind was, to use a homely simile, like a sieve, it contained only the grosser particles of knowledge. He had acquired, what a certain learned alderman styled "*the three R's*; but they comprehended nearly all the information with which his scholastic studies had endowed him. In vain he had been compelled to plod year after year through the field of classic lore—in vain he had been led through the flowery paths of elegant literature—in vain he had been sent to explore the treasures of art in the vast storehouse of Europe. Of his classical studies he only retained a vivid sense of abhorence—his attainments in the *belles'-lettres* only enabled him to yawn through a new novel—and from his foreign tour he only derived a prejudice against all men who could not speak English. Yet, notwithstanding all this, Simeon Walmsley was not designed to be a mere useless incumbrance in social life. His intellect was of the narrowest possible limit, but his moral nature was capable of a very high degree of cultivation; and while his mental powers were evidently far below mediocrity, he gave promise of goodness and virtue far exceeding the ordinary standard of morality. He had no philosophic views of human life, but he believed that God had given him wealth in trust for the welfare of others as well as himself; he, therefore, determined to do all the good he could, and to avoid, as far as it was possible, all contact with evil. With these simple but correct views, he needed only the aid of a stronger mind and firmer character, to make him one of the noblest of mankind.

Such was the man upon whom the proud, the sensitive, the highly-gifted Eveline Harris had exerted her fascinations, and whom she had voluntarily lured into an affection, which she knew could never be a source of happiness to him. Even when she stood at the altar, her heart grew cold as she uttered the solemn response, for she *knew* that her haughty spirit even then refused "to honor and obey" her future lord. A feeling almost amounting to contempt arose within her breast, and she unconsciously raised her head proudly, as her eye glanced on the diminutive form of him who placed on her finger the symbolic ring.

Woe unto those who pronounce the awful pledge which binds two immortal souls, when they know that the heart denies the uttered word! If there be a sin, which beyond all others, deserves the fearful punishment denounced against deception by the God of Truth, it is the perjury which desecrates the holy shrine, when a marriage vow is pronounced by the lying lip of the cold, the careless, or the false.

Eveline's ambitious fancies were fully gratified. Immediately after her marriage, she found herself installed in a splendid mansion and surrounded by all the appliances of wealth and luxury. Her husband, elated at the thought of having won the long admired belle of fashionable society, seemed as if he could never repay her condescension. His affectionate temper led him to anticipate her every wish, and he seemed to live but in her presence. With almost foolish fondness he would hang over her chair, and pour forth all the extravagance of his excited feelings as he gazed upon her stately beauty. He loved to be fondled and petted like a child, and if he could but lounge upon a sofa, with his head resting on her lap, while he gazed up into her lovely face with proud and happy tenderness, he was perfectly content. He loved her with all the fervor of an ardent but feeble nature, and the relying, dependent fondness with which he regarded her, was like a characteristic of feminine feeling, rather than like the manly and protecting affection which we look for in the lover and the husband. To a woman of Eveline's temperament, such evidences of attachment would have been excessively disagreeable even had she loved her husband. She liked to receive homage of a more rational kind, and would have looked with contempt upon any man who was content to share such caresses as might be bestowed upon a pet kitten. She had no patience with what she called his childishness. She had schooled herself to perform all her serious duties as a wife, but she had not reflected upon the minor tasks which are often the most difficult of performance His constant presence, his unwearied devotion, his foolish fondness, imposed restraints upon her which at last became perfectly intolerable, and she looked forward with impatience to the time when the uxorious bridegroom should be transformed into the careless husband.

And was this her only cause of discontent? my reader will ask. At this early period of her married life it was; and had she guided aright the feeble mind of her devoted lover, she might have received as well as given happiness. But she possessed too haughty and unaccommodating a spirit. She fancied that by thus allowing herself to seem his idol, she shared the ridicule which she knew his weaknesses drew upon him from those who could more readily sneer at his defects than imitate his virtues. Instead of compelling others to treat him with respect by showing that she thought him worthy of it, she seemed glad to take refuge from his attentions in the unmeaning civilities of those butterflies of fashion who are always ready to flutter round the light of beauty. It soon became a subject of remark, that Mrs. Walmsley availed herself fully of the convenient fashion which forbids husband and wife to associate together in society. She allowed him to attend her entrance into the ball-room or saloon, but from that moment she became the cynosure of all eyes save his. She urged him abroad into gay company; she promoted every scheme which could draw him from his home, and actually exerted more pains to destroy his domestic habits, than ever did a neglected wife to awaken a love for home in the breast of a profligate. His affection was ridiculed, his fondness rejected, his caresses spurned, and he was at length taught by bitter and frequent lessons, that he must seek for pleasure and happiness elsewhere than in the precincts of his own domicile. The strongest attachment Eveline had ever known, was that which bound her to her family, and absorbed in schemes for their advancement, she finally exhibited towards her husband a degree of indifference which almost broke his heart. He beheld his wealth

lavished upon her father, his house made the home of her sisters, his equipage and servants given up to the command of those who despised him, and yet he felt that all this would be nothing, if he could only believe that his wife estimated his devotion to her will. But in proportion as he yielded patiently to the yoke imposed by her family, her contempt and coldness seemed to increase. Goaded beyond endurance, his feeble mind at length poured forth its sorrows into the ear of one who had long sought to win the confidence of the possessor of fortune's favors. His wife despised the office of counsellor and friend, and he therefore sought sympathy and advice among the companions of his idle hours. It was no difficult task to find those who would listen to his sorrows, in the hope of sharing his pleasures, and led by the influence and example of such a friend, the disappointed husband began to seek enjoyment in the excitements of vicious indulgence.

Fully occupied with her own ambitious plans for the advancement of her family, Eveline took little heed of the change which was gradually taking place in her husband. She noticed with secret satisfaction that she was no longer annoyed by his officious tenderness, and, once free from this odious restraint, she flattered herself that she was acting the part of a conscientious wife. But the time came when she was to feel a void which she never before knew. Her sisters married, and, occupied in their own interests, became, in a manner, estranged from her, whose superior attractions always threw them into the shade, and whose elevated position in society excited their discontent. Her father, whom she loved better than any earthly being, was suddenly removed from her by death; and, five years after her marriage, Mrs. Walmsley began to be sensible of a loneliness of heart, which she had never experienced in her earlier years. She had no children to become the recipients of the hidden tenderness of a woman's heart, and, as she grew older, she was conscious of a weariness and distaste of the pleasures of society, which led her to picture many a visionary scene of domestic bliss. But it was too late. She had thrown from her the wealth of pure affection, and the happiness which, notwithstanding her husband's want of talent, might once have been found in the contemplation of his moral excellence, was now lost for ever. She had realized all her plans of life, she had succeeded in all her schemes for herself and family, but, at last, when driven by satiety of pleasure and loneliness of feeling, to seek for peace within the sacred limits of home, she found her feeble-minded husband transformed, by the influence of others, into the tavern-haunter and the gambler. She had suspected this terrible change long before the evidences met her view, and at length the truth in all its horrors burst upon her. But did it ever occur to her that she was the guilty cause of this moral wreck? Did she remember that the influence which love had placed in her hands had never been exerted, save to drive him from the safe precincts of domestic life? Did she reflect upon the responsibility which is incurred by the strong mind, when it binds to itself weakness and frailty? No; she felt only impatience of the imbecile being who could not resist temptation, and without a single attempt to withdraw him from his degrading pursuits, she looked with bitter loathing upon the husband whom she had sworn to honor, while she awaited in sullen impatience the moment of freedom which his failing health and repeated excesses led her to anticipate.

* * * * * *

It was some ten years after the conversation recorded in the commencement of this veritable history, that the cousins were again seated together in consultation; and, strange to say, the identical diamonds which had then originated the long discussion between them, were lying on the table. The gems still sparkled in all their pristine splendor, but a change had passed over those who now looked upon them. Clara's pale cheek and hollow temples, showed that time had not left untouched her delicate loveliness; but the soft light of her dark eye, and the placid sweetness of her pensive countenance, were still attractive, in despite of the years which had bestowed on her the odious appellation of "*old maid!*" The proud beauty of Eveline had been less fragile. Her black eye still flashed as proudly, her tall form still retained its symmetry, notwithstanding its expanded proportions, and her raven locks still retained their rich gloss, though they might now be indebted to art for some of their redundancy. Yet there was an expression of hardness and coldness in her face, which made one think that Time had revenged himself by indurating what he could not spoil. Her's was beauty of form, unadorned with loveliness of spirit: the sculptured vase unlighted from within. Yet that face was now a far less faithful index of her mind, than it had been in her earlier years. She had worn a mask in society, until her features became moulded into the cold immobility of the "counterfeit presentiment;" and the countenance, which, in youth, glowed with expression, while the heart remained perfectly unawakened, now remained calm as a frozen lake, while unwonted passions disturbed the current of the hidden feelings. She had become a widow, and joyfully had she witnessed the dissolution of the tie which had bound her. Mr. Walmsley's mind had sunk beneath the strong excitements of the gambling-table and the festive board. He had fallen into a state of utter imbecility for more than a year previous to his death; but the transition between his former mental weakness, and the actual idiocy which ensued, was so gradual, the shades of difference were so slight, that it was impossible to decide the precise period when reason became completely darkened. Availing herself of this, Mrs. Walmsley had devoted herself most assiduously to her invalid husband. His childlike simplicity of temper, led him to forget all past indifference, and to welcome her present cares as evidences of returning affection. Completely subdued to her influence, he made a will, bequeathing to her all his fortune; but whether that will was executed previous to his entire alienation of mind, was a question which, not even lawyers could decide. At all events, she was a handsome and wealthy widow, and—the strangest change of all—she was now a firm believer in

the power of that Love whose existence she had once denied. The cousins had met to decide a mighty question.

"I think I shall wear the bandeau, but not the necklace," said she, as she took up the casket; "the pin and ear-rings will be quite sufficient in addition to it; I do not admire too heavy a style of dress for a bride; what say you, Clara?"

"It is entirely a matter of fancy, Eveline, but I thought you did not consider diamonds suitable for a bride; I remember shocking you very much by a suggestion respecting them, on a former occasion."

"I recollect it perfectly, coz., but at my age, one requires all the aid of ornaments. Heigh ho! do you know, Clara, that I really believe I have some very foolish feelings about this marriage?"

"Why do you think so?"

"I am sensible of a trepidation of heart—a degree of agitation—a timidity, I might almost call it, which seems to me perfectly ridiculous."

"How do you account for such feelings, Eveline?" asked Clara, quietly.

"You will smile if I tell you, coz., that I believe it proceeds from the anxious tenderness of ardent affections. I well remember how coldly I once reasoned with you respecting that love which you considered so necessary to wedded happiness. I knew nothing of it then, but *now*—when the age of passion has long been past—I, who in my youth, despised its power, am subjected to its influence. I tell you, Clara, that the sound of Charles Elston's voice thrills me with an emotion such as I never before dreamed of—his very step is musical to my ear; his look is like sunshine to my heart. Do not laugh at me dear coz.; I am ashamed of my own wild impulses, but never, 'till I met him, was I sensible of my own strength of feeling."

"He is the only living relative of your late husband, is he not?"

"Yes, he is Mr. Walmsley's cousin, and my first meeting with him was at the opening of the will. The poor fellow seemed sadly disappointed when the disposition of the estate was made known to him; and, no wonder, for he is that most helpless of earthly creatures—a poor student. Devoted to science, he has pursued fame, while fortune passed unheeded. I expected that he would have disputed the will, but he at first lacked the means, and a few interviews with me destroyed all inclination to resort to such measures. He appeared completely fascinated, and, at a time of life, when even vanity could scarcely have led me to expect admiration, I have won the truest and fondest of lovers."

Clara shook her head and smiled.

"What objection have you *now* to make, coz.?" exclaimed Mrs. Walmsley, impatiently; "you predicted all sorts of misfortunes from a marriage without affection; what have you to say against one founded on the most disinterested love?"

"Nothing, except that in the first instance, it was the *bride* who was making a '*marriage de convenance*,' and in this case it may be the *suitor*."

"For shame, Clara; you are absolutely censorious. Do you suppose mere wealth could tempt a man of such high toned feelings, such noble intellect, such refined pursuits as Charles Elston, into an union without affection?"

"I might have found difficulty in believing such a thing, had I not known an instance where intellect and beauty and pride were all sacrificed to wealth."

Eveline reddened with shame and vexation, as she replied, "You pay no flattering compliment to me, Clara, by your distrust of my lover; however," she added, "we had better not discuss a subject on which we shall never agree. I am to be married on the tenth day of October, and I intend that you shall again be my bridesmaid."

"You must excuse me, Eveline."

"Indeed, I shall do no such thing; I suppose you think you are *trop passée*, but you are mistaken."

"That is not my reason for declining the honor, Eveline; a bridesmaid of thirty, is not unsuited to a bride who bears the weight of some five or six additional years."

"You provoking creature; why do you remind me of my wasted life? Well, then, it is because you are thirty, and not twenty, that I insist on having you as a bridesmaid; I do not desire to have some fair fresh-looking girlish creature at my side, making every one sensible of the contrast between youthful loveliness and well-preserved beauty."

"I am sorry I cannot serve as a foil to you, upon this occasion, Eveline," said Clara, with a smile, "but I assure you I have the best of all reasons for refusing."

"The best of all reasons! What, are you going to be married, Clara?"

"I am."

"Can it be possible? why, really, I thought you a confirmed old maid; and pray who is the happy man?"

"Do you remember our old playfellow, Harry Wellford?"

"To be sure I do; he went to Canton soon after you left school. You don't mean to say you are going to marry him?"

"We were engaged before he left this country, Eveline. He was as poor as myself in worldly wealth, but we were rich in affection, and he went abroad to win that gold without which we could not be united. His business became so complicated, that he could not disengage himself without the sacrifice of all that he had toiled to obtain, and thus time passed on until nearly fifteen years have elapsed since we parted. I said we were rich in affection, and the proof of my assertion is, that we have lived upon that affection during so many years of absence. He has now returned with the competence which he sought. He finds her whom he left a blooming girl, sadly changed in person, but not in heart, while I am happy in the belief that the snow which is slightly sprinkled amid his raven locks, has imparted no coldness to his feelings. We are to be married quietly and privately, therefore, if I partake in your bridal festivities, I must be in company with my husband."

"He shall be right welcome for your sake, dear coz.;

yours, indeed, is the love which lives on long remembrance, and I hope you may reap the reward of your constancy; but who could have dreamed that so much romance was concealed beneath your quiet demeanor?"

A pretty and graceful bride was Clara Lewis, when she gave her hand to the love of her youth, and sought, within the bosom of domestic peace, the recompense of her patient affection. The elegant widow celebrated her second nuptials in a most magnificent manner, and while some coveted the diamonds which sparkled on her brow, others envied her the handsome bridegroom. But the young husband was an evidence that intellectual gifts are not always accompanied with elevated moral sentiments. Supremely selfish in his habits, he had married the widow because he could thus be put in quiet possession of his cousin's wealth, and his determined character soon taught her that she had given herself a master. Devoted to the acquisition of fame, he treated her with utter indifference, while he allowed his time to be entirely engrossed by his scientific pursuits. She had despised the honest affection of her humbly-gifted husband, while she revelled in the enjoyments purchased by his wealth, and the chalice of bitterness was now returned to her own lips by the hand of him who had wedded her only for the gold which ministered to his daily comforts, while he trod in selfish heartlessness his solitary path to fame. A weary and a wasted life has been her's, and, in the loneliness of her declining years, she remembers with "late remorse," the pure heart and gentle spirit of him whom she drove from the paradise of home, to find a resource from sorrow in vice, and a refuge from insanity in the grave.

Brooklyn, L. I.

Original.

SMILES AND TEARS.

BY ANNA CORA MOWATT.

A SMILE may illumine the lip full of woe,
And a tear dim the merriest eye,
And sorrow may banish the smiles as they glow,
But the tears Love will faithfully dry.

And there shines not an eye, howe'er mirthful it beam,
For which Fate has no tear-drop distilled,
And there sorrows no heart, howe'er mournful it seem,
Whose gladness for ever is chilled.

As the rainbow its iris-hued-glory displays,
When storm-clouds are fleeing the sky,
Oft the brightest of smiles to the laughing lip strays,
When tears have just shaded the eye.

Then mourn not that sadness o'ershadows my brow,
By Joy but forsaken awhile,
But remember each tear—though so bitter its flow—
Is the herald to usher a *smile*.

Original.

THE MAIDEN.

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE ENGRAVING, BY A. L. DICK.

HIGH intellect is beaming now,
Upon that fair and beauteous brow;
The sun of genius flashes o'er
That face of rose and lily store;
Adown thy neck those tresses twine,
Like golden tendrils of the vine;
A cherub's smile plays round that mouth,
Like op'ning rose, kissed by the south,
As tracing on those tablets bright,
She sits a thing of love and light.

Sweet maiden, say, what wins from thee,
That glance of inspiration free;
Whose is that bold and manly form
Thou'st traced like chief in battle's storm;
Is't he thy lover, brave and young,
Around whose breast thy scarf was flung,
When he departed on his path,
Of venture and of bloody wrath?

It is, it is! to life doth start,
Each look of him who claims thy heart—
The flashing eye—the mantling cheek,
Are there—yea, lips that seem to speak,
To breathe, to print a kiss on thine,
Fair creature of a noble line.

Thy task, sweet task, is o'er, and blest
Thou fold'st the tablets to thy breast.
And, trickling from thy sunny eyes,
Like dew-drop falls the happy tear
Upon the portrait; and the sighs
Steal from thy bosom deep and dear—
"Oh! God, be thou the shield and sword,
To guide and guard my plighted lord,"
She says, and sinking on her knee,
Breathes forth her prayer of purity.

"'Tis granted!" cried a well known voice,
"'Tis granted, loved one. Now rejoice,
From war and danger have I come,
To bear thee to my happy home.
Look up, sweet Isabel—nay, love,
Droop not, but nestle like the dove,
Here, in my bosom—life, soul, bliss,
Thus I return the parting kiss."

Breathless and pale the lady lay
Within his arms; but soon the ray
Of life dawned in her dewy eye;
Then came the deep and long drawn sigh,
A scream of joy—a gush of tears,
In which were drowned all doubts and fears,
And pointing to the limned trace,
Blushed like a rich rose in his face. R. H.

Original.

LIFE.

A STRUGGLE FOR UNATTAINED GOOD.

"L'alma, quel che non ha, sogna e figura."—*Metastasio.*

THE human heart "hopes on, hopes ever." The spirit of man can never rest. His powers are never stilled. Onward, onward he struggles, perseveringly, unceasingly. From infancy to youth, from manhood to extreme age, all his efforts are put forth for the attainment of his desires. One by one they are gratified, and he is happy. One by one they are crushed, and he is wretched. Yet "despair is *never* quite despair," and he hopes on, hopes ever." One goal reached, another presents itself, and yet another, 'till time after time does he strain every nerve and bring into action his every power.

I have been in the bosom of a family, where youth, beauty, and genius, glowed in each countenance. Their hearts were laid open to me, and when I saw there hopes whose colorings would shame the many-hued bow which beautifies the heavens, I wondered not. And when I read in those young souls, schemes glorious even as the brightest sunbeam, I wondered not.

But I found myself in another household, where poverty and squalid want were written on the brow of the veriest child, and misery had deepened furrows on the fronts of those whose noon of life had not yet come; and when I looked for darkness and despair, I found each toiling with anxious eye and throbbing heart, for a goal which they thought to reach. I gazed intently, and read—"Man struggles onward and unceasingly."

I went out and wandered far, musing on the past, the present, and the future, and thoughts unbidden were rushing through the mind, when the hum of many voices arrested my attention. A group of children was before me. Oh, how they laughed and danced, shouted and frolicked in the joy of their young hearts. Now the merry chorus filled the air with melody, and then the full rich laugh rung gleefully upon the evening breeze. The live-long afternoon had they sported. Here, where the hazels cluster so thickly, they had played at "Hide and go seek," 'till the stoutest panted for rest. There, where the brook bubbles its clear, cold waters 'round those smooth and slippery stones, they had "followed the leader," 'till the heart of the most venturesome failed him. And for what did they toil?

"Oh! if I could be leader once!" said a tiny creature, and her full dark eye showed the semblance of a tear.

"Try, Clara, try," resounded on all sides.

"Yes, try sister, the stones are not very far apart," said a little lad on whose brown but ruddy cheek, a dozen summer's suns had told tales of happiness.

Then Clara stepped on the glassy stone, but she drew her foot back very quickly, and dared not do it.

"Try again, Clara," said her brother.

And again and again she tried, 'till her little foot rested firmly on the damp stone, and she went boldly on. On the opposite side was a high rock, and the little girl could not reach its top, so she turned her course down the brook, after she had wistfully eyed the rock, and she said—

"Oh! how I wish I was a very little larger, that I might lead over that high bank."

I looked on those beautiful children no longer, for the little Clara's wishes had repeated the lesson—"This life is but a struggle for something yet unattained."

Time passed, and I stood on the deck of a noble steamer. Around me were clustered hundreds of both sexes, all ages, and every rank. Intent on my study of life, I silently passed from cluster to cluster. There was one group in which glowing youth and dazzling beauty made a picture of singular loveliness, and near them I paused.

"Clara, my sweet sister," said one, whose manly brow wore a slight shading of gloom. A beautiful being turned at the sound of his voice, and the cloud passed away. But that countenance! I gazed on it, and Memory's Harp rung loud and joyously as she sung—"The buds you loved on the greensward, are before you in their full and perfect beauty."

"Clara, in the simplicity of your infant heart you toiled to be a 'leader' on the stepping-stones of a purling brook. Time sped away and the strings of the harp quivered beneath your touch, or the guitar sent forth its melodies, 'till strains which Apollo might envy entranced your admiring friends. Then, dearest, you had reached the goal for which you had toiled for weary months. Now Clara, your young heart has thirsted for the idolatry which mind awakens, 'till its tumultuous throbbings had all but destroyed its resting place. Fast as this noble boat bears you from yon crowded city, do you leave behind you the scene of your temptation. Calm, thee, sister! Come now to my home, and you shall dwell in its pure atmosphere, and shielded by those who love you, envy, jealousy, and the stings of hated criticism will not disturb your peace. There the current of your life may flow free from the taint of worldliness, and from the darker stain of unhallowed ambition. Dost hear my reason for urging you to leave yon 'charmed circle? Dost trust in my love, sweet sister?"

"Ernest, your words fall upon my bewildered senses, and the tempest of passion is hushed, even as the mad waves were stilled by His voice who now bids me look not to Earth for happiness. Brother I erred, yet now will I struggle to banish from my mind all traces of those unholy desires, which had almost embittered life. And oh! Ernest, will you not pray that He who was tempted in all points even as we are, and yet sinned not, may give rest to my weary soul?"

Her speaking eye as she appealed to her brother for his aid, told him more plainly than those burning words—"This life is a continued struggle."

I watched a youth as he passed through the routine of school duties. I saw him bear from 'mid a host of competitors, the medal which told that in all that assemblage of youthful intellect, none might stand before him. Did he now relax those vigorous efforts which made him what he was? No! He went forth into the world, to toil for a name which should grace the annals of his country. Severe and arduous was his application; in-

tense the agony of "hope deferred." But he reached his mark. Even there he rested not, for learn, that the soul of man can ill brook inaction. The senator whose wise counsel was the bulwark of the nation, the statesman whose noble soul scorned the petty arts of cunning demagogues, the orator who with mighty eloquence enchained a wondering world—labored with all the intensity of his god-like powers for his country's weal. "Man toils unceasingly."

I looked on life in the pent-up city, and there I read tales of human nature, dark as the storm-cloud from which speaks the thundering voice of the *Omnipotent*; or fair as Luna's silver sheen upon the bosom of a crystal lake. I saw man calling down the vengeance of an offended GOD upon his guilty head, as by impious deeds, and daring wickedness he worked out his own destruction. And again was emblazoned in golden letters the story of the good man's earthly pilgrimage. I saw in that world of living beings the various characters that chequer life's page. The miser, accumulating day by day, the yellow dust which his degraded soul worshipped, and I turned with a sick heart from the loathsome wretch, and wondered much at the vile perversion of the Creator's image.

I saw one on whom Heaven had bestowed gifts until it seemed he was in a higher grade of being than the world about him. Moreover wealth lay around him in the profusion of the sand upon the sea-shore. But he gave not God the glory, and wasted life in unceasing struggles to find happiness in things of time. In all these lessons I read, "This life is spent in toil."

An autumnal evening saw me wandering where naught met the eye but the perfect beauty of a glorious world. The 'day-god' sunk upon his couch, and the gorgeous drapery falling in many a graceful fold, enclosed his resting-place. I lingered on an eminence crowned by wildering shrubbery, and the wild-wood tree. A few days since, and they were clothed with robes of an emerald hue. But winter's harbinger had silvered the turf beneath them, and though they reared their proud heads, and stretched forth their stately branches in high disdain—the messenger breathed on them as he passed. Yet they needed not to fear his chilling breath, for he had but imparted to them a tenfold beauty, and now their rich coloring mocked the palette of the painter.

Above me was the glory of the heavens; about me the glory of the earth. I revelled in the delightful scene. I drank in its loveliness until I seemed no longer a dweller in a world, upon which was written—"passing away." The spirit sought communion with its Creator. The soul panted for intercourse with the God who gave it. Holy aspirations arose from the heart, and *then*, even when images of mortality seemed fading from my vision, and the glories of another world about to burst upon my gaze—the pall of darkness was folded about me; the night-winds touched my burning brow with their soothing influence; while in dirge-like music they chaunted—"On earth there is no rest. This life is a continued struggle for something yet unattained!"

CORNELIA.

12

Original.

THE VOLUNTEER.

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE.

BY LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

Thou'lt go! Thou'lt go!
In vain, thy stricken wife—
A poor, unconscious infant in her arms,
And thy young children, clinging to thy hand,
Implore thy stay. Thine aged parents bend
In prayer and sorrow. Hath the battle-field
Such charms for thee, that thou must tread on all
That love and nature give, and rush to reap
Its iron harvest?
Lo! the roughen'd men,
Thy boon-companions—'neath the neighboring bridge
Await thee. The rash vow hath past thy lips,
And thou must go.
So—hence, away—and share
Such pleasures as thy chosen course may yield.
The stirring drum—the pomp of measur'd march—
The pride of uniform—the gazer's shout
Of admiration—the alternate test
Of idleness in camps—and toil that wastes
The nerveless limb, and starts the sleepless eye.
Take, too, the stormy joy of deadly strife—
Spill blood—and trample on the mangled form,
And, like a demon, drink the groan of pain.
Yet, sometimes, when the midnight bowl is drain'd,
And thou art tossing in thy broken dream,
Bethink thee, soldier, of a cottage-home,
All desolate—its drooping vines untrain'd
Its wintry hearth unfed—and she, with cheek
As pale as penury and woe can make—
Why dost thou start?—and her once blooming ones,
Some at hard service—where their bitter bread
Is scantily doled out—and some who ask
Her shuddering heart, for what she cannot give.
—— Still doth the vision open?
There are graves;
Thy white-haired father hath his rest in one—
And she, who died lamenting for the son
Who snatched the morsel from her feeble hand,
Nor sought her blessing when he went to war,
Sleeps in the other.
Dreamer, wake not yet!
Mar not the sequel.
Toward the peaceful haunts
Of his own village, comes a poor, lone man,
Whom misery and vice have made their own.
His head is bandag'd, and his swollen limbs
Drag heavily. He hath no threshold-stone,
No friend to welcome.
Is this he, who scorn'd
His Heaven-sworn duties, and his happy home,
And chose his pittance from the cannon's mouth?

Hartford, Nov. 1841.

Original.

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

WRITTEN WHEN NINETEEN YEARS OF AGE.

BY SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

AURORA paints the orient skies with light
With rosy pencil tinges every cloud,
Unfolds her gates upon the rear of *night*,
And strips the mountain of his sable shroud.

The conscious stars conceal their twinkling fires,
Night's waning empress turns more sickly pale,
Her votary, the whizzing bat, retires,
The owl suspends her harsh complaining tale.

The lark awakes and tunes his matin song,
And all the sylvan warblers join the theme,
The whistling ploughman drives his team along,
And sportive swans sail stately down the stream.

Adieu, dull couch! for nature most can please,
While o'er her rich enamel'd breast I stray,
Inhaling sweets which freight the balmy breeze,
Stolen in kisses from the lips of May.

The peach-bloom in the breathing zephyr plays,
And shakes soft odors from its silken leaves;
The apple, too, a silver garb displays,
Whence morning's breath a rich perfume receives.

Here let me stray, adown this mossy ridge;
Observe yon streamlet o'er the pebbles creep,
Pass o'er its little, rude constructed bridge,
To where, in silence, all our fathers sleep.

Oh, may I never pass this sacred spot,
Unmindful of the dust these walls enclose:
For here, partaking in the common lot,
A tender MOTHER'S relics find repose!

Here various stones, on various models plann'd,
Discriminate between the rich and poor;
Some richly sculptured, by an artist's hand,
Some rudely lettered, and adorned no more.

But filial love and sorrow soon discern
The humble slate they consecrated here;
The drooping willow weeping o'er the urn,
The quoted motto, and the name most dear.

Yes, 'tis the same—beneath this turfy heap
Lowly reclines the form which gave me birth;
Those arms, the cradle of my earliest sleep,
Are nerveless now, and mingling with the earth.

Those lips, whose accents could my cares remove,
Are seal'd in silence, stiffen'd, cold, and dead!
Those eyes, which beam'd with fond maternal love,
Are clos'd in darkness, and their lustre fled!

Oh! dear departed, venerable shade!
If earthly objects can thy notice claim,
Accept the tribute filial love has paid,
The pearly gem that glitters on thy name.

Though five sad years their destin'd course have run,
Since death confined thy mortal body here,
Yet cannot thy poor, sorrowing, orphan son,
Review the spot unmoistened with a tear!

Hard fate forbade, when nature's tenderest ties
Were severed by the lingering stroke of death,
That filial love should close thy sunken eyes,
Or from thy lips to kiss the parting breath.

Forgive thy son, indulgent parent, this,
As he forgives the fate he could not move;
Though oft in duty he has been remiss,
This last neglect was not from want of love.

For, weeks before, when wasting nature knew
The struggle fruitless for her forfeit breath,
Thy wish I heard, and with impatience flew
To kiss thy cheek before it sunk in death.

When faithful memory recalls with pain
This last sad duty which I paid to thee,
A final parting ne'er to meet again,
'Till from the world and its corruptions free,

I feel the *son* in all my moving soul;
How truly so, these starting tears reveal;
The sacred drops shall meet with no control!
Affection's tear what son would e'er conceal?

Then was the mother all alive in thee,
What wholesome counsel from thy lips I drew,
Which in my breast shall ever treasured be,
The only legacy I had from you.

Since then, dear parent, Joy has seldom smil'd
Upon thy son—severe has been his fate—
The world was new—an inexperienced child
Its friendship sought—but only gained its hate!

He hoped from FORTUNE but a cheering smile,
But like the world she frown'd upon his claim;
He then pursued a fleeting shade awhile—
But broke a bubble when he grasp'd at FAME!

His only respite, now, from mental pain,
Is o'er his native rural scenes to roam;
A view of this sequester'd spot to gain,
Or, when away, to think of thee and home!

The green turf swells above thy mouldering clay,
The moss has strew'd it with the softest felt;
The violets here their loveliest hues display,
To deck the bed on which he oft has knelt.

This humble stone, which fond affection placed
To mark the spot, and to preserve thy name,
Though by a rude, unlettered artist traced,
On his regard has more than marble's claim.

Sacred to thee for ever may it stand;
Forbear, oh, TIME! the tablet to destroy,
Whose lay disarms the king of terrors hand—
"*Death is the gate to everlasting joy!*"

This truth believed, no more shall baseless fear
Attend the word that speaks of leaving earth;
We seek for happiness—it dwells not here,
In Heaven alone are joys of lasting worth.

Here some repose who scarce received their birth,
Ere death consigned them to the silent tomb;
Small, though sufficient is their lot of earth—
The flowers, transplanted, will for ever bloom.

No age is free from DEATH's insatiate bow,
His shafts are levelled, and his victims fall!
The rose of infancy, or four-score snow,
Alike avail not, he must conquer all!

Those rustic biers, against the wall reclin'd,
The waiting bearers of the archers prey,
Impress this serious truth upon the mind—
Existence is not certain for a day!

How oft this pious all-important theme,
Hast thou impress'd upon thy listening boy,
My much lov'd mother!—but the playful dream
Of childhood pictured only scenes of joy.

Then would we come, my little sister too,
And one fond brother, through this yard to stray;
Our destined beds beneath the sod to view,
Survey those stones, and read the uncouth lay.

Then, as the shades of evening veil'd the plains,
Back to yon mansion* we would gladly stroll,
The humble benefice which still sustains
The careful guardian of the christian soul.

Beneath that roof I first inhaled the air,
Poor were my parents, hard they earn'd their bread,
Rich only in a reputation fair,
And *own'd* no mansion where to lay the head.

Along yon streamlet, where the whisp'ring reeds
And fragrant flags upon its borders play,
Where through those cedars it meandering leads,
My infant footsteps first were taught to stray.

And how a mother's tender, anxious care,
Has oft depriv'd me of this little joy!
This last love-pledge of this connubial pair,
Their fears were ever watchful for the boy.

The sylvan muse enticed me to her call,
My childish fingers wanton'd o'er her lyre,
Bade the rude strain, untaught, to wildly swell,
While to the sound each throbbing pulse beat higher.

Then, as I grew, and learned to sweep the strings,
By art directed, though less sweetly wild,
I envied not the happiness of kings,
My lyre was bliss, and I a happy child.

But why recount the joys of childhood o'er?
That happy state with all its joys has fled!
As fade the beauties of the tender flower,
When Winter beats upon its drooping head.

* The Parsonage.

But see! the ocean sparkles on the sight,
What lovely hues upon its surface play!
The liquid mirror streams with dazzling light,
Reflected from the rising god of day.

He comes! and nature hails his gladd'ning beams,
New life pervades her animated part,
Nor less improv'd the vegetable seems,
Its charms increase, and laugh at mimic art.

Not long ago, adown the western skies
He sunk, and left the mourning world in gloom;
But only sunk at night, again to rise,
In tenfold splendor, from his watery tomb.

So, though we sink beneath the verdant sod,
And leave our friends in mournful weeds and tears,
We only sink to rise and dwell with GOD,
An age unmeasured by successive years.

There we shall meet, dear Mother! yet again
Thou art but gone before a little while;
There, joy is endless, unalloyed with pain,
There, an eternal round of summers smile.

Fly swift, ye winged hours, and be my lot
To count but few, ere death shall aim the dart;
Then lowly let me rest beneath this spot,
And lose the anguish of an aching heart.

Short be my life, yet then, if sorrows count,
A lengthened age should clothe my head in snow;
Oh, could my virtues gain but their amount,
Perfection would have once been found below!

Adieu! dear spot, necessity commands
The youth who loves you far from hence away!
But while a thought of home his breast expands,
Your dear remembrance never can decay.

Original.

CONSOLATION.

BY THE REV. J. H. CLINCH.

THE Christian sage, in days gone by,
Stood where his dying infant lay,
And marked, with sad but tearless eye,
His beauty fade away.

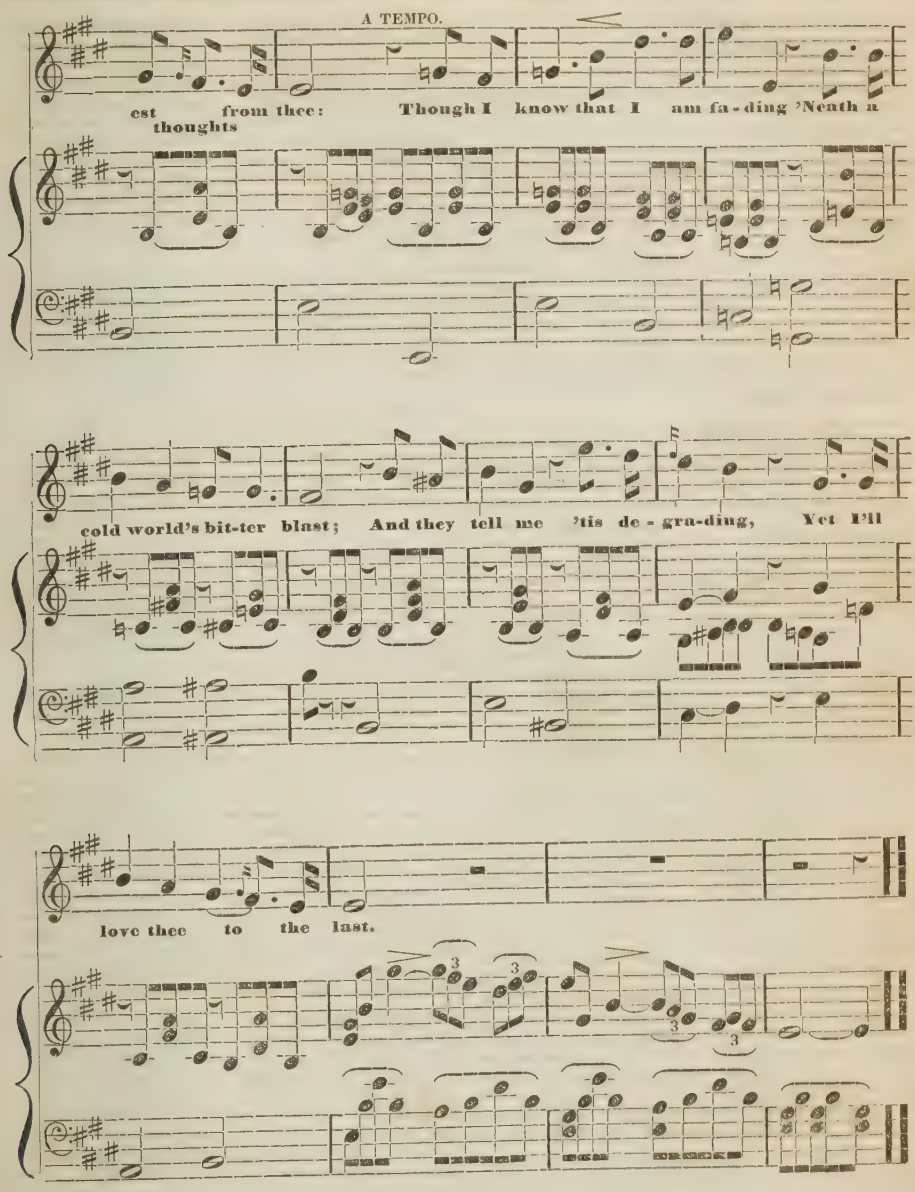
"Dost thou not weep," one near him said,
"That these young sands so swiftly run?
Dost thou not mourn the hour of dread
Which robs thee of thy son?"

"Why should I weep," the sage replies,
"God's wiser will and better plan,
That he, an *angel* soon to rise,
Could not become a *man*?"

THOU HAST LEFT ME TO MY SORROW.

A BALLAD.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY AUSTIN PHILLIPS.


A TEMPO.
cst from thee: Though I know that I am fa-ding 'Neath a
thoughts
cold world's bit-ter blast; And they tell me 'tis de-gra-ding, Yet I'll
love thee to the last.

SECOND VERSE.

Where thy false vows first were plighted,
It were needless now to tell;
How my constant heart was slighted,
Thou can'st yet remember well;
But I mean not to upbraid thee,
May'st thou never know the smart;
When some false one has betray'd thee
Of a fond and doting heart.

THIRD VERSE.

On thy path of pleasure hieing,
Whilst it brightens in thine eye,
May no thought of her now dying,
Wake thy bosom's faintest sigh:
But, should sorrow overtake thee,
And thy dreams of pleasure flee,
When at night thy grief awakes thee,
Think of those thou griev'st to me.

LITERARY REVIEW.

THE GLORY AND THE SHAME OF ENGLAND: *Harper & Brothers.*—This is a magnificent work of "*its kind*"—a work which none but C. Edwards Lester could have written. It is so truly original in its ideas, opinions, expressions, and information, that it should be hailed as a most valuable accession to the stores of *literature!* And then so remarkable for its *veracity*, that it should be adopted as the text book by all future travellers from America to England. If we may credit C. Edwards Lester, he is one of the most fortunate of men in acquiring, so easily, from his own personal merits, the acquaintance of the most conspicuous characters of the British nation, but, to be sure, travellers see and hear strange things, and C. Edwards Lester has assuredly seen and heard some of the *strangest.* He informs us that "in publishing these letters, he has yielded to the counsel of those in whose judgment he confides more than his own." We are sorry for him, as they must have less *judgment* than himself, or are very insincere in their *counsel*—perhaps both—in thus advising him to give publicity to such an extravagant publication.

POCAHONTAS AND OTHER POEMS: *Harper & Brothers.*—Good poetry is so rare an article in the world of letters, that when we encounter a work containing the effusions of inspiration, we welcome it with delight. Such were our feelings on the receipt of the present volume, knowing that the name of the authoress is ever a guarantee of excellence. We have always considered Mrs. Sigourney as the sweetest poetess in America, and if we had needed a confirmation of our opinion, the present issue would have been sufficient. The first poem in the volume, although the longest and very beautiful, is not the best—indeed, the excellence and beauty of Mrs. Sigourney's poetry lie in the short, plaintive, and touching emanations of her muse—the more simple the subject, the more beautifully she invests it. We are confident this volume will meet with a warm welcome and a wide circulation in every section of America.

THE HISTORY OF CHRISTIANITY: *Harper & Brothers.*—This is a very able work, calculated to impart much valuable information on a subject of vital importance to all classes of readers. To the clergyman, especially, it will prove of great utility as a book of reference on various weighty points in the history of the church, and instructive to the statesman, scholar, and philanthropist. "The divine origin of christianity, and the authority of the holy scripture, are every where maintained," yet in no way does the author seek to inculcate particular tenets or doctrines of any creed or sect whatever. He has written in a liberal, sound, and, occasionally, a brilliant manner, and produced a work inestimabe to the stores of literature, and the dearest interests of humanity.

SCANDINAVIA; ANCIENT AND MODERN: *Family Library: Harper & Brothers.*—This addition to this series of works, is one of the best which has yet been issued. It it a concise and erudite history of the kingdoms of Denmark, Sweden and Norway, from their earliest chronicles, down to modern times, the condition of the inhabitants, and the production of the soil, their institutions under the barbarous ages, and the progress they have now attained in literature, arts, and civilization.

THE JUVENILE NATURALIST: *Appleton & Co.*—This is a very useful and instructive volume for young people, many of the most valuable principles of science and philosophy, being so simplified, as the youngest capacity may comprehend them. It is beautifully printed, and illustrated with numerous wood cuts, reflecting credit upon the taste and enterprize of its publishers.

VICAR OF WAKEFIELD; *by Oliver Goldsmith: D. Appleton & Co.*—"Welcome, old friend, 'tis long since we have met," but not so long as to have forgotten your rich and racy pages. As good wine needs no bush, so our worthy friend, the Vicar, needs, at our hands, no commendation; but the publishers of the present edition are entitled to the highest, presenting, as they have done, this excellent novel in so elegant a dress.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF ROBINSON CRUSOE: *D. Appleton & Co.*—One of the most delightful stories ever written, has been given to the public in a style of mechanical execution so beautiful, that the spirited publishers deserve the thanks of the whole reading community. Robinson Crusoe! how the very name refreshes us—we can almost fancy ourselves again in our boyhood, gloating over its delicious pages, and believing every word of it as true as Holy writ. Comment or praise from us upon the merits of the work, is needless. Robinson Crusoe is a *Lar familiaris* in every household from Indus to the pole, and to those desirous—and who is not—of possessing this delightful book, we strongly recommend the present publication.

LIFE OF BARTON AND OF OLNEY; *by Mrs. Williams: Wiley & Putnam.*—This is a very excellent work, containing the biographies of two of the fathers who achieved the independence of America. It is interspersed with interesting and amusing anecdotes, written in an easy and pleasing style, displaying deep research, and a thorough acquaintance with the annals of our country.

THE MIGNIONETTE: *D. Appleton & Co.*—A pretty little volume, intended as "an agreeable vehicle for conveying to the reader the purest morals, and the holiest truths." We commend it as a very appropriate gift for the coming holidays.

LONDON ASSURANCE.—We have received a copy of this popular comedy from Turner and Fisher, the dramatic publishers, who also announce the immediate publication of "*Old Maids,*" by Knowles, and "*What will the World say,*" by Mark Leman.

THE OLD OAK TREE: *D. Appleton & Co.*—A simple and interesting story, conveying a strong lesson of instruction to the rising generation. It is a book we would advise every parent, if possible, to place in their children's hands, nor will they themselves profit less by a perusal of it.

PAUL AND VIRGINIA: *D. Appleton & Co.*—A miniature edition of this delightful story. The typography and binding are truly beautiful. A pretty present for youths.

POEMS; *by Miss H. F. Gould: Hilliard & Co., Boston.*—After Mrs. Sigourney, Miss Gould takes rank as the next American poetess; indeed, there is a strong similitude of style and imagination in both their writings. The present volume contains some of the best productions of this gifted lady's muse, and will be hailed, we are confident, as an additional treasure to the poetical stores of our country.

LANMAN'S ESSAYS: *Hilliard & Co., Boston.*—We like this little volume. The author writes from impulse, is evidently an admirer of Nature, and depicts her in the language of truth and fervency. His recollections of Michigan is a paper worthy of "OLD KIT" of Blackwood. We shall always be glad to welcome him as a friend in the world of literature.

MEMOIRS OF MADAME LAFARGE: *Carey & Hart.*—Curiosity arising from the recent events connected with the singular subject of these memoirs, will doubtlessly procure for this volume an extensive circulation, but we do not, by any means, consider it as a work at all worthy of perusal. Written, as it is, by herself, it certainly proves her not formed of the most delicate materials, and guilty, or not guilty, she is the last woman in the world we should consider as a loveable object. That she possesses a strong mind, is indicated in the present work, which, ably as it is translated, nevertheless must have lost much of the spirit of the original. A portrait of Madame Lafarge accompanies the work, and, judging of it from physionomical principles, we should say that her predilection for ratsbane stronger than domestic felicity.

LIVES OF EMINENT BRITISH LAWYERS: *Carey & Hart.*—The biographies of those men from whom has sprung the entire theory of English and American jurisprudence, could not fail to be highly interesting if properly executed. This, we are happy to record, has been done by Mr. Roscoe. The style is chaste and graphic, and the subject matter sound and veracious. It is a work which should receive the attention of every one who pretends to taste and learning.

Heber's Poetical Remains: *Lea & Blanchard.*—This is the first genuine collection of this author's poetical productions which has appeared in America, and will be gratifying to those who have a partiality for his muse; for our part, we cannot say that we are warm admirers of his works; they exhibit no strong traits of imagery or expression, if we may except two or three of his hymns. His taste appears, for the greatest part, to have been based upon classical acquirements and pursuits. He is always coldly correct, but never rising into the regions of inspiration. The best poem is Palestine, the first in the collection.

Greville; or, A Season in Paris: *Lea & Blanchard.*—Mrs. Gore is a prolific, and, generally, an entertaining writer, although occasionally too preceptive in her subjects. One great and agreeable quality, however, she displays in her works, is a strong regard to nature in all their plots and characters. The present novel is one of her best efforts; the moral which runs through it, is applicable as well to our own countrymen as to those of England—showing the folly of longing for foreign society and manners, when true happiness and contentment are ever most certainly found at home.

Mrs. Marcet's Seasons: *Lea & Blanchard.*—Four little books, explanatory of the different objects which characterize the seasons, adapted to the comprehension of children. They are neatly printed, containing various wood cuts.

Souvenirs of a Residence in Egypt: *Lea & Blanchard.* This is a work of undoubted talent—the different tales woven into the chain of the journal, are characterized by a fertile and graphic imagination, and deserve not to be denied the patronymic protection of the authoress. If this is Mrs. William C. Rives' first essay in the republic of letters, we bid her a cordial welcome, and will be happy ever to extend to her our advice and encouragement.

THEATRICALS.

Park.—The run of "London Assurance," was interrupted to afford Mr. S. Butler an opportunity of appearing in the character of Hamlet; his performance of which, although unequal, was as a whole indicative of genius. Throughout the two first acts, he was all that the most fastidious could desire, perhaps the best delineator of that portion of the part which we have looked upon since the days of the elder Kean, but in the other scenes he marred his performance by a continual aiming after original effects and ideas—one of which was so original that it calls for our particular notice. In the interview with the players where he asks of one of them if he can "study some dozen or sixteen lines," which he would set down for him to speak in the play-scene before the King; and to which the actor assents. On being left alone, instead of giving vent to his smothered passion, as the language of the poet certainly intends, he walks coolly to the table, seats himself, and proceeds to the composition of the said speech; this finished, he rises, comes forward, and again mechanically commences his part. This is certainly new, but very catachrestical, too much of the actor, and what a man of Mr. Butler's mind should not descend to. Hamlet requires no such trickery in its delineation—thought, soul, and learning, are the necessary requisites for the personation, and not the "quiddets, quillets and tricks" of the actor. In the scene with Ophelia, he was rather extravagant. Hamlet's alienation of mind is assumed, not real, and he who loved Ophelia so intensely, "that forty thousand brothers with all their quantity of love could not make up the sum," would, at least, have had method in his madness. His acting in the play-scene was excellent, but in the closet-scene, with his mother, too furious. Thus reviewing Mr. Butler's exposition of the character, we pronounce it more a *stage* performance than a contemplative and philosophical one. Without question, he is a man of mind—a good, but not a great actor—one who will always be judicious in whatever he sustains—who will never offend, but often delight and astonish. Knowles' last new comedy of "Old Maids," has been produced with indifferent success, not that it did not receive every aid from beautiful scenery, splendid appointments, and respectable acting, but that in itself it is a very middling production. It possesses all the faults of Knowles, with very few of his beauties, an affectation of the style of the olden dramatists, a redundancy of metaphor, a playing upon words, and a twisting of sentences, merely, as it were, to make up the necessary quantity of scenes and acts. This has been too much the case with his recent productions. He appears to write from labor and not from love. There is not the freshness of intellect, the originality of ideas, the *outgushing* of soul and genius which so peculiarly marked his Virginius, Tell, the Hunchback, and many others. His muse has cowered her wing—she no longer soars into the regions of inspiration, and although many beautiful gems are scattered throughout the play, yet it is altogether unworthy of the mind of Knowles. It will never become popular on the stage, and as a literary work, must take the lowest place among his writings.

Bowery.—The enterprize of Mr. Hamblin has been rewarded throughout the past month by a succession of brilliant houses. The dramas of Rookwood, Jack Sheppard, and the old favorite, Mazeppa, constituting the principal attractions. In the two former, Mrs. Shaw has appeared, and as is ever the case with this excellent actress, won for herself "golden opinions." We verily believe that if she had only but to dress and look a character, she would shine as "the brightest particular star" of the evening. There has been produced with the most signal success, a spectacle of the most gorgeous and interesting nature, founded upon the recent obsequies of Napoleon, comprising all the principal incidents in that memorable affair, from the period of his exile down to the depositing of his body in the Cathedral of the Invalids. The stage, already the largest in America, has been considerably increased, and presents a most novel and extensive appearance. As a specimen of the manner in which this drama has been produced, we may mention that the funeral car is of the exact size and construction as the identical one which bore the corpse, decorated in the most magnificent style, and drawn by sixteen horses, caparisoned. There are also represented the exhumation of the body at St. Helena—the most interesting incident perhaps in the drama, where Napoleon was seen as perfect after twenty years, as on the day of his entombment—the solemn and impressive funeral service on the deck of the Belle Poule—the disembarkation of the body at Courbevoie—its arrival in Paris, and its final consignment to Louis Philippe in the name of France—such are only a few of the principal features in the piece, yet enough to show, that for grandeur of appointments, scenery, and effects, it is the most magnificent and novel spectacle that has ever been brought forward on the American stage. Added to all this, and what must impart an additional interest to its production, is, the singular coincidence of the very vessel which conveyed the remains of the Emperor to France, lying lately in our bay. Some of the officers of which, who have witnessed the rehearsal, have asserted, that the representation of this interesting ceremony, is as near to reality as scenic illustration can convey.

Chatham.—The indefatigable manager of this house is ever among the first to produce the popular novelties of the day, and if they are not always the best in quality, he at least deserves the praise of the public for his endeavors in catering so plentifully for them.

Olympic.—Mr. Mitchell continues his career with unabated energy and good taste, and we are happy to perceive his exertions are appreciated by the public. His company includes some of the best comic talent in the country. The pieces are light and amusing, and produced with every attention to scenery, costume and appointments. The worthy manager has our best wishes for his success.

EDITORS' TABLE.

It will be remembered by our readers that in our last number we announced *Theodore S. Fay* as a contributor to the "Companion," and we are now happy to state that we have also secured the aid of *Nathaniel P. Willis, Esq.*, the most popular of American writers, the emanations of whose graceful and imaginative mind will hereafter be found in our pages. Another feature, and one which, we think, will prove acceptable to our friends, will be the publication of a series of letters by an eminent writer in Washington, combining the news and passing incidents of that city, with a pleasant clothing of fiction—allusion to men and things, without political animadversion, connected with a continued narration, drawn partly from fancy, and partly from facts, as circumstances may dictate. Engagements with other authors of distinction are now pending, which, when effected, will be announced. In brief, the aid and encouragement we receive from all quarters, the high laudations bestowed upon us by the press, and the many warm expressions of kindness from private sources, shall ever stimulate us to new and greater exertions to continue the "Ladies' Companion in the first rank in our periodical literature. As a specimen of the many encomiums we are daily receiving, we beg leave to present our readers with an extract from a communication from one of the fair daughters of Georgia. "There is no periodical," says she, "so warmly greeted in the sunny south, as is the Companion. The fair writers, especially, of your magazine, are an ornament to their country, and deserve to have their names recorded high in the annals of fame. Only continue your efforts in rendering the Companion a companion indeed, and you will find the children of this land using every exertion to make your periodical known." Yes! fair lady, be assured we shall not relax in our efforts to retain the good opinion of yourself, and other daughters of your lovely clime, all that taste, liberality and enterprize can effect, shall be used by us in rendering our magazine a fitting companion for your pure and exalted minds. Apart from the reading matter, our pictorial department also deserves the particular notice of our readers. They will perceive that the engravings for this month are of the highest order. The artists employed in their execution, are the very masters of their art, and will continue, in future, to illustrate the Companion. The following are now employed upon steel plates. Jordan and Hulpin, J. N. Gimbrede, A. L. Dick, M. Osborne, Thomas C. Story, S. H. Gimber, and many others of equal reputation. The new volume commenced in November.

Braham's Concerts.—This distinguished vocalist, who has returned to the city, has been delighting our musical community with a series of concerts. Mr. Braham is certainly a wonderful being, retaining, as he does, his voice, as sound and melodious as when in the zenith of his fame. His "Bay of Biscay," "Bruce's Address," "Last Words of Marmion," are perhaps the greatest efforts of vocal ability that the world has ever produced. To those who have never listened to Mr. Braham, we can only say description can afford no adequate idea of the high perfection to which he has brought the science of music and of song. We shall here take the opportunity of paying a tribute of praise to our friend, G. P. Morris, for his ballad of "The Miniature," sung deliciously by Mr. Braham. It is one of the most playful and pretty little gems we have heard for a long time. It was enthusiastically received, and will, no doubt, become one of the most popular ballads of the season.

Mrs. Mowatt's Readings.—This lady, who has acquired considerable popularity in Boston from her elocutionary readings, has been repeating them in this city to respectable and tolerably numerous audiences. We admit that she reads correctly, and occasionally, beautifully, but we are no admirers of female orators. The rostrum is not the province of woman, or if she will aspire to it, let her confine herself, at least, to hearers of her own sex.

Lectures of the Mercantile Library Association.—The fifteenth annual course of these lectures has commenced, and, judging from the names of the gentlemen announced to deliver them, we anticipate that much valuable information will be disseminated this winter among our citizens. This institution, which we rejoice to record, is in the full tide of popularity and success, deserves the aid of every liberal and intellectual person.

Rutger's Female Institute.—We have received the third annual report of this seminary, containing an explicit description of its rules and system of instruction. Having perused it carefully, we think we may venture to recommend the institution to the consideration of those who may desire for young ladies a useful, as well as an elegant education.

Dr. Lardner's Lectures.—This gentleman, who has acquired the highest honors in the world of learning, is now delivering a course of lectures in our city, and to those who are desirous of receiving sound, yet simple instruction upon some of the most abstruse principles of science, we would particularly recommend them.

Prince de Joinville.—We are glad to perceive that our citizens, in every quarter in which this illustrious guest has appeared, have united in tendering to him the utmost hospitality. Allied, as he is, to that kingdom which, while in our struggle for independence, received us with open arms, and by its generous assistance, aided us in accomplishing it, too much attention and respect cannot be shown him. Surely we will not permit ourselves to be surpassed by our eastern neighbors in proffering to him the highest honors of courtesy and kindness. Let him not depart from among us with the reproach that the first city in the Union was deficient in either.

New Music.—We have received the following music from Firth and Hall. "I wandered by the Brookside," "The Good old Time," "Merrily goes the Mill," "When will Ye think of Me?" The Words of this duet are by Mrs. Hemans, and the music by Barnett; perhaps the best ballad composer living. "God preserve the Mariner," is also a very beautiful composition. "Six Fantasies for the Flute. "The Syracuse Grand March," "The Brigand Waltz," "Operatic Gems," from the works of Donizetti, Mercadante, Bellini, Caraffa, etc; the last are arranged for the piano-forte, flute and violin, and will be most welcome to musical professors and amateurs. "Two Negro Melodies," entitled "Ginger Blue, and Massy is a staggy Man," are also among the number. In mechanical execution, the whole are truly beautiful. From Atwill we have been favored with "A Life in the Woods," "My pretty Azile," "Oh, Youth is the Time," and "Twenty Years Ago," all capital in their way, and, no doubt, will meet with many admirers.

The Fashions.—So slight is the alteration in ladies' dresses since our last, that we consider it unnecessary to give a plate of the fashions with our December number. In our January one, however, an elegant and correct engraving of the most popular female costumes will appear. We add, however, a description of the fashions. The principal material for robes, is silk. They are made with tight bodies, and the sleeves, if not tight, of moderate size, and the skirt very long. Embroidery is very fashionable for full dress, but not flounces; three deep tucks, separated by a wreath of embroidery, and another wreath, serpentine, on the neck. Ornaments of gimps, or of the same material as the dress, are placed *en tablier* up the side of the skirt. Redingotes are made of satin or watered silk, with facings of velvet, and pelerines of velvet, edged with fringe. Bonnets are very deep at the ears, of an oval form, and very flat—velvet scarfs of green, blue, maroon—some of emerald green, purple or violet, are encircled by a rich border of cashmere pattern, with pines at the ends, lined with white satin. For full dress, the Egyptian scarf and black lace are worn.

F. Miller Printer

THE OLD BANK HOUSE.

THE LADIES' COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, JANUARY, 1842.

MADGE WILDFIRE.

"I glance like the wildfire through country and town;
I'm seen on the causeway, I'm seen on the down;
The lightning that flashes so bright and so free,
Is scarcely so blithe or so bonny as me."

We have selected for one of our illustrations, the imaginary likeness of this wild and beautiful creation of Scott, familiar to every reader of that delightful novel, the Heart of Mid-Lothian. Although, to a considerable extent, Scott has availed himself of the aid of fiction in the drawing of this character, at the same time he has kept closer to truth and nature, than in almost any of the other innumerable *personæ* of his writings. That such a being did exist, is beyond a doubt, as there are yet living, in many parts of Scotland, aged individuals, who can recollect the poor creature, known by the appellation of Feckless Fanny, and who, between the years 1767 and 1775, had travelled over the greater part of Scotland and England. In the notes attached to the novel, we find a brief sketch of her, which is the substance of her history, as related by herself. "I am," she says, "the only daughter of a wealthy 'squire, in the north of England, but I loved my father's shepherd, and that has been my ruin; for my father, fearing his family would be disgraced by such an alliance, in a passion, mortally wounded my lover with a shot from a pistol; I arrived just in time to receive the last blessing of the dying man, and to close his eyes in death. He bequeathed me his little all; but I only accepted these sheep to be my sole companions through life, and this hat, this plaid, and this crook, all of which I will carry until I descend to the grave." The sheep mentioned, were twelve or thirteen in number, and were her constant companions in all her wanderings, and so docile were they, and endued with faculties so much superior to the ordinary race of animals of the same species, as to excite universal astonishment. She had for each a different name, to which it answered when called by its mistress, and would likewise obey, in the most surprizing manner, any command she thought proper to give. When travelling, she always walked in front of her flock, and they followed her closely behind. When she lay down at night in the fields—for she would never enter into a house—they always disputed who should lie next her, and if she chanced to leave her flock feeding, as soon as they discovered she was gone, they all began to bleat most piteously, and would continue to do so 'till she returned; they would then testify their joy by rubbing their sides against her clothes, and frisking about. In this pitiable and harmless manner she spent her life, 'till, passing through Glasgow in Scotland, a crowd of idle boys, attracted by her singular appearance, together with the novelty of seeing so many sheep obeying her command, began to torment her with their pranks, 'till she became so irritated that she pelted them with bricks and stones, which they returned in such a manner, that she was actually stoned to death. Out of these true and affecting materials did the wizard conjure this beautiful creation, and who is now represented when she overtakes Joanie Deans on her road to London. "Across the man's cap or riding hat which she wore, Madge placed a broken and soiled white feather, intersected with one which had been shed from the train of a peacock. To her dress, which was a kind of riding habit, she stitched, pinned, and otherwise secured a large furbelow of artificial flowers, all crushed, wrinkled and dirty, which had first bedecked a lady of quality, then descended to her Abigail, and dazzled the inmates of the servants' hall—a tawdry scarf of yellow silk, trimmed with tinsel and spangles, fell across her person in the manner of a shoulder belt, or baldrick, and in her hand she held a willow switch which she had cut in her morning's walk, almost as long as a boy's fishing-rod." R. H.

Original.

LYRICS.—MY BESSIE MOORE.

BY ANDREW M'MAKIN.

I.

Or a' the names, my Bessie dear,
Engraved on memory's faithfu' page,
Nane shines sae fresh, sae bright an' clear,
As thine in a' its verdant age.
Ten chequering years ha'e come an' gane
Syne last I ope'd thy cottie door,
And mony still may wear amain,
Ere we twa greet, my Bessie Moore.

II.

Tho' ilka fair, my Bessie dear,
Display their charms to catch my e'e,
Nane touch the heart, thou need na fear,
Or mak' me loose the thought o' thee.
Thro' a' the rude an' garish day
Thy spirit comes my musings o'er.
An' dreamy slumber seems to say—
Thou 'rt ever near, my Bessie Moore.

III.

Fu' mony a chiel, my Bessie dear,
Wi' ilka ane his cantie queen,
Ha'e smiled to see me lane appear
Or chid that I should thus remain.
But nane shall mate or hame wi' me,
Tho' silken gown'd or gouden store,
A cot were wealth if shared wi' thee,
My ne'er forgotten Bessie Moore.

Original.

THE WIDOW'S WEDDING.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

"This looks not like a bridal."

"TELL us a story, uncle; a true story," exclaimed half a dozen young voices, as a group of girls gathered around the arm-chair of the venerable old clergyman.

"But you complain that my true tales are all grave ones," answered Mr. B——.

"Well, dear uncle, you must have married a great many people as well as buried them, during your long experience as a parish clergyman; tell us a story of some romantic wedding," cried a gay and giddy creature, seating herself on his footstool as she spoke.

"I remember but few joyous and merry scenes, my light-hearted Mary," answered the old man, as he parted the hair on her white forehead. "Did you never notice in an old picture that the dark tints are always the most enduring, while the once bright ones are faded and dim. It is much the same with the sketches which memory traces in the chambers of our imagery: when she uses the sombre hues of sorrow the picture remains unchanged, but when we would look upon some vivid scene of joy once brightly depicted on our minds, we often find only a ghastly shadow of by gone beauty. Weddings are not always scenes of happiness, Mary."

"I am sure they ought to be," said the maiden, with a blush and a smile.

"Well, children, you shall have your wish. I will tell you of a bridal at which I officiated in earlier life, and you shall judge whether it is sufficiently romantic to please your excited fancy.

"Among the most influential of my parishioners in the little town of Woodlands, was a family named Danville. The father had made a large fortune in trade, and leaving the business in the hands of his two sons, had retired to a newly purchased estate in my neighborhood, where he lived in a style of splendor, far exceeding that of the surrounding gentry. Proud of his wealth, and vain of its numerous appliances, with which he was surrounded, he was yet hospitable to his friends and charitable to the poor; and if much of his hospitality and charity might be traced to the ostentation which was his besetting sin, yet those who knew him were willing to excuse the weakness for the sake of its frequent good results. His wife resembled him in some points of character. Her past experience of the evils of poverty, had perhaps tended to increase her sense of the value of money, while it served to keep alive in her a spirit of economy which savored strongly of parsimony, and blended most strangely with the love of display, which formed a prominent trait in her disposition. She was at once luxurious and mean—seeking to outshine her neighbors but always at the least possible expense. The sons were men of business, engrossed in the acquisition of gain and having no thought beyond their day-book and ledger.

"But how shall I describe their only daughter, Margaret? It seemed a strange fate which placed a creature so delicate in all her perceptions, so sensitive in her feelings, so refined in all her tastes, amid a family so coarse in their habits. Her figure was almost too fragile for perfect symmetry, but her face was full of that gentle, spiritualized loveliness which the painters of olden time imaged in the countenance of the Madonna. I think I see her now, with her soft brown hair braided smoothly upon her fair brow, her deep blue eyes full of liquid light, and her cheek wearing the delicate tint seen in the inner fold of the sea-shell. Quiet and placid in manner, every movement was full of grace. She had none of the buoyancy of early youth, but her demeanor was characterized by a timid and gentle reserve, which spoke rather of subdued feelings than of a cold nature. She always seemed to me like some delicate wild flower which had sprung up in native fragrance and beauty amid a bed of gaudy and flaming exotics. She was an only daughter, and of course an heiress, and her parents looked forward to the period when she should contract a brilliant marriage. Visions of French Counts and German Barons, and even vague dreams of the younger son of an English peerage, visited the scheming brain of Mrs. Danville. She determined that Margaret should visit Europe, and she scarcely doubted that she would return with a title which might excite the envy of all her acquaintances. She reflected upon the splendors of such an alliance; the sound of 'my daughter, the Countess,' rung in her ears, until she almost believed that her wishes were prophecies.

"In pursuance of these plans, Mrs. Danville steadily discouraged the visits and attentions of all those young men, who, attracted by the charms and fortune of Margaret, would willingly have sued for her favor. She wished to keep her daughter secluded from society, lest some girlish fancy should mar her plans, and Margaret's retiring habits rendered this no difficult task. In fact Margaret felt little enjoyment in society, for she knew that the watchful eye of her mother was constantly upon her, checking the flow of quiet mirth and restraining the free impulses of her pure nature, until she absolutely dreaded to enter a gay circle. Her tastes were all perfectly feminine, and to the cultivation of these she devoted a great proportion of her time, taking little thought for the future, so long as the present brought contentment. She was neither a genius nor a beauty, but the loveliness of her gentle nature, her quiet good sense, and her nobleness of heart, were depicted in her sweet face, and if I were called to sketch the face of an angelic being, I should scarcely fail to trace the lineaments of Margaret.

"At the time I first became acquainted with the family, Margaret was about eighteen, and the charm of her society reconciled me in some degree to the very unprepossessing manners of her parents. There is something so impertinent in purse-proud superiority—something so annoying in the affectation of condescending politeness in such people, that those who are poorer but not less proud, are apt to lose sight of christian charity in their judgment of them. For my own part, I must confess, that I was rather vexed than pleased with Mr.

Danville's ostentatious display of his old wines and costly plate when I occasionally dined with him; and I would rather have plodded on foot through the most miry lane in the parish, than have accepted the use of his elegant carriage, with its gold-embroidered hammer-cloth and liveried footmen. I suppose I was wrong, but his very civilities seemed almost like insults, from the manner in which they were proffered, and, but for the interest I felt in the gentle daughter, I am afraid my parochial visits to them would have been few and far between. You need not smile at an old man's confession. I was not in love with Margaret Danville, for long ere then, I had wooed and wedded one who is the comfort of my age as she was the joy of my youth. No, I loved Margaret as I might have loved a younger sister, and I watched over her with deeper interest because her position was so little suited to her character.

"Mrs. Danville had a nephew, the son of a deceased sister, who had early shown such evidences of talent that his poverty-stricken parents had strained every nerve to bestow on him the advantages of a liberal education. They lived to witness the completion of his academical studies, and then died, leaving him to struggle with the world in that most helpless of all conditions —a poor scholar. But Carrington Wilson was too energetic a man to sit down in hopeless inaction. The opportunity of visiting Europe, as tutor to a young heir, was offered to him and immediately accepted. During his absence he applied himself to the study of medicine, for which the schools at Paris afforded great facility. His pupil, who fortunately for him, was equally studious, though his taste led him to a different class of pursuits, gave him all the aid in his power; and, when at the expiration of six years, the young men returned to their native country, the one was a skilful amateur painter, the other an accomplished physician. But the artist returned to the possession of an ample fortune, while the physician was doomed to all the wasting anxieties of an early professional career. He had talent and learning, but he was young and unpatronized, and his only prospect was a weary waste of expectancy. Mrs. Danville had never noticed her nephew during his early years, except by those decent observances by which people manage to quiet poor relations; a New-Year's gift to the mother, and a Christmas box to the boy, were supposed to make amends for the want of sisterly affection and kindly interest. But when the young Doctor returned from abroad as the companion of a rich friend, when she learned that they had possessed the *entrée* to some of the best society on the continent, she thought she saw an opening which led to the fulfilment of her schemes. She resolved to cultivate an intimacy with her nephew, and, by inducing him to become the companion of their projected tour in Europe, obtain admission into the circles where she hoped Margaret might shine. Whatever feelings of contempt Carrington Wilson might have had towards the designing and self-interested woman, he determined to avail himself of every honorable method of advancement, and he therefore accepted her invitations from motives as selfish as were her's who offered these courtesies.

"But his acquaintance with Margaret soon led to better feelings. Her pure and unsophisticated character, her timid gentleness, concealing as it did, the warmest and deepest affections, and her delicate beauty of person, soon awakened his earnest interest in his young cousin. Mrs. Danville encouraged their intimacy from perfectly sordid motives, without being in the least degree sensible of its danger. Indeed the idea that her penniless nephew should dare to raise his thoughts to the heiress of the rich Mr. Danville never entered her brain. She would have been as likely to suspect her footman of such presumption. But Carrington was perfectly familiar with the spoken languages of Europe, while Margaret only knew them from books, and in pursuance of her plans, she wished her daughter to be able to converse fluently in foreign tongues. She therefore suggested that Carrington should share with his cousin some of the benefit derived from his residence abroad, and that, by a course of reading and daily conversation, Margaret should endeavor to acquire his facility in speaking French and Italian. It may readily be imagined that neither of them undertook the task with much reluctance. For the first time in her life Margaret found perfect sympathy of tastes and congeniality of sentiments; while Carrington enjoyed the purest of all pleasures, an intimate yet passionless communion with one for whom he felt a more than fraternal affection. Had they been subjected to any restraint or suspicion, they would probably have discovered the nature of their feelings, but, content with the thought that Margaret, without any additional expense, was becoming better qualified to dazzle in the gay scenes of continental life, Mrs. Danville looked with perfect complacency upon their intimacy.

"The time fixed for their visit to Europe at length arrived. Carrington Wilson accompanied them, and during the two years that they remained abroad, I knew little of them, except a few vague reports of Margaret's success in society. But, at the expiration of that time, Carrington suddenly returned alone, and the Danville family soon followed. Not long after they were again settled in their home, Mrs. Danville informed me, confidentially, of her troubles, and begged me to exert my pastoral influence with Margaret to turn her from the error of her ways. Margaret had fallen in love with her cousin, and for his sake had refused a French Marquis, with more hair on his face than brush-wood on his estate—a Russian Baron, with a name longer than his rent-roll—and an Italian Count, with a palace as old as the republic and as empty as his head or pocket. It was quite a terrible affair. Notwithstanding all the money expended upon their tour, Margaret had derived no benefit from it, for, not only had she refused to listen to the overtures of these distinguished foreigners, but she had even threatened to apply to the American consul, when her parents talked of exerting their authority over her. This was a singular tale to hear of the gentle and timid Margaret, and I repaired to her with a determination to understand the affair more fully before I attempted to use my influence over my young favorite. Her version of the story was somewhat different.

"'I know,' said she, 'that obedience to my parents is

a law of God, but the very words of the Book of Truth teaches that children should 'obey their parents in the Lord;' and surely there was no sin in rebelling against the authority which would have consigned me to temporal and eternal ruin. They would have wedded me to folly and vice, to age and covetousness, to ill temper and irreligion; and I refused—ay, even when threatened with the harshest of treatment—when the tyrannical laws of the land in which we sojourned were about to be exerted to enforce my obedience; when they would have dragged me to the altar a struggling victim, I resolutely refused; and had they persisted, I would have appealed to the laws of my own free country to rescue me from such martyrdom. I have been permitted to look upon my cousin as my dearest friend, and now—when the very intimacy which my parents encouraged has become necessary to my happiness—I am forbidden to cherish the feelings which are entwined with my very existence. If Carrington had faults of character to which they could object, there would be some reason in their opposition, but no—the only barrier between us is my mother's ambition, and I have suffered too much from that, to submit now calmly to its dictates. I will not degrade myself by a clandestine marriage with Carrington, but I will never marry another.'

"It always seemed to me as if this singular violence in one so uniformly gentle—this

> "'Unwonted fierceness of the dove,
> Pecking the hand that hovered o'er its mate,'

had terrified the sordid nature of her parents. They could not understand this sudden outbreak of impetuous will in a creature heretofore so docile and submissive. I believe they looked upon it as a species of insanity, the incipient stage of madness, and were actually frightened into a compliance with her wishes. Whatever were their motives, they yielded at length to her steadfast purpose, and, when Margaret had attained her twenty-first year, I was summoned to perform the nuptial ceremony. I must confess that I was not sorry for the turn which affairs had taken, for Carrington Wilson was a noble fellow, and I knew him to be worthy of the love of such a being as Margaret. I had never been able heartily to condemn her apparent undutifulness to her parents, because I was certain that they were incapable of judging wisely for a child so unlike themselves; and, therefore, though I have seldom known any good to come from a marriage contracted contrary to the wishes of parents, I was willing to hope the best from this union.

"Mrs. Danville had consented with a very ill grace, but, the sacrifice once made, she was determined to manage the affair with some display. A large party was invited; all the fashion of the neighborhood was collected; and, in the midst of the frivolous assembly, Margaret, looking like the Peri when she beheld the opening gates of Paradise, plighted her vows to her beloved cousin. I never saw a face so radiant with happiness as was her's on that eventful evening.

"The mother found some consolation in selecting the most gorgeous furniture for the house destined for the young pair, and in relating to every one the tale of Mr. Danville's generous conduct towards them. Indeed a want of liberality was not one of the father's failings, and when he endowed his daughter with a fine house and a competent income, every body was in raptures with his noble spirit. Carrington devoted himself earnestly to his profession, probably from a wish to become independent of his father-in-law; and he was not long in discovering that his wealthy alliance had produced a wonderful effect upon the perceptions of those who had heretofore been blind to his merits. A wide field of practice began to open before him, and I believe if ever perfect happiness blessed the lot of mortals, the young husband and his gentle wife then enjoyed it. But alas! it was like the few glimpses of Heaven which the weary wayfarer beholds in his toilsome earthly pilgrimage.

"A year had scarcely elapsed, when they were aroused from their placid enjoyments by the necessity of a temporary separation. Margaret's elder brother had gone to the south on business, and, while there, intelligence was received of his dangerous illness. Mr. Danville immediately suggested that Carrington Wilson should proceed to the place of his sojourn, not only to give him the benefit of his medical skill, but also to accompany him home as soon as he should be sufficiently recovered to travel. Of course to such a summons there could be but one response. His duty was plain; and with his hopes of a speedy return struggling with his regrets at leaving his sweet wife, he bade her farewell. Day after day Margaret's heart was gladdened and her eye brightened by the receipt of a letter from him whom she loved with such passionate fondness. At every place where the traveller stopped, he wrote to her, and this enabled her to endure with patience the first fortnight of his absence. But at length a day passed without a letter—another and another followed—and while the family were filled with anxiety; they received tidings that the invalid brother was already on his way home. His letter told them of his convalescence, and bade them expect him home at a certain time—but the name of Carrington was not once mentioned. Margaret was almost wild with anxiety, but she strove to listen to the whispers of hope until the return of her brother. He returned, sick and feeble, and *alone!* He had not seen Carrington, and did not even know of his journey. Need I describe to you the anguish of the unhappy wife? Her family, sordid and calculating as they were, could not behold her agony unmoved, and her younger brother determined to go in search of her husband. Margaret, at first, prepared to accompany him, but when it was suggested that her presence would only impede him in his design, she quietly submitted, and remained to abide the issue of his research. What wretchedness did the young creature endure during that awful season of suspense! Daily did I minister to her the words of consolation, but her heart could listen only to its terrible forebodings, and my services were of little avail.

"Are you prepared to hear the result of young Danville's journey? In a lone and unfrequented wood, beneath a pile of withered leaves and hemlock branches,

was found a mangled and disfigured body. The knife of the assassin and natural decay had left little personal trace of its identity, but the name, still visible on parts of the dress, some peculiarities in the form of the poor remnant of mortality, and a little locket, apparently of too trifling value to tempt the cupidity of the robber, which still hung upon the ghastly breast, offered proof enough. It was indeed all that remained of the hapless Carrington Wilson! His murderer had probably been stimulated by cupidity, as his watch, his pocket-book, and even a ring, the gift of Margaret, which he always wore, were now gone. Every clue to the perpetrator of the awful crime, was, of course, lost; and consigning the body to a less unhallowed grave, young Danville returned to his home, bearing with him the terrible evidences of the fate which had befallen his sister's husband.

"I will not harrow up your young minds by a recital of all the wretchedness which I witnessed in that house when the fearful tidings were revealed to Margaret. She listened to them with a cold and strong look of horror, and when the locket was placed in her hands, she fell prostrate on the floor—not with the relaxed motion of one in a fainting-fit, but stiff and rigid like a statue thrown from its base. For three days she remained in that fearful state; her limbs bound in the rigidity of catalepsy—her eyes open but sightless—her features petrified in their horror-stricken expression, and nothing of life remaining, save a slight warmth of the skin and a feeble flutter of the pulse. All efforts to arouse her seemed futile, and her medical attendants watched, with almost breathless anxiety, for the moment when this '*Life-in-Death*,' should give place to the actual presence of the King of Terrors. But she awoke from this frightful trance—with senses bewildered and chaotic she awoke to physical consciousness, and the very alienation of mind, which prevented her from realizing the full extent of her misery, enabled her physicians to restore her to bodily health.

"The return of reason to Margaret's darkened mind, seemed like the slow upraising of a heavy curtain which had hidden all the past from her view. Gradually the truth broke upon her, and, at length, *tears*, the first she had shed, though Carrington had lain more than a year in his bloody grave, gave promise of a milder and more manageable sorrow. But I think she never quite recovered her vigor of mind. Her fine taste, her delicate sensibility, her firmness of character, seemed extinct; and, from the time when she was stricken down to the earth by the lightning-stroke of sorrow, she became merely a passive and unresisting instrument in the hands of others. She considered the awful death of her husband as a judgment for her former wilfulness; and this idea—a proof of her weakened state of mind—she brooded over, until it became like the skeleton at the Egyptian feast, the daily guest in the chambers of her heart. A system of penance, like that which condemns the nun to the cold austerities of the cloister, became the guide of Margaret's conduct; and, while she steeled her heart against all cheerful impulses, she determined that the will of her parents should henceforth be the sole guide of her future life.

"It was about four years after the terrible death of Carrington, that I was again summoned to perform the marriage ceremony in the stately mansion of the Danvilles. Margaret was a second time a bride! You start, but she was only affixing the seal of martyrdom to her self-inflicted penance—it was the will of her parents. They had dragged her from one fashionable watering-place to another. They had compelled her to throw aside her weeds of widowhood—they had forced her into the giddy dance and the midnight revel, and to all this she had submitted without a murmur. 'It is a part of my punishment,' she would whisper, when she saw herself decked in ball-room attire; and she went into the midst of gayety even as a martyr might have gone to the stake. But no earthly power could change the cold, stony expression of her once lovely countenance. Its tender sweetness was gone for ever, and those who marked her frozen look, or the mechanical movements of her delicate form, might almost have believed that they looked upon the realization of the fable of antiquity, and actually beheld

'The marble stiffening o'er the mortal form.'

"During their stay at Newport, the preceding summer, the Danville family had become acquainted with a young Englishman, who, to great apparent modesty of deportment, united the advantages of fortune and high birth, being the second son of the Marquis of Thistledown, and bearing the title of Sir William Thornton. Mrs. Danville was enraptured. A real English nobleman was something better than a foreign Count, for, though titles might be purchased in England, yet they were more costly affairs there than on the continent, and of course more aristocratic, according to her notions. The cold hearted mother saw with delight the possible success of her long cherished scheme, and actually congratulated herself on the chance which had thus left Margaret unfettered. Indeed, after the first natural feelings of horror had subsided, the Danvilles did not pretend to feel any regret at the death of Carrington Wilson. They had never loved him, and they determined that as Margaret had followed her own will in that alliance, they would assert the same privilege on some future occasion, for, it is certain, that the unhappy widow had scarcely recovered from her alienation of mind, when they began to form new projects for a future matrimonial connection. Mrs. Danville left no means untried to secure the attentions of the noble Sir William. She excited his sympathy for Margaret by details of her early widowhood, sedulously concealing however the manner of her bereavement, lest a knowledge of her past insanity should deter him from seeking her hand; and she took care to make him understand that Margaret was now perfectly free to bestow her hand and fortune on a second husband.

"Sir William seemed quite charmed with Margaret, although it must be confessed that, to a stranger, there were few attractions in the pale cold face of the young widow. But the feeling was not returned by Margaret. She walked with him, rode with him, listened to him, sang to him, only because her mother bade her do so—but not a ray of feeling ever lighted up her countenance or enlivened the tones of her monotonous voice. Sir

William, however, was not to be turned aside by trifles. He visited the Danvilles at their own house, and delighted them by the assurance that they lived in precisely the same style as his father, the Marquis; excepting that the noble possessed several fine seats and broad parks, while the tradesman, alas! could only boast of one villa. He succeeded admirably in his designs upon Mrs. Danville; she was perfectly happy, and when at length he made proposals in due form for the hand of her daughter, she was ready to drop him a courtsy and thank him for his condescension. Margaret was not consulted on the subject. She was told of his offer and commanded to accept it; and with shuddering horror, like that which convulses the poor Suttee when she binds herself to the funeral pyre, she submitted to her fate.

"I conceived a great dislike to Sir William Thornton from the first moment I beheld him. He was a strong-built, muscular man, between thirty and forty years of age, thick-necked, coarse-lipped, and heavy browed, with an expression in his light grey eye which I could not endure. He never looked full in the face of any one, and his shifting restless eye seemed full of suspicion. He rather avoided me during the short time I had an opportunity of seeing him, and I began to doubt whether he was actually what he pretended to be. However, Mrs. Danville was pleased and Margaret submissive, so that the preparations for the marriage were carried on with a great degree of splendor.

"The day before that fixed upon for the marriage, I could not resist the impulse which led me to see Margaret in private, and learn her true sentiments. The familiar terms on which I now visited the family, enabled me to accomplish this with great ease, and our interview was prolonged for several hours.

"'I know you think I am doing wrong, my dear sir,' said Margaret in conclusion, 'but you cannot feel as I do. I am offering myself in expiation of the sin of my youth; a sin which cost my husband his precious life. God saw fit to punish my wilfulness by the most severe of all trials—for he well knew that while my idol lived, all other sorrows were as dust when weighed in the balance against my happiness. Carrington was taken from me, and I was left to make atonement. But I feel as if my punishment will not be made harder than I can bear; I shall not live long to wear the chains I now assume.'

"'And Sir William—what are your feelings towards him?' I asked.

"'Excessive repugnance;' was the shuddering reply. 'It has cost me many a bitter struggle to overcome the almost instinctive loathing with which I recoil from him. But waste not your sympathy upon him, my dear friend, nor think that I treat him with injustice; he wants only my father's wealth, and he shall be satisfied with money, while my mother will rejoice at seeing me ennobled, and I shall be made happy by a speedy release from a thraldom which must soon destroy either life or reason.'

"It was useless to argue with one who erred so widely both in her feelings and her judgment. Indeed I fancied there was incipient insanity lurking beneath her calm demeanor, and I could not but tremble for the result.

"The evening of the wedding came. The large rooms were filled with company, and the hour approached when I was to pronounce the nuptial benediction. I was already seated in the drawing-room, awaiting the entrance of the bridal party, when suddenly there rang through the house a long loud shriek, such as never yet issued from mortal lips save as the requiem of a broken heart. A look of consternation sat upon every face; with the swiftness of thought, all flew to the apartment whence the sound had issued. Mr. Danville and myself were the first to enter the room, and the sight which I beheld will never leave my memory. Seized with the same mysterious and frightful malady which had once before reduced her to the brink of the grave, the victim of catalepsy stood fixed as a statue—her arm extended—her long thin finger pointing towards some unseen object—the features of her face petrified in their awful expression of horror, and looking like some terrific spectre. Sir William cowered in a remote corner, his pallid cheek and lurid lip bearing witness to his alarm. But a frowning brow was bent upon him, and a strong arm was ready to grasp him when he arose from his abject position.

"Of course a scene of great confusion ensued. Rumors of all kinds were whispered among the company; the stranger guests dispersed quietly and quickly, and the few friends who remained learned the full horror of the tale.

"Margaret had suffered herself to be attired as passively as a child, and gave little evidence of heeding the efforts of her dressing-maid, until the moment when the girl attempted to remove from her neck a black ribbon which held the locket that had been her constant companion since it was removed from the bosom of her murdered husband. This she vehemently insisted on retaining, and in strong contrast with her necklace of pearls and her brussels lace, appeared that dark badge of sorrow. When she entered the apartment where the bridal party awaited her, she was observed to shudder as the bridegroom approached to lead her to a seat; but the emotion was instantly repressed, and she passively suffered him to place himself at her side. His eye was caught by the black ribbon, and with singular want of tact as well as delicacy, he made some jesting remark as he raised his hand, as if to draw from its hiding-place, the treasure which was attached to the dusky band. Margaret felt the dignity of womanhood insulted by the gesture, she turned suddenly to repulse his audacious touch, but as she did so, her eye fell on a ring which he wore on his finger. Without a word she snatched it wildly from him, and the next instant the fearful shriek was uttered which had so shaken the nerves of all who heard it. That ring was found tightly clasped in her hand, after she was placed in bed, and it was instantly recognized as the one which had been her gift to Carrington Wilson. It was of rich and massive gold set with a single diamond of great value; but, as a proof beyond all doubt, her brother who was familiar with the secret, touched a spring which raised the

diamond and disclosed the word 'Margaret,' enamelled on the inner gold.

"Do you read the enigma? or must I tell you that suspicion was aroused, and that by a singular concatenation of circumstances, such as often confounds the most deeply laid schemes of villany, the man who styled himself Sir William Thornton, but who was better known by the name of Will Tobin, was found guilty of the murder of Carrington Wilson, more than two years previous. When in prison, under sentence, he confessed the crime, to which he had been tempted by the sight of the victim's well filled pocket-book, which he had noticed as the hapless young man was paying for his night's lodging. But he solemnly disavowed any knowledge of the connection between the murdered man and the widow whom he sought to wed. He had destroyed Carrington's few papers without reading them, and the name of Wilson was too common a one to excite any suspicion in his mind. The wealth of Mrs. Danville, and his accidental discovery of Mrs. Danville's ambitious views, determined him to personate the character he had so successfully assumed. But for the silly vanity which led him to add the fatal ring to his wedding ornaments, the *widow* of the *murdered* would have been the *wife* of the *murderer!*

"Margaret did not survive the shock. She died without giving any evidence of returning consciousness, and six weeks after she was consigned to her early grave, the criminal perished by the strong arm of the offended law."

Original.

TO THE ENGLISH NIGHTINGALE.

WRITTEN AT NIGHT.

BY AMELIA HANSON.

Ah, wondrous bird!—that on this silent night
Doth pour sweet melody, warbling a song
Of lonely, ceaseless praise, which must ascend,
"Like the dim night-flower's incense unto God!"
It is not strange, that thou canst sing by day—
When sunbeams pour their flood of glory forth,
Revealing beauty, in all living things—
But in the mystery of darkness, thou
Dost warble, with as full a heart of praise,
Teaching frail man a lesson, hard to learn!
Methinks, there is a mixture in thy lays
Of sadness, and of joy, which human hearts
Know but too well. Sometimes in darkness, we
Can utter trills of praise, but ah! how soon
Come those low, plaintive wailings, which I hear
Gush from thy soul striving for mastery!
'Tis like the mourning for lost earthly love,
In the dark night of sorrow, when the soul
Bows grateful, still, unto the will of God.
Therefore, my conscious spirit turns away
Trembling, to listen longer unto thee,
Thou bird of tender human sympathies,
That thus can'st make strange echoes far within.

Grove-Hill, near London.

Original.

TO THE RIVER CHARLES.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

I.

River! that in silence windest
Through the meadows bright and free,
'Till at length thy rest thou findest
In the bosom of the sea!

II.

Four long years of mingled feeling,
Half in rest and half in strife,
I have seen thy waters stealing
Onward, like the stream of life.

III.

Thou hast taught me, silent River,
Many a lesson deep and long,
Thou hast been a generous giver,
I can give thee but a song.

IV.

Oft in sadness and in illness
I have watched thy current glide,
'Till the beauty of its stillness
Overflowed me, like a tide.

V.

And in better hours and brighter,
When I saw thy waters gleam,
I have felt my heart beat lighter
And leap onward with thy stream.

VI.

Not for this alone I love thee,
Nor because thy waves of blue
From celestial seas above thee
Take their own celestial hue.

VII.

Where yon shadowy woodland hides thee,
And thy waters disappear,
Friends I love have dwelt beside thee,
And have made thy margin dear.

VIII.

More than this—thy name reminds me
Of three friends, all true and tried,
And that name like magic binds me
Closer, closer to thy side.

IX.

Friends, my soul with joy remembers,
And like quivering flames they start,
When I fan the living embers
On the hearth-stone of my heart!

X.

'Tis for this, thou silent River!
That my spirit leans to thee;
Thou hast been a generous giver,
Take this idle song from me.

Original.

BIDDY WOODHULL;*

OR, THE PRETTY HAY-MAKER.

A TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'LAFITTE,' 'CAPT. KYD,' 'THE QUADROON,' 'BURTON,' ETC., ETC.

PART III.

BIDDY followed her African guide by a marvellously crooked way, which none but a negro could have taken, through lanes and cross-streets, up alleys, and across squares, and turning corners, 'till her own head turned with the bewilderment, confusion and noise, that prevailed around her; her temples ached with the roar of wheels, and her feet, familiar only with the green sward, were pained by traversing the unaccustomed pavements. At length he stopped in front of a low, two story wooden building, situated in a close, crowded street. It had a flashy yellow front, and the window-shutters and sides of the open doors, were covered with written and printed placards, headed "WANTS." Biddy looked up, and saw on a little sign hanging above her head from a projecting iron bar, "INTELLIGENCE OFFICE," done in gold letters upon a brilliant blue ground. On little tin plates tacked up each side of the entrance, she also read the same words.

"Yes, this is it," she said to the negro; "I am glad I have found it, for I am very tired. Here is your pay for bringing my bundle," she added, tendering him the last shilling she possessed; "the kind coachman offered to pay you, but I would rather do it myself. You must tell him I did so, now."

"Trus' nigger for dat, missus," said the black, with a grin, and extending his sable thumb and finger for the piece of money; "I'se tell him, fac' sure!"

"I hope you will, good fellow, for I wouldn't like to have a stranger pay for me," said Biddy, with that naturally independent spirit she has already shown she possessed.

"Nebber you f'ar, missus; I'se too much ob gem'lan to do any ting unbon'ble," said the black, lifting his ragged cap, and making a scrape; "I is sure tell him, missus!"

With this assurance he laid the bundle on the shelf of the office window, and with his eyes fixed misgivingly on Bruin, moved off at a slip shod gait to the next corner, around which he had no sooner disappeared, than he struck up a double shuffle on the side-walk, keeping time with his hands against his thighs, in the merriest manner. He kept this up for about a minute, and then said, chuckling—

"Ki! yah, yah, yah! Sam Jonsing hab play de financy, dis time, right up stair, an' no mistake! Little Missus tink I no make Boss Dick plank de prog too! Yah! Elebenteen pence for car' bundle! Him short ten-cent piece, I 'clar!" he added, looking closely at it; "she cheat nigger out ob two cent an' half a one! ki! I'll make Boss Dick pay his six pence! How she tink nigger gen'l'man keep him word, ven de white gen'l'mans don't! Yes, sartain sure, Sam Jonsing, you is defaulter dis bressed mornin', an' no mistake!"

Here Sam pocketed his silver, and shuffled off to No. 21, Bowery, where the rogue was again paid by honest Dick Sherwood, on his making oath over the handle of Dick's whip, that he had taken both the bundle and the young woman safely to her destination.

Biddy's eyes had unconsciously followed her late guide 'till they could see him no longer, when she felt as if she had parted with the last link that bound her to her species. She sighed at the sense of her condition, and tears came unbidden into her eyes. Suppressing them with an effort, she stooped down, and caressed Bruin, and soon recovered her self-possession. On looking about her, she saw that several females, old and young, and chiefly Irish, were standing on the side-walk, conversing in little knots, or waiting with anxious looks in the door-way. There were two large square windows, projecting, one on either side of the narrow door leading into the office. These windows were filled with bills and placards, all expressing the wants of individuals in nearly every condition of life. Her attention was particularly fixed by some written notices, wafered upon the shutter against which she leaned to rest herself, her hand upon her bundle, which lay upon the shelf of the window, and with Bruin at her feet. How her eyes beamed with hope, as she read with breathless interest a long list of *wants*. And she felt confident she had only to offer herself to obtain a situation.

"Now," thought she, "as there are so many for me to choose from, I shall hardly know how to choose. 'A smart girl for general house work,'" she said, repeating to herself the first notice; "that must be something like my work at home! I can't choose *that*. 'Apprentice to learn straw-sewing.' That must be pleasanter than general house work. But then I'm told they work the apprentices to death in this city, and that any of them can be told in passing them in the streets, by their pale and sickly looks, and thin persons. I would rather work hard, I think, (if it is thought more genteel to be a 'prentice,) as a house girl! 'Neat girl for general house work!' Here is one wanted just my age, where the work is light. This is better than at home, and perhaps I might find kindness. I will keep this in my mind! 'A first rate sewer to make dresses!' *That I should like!* I can sew well, and always make my own dresses! I'll think of this place too!"

Thus did our heroine run over in her thoughts the several situations so temptingly proffered to all in need of employment, and in their multiplicity and variety, her mind was lost! She, for some time, could come to no decision, but finally decided on one or the other of the two advertisements, viz: the second and fourth! So absorbed had she been in forming her resolution, that she blushed, and became confused and vexed, on looking round, and seeing that half a dozen Irish and Scotch girls standing before the office, had been all the time making themselves merry at the absorbing attention

* Continued from page 75.

with which she was scanning these placards. Pouting her beautiful lips as girls of sixteen sometimes will do, when offended, she took up her bundle, and entered the office. It was a deep, narrow room, with a desk latticed in all round, on the left, near the door, and a long wooden bench placed against the opposite wall its whole length. On this bench were seated some twenty females of all ages, from ten to fifty years; waiting for situations as nurses, cooks, chambermaids, seamstresses, etc. The majority of them, thought Biddy, seemed very contented at sitting there and having nothing to do all the forenoon; and she saw that they amused themselves with watching those coming in and going out, and listening to the negociations of the man behind the desk, with those who were applicants for places. Biddy dropped her veil before the gaze of so many rude and insulting eyes, for she felt that each one looked upon all subsequent comers as interlopers and rivals, who might possibly forestall them in a place. Notwithstanding the occasional laughter and childish romping of the poor creatures together, she could not but see that envy and hatred rankled in their breasts towards one another. Most of them were neater dressed than she expected to see servants that were 'out of place,' and all, without exception, wore red or white cotton shawls, and brown cotton gloves. It seemed, to her—so much they looked and dressed alike—to be an Intelligence Office uniform! Nearly all of them were pock-marked, and scarce one face in the whole was good looking.

Biddy made these observations at a glance, and with a sinking heart took a seat beside an old woman in iron spectacles, plaited cap, and an old second hand quaker bonnet; who, seeing her waiting 'till the Intelligence office man had got through with a gentleman who had just come in, and who wanted a child's nurse, had made room for her to be seated. She felt grateful for the offer, for she was both fatigued and embarrassed. She felt, too, that by a little delay, she could see how business was done, and the experience might be of service to her in enabling her to apply for herself in a proper form. Shrinking from observation, she drew her veil half aside, and observed what passed that she might profit by it; for she keenly felt her utter ignorance and helplessness now that the crisis of her position approached. Her first glance was directed towards the desk. Within the latticed enclosure, sat a little, thin, sallow man, with brushy, black hair, a low, fleshy forehead, keen black eyes, a long sharp nose, and a large-lipped, ugly mouth, filled with decayed and snaggled teeth. He wore half whiskers, very long and silky, a white cravat, and a black coat of three fashions agone. Such was the outward appearance of Beal Tucker! He looked like a snivelling, mean man, who would sell his soul for three pence, and his heart and character did not belie his looks. In his fingers he held a counting-house steel pen; a book of entries lay open before him, and he was looking up beneath his covert eye brows, listening to the gentleman who was giving him through the bars of the lattice a description of the kind of servant he wanted.

"Yes, sir, I think I can suit you to a *t*," said Beal Tucker, dropping his huge black brows, and examining the book in which he recorded the names, ages, character, occupation, and address of the applicants for situation, on receipt, in advance, of fifty cents from each applicant, who, by this *douceur*, became entitled to his services for a period of three months to aid in obtaining them places. Without this payment in advance, and the registering of the names on his book, no one, though sitting in the office, could be allowed to take a situation that persons called on him to have filled. Biddy had yet to learn this disagreeable fact! "Yes, sir," said Beal Tucker, after examining the book, "I have one here that will *just* suit you. What is your address?"

"'Tis here," said the gentleman, giving him a card.

"Ah, yes! Mr. Sancroft!" said Mr. Tucker, in a humming half-tone, and drawing near another book in which he entered the names of those who wanted servants, he quietly recorded the address in a very handsome hand, of which he evidently was proud as one of his numerous accomplishments.

"Is she here present?" asked the gentleman, a young married man, looking round with visible confusion upon the array of women's eyes that sought his, each female hoping to be herself selected.

"Yes," replied Beal Tucker coldly.

"I should like to see her."

Beal extended his hand, with the palm significantly turned upward, and said in a bland voice—

"Fifty cents, if you please."

"For what?" asked the novice in Intelligence offices.

"For registering your name, and sending a nurse to you," answered Beal, with a sneer of contempt at the gentleman's greenness.

"But she may not suit."

"I will then send you another and another, 'till you get one that suits you. I cannot pay rent for a room for girls to sit in all day, 'till people come and take 'em away to places, and get nothing for it."

The gentleman seemed to see the force of his reasoning, and placed a half dollar in Beal's extended palm. The fingers instinctively closed over it, and something like a smile gleamed in his eyes.

"Mary Cotter!" he called aloud, like a school-master to a pupil. "Mary Cotter! where is she?" he asked angrily, opening his latticed door, and looking over the room. Every head was turned in search, and, at length there was a general exclamation from the women that she had gone out.

"Then she deserves to lose her place," said Beal, petulently. "Hush that noise and jabbering there, in the further part of the room," he shouted to two or three young Irish girls of fourteen or fifteen years of age, beating each other with their bonnets, to the amusement of those around. "If I hear any more noise, I'll turn you out!"

All was still as death, for Beal's voice was like thunder, and carried terror with it to the hearts of his unruly petticoat subjects.

"Here's a young American girl," he added, "wanted

to take care of a baby—experienced, and good character, and all that! Who wants the place?"

There was a general movement of heads, but no one replied.

"Is there no American girl here?

"Yes, sir, I'm one," said a thin, shabby-respectable old maid, who, poor creature! looked as if she had drank the cup of poverty to its dregs; and she came with a hesitating step towards the desk.

There was a general scornful titter among the Irish women and wenches, as the applicant, with her left arm hugging together the fore part of her lank garments, laid her right hand, bony and blue with famine and time, upon the corner of the desk. Biddy's generous spirit resented this unfeeling expression of their scorn, but she reflected that they were all perhaps nearly equally as wretched as the victim of it, and had no pity or compassion to spare for others. It is the degraded poor who are ever the most bitter and unfeeling to the poor and miserable!

"Yes, you're American what there is left of you," said Beal Tucker, with a laugh at his wit; "the gentleman don't want a frame, I guess! I'm thinkin' he'd rather get a nurse as is already got her flesh laid on."

"No, good woman," said the gentleman, seeing she shrunk from the cruel language of the unfeeling brute, "I fear you will not quite suit me; I want a young and healthy person! Perhaps this will atone for your disappointment!" and he placed a dollar in her hand!

"That's what I call throwing pearls before swine, if I might be so bold," said Beal, who witnessed this generosity with surprize. "She'll get drunk before night."

"Indeed, sir, I never get drunk," said the woman, earnestly.

"Don't tell me *no*, when I say *yes!* Go to your seat, or off out o' the way; it's no use for you to stay here any longer. No body'll come for you but the doctors."

"I have paid you my half a dollar, Mr. Beal," said the poor woman pleadingly.

"And you have been loafing here nearly three months on it."

"There sits a young person whose appearance prepossesses me," said the gentleman, disgusted, and wishing to change the subject; "call her this way."

"Jane Mannus, the gentleman wants to speak with you! come up to the desk," said Beal, sternly. "Here, you old bag of bones, stand out of the way, and make room!"

"Are you an American girl?" asked the gentleman, of a very pretty, modest, ruddy-cheeked lass, of about sixteen, with brown hair laid neatly on either cheek, and large, clear blue eyes.

She hesitated, colored, and dropped her eyes, though not before she had caught Beal's meaning glance for her to say "Yes." After a moment's silence she looked up, and with a frank, open countenance, said—

"I will not belie my counthry, sir, for the sake of getting a situation. I am an Irish girl."

"How long have you been in this country?" asked the gentleman, smiling, and as much pleased with the blunt honesty of her reply, as Beal was vexed by it.

"Sinct I was eight year, sir."

"You may send this young woman to my house at four o'clock," said the gentleman, turning to Beal; "she will, perhaps, suit us."

"Very well, sir, she shall be there," said the Intelligence office keeper, as the gentleman left his little despotic empire. Then writing upon a printed card prepared with blanks, his address, with her name and occupation beneath it, he gave it to her with the injunction to be at the place designated, precisely at four o'clock. Jane received it with a curtsy, and soon after left the office, elated with the prospect of getting "a place."

Biddy, our heroine, had silently observed all that had transpired, and she found that she had learned something by seating herself down and waiting. She felt delighted to see with what ease places were obtained by those suitable to fill them. But she had much yet to learn!

"All I have got to do," she said to herself, "is to ask him who it is that wants a straw sewer, or a girl for light housework, and he gives me a ticket, and sends me to the place! What excellent things these Intelligence offices are for poor girls! Now if I had to pay the half dollar, instead of the person that should want me, what would I do when I haven't a cent in my purse! I will not be afraid of these women here, but go right up and ask him before some other person gets the place!"

As she came to this resolution, a melancholy-looking young woman came into the office, and approached the desk. Every thing she had on was faded, and she was without stockings. Beal Tucker eyed her sharply through the bars, and then said abruptly—

"Well, what's your business?"

"I want to get a place, sir," she said, meekly.

"Place is a broad word! One would think there was but one place, or you was the one for all places!" and the Intelligence office lord chuckled at his own wit, and looked around upon the Irish and Scotch women for applause. In the eyes of servants seeking "place," —be it observed, in passing—an Intelligence office man is a very great man, and by and by he very naturally begins to think that he is so himself! Beal Tucker was, in his own opinion, a *very* great man!

"I meant no offence, sir," said the young woman.

"No, oh, no, I guess you didn't! I guess you'd know better than give offence to *me*! No young woman nor old woman never did it! No one would *dare* do it!"

"I'm sure they wouldn't, sir," said the applicant, humbly.

Beal was pleased and mollified by the manner in which she spoke this, and said blandly, "Well, what place do you want? here's cooks, chambermaids, all house-work, seamstresses, child's nurses, lady's maids—every thing but wives! and I might supply them too for a fair premium! he, he, ho, ha!"

"I'd like a situation to do house work, sir."

"You are too delicate, young woman. A seamstress would suit you better."

"Oh, no, sir! It's sewing that has injured me—working fifteen hours a day, and no exercise, and earning, at that, but two shillings a day! I wish to do house work, sir."

"Well, I'll look out for you. Where's your half dollar?"—and Beal Tucker's palm lay open upward on his desk, before her.

Tremblingly she drew from the bosom of her faded frock a bit of old green silk. She unfolded it with a sigh, and displayed to the greedy eyes of Mr. Beal Tucker, the whole of her little store, viz: three quarter dollar pieces, a pistareen, a ten cent piece, three pennies, and a soiled Murphy's omnibus ticket. She separated two of the quarters, and placed them, with another sigh, in his hand. Biddy, all forgetful of her own needful situation, pitied her, and wished she could pay the half dollar for her. But instantly the thought flashed upon her, "How shall I pay it for myself?"

Poor Biddy! how, indeed, was she to pay for herself? Now that she saw farther into the mysteries of intelligence offices, she did not think they were altogether just the *benevolent* institutions for aiding young females she at first believed them to be.* Now that she discovered that servants seeking places were charged half a dollar, as well as those who came to seek for servants, she became very much embarrassed, and her self-possession, for a few moments, nearly deserted her. What should she do? She must obtain some situation before the day closed, but to obtain it, she must *pay in advance!* "Oh, where shall I get this money? what shall I do?" were questions which she put to herself fifty times. She looked round upon the women in the office, for some kind, sympathizing face, for she felt like seeking and asking sympathy. But every one looked selfish and forbidding. Her eyes then sought the harsh visage of Mr. Beal Tucker, against whom she had already conceived a prejudice! But she could read only in his countenance, avarice and half dollars! Poor Biddy! she was in a sad perplexity! At one time the idea struck her, of going from house to house, and asking for employment, as this course would not require money. But a second reflection convinced her of its folly, and probable fruitless issue; else, if it were possible, why did not the poor women around her, ill able to spare a half dollar, pursue this course, and save their money? Tears at length filled her eyes, and drawing her thick green veil over her face, she let them trickle freely, for it relieved her heavy heart.

"What ails thee, my pretty miss?" at length asked the old woman in the faded quaker bonnet, who had asked her to take a seat beside her.

"I am without money," said Biddy, hastily drying her eyes, and speaking with that frankness of innocence which conceals nothing from the designing. "I did not expect to have to pay."

"So you thought to get a place for nothing; he, he, he! Poor child! you don't know Intelligence offices well as I does."

Biddy thought she had known full enough of them, and felt no inclination to learn more. Encouraged by the old woman's sociable mood, she ventured to ask her if she thought "the intelligence man" would not get her a place, if she would promise to pay him with her first wages.

"Well, sich things has been done, when folks is known; I'll ax him for you."

"I wish you would," said Biddy, with grateful earnestness, "for I haven't courage to do it myself."

"I'll do it, poor thing!" she said, good naturedly; "but then I don't think but with your pretty face you'd do better with Beal Tucker than an old woman! There's them as knows him, says he likes a bright eye; and what intelligence man don't? I can tell you, miss, there's young girls been sent from these places more than once, that wan't advertized for in print, by them they went to!"

Biddy would have asked her the meaning of her words, but she immediately called out in a shrill tone from where she sat—

"Mr. Tucker, here's a young woman as is without money, and wants to know if as how you would register her name, for a place, and let her pay you the 'half' from her first wages?"

Biddy's face burned with shame and confusion at this open address, and felt that all eyes—as, in truth, they were—directed towards her. Twice she caught the old woman by the gown to check her, but in vain.

"A young woman without money, hey?" gruffly repeated Beal Tucker, without looking up from an advertisement he was writing for the morning's paper.

"Yes, and more's the pity, for she has a pretty face that should bring her gold."

Whether it was "pretty face," or the magic word "gold," or both, that caused Beal Tucker to stick his pen on the top of his ear, and look through his bars towards the speaker and her confused *protége*, must be left for determination after his character shall be more fully developed. But certain it is, that he looked very hard, and with increasing interest at Biddy, as one after another the perfections of her foot, waist and hand, were revealed to his practiced eye.

"Humph," he said, after a moment's survey, which satisfied him that Biddy was of a superior order of beauty to any he had seen in his office, though he had not yet seen her face, which she kept concealed by her veil. "Humph!" and he gave a second and closer survey, which determined his conduct.

"Young, is she, Aunt Kitty, and no money?" he said, in a tone of mock sympathy; "bad, very bad!" and Beal Tucker shook his head as if he had heard she had committed a great crime. Biddy never before felt that it was so wicked a thing to be without money. Again Beal scrutinized her. "Suppose, young woman, you put up your veil," he said, coarsely; "perhaps, after I see your face, I can tell whether to trust you or not."

Biddy's cheek burned at this rude address, but in-

*Since the occurrence of this story, *gratuitous* offices have been established by benevolent societies.

stinctively raised her hand, and put aside her veil. If Beal Tucker had been before struck with the symmetry of her figure, he was now filled with surprize at the fresh and youthful beauty of her face. He would have started back with an exclamation at this discovery, but habitual caution enabled him to restrain all outward expression of emotion.

"Didn't I tell ye she was a pretty one?" said the keen old woman, exultingly, on observing the effect which he vainly would have concealed even from her penetrating gaze.

"Hush, woman," he said, in a tone of stern reproof; "come hither, miss," he added, carelessly nodding to Biddy. She hesitated, when the old woman, raising her from the bench, thrust her forward.

"Why don't you go, child? He'll trust you, I know by his eye—he, he, he! won't you. Beal Tucker?"

"Silence," thundered Mr. Tucker. "So, young miss," he said, assuming the blandest expression he could bring his forbidding countenance to wear, "so you have no money, and want a place?"

"Yes, sir," answered Biddy, in a low, timid tone."

"We don't wish to be hard with you. What place would you like?"

"I saw a straw sewer advertised for, sir!"

"That place is taken, I am sorry to say," answered Beal, with an insinuating smile, shaded with regret.

"There is a person wanted to make dresses," continued Biddy, beginning to feel the first bitterness of disappointment.

"I am sorry to say that place is also engaged," said Beal, who gracefully leaned over his desk in one of his favorite attitudes, and from which he had not moved since she came before him. "Can you think of nothing else?"

"I can do general house work, sir," said our heroine, now willing, so embarrassing was her situation, to accept of any employment that would relieve her from it.

"House work!" repeated Beal, with surprize. "Oh, no! Go and sit down, if you please, 'till I get through with some little business, and I will look over my list and see what I can do for you." And all the while Beal Tucker's eyes were drinking in the intoxicating draft of her beauty.

Biddy felt relieved by his words, and as she took her seat, began to think she had taken too hasty a prejudice against him.

It was then about eleven o'clock, and Biddy sat there until twelve, a silent observer of all the singular scenes that transpired. As the clock struck twelve, Mr. Tucker, who had been long impatiently waiting to hear it, briskly shut up his books, and opening the door of his latticed den, said, in a hasty tone—

"Twelve o'clock! Home to dinner, girls, and let me to mine. I shan't be open again, 'till two, to-day!"

There was a general preparatory movement among the women, and those near the door began to quit the office. "Home! dinner!" sighed Biddy; "and am I to wander in the streets 'till two o'clock, perhaps all day, as he has not asked my name to register it?"

"Come, miss, with 'the pretty face,' don't block up the way!" said a savage looking Irish woman, thrusting her rudely aside.

Biddy stepped aside, and stood still until nearly all had left the office, when, recollecting that she must act with more firmness than she had hitherto shown, she took up her bundle to go, and spoke to Bruin, who, all the while, had lain under the bench, where he had crouched when she first seated herself. Beal Tucker had his eyes upon her, however, and did not mean she should leave without his seeing her again. She was stepping across the threshold, when he artfully called, as if just accidentally remembering her presence.

"Oh, young woman, there, in the green veil! I had like to have forgotten you. Just wait a moment, and I'll give you a ticket to a place that I think will just suit you. You can pay me any time."

These words, though addressed to Biddy, were also intended for the ears of the two or three that lingered in the office, as an excuse to them for detaining her. She heard him with a sensation of joy, and hope once more shone in her hitherto downcast eyes, as she turned back. Beal Tucker re-entered his desk, and opened one of his books! The old woman in the quaker bonnet still lingered in the door. Beal looked at her angrily:

"What do you stay for, old woman? Go! I'll now just examine my books for you, miss."

"The place you mean to give that miss, you'll not find on either of them books o' yourn, Beal Tucker," said she, chuckling, as she stepped from the door.

"Begone!" cried Beal, his color heightened by anger and guilt.

"He, he, he!" chuckled the old woman, as she disappeared from the office.

"Sit down, miss—these old women would vex the ——," *devil*, Beal would have said, did he swear, but being as he often boasted, a "reg'lar moral man," he never indulged in profanity; being so strict, therefore, he ended, by substituting "saints" for the devil.

Biddy re-seated herself, pondering in her mind what the old woman meant, by saying the place that he intended to give her, was not found on his books; but she was too young and innocent of the world, and of evil, to arrive at the truth. Beal now pored for a few moments, seemingly with great earnestness and interest over his list of entries, but his eyes, instead of falling on the page, were scanning, from beneath his pent house brows, the lovely and ingenuous features of our heroine. At length he seemed to look as if he had come to some satisfactory decision, to which he intended to conform his intermediate conduct.

"What is your name, miss?"

"Bridget Woodhull, sir," said Biddy, looking up, and answering, while one hand laid on Bruin's shaggy mane.

He pretended to write it on the book, but really wrote it on a card, which he had previously laid upon the page.

"Where do you live?" he asked, in a low tone, for persons were constantly passing by the open door.

"Sir," said our heroine, embarrassed by the question.

"Where do you live, my dear?"

"In West Chester county, sir."

"When did you come to the city?"

"This morning, in the stage, sir, to get a place."

"Have you worked out before?"

"No, sir."

"Are you acquainted in the city?"

"No, sir."

"And you have no money?"

"I gave my last shilling to a black man, who showed me the office, not knowing I should have to pay to get a place."

These questions were answered with a directness and frankness singularly contrasting the duplicity and double intention with which they were put to her. Beal Tucker looked at her steadily a few seconds, and a singular smile passed across his face. "Yes," he said to himself, "she shall be sent to him, and he shall pay well for so rare a treasure. By-the-by, miss, how came you to leave home?"

"Because, sir, my mother and sisters treated me very badly."

"So you run away, eh?"

"Yes, sir, I did," answered our heroine, with mingled spirit and embarrassment.

"Better still," soliloquized Beal Tucker, rubbing his hands, and showing his smuggled teeth with secret delight. "It's a fair prize!" he added, aloud.

"Sir," said Biddy.

"I said this dust was bad for sore eyes. I will shut the door 'till I make out your ticket."

And the plausible Beal Tucker left his chair, and closed the street door, confining it, unperceived, by a finger bolt. He then returned to his desk.

"What place do you think you would prefer, pretty one?" he said, in a tone of gallantry, and looking, as he conceived, very loving.

"A dress maker's, sir," answered the unsuspecting maiden.

"Suppose you just step into the desk, and look at the list, yourself," said Beal, in his most insinuating way.

By this time, Biddy had discovered, what every other true woman also would have done, that there was mingled in Mr. Tucker's manner, a good deal of freedom and pretension! In a man exactly like Beal Tucker, such demonstrations could not be very acceptable to any one; though his victories and frequent Bpfavors from some of his hideous "out of place" servants had a tendency to inspire him with great confidence in his powers, in that line. Biddy instinctively felt the moral impurity of his presence—for a chaste woman, like the sensitive plant, involuntarily shrinks at proximity with a libertine! This instinctive feeling or *sense*, Biddy now experienced, and she began to entertain fears at being in his presence. When, therefore, he desired her to enter his desk, she declined, saying, with firmness, "that she would leave it to him to name a place."

Beal was struck by the tone and manner, and looked at her suspiciously, for guilt is ever alert. A glance was sufficient to tell him she feared him, and had instinctively divined his feelings towards her. Beal only intended, however, by inviting her to his desk, to steal from her ripe lips a kiss; for though sensual and unprincipled, he loved gold so much better than lust, or the gratification of any other passion, that he was always prepared to sacrifice all of them for it. Gold now protected Biddy, not only from baser designs, but even from the insult to her modesty that he had intended; for he meant to be paid in told coin, even for the kiss he feared to take, now that he saw she knew him! Besides, Beal Tucker had a wife up-stairs, and he had come to a conclusion, in order to forward a purpose he had in view, to invite Biddy to dinner!

"Oh, very well, then," he said, in a tone which he intended should restore her confidence, "I will act for you." He then looked over his entries, and said, "Here is a lady wants a dress maker, and will pay good wages. Will that suit you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well, then, I'll recommend you to it."

"I thank you, sir," said Biddy. "I will be sure to pay you from my very first wages."

"No doubt, no doubt," said Beal, with a sardonic grin; "here's your ticket. Let no one see it, but when you leave here, go directly to the house No —, Chambers street."

"Yes, sir," answered Biddy, about to go.

"No, don't go yet. I dare say you havn't had breakfast or dinner."

"No, sir," answered Biddy, for the first time conscious of her long fasting.

"Well, then, come into the next door, up-stairs, and take dinner with my wife, and stay there until I get back. You had best give me the ticket, and I will give it to you again when I return."

Beal then opened his door, and stepping to the next, called up the stairs to his wife: "Mrs. Tucker, I say! Mrs. Tucker!"

A woman with a red head, a red face, and a red baby in her arms, came to the stair head, and shrieked back, "Well, what you want, Beal?"

"Here's a young woman come for a place, and as I can't attend to her just now, having business out, give her some dinner, and keep her until I come in. You understand me." Mrs. Tucker understood him. The two were not only one, connubially, but in all else!"

"Yes, Beal, send her up. Oh, there she is. Come up, miss!"

Biddy, who, at first, resolved not to go with Mr. Tucker to his dinner, on hearing a woman's voice in reply, took confidence, and with the faithful Brain bounding after her, went up stairs at her invitation. Beal saw her safely up, and then gave his wife a significant wink; when seeing her return a comprehensive glance from her pink edged eyes, he closed his office, and hastened up the street towards Broadway.

To be continued.

Original.

HANNAH'S OFFERING.

BY HANNAH F. GOULD.

"But Samuel ministered before the Lord, being a child girded with a linen ephod. Moreover, his mother made him a little coat, and brought it to him, from year to year."—1. SAMUEL II. 18, 19.

Ah! faithful mother, what a gift is thine,
Brought in thy heart-strings to its Maker's shrine!
The precious answer to thy prayer obtained,
Now as thy pledge, is rendered up unstained.

To Shiloh, where thy secret vow was made,
From Ramah hast thou come to have it paid—
Paid with the dearest hold of human love,
In view of man, to Him who reigns above.

An early offering to the Holy One,
Here dost thou yield thy darling, only son,
Pure from thy bosom—scarce his lip is dried
From the warm fount by nature there supplied.

Thy priceless jewel by Jehovah wrought,
Thy brilliant, new, eternal, hast thou brought;
The dearest treasure of thy heart is given
To gem the footstool of the throne of Heaven.

Oh, happy, honored mother, how will He
To whom thou pay'st, give richly back to thee!
Thy deed so high shall have its high reward
For sweet rejoicings sent thee from thy Lord.

He, through all time, will with His word, prolong
Thy notes of praise, thy clear, prophetic song.
Land unto land shall sound the joyful strain,
Till "His Anointed" comes on earth to reign.

And thou, mild boy, fair shoot of infancy,
What wondrous power shall germinate from thee!
Judge, Priest, and Prophet in the bud concealed,
With thine unfoldings are to be revealed.

Thy parent now her tender charge resigns,
While life's pure morning-dew upon thee shines.
Yet, hath she set thee in the chosen place
For God to water thee with showers of grace.

His glory and His wing to thee will yield
Sun light and shade, and be thy strength and shield.
Thy flower his temple sweetly shall perfume;
And golden fruit for Heaven succeed thy bloom.

Nor, shall the mother—ere forget her child,
That helpless on her bosom sobbed or smiled.
Thou'lt be the lovely burden she will bear
Through her night-dreams, and on her waking prayer.

By day, her hand maternal will delight
To weave her son the vesture new and bright;
And when at Ramah she shall re-appear,
To bring "a little coat from year to year,"

Thou may'st not slumber now, beneath her eye;
But still a tender guardian will be nigh.
God will around thee fold a Father's arm,
To shield thy body and thy soul from harm.

The sweetest voice from Heaven that ever came,
Will in the deepest midnight sound thy name;
And thou wilt rise and answer, thence to be
Assured that 'tis the Lord who calleth thee.

He calleth thee, blest babe, to rise and shine,
A holy light to Israel's darkened line;
To lead them from the bitter streams of strife
Back to the fountain of eternal life!

Original.

MATILDA.

BY HORATIO GATES.

"In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the forest cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have a lot so brief."—*Bryant.*

My precious one—was it for this, so early and so warm
Thy mother clung with many a kiss to thy sleeping infant form?
Was it for this thy father sighed in sadness without pain,
Or, doting o'er thy infant pride, his heart grew young again?
Was it for this, that day by day, amidst all other joys,
All time went dancingly away, at the music of thy voice?
To hours of grief it gave relief—the thought that thou wouldst weep
Above my dust! And thou art first to go to that last sleep!

We deemed not that away from home, thy life was ebbing fast,
And many a wish that thou wouldst come, was thrown upon the blast.
We studied every rivalship in deeds of tenderness,
And longed—and longed—with burning lip for thy warm and welcome kiss!
At last it came—the hour that brought thee, tottering, weak, and pale,
With hollow cheek and aspect fraught with shades of death's dark vale;
Still then was joy upon thy cheek, and love within thine eye,
And we sobbed aloud that one so meek, so beautiful, must die!

Joy lighted up her face awhile, and grief could not abide
The rapture of the household smiles she met on every side.
From day to day she pined away in weakness without pain,
And smiled, in meek attempts to speak the joys of home again.
That death was near gave her no fear, save that the dear ones left,
Would suffer years of burning tears. She grieved for the bereft!
At last the lamp, quenched by the damp of death, burnt quick and bright,
Then flickering fell, and from that spell the spirit took its flight.

We followed her encoffined form to where her grave was made,
And tears came gushing fast and warm when the last sad rites were said;
And there they laid her gentle head deep in the cold damp ground,
And o'er her bed the earth was spread, with dismal hollow sound!
Yet in the Spring, these hands shall bring, the roots of fairest flowers,
And bid them bloom, above the tomb, of that sweet child of ours;
And many a day our feet shall stray from this world's active strife,
To seek the dust that holds a trust as dear to us as life!

Original.

SONG TO ——.

I love the stars—I see one now
Look smiling down upon the stream,
And its reflected form below
Shines like the light of many a dream.
The form beneath—the form above,
Exchange their beams like love to love.

I wish thou wert that starry orb,
And I were that wave's mirrored-breast,
That I might evermore absorb
The starlight that I love the best;
That thou mightest look into my heart,
And see thyself its brightest part.

Original.

THE CAPTIVE PRINCE.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

"Mine has been the fate of those
To whom the goodly earth and air
Are banned and barred."—
The Prisoner of Chillon.

In one of the apartments of Windsor Castle, remote from those occupied by the royal family, sat James, the son and heir of Robert III. King of Scotland. Books of classic lore, and those containing the productions of the most celebrated poets of England and other countries were arranged on shelves, while a few favorite volumes lay on a table on which he leaned. He held a pen in his hand and a piece of paper lay before him, on which were traced a few poetical lines, but the free and joyous song of the birds, borne on the summer breeze through the grated windows, by reminding him that he was a captive, smote upon his heart and banished the bright dreams that fancy had summoned up.

Having been made a prisoner by Henry IV., at the age of eleven, while on his way to France, whither his father had sent him that he might escape the danger to which he was exposed by the ambition of the Duke of Albany, he was not only retained in captivity the remainder of that King's life, but during the whole reign of his successor, Henry V., in order to prevent the alliance of Scotland with France. Henry IV. having had the generosity to bestow on him an excellent education, and possessing a taste for poetry and music which he successfully cultivated, the young prince was enabled to beguile many an otherwise weary hour; yet, with all these mental resources there were times when the chains of captivity galled him to the quick, and he would have given worlds to have exchanged his lot with that of the meanest peasant.

He rose and went to the window. The prospect of the Thames and of the surrounding country, dressed in its summer garb of verdure and bloom, was beautiful, and there were times when he could gaze on it with the loving eyes and impassioned feelings of the poet; but now his heart was far away amid his native hills, where in childhood he used to rove at will, and his eyes grew dim with tears. As he lingered at the window to catch the coolness of the breeze on his burning brow and throbbing temples, he succeeded in gradually subduing his feelings to that stern and determined composure learned only in the school of adversity and attained only by those who have the power and will to submit uncomplainingly to its iron discipline. The royal gardens lay below, but owing to the iron bars that crossed his window, that portion nearest the buildings was concealed from his view, and, all at once, he became conscious that a soft female voice occasionally mingled its melody with the wild bird's carol. Notes of so much sweetness, he imagined, could proceed only from the loveliest of lips, and he earnestly desired to obtain a view of the songstress. His wish seemed likely to remain ungratified, as she continued in that part of the garden which he was debarred from beholding. At length, however, she emerged to view, and approaching a large rose-bush, commenced plucking some of the half-blown flowers. The Prince had never before beheld a face and form so perfectly beautiful. It was at so early an hour that she probably imagined that there were no watchful eyes to observe her, and her rich chesnut hair, unrestrained by golden bodkin or jewelled braid, fell in long, glossy ringlets over a neck of almost dazzling whiteness, at every motion sweeping the dew from the glittering leaves of the rose-bush as she bent over it.

It is singular how the lineaments, the voice, and peculiar air, even, after having been long lost, are sometimes revived in a descendant. The features of this lovely creature were almost the same as those which have so long since been made familiar by the portraits of Mary, Queen of Scots. The rich, ripe lips, wore the same expression of pensive tenderness, the soft brilliant eyes were shaded by the same long and silken lashes, and the outline of the exquisite chin and throat melted as harmoniously into that of the snowy neck. Gathering a few other flowers valuable for their grateful perfume, she arranged the whole into a bouquet, which, having tied with a band of silk floss, she left that part of the garden and was lost to the Prince's view. Reseating himself at the table and taking up the pen, which a few minutes before, he had abandoned, he rapidly sketched one of those little songs which have since been attributed to him under the name of Scottish Melodies. He then took a harp which sat in one corner of the room, and soon adapted the lines to a simple and beautiful air, with which he resolved to greet the fair lady of the bouquet, should she again appear alone in the garden. By means of Sir Anthony Darley, his keeper, he ascertained that her name was Joanna Beaufort, and that she was of the blood-royal of England. He soon had the opportunity which he desired to try the effect of his song, the words of which were so pointed, that she could not be at a loss to know that she was the person addressed. The Prince could even discern the deepening of the rose-tint on her cheeks as she slowly turned away, but the high grated windows of his prison, sunk deeply into the heavy walls, precluded her from obtaining even an indistinct view of his person, which she gladly would have done by stealth, through the flowery hedge behind which she retreated. She only knew that the minstrel was Prince James of Scotland, whose fate had frequently been the private theme of conversation among the ladies of the court. Strongly was she tempted, the following morning, to visit her favorite rose-bush, but she resisted the inclination, although, while she was gathering some roses far less beautiful, where she could not obtain even a glimpse of the prisoner's window, she would hear him singing the same song to which she had listened the morning preceding.

Each day, by early dawn, did the Prince repair to his window, in the hope to again behold her who had inspired him with such lively sentiments of admiration and love. It was his fate to be disappointed.

One day, near its close, when on her way to the apartments of the Queen, Joanna Beaufort encountered a minstrel, who, lowly bowing, requested her to inquire

of her grace, if she would listen to a few Scottish songs. She conveyed the message, and Catharine, who might find the English court somewhat dull, in comparison with that of her own country, ordered him to be admitted. He was tall and finely formed, and wore the plaid of his country with much grace. As he entered, he lifted his bonnet from his brow, which he carefully consigned to the floor, displaying a profusion of glossy raven curls. Having respectfully greeted the Queen, he ran his fingers over the strings of the harp by way of prelude, and then in a clear, manly voice, commenced his song. At the sound of his voice, Joanna Beaufort started, and, to conceal her agitation from the Queen, sunk back into the recess of a window. As he sung, the minstrel kept his eyes fastened on the floor. Once only he ventured to raise them to the face of the fair girl who stood opposite to him, and then his voice faltered, and his fingers roved over the harp-strings with an unsteady and doubtful touch. It might have been the reflection of the heavy crimson curtain that shaded the window, but as she turned from his gaze, a color broke over her cheeks deep as the half-blown rose that nestled in the snowy folds of the handkerchief that shaded her bosom.

"Sir Minstrel," said Queen Catharine, gaily, as he closed his song, "thou art master of thy art, and if Harry of Monmouth had not already won me, and borne me from my dear sunny France, I would refuse to listen to his suit 'till he could win me with a lay sweet as thine. Now sing us a somewhat merrier ditty, and then we must dismiss thee, for the long shades which begin to be cast upon the floor, would remind me, did not my heart do so, that the hour is at hand for me to visit the young Prince."

"Your Grace's command shall be obeyed," he replied, "though I have little cause, and still less heart, for a merry song."

"Ah," said Catharine, "thou must go to France, where the sons of Apollo find favor as well as those of Mars."

The minstrel was about to commence his second song, when a stir was heard in the passage. The door was thrown open, the King announced, and the next moment Henry V. entered the apartment. At the first intimation of the King's approach, the minstrel had received permission from the Queen to withdraw, and had sunk back into the shadowy part of the room, that he might glide thence, unnoticed, as soon as the passage through the door should be unobstructed. He was in the act of executing his intention, when he caught the eye of the King, who commanded him to remain. He obeyed, retreating still further into the gloom. Joanna Beaufort turned pale, and without knowing what she did, plucked the leaves from the beautiful rose in her bosom, and then bent over the leafless stem, as if the bloom and perfume still remained.

"It is only a poor minstrel from Scotland," said the Queen," whom I suffered to enter for mine and Mistress Beaufort's divertisement."

"It would better content me," replied the King, "to entertain one soldier, than a dozen minstrels, and I would prefer to see a parcel of right active lads play a game at leap-frog, than to hear a song from each of the dozen."

"Ah, your majesty never heard this minstrel. If you would only please order him to sing, you would surely alter your mind."

"Thy sweet voice, Kate, and the prattle of the young Prince, are music enough for me, but I will not cross thy desire. Stand forth, Sir Minstrel, where thou cans't catch a glance of light from yonder window, and sing us a soldier's song."

He stepped forward with a reluctant and embarrassed air, and commenced singing with a fluttering voice. Gradually his embarrassment subsided, and as he finished, with a look of majesty and grace of which Henry himself might have been proud, he turned to the King, and requested leave to withdraw. Henry waved his hand in token of assent, and kept his eyes fixed upon him 'till he had quitted the apartment. He sat a few moments apparently absorbed in thought, and then abruptly addressing Joanna Beaufort, demanded if she knew the minstrel's name.

"I never saw him 'till this evening, please your majesty," she replied.

"I shrewdly suspect he is no more a wandering minstrel, than the wandering Jew. Alfred!" A lad in waiting stepped forward a few paces.

"Go to the hall," said Henry, "and if the minstrel be there, say that I command that he receive liberal entertainment, but that a guard must be set over him for the present."

Joanna Beaufort made a movement as if she, too, intended to leave the room soon after the departure of the page.

"Nay, Mistress Beaufort," said Henry, in a playful yet decided tone, "we shall not permit thee to leave us at present. A handsome lass should not be trusted in company with one of those minstrel boys, or ten to one there will be some love passages between them."

Thus rebuked, with cheeks glowing with mingled shame and indignation, she sunk back again into the recess of the window. Having, in truth, suspected that the minstrel was no other than his royal prisoner, for, although many years had passed since he had seen him, the last and only time being long before his accession to the crown, the grave and thoughtful, yet handsome countenance of the captive Prince made an impression on his memory which the jovial and reckless manner in which he spent his time, had never the power to efface. Though naturally of a frank and generous disposition, the King seems to have been actuated by a narrow and illiberal spirit with regard to the Prince, for he refused to liberate him after the alleged cause of his capture no longer existed, Scotland having already entered into an alliance with France.

In a short time the page returned with the information that the minstrel, before he descended to the hall, had departed, no one could tell whither. However quiet and composed Joanna Beaufort might be in her general demeanor, at this intelligence, had not the

increasing gloom prevented, a marked change might have been seen to pass over her countenance, and there was certainly a slight accession of gayety in her manner—so thought Catharine—when directly afterwards she invited her to accompany her to the apartment of the young Prince. Henry immediately sent to assure himself that Prince James was in his own room, and then, instead of visiting his infant son, as was his custom at that hour, he took opportunity to speak to Sir Anthony Darley relative to the prisoner, and caution him to keep a strict eye upon his movements.

Several evenings afterwards, as Joanna Beaufort was passing from the Queen's apartment to her own, she was met by a person whom she did not recognize by the imperfect light, who in passing her slipped a piece of paper into her hand. When arrived at her chamber she found it was a note addressed to herself.

"If the benevolence of your heart has led you to feel the least interest in the fate of the unhappy Prince who is a prisoner in the castle, repair at eleven o'clock to the little wood, which skirts the royal gardens on the east. Lady Hester Darley, wife of the Prince's keeper, who will not betray the confidence reposed in her, is willing to accompany you, and will call at your apartments for that purpose at the hour proposed. Think of the eighteen years which he has passed in captivity and exile, and your heart will not permit you to refuse."

Trembling with agitation, which had in it more of pleasure than of pain, she seated herself by the table, resolved to consider the matter coolly and deliberately. But how could a young and lovely girl think thus upon a subject which afforded such scope for imagination, romance and sentiment, when her love and pity were already so warmly enlisted as regarded the Prince. Every objection which presented itself to her mind was overcome by those powerful pleaders and before the arrival of the specified hour, she had fully resolved on repairing to the wood. Entwining a few rose-buds which had been kept fresh in a vase of water with her beautiful hair, she awaited the arrival of Lady Hester Darley. Soon a light tap was heard at her door. It was Lady Hester, and slipping on a short silk cloak with a hood, which she drew over her face she gave her hand to her conductress, and they proceeded with hasty and light footsteps along the corridor. At the extremity of which Lady Hester unlocked a door which admitted them to a more private passage, and here not a solitary lamp was burning to enlighten their way, nor did they dare to take one lest it should gleam through some crevice or flash through some window or door. But they were too familiar with the way to be bewildered, and in a few minutes they found themselves in the open air. Although the beams of an unclouded moon lit up the heavens with a brilliancy little inferior to the light of day and wreathed with silver the ripples that broke over a small, irregular lake, which formed a beautiful boundary to the garden for a short distance; the shadows of night lay heavily on each leaf-embowered covert and flowery recess, so grateful during the noontide heat. Often did they cower in the deep shade of some coppice as they mistook the breeze murmuring among the leaves for the whispers of a human voice, and more than once they shrunk back with terror as some bough swayed by the wind cast its shadow across their path. As they entered the wood, Joanna drew more closely to her companion's side, who led her to an opening. A man muffled in a cloak advanced to meet them. As he drew near he suffered the folds that shrouded his face to fall, and at the same time taking off his cap he revealed the features of the Minstrel. The moonbeams fell brightly on his high and noble brow, round which his dark and waving hair luxuriantly clustered, and the somewhat haughty expression of his handsome mouth was now softened by one of the most melancholy and winning of smiles. As she listened to his deep musical voice breathing eloquence and poetry of passion, she remembered not that he was a captive; she forgot even, that could he by any chance regain his liberty, he might claim a crown—she beheld only one of the most fascinating and noble of men, to whom she felt a pride in yielding the whole treasure of her affections. The Prince raised his eyes to the sweet blue sky, which seemed spread like a banner of love over the opening where they stood, which at this hour was as silent and appeared as lonely as if in the heart of a deep forest. It was the first time for many, many years, that he had stood in the open air with none near to guard him, and by their presence remind him of his bondage. Calmer and more reflective thoughts succeeded the delirium of joy which he felt at finding that his love was returned.

"To what end," thought he, "should I seek to link the destiny of this lovely and innocent girl with mine, save to make her feel the weight of the chains which are daily dragging me to the earth?" and he offered to release her from the promise which he had sought to obtain with so much ardor.

She replied—"While my heart is yours, my promise remains. When I take back the one, you may be assured that you no longer possess the other."

At this moment, Lady Hester stepped forward and directed their attention to a light which gleamed from the Prince's window. It was the signal which Sir Anthony Darley had promised to display at midnight, the hour at which his prisoner had promised to return. It shone with a calm, unwavering light, and seemed to the lovers like a star, which though it hovers near the cloud pours beams of peace and promise on the tempest-tossed mariner. Its influence may appear strange but they parted from each other full of happy thoughts and buoyed up with hopes, which, to them, that serene and lonely light gleaming from the prison-room was an emblem.

As Lady Hester and her youthful companion were about to emerge from the wood, a man darted across the path which wound along by the shore of the lake, and crouched beneath the shelter of a neighboring coppice. They stopped greatly alarmed, for they feared that their interview with the Prince had been discovered. They could not proceed without passing directly by the coppice, and after considerable hesitation they retraced their steps and took the path by which Prince James had just made his egress.

It proved as they had feared. The King, who, as has already been mentioned, suspected that the Minstrel whom he met in the Queen's apartment was his royal

prisoner, had issued orders that the proceedings of Sir Anthony Darley, his keeper, should be strictly watched, and early the next morning Sir Anthony received information that another keeper was appointed in his room.

When the prisoner was informed of the change, he uttered no complaint, he did not even speak, but he felt that the thoughts, which a few moments before were teeming with hopes and anticipations, which though vague and half formed had passed over his spirit a soothing and most blessed power, must henceforth be the darker for one bright and solitary gleam of sunshine that had flitted across his path.

It was August. Two months had passed away, and the country was in mourning for her King. Henry V. the "star of England," was dead. Henry VI., being only nine months old, the kingdom was placed under the protectorship of his uncle, the Duke of Bedford, who was likewise, by the will of his late brother, appointed Regent of France.

It was a delightful evening—as lovely as the one in June when Prince James and Joanna Beaufort accompanied by Lady Hester Darley, met for the first time in the wood. Autumn had planted a few touches of decay on the then fresh foliage and spread a somewhat fainter hue over the heavens, but they were no less beautiful and serene, while a star less evanescent than the light that gleamed from the window, hovering near the crescent moon like a messenger of love, seemed to regard them with a look of benignity as they now stood on the same spot. The Prince had not now by the indulgence of his keeper stolen from a prison; the council of England, through the influence of the Duke of Bedford had granted him his freedom. By the same influence Joanna Beaufort was now his wedded wife, who listened with delighted attention as he clothed in language the host of old memories, which from childhood had been garnered in his heart, and were still fresh as the first sweet flowers of spring.

In a few weeks the Prince hailed his native land, where he and his consort were crowned King and Queen of Scotland.

Original.

TO ——.

A priceless boon, a ceaseless dower,
Beyond the miser's treasur'd gold,
Enchanting with a magic power—
"The *merry* heart that ne'er grows old."

A sunlit vision in a dream—
A home of happiness untold—
A brilliant star—a sparkling stream—
"The *cheerful* heart that ne'er grows old."

A rainbow 'mid the tempest's wrath,
It bids the drooping eye behold
A light to cheer life's fading path—
"The *trusting* heart that ne'er grows old."

Be merry, cheerful, trusting, still,
Thy joyousness around impart,
Through every change of good or ill,
Oh, keep the rainbow in the heart.

Original.

VIEW OF BALTIMORE.

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE ENGRAVING BY DICK.

Baltimore, now the third city in population, and one of the largest commercial ports in the Union, is situated in Maryland, on the north side of Patapsco river, about fourteen miles from its mouth in Chesapeake bay. "Its first settler was a Mr. Gorsuch, one of the original colonists, who founded the town of St. Mary's on the north side of the Potomac, the intended Capitol of Maryland. Twenty-eight years after this event, this gentleman patented some land on Whetstone Point, the present review ground for the Baltimore militia. Among the earliest who followed, was Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, whose descendant and namesake signed the Declaration of Independence." At the close of the Revolutionary war, it is thus described by a writer—"It was a treat," says he, "to see this little Baltimore just at the termination of the war of Independence—so conceited, bustling and *débonnaire*—growing up like a saucy chubby boy, with his dumpling cheeks and short grinning face, fat and mischievous, and bursting incontinently, out of his clothes in spite of all the allowance of tucks and broad selvages. Market street had shot like a Nuremberg-snake out of its toy-box, as far as Congress Hall, with its line of low-browed, hipped-roofed, wooden houses, in disorderly array, standing forward and back, after the manner of a regiment of militia, with many an interval between the files; some of these structures were painted blue and white, and some yellow; and here and there sprang up a more magnificent mansion of brick, with windows like a multiplication table, and great waste of wall between the stories, with occasional court-yards before them, and reverential locust trees, under whose shade bevies of truant school-boys, ragged little negroes, and grotesque chimney sweeps, *shyed coppers* and disported themselves at marbles." What a contrast when we look upon it now, with its numerous public buildings, many of them truly elegant, its several beautiful monuments, among which is one erected to the memory of Washington, one hundred and sixty feet high, and another called the Battle Monument, in memory of those brave men who fell in defence of the city when attacked by the British forces under General Ross, in eighteen hundred and fourteen. The city is handsomely built and in good taste. There are numerous manufactures, some of which afford great exports to foreign countries. The Baltimore and Ohio Rail Rail, constructed from the city to the Ohio river, is upwards of three hundred miles, crossing the Alleghany mountains and forming one of the greatest works of internal improvement in the United States. A rail road also extends from Baltimore to the navigable waters of the Susquehannah. The population of the city is rapidly on the increase. In 1830 it numbered 80,625, and as we have every reason to believe it has progressed at an equal ratio, must now amount to at least 100,000. The society is intellectual and polished, and altogether Baltimore is one of the most agreeable cities in the Union.

R. H.

Original.

LEAVES FROM A TABLE-BOOK.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

"Ope on his table lay a large-leav'd tome
Like astrologic chart, bedight with blots;
And here are caught the bubbles which up-come—
Vagaries, fancies, hearsays and what-nots.
For all that haps of note in this he jots,
And often writes for lack of friends to list—
For, willing sleeps the ear, but loth the tongue, I wist."

"I HAVE forgotten more than you ever knew!" said somebody to somebody, and that rather conceited retort expresses the proper eulogy of *diaries*. Most people have made attempts at keeping one. My own experience at it began, like every body's else, with a red morocco volume of a very ornate slenderness and thinness, in which I recorded my raptures at spring mornings and blue sashes, my unappreciated sensibilities, my mysterious emotions by moonlight, and the charms of the incognita whom I ran against at the corner. This precious record shared in the final and glorious conflagration of Latin themes, grammars, graduses and old shirts, on leaving academy for college, and after a sentiment-despising interval of two or three years, I sunk some pocket money once more in a blank book, on reading Wilson's "Noctes." Celestial nights I thought *we* had of it, at old black Stanley's forbidden oyster-house, in New Haven, and, it struck me, it was robbery of posterity—(no less!)—not to record the brilliant efflorescence of our conviviality. Regularly on reaching my chambers, (or as soon after morning prayers as my head became pellucid,) I attempted to reduce to dialogue the wit of *our* "Christopher North," "Shepherd" and "Tickler"—but alas! it became what may be called "productive labor." Either my memory did not serve me, or wit, (I shouldn't be surprized!) reads cold by repentant daylight. It was heavy work—as reluctant as a college exercise, and after using up for segar-lighters the short-lived "Noctes," I devoted the remainder of the book to outlines of the antique—(that is to say of old shoes)—my passion just then, being a collection of French slippers from the prettiest pet in the known world—("known" to me.) This relic survives, having fallen into the hands of a callow younger brother, and it would be, I could imagine, not unamusing, to sundry dames now "fat, fair and" indefinite, to receive a copy, cut in white paper from the outline of their virgin slipper, and lay it, in affecting and monitory comparison, within (somewhere within) the comfortable shoe of maternity.

My next experiment was in one of the cadaverous, parchment-bound blank-books of Florence, and was begun with the unambitious design of recording simply the subjects of pictures and statuary, artist's names—a road-book, in short—and by this, I know, looking it over now after several years' oblivion, how strangely we forget—how faintly even the most remarkable events and spectacles impress us, (not touching us personally) —how few people, even those we thought much of seeing, and mourned at diverging from, in travel, are remembered, countenance or conversation! Heigho! "the wallet at Time's back!" This journal, however, grew into a three-volume business, and it suffices, now, for ships and diligence, if, at any dull hour I would transport myself once more to Italy. Yet, else, that country were vaguely, most vaguely remembered!—pictures by the dozen, delicious pictures, were lost—pleasant people, dinners, considered at the time epochs of pleasure, wayside glimpses of beauty, of affecting distress, of the dramatic of real life—all these salient points of past life, but for a chance-begun and carelessly kept diary, were faded and gone now. The loss of it would be, to all purposes, the same thing as the falling away of memory. Yet Italy, sweet land of "*poco far*," is the only land for journalizing in travel. In England Napoleon's half-dozen secretaries for dictation, could hardly keep pace with the current. Life, there, is too fast, as in France it is too merely sensual, to put on paper. See what it supplies—the great mass of the novelist press! Bulwer and D'Israeli, Mrs. Gore and Mrs. Hall, and all the thousand writers for magazines and weeklies, do little except convert London life into language. Live six months in literary and gay circles in England, and in Colburn's spring batch of novels you may read over all the good things you laughed at, at dinners and breakfasts, find, *tres bien rechauffé*, all the racy scandal and memorable occurrences you would have recorded in your journal,—see all your acquaintances of note grouped as you meant to remember them, and, ten to one, yourself hit off into the bargain. Small use in a diary, then, unless you mean to make hard work of it, or make something more of it, and the latter is so much better done by practised hands that you, very likely, lose your labor.

Of all places on earth, the country was the last place I should have predicted for a resumption of a diary. But country life, in many particulars, is not what it is pictured. It is a life much fuller of things worthy of record; for you have a new acquaintance—Nature—whose *memorabilia* are endless, and who furnishes you more "straw" for your "bricks" than all the lions of the metropolis. Besides, you have a new use for your diary—you want it to talk to. Intercourse with Mother Earth is prolific. She "breeds maggots in the brain" before she lies with us in our coffins. Fame is a strange mockery—parody—similitude—what shall I call it?—of human nature in vegetable nature. But this would lead me miles away, and I am talking of diaries. You need your diary, I say, in the country, for you have that to express which is irrelevant to the current of familiar conversation. A blank book, fortunately, requires no apology for abruptness in the subject. You need not preface with "by your leave" or blush at the indistinctness of your "by the way" or "that reminds me." Ease, in common intercourse, most people are aware, depends on letting the tongue run the gauntlet of association—*apropos* of pins or needles—*apropos* of a sudden death or a cow gone dry—*apropos* of the President's *veto* or the cook's greasing the soup-ladle—*toujours apropos!* Be as intellectual "as be-hanged," there is nothing more stupid in a cottage than people always "talking fine," always discoursing—however agreeable it may be in bigger houses. Good-humored nonsense is as

essential a part of companionship as water of punch, and if the sense is of the proportion of starch in a shirt, it requires some tumbling before it is comfortable. Now grave thoughts will intrude "in the best regulated families." Stilted, thoughts, very smart and useful for your next visit to the minister or the member, come in astride of frolics. Poetical imagery occurs to you in describing a gossip with the blacksmith. Bitter views of human nature break on you in a friend's visit and satire, however briskly it goes off, blackens after the flash. *Say* all these fine things—be "quite frank," as the schoolmistress bids you—and down slides the social quicksilver to zero! The funny become very polite and the easy very ceremonious and thoughtful, you are left to do all the conversation yourself, and it is thought necessary to express some wonder as to where you light upon "all those beautiful thoughts!" *Write* these things—jot them silently into the book while the laugh goes on—and you have equally a good deliverance, and *less*

> "Water goeth by the mill
> Than wots the miller of."

In plain prose you have the thing 'till you want it. A diary cannot be kept in a drawer. No enthusiasm would long stand the bother of taking it out and putting it back. It must lie on the table amid pens and ink, pencils and sealing wax. Yet, as openness to curiosity would be the death of it, it must be under prohibition in some shape—either "on honor," or by being made skilfully unattractive. Mine—this—(I will record the disguise for the benefit of posterity) is a specimen of my own handicraft at book-making—a quarter of a ream, (rather less than more) of hot-pressed Bath post, laid loose into a disembowelled ledger. Why not the ledger itself, quoth you? But I cannot write even the most agreeable kind of prose with which I am conversant, (a receipt) on bad paper, and the ledger, by your leave, is an article of furniture in which I never indulged myself. This, which I speak of, came from London in a box of pickles—stuck in between two belligerent glass jars,—and served Mr. Efkins of Tooley Street, London Bridge (whom I recommend to your custom, and for this he will send me, gratis, another box—less cucumbers and more mango, if you please, Mr. Efkins!)—I say it served my friend the pickle-monger, for waste paper and shavings,—the accounts being all paid or "carried over." There is but one uniform for ledgers, of course, but this is partly of polished leather of a vivid molasses tint, polished, not by the Parisian *vernis*, but by the pen-knife of the head pickle clerk, or his master, who evidently used it for a strop from 1827 to 1830—the dates of the first and last entries in the volume. In a room where there are all manner of gilt-edged book and nick-nackeries, such a plebeian exterior would hardly even tempt my curious nieces, and neighbors' boys and girls, but, to be on the safe side, I have printed on a large strip of paper, (wafered on,) *Accounts with T. Patch, butcher*—this being the name of the village perveyor in that class of *pabulum*. It must be an inquisitive person indeed who would dip deeper than the cover in a butcher's account—(a trick I *really* have not, myself) and, if there be a disadvantage attending it, it is the pleasure I *seem* to take in cyphering up legs of mutton, *et cetera*—the agreeable young ladies who sometimes honor us having occasionally commented on my assiduity in this employment.

There is an advantage, I should remark, in writing upon loose leaves, for the pig and President Tyler should be left alone in the glory of "settled opinions," and every facility should be afforded to the purification and embellishment of those stubborn gentlemen—black and white. Our good angels smile at blots and erasures, and a prejudice *might* stand uncorrected for fear of spoiling the book! Then—(and here I fear I shall "smell of the shop," but *lucri bonus odor ex qualibet re*, and the reader will excuse it,)—then, I say, a loose leaf, with a negotiable thought upon it, is so handy if one "writes for the papers!" But I am getting beyond "scrap" territory, and must shut up my "ledger."

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"Pray, how does that face deserve framing and glazing?" asked a visitor, to-day. The question had been asked before. It is a copy from a head in some old picture—one of a series of studies from the ancient masters, lithographed in France. It represents a peasant of the campagna, and certainly, in Broadway, she would pass for a coarse woman, and not beautiful for a coarse one. I have been brought to think the head coarse and plain, however, by being often called on to defend it. I did not think so when I bought it in a print shop in London I do not now, unless under catechism.

To me, the whole climate of Italy is expressed in the face of that contadina. It is a large, cubical-edged, massy style of feature, which, born in Scotland, would have been singularly harsh and inflexible. There is no refinement in it now, and, to be sure, little mobility or thought—but it is a face in which *there is no resistance*. That is its peculiarity. The heavy eyelid droops in indolent animal repose. The lips are drowsily sweet. The nostrils seem never to have been distended or contracted. The muscles of the lips and checks have never tingled nor parched. It is a face on which a harsh wind never blew. If the woman be forty, those features have been forty years sleeping in balm—enjoying only—resisting, enduring never. No one could look on it and fancy it had ever suffered or been uncomfortable, or dreaded wind or sun, summer or winter. A picture of St. Peter's—a mosaic of Pæstum—a print of Vesuvius or the Campanile—none of the common souvenirs of travel would be to me half so redolent of Italy.

I thought of this Contadina's face in Boston, the other day, for, by negatives, it describes the quality and expression of Boston faces—during an East wind. It was on one of the early days of October that I was last there, and so struck was I by the peculiar physiognomy of the people walking the streets, that, old Bostonian as I am, I speculated on the matter with the curiosity of a stranger. I found myself classifying the expressions. There were the elder faces, with lips tightly closed, eyes snugly screwed down, and nostrils pinched,

and of a color varying from lively russet to bruised purple. There were the sickly looking, with all these peculiarities in dismal intensity; and there were the youthful, with red eyelids, red chins, red noses, and complexions generally of the snappy glow of a slapped cheek. Every face, old, young and sickly, had the expression of a shut-up-house, or an apothecary's shop half open,—a resisting, reluctant, sour look, unhappy, cold and cheerless. Well—the weather was certainly what the English call "nasty." The sun shone, however, and it was as unpenetrating as moonlight. A wind flitted gustily about, of a quality which I had never felt since I was in Boston before—acrid, damp, sour and searching—as if its dregs were salt pickle iced, and its particles needle-points. Its effect on the spirits was altogether abominable, and it was hard to think any thing beautiful, seen through it, or under its infliction. I recollect when leaving Boston many years ago, being struck, in other cities, with a class of faces I had rarely or never seen before—faces with what the French call *l'air enjoué*—and it seemed to me then like a human sunshine, infectious of gayety. I am persuaded, however, that it can only exist in agreeable climates, for the constant habit of breathing and resisting a sour atmosphere must affect the expression of the features, and does—as any one may see by a *very* short walk in Boston. Luckily it is a place which can better afford a bad climate than most others, and it is a pity that the agreeable re-action of Boston firesides, which takes the wrinkles so praiseworthily out of their pockets, should not also relax the pinched lines and contracted muscles of their countenances. We are not very handsome in Boston, my dear fellow townsmen! and we grow deuced soon old; but we turn into most worthy and public-spirited mummies, and lay off our juvenilities with an alacrity not less marvellous than timely!

Were Boston to be picked up by the apron of an ice berg, however, and set down farther South, like a cow from a locomotive—what a pleasant city it might be! Fancy looking at that superb mall and its noble skirt of palaces, with the eyes wide open—neither shuddering nor shivering—the muscles positively all expanded, and the admiration not iced—not even curdled! I must make a confession. I tried this experiment! Not the taking up of Boston in my apron, though I felt like an iceberg—but the looking at it through a warmer atmosphere,—with an *inward* South, so to say. I stood for a half hour in shivering wonder and admiration at the changes in School Street,—now looking at the old empire of Master Gould, (the only master under whom I ever studied, by the by,) now at the fine old King's chapel brought out into such proper and noble relief,—now at the spacious areas of the court-house,—the old burying ground, and the newly opened reaches of the cupolas in State Street, and the fine buildings in Tremont —I looked at all this, I say, to the tune of chattering ivory and shudders audible; and, cold as my heart must seem to the scenes of youth and the flavor of Latinity, I wished myself by any fire, however recent and unclassical. I went to the Tremont and took some brandy and water! This changed the climate slightly —creating, as I said, an inward South, (not *old* South, in my case, I would say to the Temperance Committee,) and with one more, one much more genial look at the transformed "Court," and the ghost of Barrister's Hall, I turned my back to the East wind, duly admired the massive improvements of the old Granary, the iron fences of the Common, the changes, all for the better, hither and thither, and reached shelter before my appreciation of the public spirit every where manifest was chilled or soured. No city in this country improves so *handsomely* as Boston, however others may beat the *pace*. I don't know that they do even that. But, doubtless, ere many years, Boston will be a sight worth coming annually to see, and then we must either modify the East wind by a "patent respirator" before it reaches the lips, or plug our pores, or make it a season of unusual indulgence in flannels and brandy-and-water.

Original.

FAME.

What a mystic enigma is that we call fame!
It is lighter than air or a pennon of flame,
Yet it grapples with death with the strength of despair,
Or beards the wild beast in his rock-guarded lair,
Unstable as water, or wind-driven sand,
Scattered over the earth by the hurricane's hand,
Yet breasting the billows of war, when they spread
Their corpse-laden arms o'er the field of the dead.

'Tis the child of a demon, brought forth by a breath,
And nursed by the fates in the caverns of death,
Or an angel of light from the heavens above,
Descending to earth on a mission of love;
A breath may destroy—yet 'mid carnage and tears,
It will launch forth its bark on the current of years.
And live through all ages a beacon of wrath,
Or a sunbeam of joy, in eternity's path.

Like the music of birds on the summer-winds borne,
Like the conflict of armies when banners are torn,
Like the groans of the dying—the laughter of mirth,
Is the sound of its voice as it sweeps o'er the earth;
It is bright as the sun on a mountain of snow,
It is dark as the cloud on a murderer's brow,
It is sweeter than nectar—more bitter than gall,
'Tis a festival robe or a funeral pall.

Crime dips it in blood—virtue clothes it in light,
By valor 'tis borne through the red field of fight,
And humanity bathes it in gratitude's tears,
When its lovely insignia benevolence wears;
'Tis the bard's inspiration—the orator's theme,
The statesman's reward, and the patriot's dream;
'Tis the guest of ambition—the prize of the brave,
'Tis a meteor fed by the damps of the grave.

O'er the past it has shone with a wavering light,
Now bright as the noonday—now dark as midnight,
But its dim coruscations now gather their rays,
Awaiting the advent of holier days;
Progression—Reform—now the watchword of time,
Are building its altars in every clime,
That the Future may see its proud banner unfurled,
Unsullied by crime o'er a lovelier world.

B. H.

Original.

POETS.

BY MRS. EMELINE S. SMITH.

"They learn in suffering what they teach in song."

Genius, seems to be something, which requires from its possessor the greatest possible sacrifice. It is a gift which Nature bestows but rarely on her children; and when she does, she frequently withdraws all other blessings. The heart endowed with this inestimable treasure, must too often beat to the measure of sadness; and the spirit lighted by this divine fire, must too often bend to the burden of woe.

Of the many brilliant characters who, meteor-like, have illumined the world, few have tasted the real sweets of existence, or known the enjoyment commonly meted out to humbler individuals. 'Tis true, genius creates a world of its own, where it reigns and rules with unlimited power; but the heart is so constituted, that fairy pleasures of this ideal world will not long satisfy its cravings. For a time it may roam in the regions of fancy and revel in the delights of imagination, but it will return from its wanderings, like a wearied bird from a long flight, and seek a repose in the resting-place of earth. The greatest minds that can exist are but a "mix'd essence"—

"Half dust—half deity."

Sometimes guided and governed by the diviner portion of their nature, they soar away into the loftiest realms of thought; and, like the lark, breathe their soul's music at the very portals of heaven. But, alas, the meaner impulses of mortality soon lure them back to earth, to seek amid its lowly scenes humbler and less holy joys. Thus, with a strange inconsistency of character, the gifted ofttimes turn from their ennobling visions and pursuits, to fix every thought and every hope upon some frail and fleeting treasure of the heart, which, if perchance they lose, they mourn with a bitterness peculiar to the inspired and elevated soul.

But it is well, perhaps, that sensitive minds have the foible (if foible it be) of clinging too fondly to earthly blessings, and mourning too deeply over their loss, for many a noble spirit would else slumber on unconscious of its power, and many a heart beat to its latest day, ignorant of the inestimable it enshrined. Adversity is the ordeal which tests the intrinsic qualities of the mind, and renders all its shining properties more brilliant and pure. Genius, which sometimes sleeps forgetful of its high destiny, is ever awakened by the touch of sorrow, and guided by the same power to the performance of its glorious tasks.

From the earliest periods of the world, there have been many instances recorded of the influence misfortune has had in awakening the energies of the human mind. This seems to be particularly the case with regard to the worshippers of the muse. With many of the greatest poets who have ever existed, grief, in some shape or other, has been the hidden but powerful agency that urged them on to fame. Let us look for a moment at the lives of some of these, and see if this be not true.

Dante, the brightest luminary in the heaven of Italian poetry, furnishes an example. His heart was early touched by the rude hand of sorrow, and the response was a strain of music that will linger on earth for ever! In his boyish years, he fixed his affections upon the fair "Beatrice," whose name he has rendered as immortal as his works. That love colored his whole existence, for death snatched his beautiful away in the spring-time of her loveliness, and the poet was ever after a mourner for her loss. But he bewailed her not with tears—his imperishable lays were the offerings he laid upon her tomb; and though she has gone to the grave, she was recalled again to life, to dwell for ever in the fairy and beautiful world of her boy-lover's sublime poetry. Her memory became the spirit of his inspiration—the subject of his daily thoughts, and star of his after life. His imagination invested the loved and lost one with the attributes of divinity, and this apotheosis was approved by the world. Not only in his own mind, but in the minds of all who bent above his glowing page, she became an immortal goddess—the holy and beautiful spirit of his works! Dante had other troubles besides the loss of his early love. The party to which he had attached himself, and with which he had performed many a good deed for his country, was conquered by an opposing power, and the poet was stripped of the honors he had gained; banished from his native city and condemned, if he ventured within its bounds, to an ignominious and fearful death. Thus deprived of domestic happiness—deserted by fortune, and doomed to wander an exile from his dear native city, his "beloved and beautiful Florence," he sought in his divine art, that consolation denied by everything else, and gave his undivided soul to the spirit of poesy. It was then he produced works which surpassed the promise of his happier years, and won for him the unfading chaplet of fame.

Milton, the bard of high and holy themes, is another example. While the light of prosperity beamed around him, his mind, though towering far above its fellows, took not that eagle flight into the regions of thought that it did in after years of gloom. When misfortune came upon him in many forms; when his house was desolated by repeated losses, and darkened by repeated troubles; when infirmity, sickness and blindness, showered their accumulated evils upon his devoted head, his genius then shook off all earthly trammels and soared to an amazing and unequalled height. When the visible world, with all its beauties, was for ever shut out from his view, his mental vision lifted itself from earth and sought the glories of heaven. That a glimpse of these blessed regions was granted to his view we may not doubt, for the light that beams upon his page is surely a ray from celestial worlds, and the holy strains that vibrate from his lyre, are surely borrowed from the harmony of an angel choir.

Another, and a melancholy example, is to be found in the singular career of Byron. His first lesson in the school of adversity, was the knowledge of a personal

defect, which, slight as it was, engendered a morbid sensibility that was near akin to grief. This first taught him to rely upon the resources of his mind, and to plume his spirit for a flight into the realms of poetry. But not 'till he was assailed by criticism, and his haughty spirit withered beneath the lash of sarcastic reproof, did the Promethean spark that slumbered in his soul, kindle into a flame of startling and scorching brilliancy. But, even then, the deepest fountain of poetic feeling was unruffled and unwakened, until a colder and keener blast of sorrow swept over its surface. Not 'till his home was deserted—his hearth desolate, and his heart the ruined receptacle of blighted hopes and buried joys, did he breath forth that music which awed and enchanted the world. When friends forsook and kindred frowned; when the world looked coldly upon him, and

"Hatred's shafts flew thick and fast;"

when the deep, passionate love of his noble but erring nature, was cast back upon his aching heart; when the cup of life had lost every sweet, then, and not 'till then, did he strike the lyre with magic power, and produce that melody which resounds in every land, and awakens an echo in every heart!

Shelley, the deeply erring but highly gifted child of song, is also an example. He, too, was early taught in the severe school of affliction, and his otherwise tender and gentle nature, borrowed from grief a strength and elevation of thought, which gave his works at once a character beautiful and sublime. With a heart warmed by the kindest feelings; a soul alive to the purest sentiments; and a mind imbued with the true spirit of genius, he was indeed worthy to be loved and admired in life, and honored and lamented in death. But alas! he had a dangerous and, as many thought, a demoralizing belief, which caused him to be frowned upon by the good, and persecuted by the bad, until he who *loved all living things*, and who would not harm the lowliest of God's creatures, was looked upon as a monster of guilt and wickedness. Had the mistaken and misguided world, granted him that clemency which his sensitive and gentle nature required and deserved, might he not have been won, from the erring creed into which he had fallen, to a better and juster view of divine things? His false belief was the only shadow that rested upon the brightness and beauty of his character, and that was a fault to be punished by his Creator, and not by his fellow-man. None but the all-seeing eye could penetrate the depths of that strangely constituted heart, and learn what was in truth its feelings and belief; and none but the Being of infinite wisdom was fitted to pass judgment upon the errors he alone could understand. Do we turn from the light and warmth of the sun, and despise its genial influence, because there are spots upon its surface? No, we forget the shadow that rests upon its brightness, and reverence with grateful hearts its cheering and life-giving power. Thus should the world have forgotten the blemishes that sullied the character of Shelley, and remembered only the better and brighter attributes of his heart. But instead of this, he was censured by those who mistook his principles, and condemned by those who knew him not. Banished from the society he was fitted to adorn—deserted by fortune, whose favors his genius should have won, and depressed by bodily pain and sickness, he was well prepared to "teach in song" what he had learned in suffering, and to decorate his lays with the gems of thought which he had gathered from the stormy waves of grief. Weary of scenes where he had known but care and sorrow, and sick of the world that had used him so ill, he retired, with one fond and faithful friend, to a calm retreat in a brighter and more genial clime. There, with her whom he so beautifully styles his "own heart's home," he passed his few remaining days, and devoted his mind to the pursuits he loved. There, beneath the bright sky and balmy atmosphere, amid the breath of flowers and the music of murmuring waves, he gathered those bright fancies and beautiful images, which are the true attributes of poetry, and which constitute its greatest charm. There he wooed and worshipped the muse, who disdained not to lavish upon her erring votary, her highest and most precious favors; and there he penned those productions which will be admired so long as one spark of poetic feeling lingers in human hearts—productions which the world will yet learn to read, as a skilful flower-gatherer would cull his fragrant treasures from a wild and luxuriant garden—selecting only those which are beautiful in hue and grateful in perfume; and loving them not the less, that they grew amid rank and pernicious weeds. Ages may pass away ere the works of this poet are fairly and fully appreciated; but so sure as the morning sun dispels the shadows of night, the step of advancing time will dissolve the mist of prejudice that now lingers around his name.

Felicia Hemans, "the sweet song bird of England," next claims attention. And here it may be as well to remark, that, to woman in particular, the endowments of genius have too often been an inheritance of pain. Her heart is peculiarly fitted for love—so formed and fashioned for all the pure and gentle delights of affection, that nothing else can afford it the same amount of happiness: and genius though it may win many things beside—admiration, praise, friends, fame and fortune, it can never by its own power subdue that master passion to its will. This is the reason why women of splendid abilities have so often turned from the plaudits of a multitude, and sighed for the lot of some lowly but well-loved individual. Thus Sappho, whose lays, rich and glowing as her own sunny clime, had won for her such wealth of fame, cast away or counted as naught, all the honors she had gained, and destroyed herself because she could not command the love of one coveted heart. Thus Properzia Rossi, the celebrated female sculptor of Bologna, slighted and despised the lofty triumphs acquired by her art, and died in consequence of an unrequited attachment. Thus Madame De Stael, with her great and glorious endowments of mind, was heard to say, that she would willingly resign all her shining talents, and all the undying fame they had brought her, for the poor and perishing gift of personal

beauty. And thus highly gifted women, in all ages of the world, have generally been the least successful in the pursuit of happiness. But like illustrious men, they travel with a surer step to fame when their way lies over rugged and unlovely scenes. Adversity is to their hearts, what a stormy blast is to a bed of flowers—it may bend and bruise, and sometimes break the fragile things, but it is sure to call out all the sweet and precious perfume that lies hidden in their depths!

Mrs. Hemans is a striking proof that

> "Strength is born
> In the deep silence of long-suffering hearts,"

and her tuneful lays tell us that her mind must have been severely tried in the fiery ordeal of woe, ere it could have produced such pure and unalloyed treasures. We know not the exact motive of her griefs, yet we feel that she suffered much, for we hear, in every tone of the sacred melody she awakens, the voice of a sorrowing though resigned spirit. In all her productions, there is the evidence of a heart formed for happiness, and deserving the highest allotment of earthly bliss, and yet how different was her lot? How peculiarly sad her fate? We have only to listen to a few strains of her heart-touching music, to know that her path was ever darkened by

> "a shadow-tinging thought
> With hues too deep for joy."

Her songs are like the murmurs of the ocean shell, pining for its lost home; or like the warblings of the prisoned bird, mourning for its native heaven. Her poetry hallows every thing it touches with beauty, but it is the pensive and almost painful beauty of an Autumn landscape. One of the clouds, and of course the darkest that ever lowered upon her spirit, was the estrangement of her husband, and their consequent separation. Such a trial would almost wring the life-blood from any female heart, then how severely must it have tortured one so sensitive, so gentle, so loving, as her's? It was after this painful event, when her beloved children were worse than fatherless, and she more wretched than a widow, that she wedded her soul to the muse, and became the enchantress of the heart. Then, when the sun of happiness had set for ever—when earthly hopes were all blighted, and earthly aspirations all forgotten—the efforts of her genius acquired a character more lofty and lovely, and her music caught "a wandering breath of that high melody, whose source is in heaven, and whose vibrations are eternal!"

These are only a few of the many examples that could be given to show the beneficial influence which misfortune sometimes exercises over the human heart; and now the question arises, whether these gifted beings would have attained the same degree of excellence in their vocation, if their respective careers had not been so strikingly marked by the desolating effects of grief. It appears that they would not, for we have seen that not one of these persons gave the entire energies of their mind to the divinity they worshipped until the ties which bound them to earth, and its enjoyments, were nearly all severed. Then, and not 'till then, they merited and obtained the loftiest triumphs of their art. This will induce us to believe, what is really the case, that, as the stars of heaven are only visible in the season of darkness, the best and brightest attributes of humanity are unseen and unknown until the hour of gloom. The pages of history are replete with instances which prove this fact, for we there learn, that it has ever been in disordered and dangerous eras of time that the master spirits of the world have arisen to perform their glorious deeds. As in the actual world, it is even from lands startled by the loudest din of war, that the voice of heroism peals forth its loftiest tone; so in the moral universe, it is even from hearts shaken by the severest storm of grief, that the voice of poesy pours out its highest and holiest strain. Were it not so, we might be disposed to imagine, that the gifted in all ages of the world have been too severely tried, but as it is, we feel that "He who ordereth all things aright," has in this particular also, manifested the unerring wisdom of his ways.

New-York, Dec. 1841.

Original.

GLEAMS IN THE DARKNESS.

BY RUFUS DAWES.

The world is wrap'd in shade—the darkest age
Passing, has hardly stir'd its drapery yet
That hangs upon the nations. Olden things
Will soon give place to new, for a New Heaven
And a New Earth are forming. Look abroad,
Where science struggling with the shades of night,
Breaks like the Borealis thro' the gloom
Startling the firmament! A heavenly sign
That virtue is reviving among men.
While the celestial marriage, so long lost,
Of goodness with its truth shall be restored.

The sixth age, sang in the Cumaeon gong,
Has heard amidst the midnight of its birth,
The death-bell of the fifth; and as it tol'd,
The feet of iron badly mixed with clay,
Crumbled before the knell. The golden age,
The happy and the blest is now before us,
And yet we know it not—for many an hour
Of darkness forms the infancy of day.

Slowly the shades will pass, and some will deem
The night eternal; they who have not learned
The courses of the stars will then despond.
But others who can see their lights arise
And set again; who from their shepherd life,
Have watch'd the heralds of the coming day,
Will gladden at the promise while they hear
The morning stars singing in joy together,
And peace a second time proclaimed to Earth.

Original.

CAROLINE RENTON.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY ROBERT HAMILTON.

Caroline Renton was the daughter of one of that hardy race of men who voluntarily renouncing their homes, and joining the ranks of independence, chose to suffer every hardship and danger to emancipate their native land from the yoke of tyranny. He was a native of the state of New-York, and had inherited from his father an estate of two hundred acres, on which, by industry and economy, he enjoyed all the comforts of life that a contented and unambitious spirit requires.

At the age of twenty-five, he married the daughter of a neighboring farmer, by whom he had the heroine of our story, an only child, remarkable for her beauty and intellect. With few advantages of education, for in those days of America, scholastic instruction was not to be obtained at almost any price in the rural districts of the Union, it was not to be wondered at if an individual possessing the rudiments of a plain education, was regarded by her less fortunate neighbors with a feeling of respect—such was the case with Caroline. Her father had been educated at one of the few seminaries then in New-York by his parents, who intended him to follow one of the learned professions, but Edward Renton knew and felt that true independence

"Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye,"

was to be found only in the healthy and honest occupation of an American farmer, so returning to his home on the completion of his studies, he devoted his time and exertions to the improvement of the farm to which, at his father's death succeeding and marrying, as we have said, he became the father of Caroline, whose mind he carefully and assiduously cultivated. As she progressed in years, she also did in beauty and intelligence; and a lovelier maiden inhaled not the breezes of her native mountains. The symmetry of her form was faultless, and her features were cast in the mould of perfection. She had acquired among the country swains the title of "The Forest Rose," and well she deserved it, for her mind was as pure as the fragrance of that flower, and her cheek was its compeer in ruddiness. At the age of ten she was by death deprived of her mother, and became at once the sole conductor of the household arrangements. Initiated thus young in the duties of home, removed far from the enervating and hollow society of cities, where the female mind is ever more or less impregnated with deceit and frivolity, she grew up in the midst of her native forests, a flower of beauty and of worth. When she had reached the age of fifteen, the flame of independence, which so long had been smouldering in the hearts of freemen, burst forth—the trump of liberty pealed through every dell and forest, from peak to peak flew the tidings that a world had rent the shackles of despotism, and that the banner was given to the breeze under which stout hearts had rallied resolved to die rather than live the servile menials of a foreign sway. Edward Renton was therefore among the first who flew to enrol himself in the patriot army—much as he loved his Caroline, he loved his country more, so, shouldering his rifle and bidding home and kindred adieu, he sought the American camp at Cambridge, and enrolled himself a soldier of his country.

We shall now for a time lose all sight of the patriot, for during seven years he shared in most of the conflicts and dangers of the Revolution. Left in sole possession of the farm, Caroline had sufficient to occupy her attention, and so assiduous was she in her management, that every thing was as remarkable for its correctness as though her father himself had been present. The plough was seen preparing the ground at the earliest visit of spring—summer smiled not on lovelier fields, and autumn crowned none with richer treasures, and when the hoary winter had told the husbandman to abandon his labors, Caroline was to be found sitting by her blazing hearth, knitting or attending to other domestic duties So seldom did she receive tidings of her father, that she lived in a constant uncertainty of his being. In this state of seclusion and unprotectedness, and at the same time bursting into all the freshness of womanhood, it is not to be wondered at that she had many admirers among the youthful yeomen of the neighborhood; but to all their attentions she only respectfully and modestly attended, yet in such a winning manner and honied voice, as only to excite them to a stronger effort to secure her affections. Among them was Richard Dayton, the son of an Englishman, whose father was a staunch adherent to the royal cause, and who regarded all who expressed their wish for the liberation of their country, as traitors and fitting objects for the vengeance of the royalists. Among these, Caroline's father was particularly marked, and it was only in delicacy to the daughter that he had not already given information to the foreign minions to take possession of his estate. Richard Dayton naturally inherited an animosity to republican principles from his father, and never failed on every opportunity to express his sentiments for and hopes that the British arms should prove triumphant. To these expressions Caroline replied not—but the blood of indignation would mantle in her cheek, and with eyes upraised to heaven, in secretness of heart she would breathe a prayer that the cause of freedom would be extended over every mountain, forest, plain and valley of her beloved land. Richard Dayton was therefore not the favored being of Caroline's affections. One nobler in mind, although neither so rich or well-favored in person, had won her heart ere her father's departure—a young American who had joined the ranks of liberty and to whom Caroline had promised her hand should he ever return. His name was Henry Walworth, whose father's grounds adjoined those of Renton. From infancy they had grown up together, 'till their thoughts and feelings were congenial; while, by the parents, they were silently regarded as destined for each other. Young Dayton could easily perceive the partiality of Caroline for Walworth, and he rejoiced extremely when he embraced the cause of the *rebels*, as he sneeringly termed them, doubting not but that he would never return, or if he did

that he could easily denounce him to the British, who would rid him of his presence and permit him to follow his suit without a rival. Thus for three years had time sped on, but all the efforts and kindly attentions of Dayton failed to make a favorable impression on the heart of Caroline, while the gloomy intelligence which reached her respecting the fate of the patriot army, served only to make her dread in secret for the life of her parent and that of her lover, and to look forward to a hopeless and dreary existence.

One winter evening, when seated lonesome and spiritless in her little parlor, the domestics having retired to rest, a knock was heard at the door. Her heart sunk within her. Who could it be at such an hour? She listened—again the knock was repeated, and the voice of Dayton was heard, exclaiming—"Open, Caroline—it is I."

A thousand surmises passed through her brain as to what could be the purport of his visit at so unwonted an hour, and rising and withdrawing the bolt she admitted him. His appearance denoted that he had ridden at a desperate pace, and without preface or ceremony, he demanded of her if she had heard the intelligence, while a glow of exultation passed over his features.

"No!" replied Caroline. "Is it of the army?"

"Yes!" he shouted, and throwing himself into a chair, held out to her a parchment on which was emblazoned in a red broad seal, the royal arms. "There, my pretty one, read. Rebellion and its defenders will soon meet with their just deserts," and he laughed aloud.

"Tyranny and its defenders! say rather," cried Caroline, snatching the document disdainfully from his hand, while the royal insigna fell on her eyes like the glance of a basalisk. She hastily unfolded it and read as follows—

"Whereas, Edward Renton and Henry Walworth, Americans of the State of New-York, having joined the rebel army, and fought against the forces of his most Gracious Majesty, George the Third, we, his representatives, do hereby commission our military and civil officers, at all hazards, to secure their persons dead or alive.

"Given under our hands and seals, this day, the 18th of February, 1781.

"CORNWALLIS,
RAWDON."

Caroline looked pale—her breathing became short and thick—the fountain of the heart sent its waters to her eyes, 'till her vision grew dim and vague, and she grasped at the air as if for support. Dayton beheld this and extended his arms to prevent her from falling—the touch of them seemed to recall at once her faculties, and she sprung from him as from a serpent about to fold her in its coils.

"Why have you brought this to me?" cried she indignantly.

"To tell you what will be the fate of your father if he returns not to his allegiance?"

"And to whom does he owe allegiance?" asked Caroline.

"To whom? Why to King George, to be sure," answered Dayton.

"'Tis false!" responded the maiden, in a voice of indignation. "To the King of Heaven only does he owe allegiance—to human power never. Take back the despotic parchment. Go, tell the minions of authority that Edward Renton will never bend the knee but to his God!"

"Well said," cried Dayton; "it is well Miss Caroline you are a female, otherwise your sentiments might have placed you in trouble."

"And what though I am, sir! Be assured that every true American female will shed her blood in the defence of liberty, if her sons are not in numbers competent to repel their country's invaders. But why bring that parchment here, sir? It concerns not me more than the other daughters of America. And why at such an hour seek to invade the dwelling of a lone woman, with tidings that only distract but cannot console?" Her feelings overcame her and she yielded to a flood of tears.

"Believe me, Miss Renton, I meant not to agitate you thus," said Dayton, hypocritically; "but there is another in whose welfare I know you are deeply interested, and I thought that any tidings of him would be of—"

"Of whom speak you, sir?" cried Caroline, half divining his meaning.

"Of Henry Walworth!"

"Ah! is he alive—is he safe—is he victorious? speak, for God's sake! and save my heart from breaking!"

"He is not alive!" responded Dayton; "he fell in the battle of Trenton!"

"Thank God he died for his country!" exclaimed the maiden, and she sank lifeless on the floor.

Dayton stood like the arch-fiend triumphant. He had sent the bolt of falsehood into her heart, and he regarded his victim with a cold malignant smile. As he lifted her fragile senseless form, even though white as a lily, he thought he had never seen her look so beautiful, and in a brutal feeling of exultation kissed her lips, which had never received the impress of human being since the departure of her father and lover, then placing her in a chair left the house, leaving her to recover as best she might. And when she did recover, every thing appeared to her as a dream. It was far advanced into midnight—the candle was waning in the socket, and the embers on the hearth were nearly extinguished—with difficulty she gained her couch, where cold and sorrowing, she fell into a deep and unrefreshing slumber.

Another year had passed and spring had come again. Nature, unmindful of the distracting strifes of man, began to array herself in her green robes of freshness. Caroline had now lost the bloom of her cheek, the fire of hope had vanished from her eye, and it was evident that her constitution was declining under the burden of suspense. "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick," and acutely was the saying verified in Caroline. Added to her care and anxiety for her father's safety, and the intelligence of her lover's death, the King's officers had notified to her that she must abandon her home, as it was forfeited to the crown from her father's siding with the rebels. Whither to go she knew not. Those who would willingly have given her shelter, were terrified to harbor the daughter of a disaffected person.

Dayton thought that this would be a favorable opportunity to urge his suit, and he ventured again to mention it to her, but, it was only met with scorn and indignation.

"Heaven will not forsake me," said Caroline, "our Saviour knew not where to rest his head, and why should I repine?" and with this heavenly solace, and a firm resolution, she resolved to set out on foot to find her father in the American army.

It was a beautiful morning in sunny May, the blossoms hung in myriads of pearls on the trees. The early flowers were smiling in beauty and fragrance. The forests and groves were vocal with music, and all save man was happy and smiling in the presence of the Creator, when Caroline rose from her bed to bid adieu, perhaps for ever, to the home of her infancy. When she descended to the porch, around which the honeysuckle was twining its coral wreaths and the sweet roses filling the air with their balmy perfume, her heart swelled almost to bursting. The old and faithful watch-dog came leaping and fawning around her; many an hour had he been the companion of her rambles, and a kindred language of look was almost understood between them. She stroked his rugged coat, and tear after tear dropped from her eye.

"Poor Oscar," she cried, "we must part—who will be kind to thee when I am gone?"

"I will, Miss Caroline," cried an old faithful negro, who unseen had been regarding her at a distance. She started up at the sound of his voice, at the same moment several other domestics came around her, and the anguish of parting was at its full.

"Farewell, my kind friends!" she sobbed; "Be of good cheer, I feel that we shall meet again. Providence will not permit oppression to triumph. '*The seed of a great tree has been planted*,' which will spread its branches in shelter over the children of freedom, but should we never meet, do not forget poor Caroline."

The kind negro had brought from the stable a horse, and was busy in attaching it to a vehicle, in which he intended to convey his mistress some distance on her journey, when two ruffians, attended by young Dayton and his father, appeared and commanded him to desist.

"What for, massa?" asked the negro.

"It is the order of the King," said old Dayton.

"De King be damned—we hab no kings here, Massa Dayton—dis is Missus wagon, and I sall take it to gib her a ride on de road."

"Silence, you black scoundrel," cried the Englishman. "Do you not know you are speaking treason—desist, or I shall have you sent to limbo."

The negro continued in his operations, pretending not to hear them, and muttering to himself—"Black scoundrel—treason—limbo," while ever and anon an uncouth yet emphatic anathema against royalty was heard amidst his disjointed jargon.

At length old Dayton, losing all patience, walked up to the poor fellow and dealt him a heavy blow across the shoulders with his walking-stick. The pain made him to cry most lustily—when suddenly, Oscar darted upon the oppressor, dragging him to the earth and lacerating his arm severely. With difficulty was the infuriated animal taken from him, and but for the intervention of Caroline, the faithful dumb creature would have been sacrificed by the younger Dayton and the two ruffians of officers.

"Be pacified, sir!" said Caroline, "I seek not to carry from my home aught but a few necessaries for my journey—they are here," pointing to a little bundle in her hand. "Your avaricious wishes shall be gratified—enjoy the fruits of your oppression—but be warned, the hour is not far distant when you shall tremble at the voice of retributive justice!"

"Pshaw!" cried the old royalist, "we want no canting here—the land is overrun with rebels and their children; a ripe harvest is now ready for the sickle. Hurrah for King George and his rulers."

Only his son and the two myrmidons of power responded to his expression, while Caroline turned upon him an eye of contempt—there was fire in its glance enough to have withered a hundred royalists—the fire of liberty, in whose flame, thrones, despots and oppression, shall yet shrivel, like "shrunk up symbols of annihilation."

Caroline received parting salutations from her friends who by this time had arrived, each tendering her some little token of remembrance. But her heart was full—she could not reply—and plucking a rose from a bush planted by Henry Walworth in her garden, and faintly articulating—"God bless you all!" rushed from her once happy home.

As we have said, it was a morning in sunny May, and all nature contributed to cheer the drooping heart—it was so with Caroline—she soon recovered her elasticity of spirits, and the cheering thought that she would shortly see her father, if alive, and perhaps Henry Walworth, for she could not believe the report of young Dayton altogether, made her pursue her journey joyously and vigorously. Inured from her cradle to the pursuits of rural life, she felt not the fatigue of the journey, and it was only when the sun was sinking behind the highlands of the beautiful Hudson, that she was reminded of the necessity of finding some place of shelter.

It was the first night that she had ever been doomed to pass from her native home and to seek the hospitality of strangers—we say hospitality, for in those times, refinement had not planted those convenient luxuries—hotels, in every section of the Union, and the traveller was obliged to depend upon the chance cottage of the settler or homestead of the farmer. Thus situated, Caroline began to look about her, and in a little dell off the road, from out a clump of trees, she beheld a blue wreath of smoke lazily curling into the golden sunset, giving signs of a habitation. Diverging from the main path, she directed her footsteps up a beautiful avenue of willows, which brought her in front of a plain substantial dwe'ling, built after the antique Dutch fashion, over which the ivy and other vines had woven a green and impenetrable mantle. A neat white-washed palisade surrounded the house and its garden, while at distance lay the different rooms which showed it to be the abode of some comfortable farmer. On the porch was seated

an old man, in whose silver locks and sunburnt features might be traced the marks of some sixty winters; he was quietly enjoying the soporific fumes of a large Dutch pipe, and was not aware of the approach of Caroline, 'till she stood before him. He started with surprize, exclaiming—

"Mien Gott, meichen, what bring you here?"

"To solicit the shelter of your roof 'till morning," said she, briefly.

"And thou shalt have it, mien meichen," cried the old Dutchman, rising and taking the hand of Caroline. "You be a pratty and gude maichen, and mein vrow shall make you very welcome. Come in—come in—Peter Deuchsten never shut da door against da traveller."

He then conducted her into a plain and comfortably furnished apartment, and his "old vrow" entering, made Caroline at once welcome and at home. A healthy and substantial repast was placed before her, and in the kindly society of the old couple, she almost forgot her sufferings and deprivation of home. In the midst of their conversation she had related to them her troubles, and the name of Mienheer Renton being familiar to the farmer and his wife, they expressed their willingness to afford her every protection 'till the result of the war was decided.

"You shall be mien daughter, mien child—and not a tyfil of a red coat shall offer you one harm," said the old man affectionately. "Mien son has gone to fight for his faderland, and you shall be mien child 'till he return," and lifting a large massive goblet, he drank—"Success to Vashington! de fader of his peoples!"

"Amen!" sweetly and fervently responded Caroline, while the old dame added—

"And confushion to da royalishts!"

"Ha! ha! dat ish good, mien vrow—tish a great pity dat you vash not a soldier, you vould have been der tyfil in der battle."

"Hollo, house! where the devil are you all?" shouted a voice at the porch.

Caroline started to her feet, breathlessly exclaiming, "'Tis he—where, where shall I hide me?" and clasped the old man's hands firmly in her's.

"Who der tyfil be *he?*" asked Peter Deuchsten.

"My oppressor, Dayton, he that I told you had driven me from my home."

"Der villain! me shall kill him—bring me der rifle, vrow," and he was about to seize the weapon which his spouse had promptly taken from the wall at his command.

"Oh! no, no," cried Caroline, "shed not his blood, but save me from his sight—lead me at once to the chamber where I am to pass the night."

"In the name of King George, open I tell you! What have I alighted upon a nest of rebels?" cried Dayton, enforcing his commands with the butt end of his whip upon the porch. "Open I say!"

"Have patience mien friend—I shall not open mien door 'till I am ready, for all der Kings in Christencom; der stable ish open, you will find good shelter dere—here vrow, take care of der meichen, and leave me to settle vith da man," and the old lady conducting Caroline to her own room, Peter hobbled coolly to the door.

"Hollo!" said the infuriated Dayton, "why did you keep me waiting so long, old boy?"

"Because it vash mien plaishur, young boy," answered Peter.

"Do you know who I am, sirrah?"

"Maybe I dosh!" said Peter coolly, puffing a strong volume of smoke into the face of Dayton.

"I am a messenger in the service of his Gracious Majesty, King George, the Third," pompously spoke Dayton.

"I am shorry to hear dat," said the Dutchman, "I vish dat you served a better mashter."

"Why, you old Dutch rebel, do you dare to speak treason thus in my presence?"

"Donner and blitzen, and who der tyfil care for your preshence, or der preshence of der King himself?" shouted Peter. "I am Peter Deuchsten, dish is my dwelling, and I knows no kings nor der servants here."

Dayton saw at once that he had alighted upon one who was not to be intimidated neither by his braggadocia or the authority of royalty, and lowering his tone respectfully begged shelter for himself and horse until the morning.

"You shall have it for der sake of humanity," said Peter, "though I do not love der cause you followsh," and he pointed out to him the stable, where Dayton having secured his horse, returned to the parlor.

"You appear to be no friend to the royal party?" said Dayton, seating himself at the table, and partaking of the remains of the repast which had been interrupted by his arrival.

"Nien," replied Peter, doggedly.

"I am sorry to hear that, my old boy."

"And for what der tyfil are you sorry?" asked Peter.

"Because you will have to relinquish your property to his Majesty, since you side with the rebels."

"I tink his majesty will have to relinquish his property himshelf," said Peter, "if all tales be true."

"Lies, my old friend, lies, believe me!"

"But I am not your friend, nor do I believe dem liesh," said Peter, and he drained down another draught of *skedam* from the silver goblet.

"Come," said Dayton, seizing the goblet, "I shall give a toast—*Here is the health of King George, and success to his arms, both by land and sea!*"

"No such toast shall be drunk in mine housh," cried Peter, snatching the goblet from his hand.

"Ah! ha!" said Dayton, "this is flat rebellion; you shall repent this.

"Leave mine housh," cried the Dutchman, "leave mine housh; you insult mien hospitality."

"Hospitality be damned," said the bullying Dayton. "This house is mine, and I shall not quit it 'till it is my pleasure."

"Fluch and blitzen!" cried the old man, "we shall see who is der master," and seizing his rifle, presented it at the breast of Dayton. A loud scream was heard

in the adjoining apartment, and the next moment Peter's wife, followed by Caroline, rushed into their presence.

"So so, Miss Renton, you follow up your principles bravely. You have left your own home for rebellious dealings, and I now find you sheltering in the very temple of treason," said Dayton.

"In the temple of peace and independence, which you, sir, seek to turn into a den of strife and bloodshed."

"Excellent! beautiful; sentiment and eloquence combined!" exclaimed the coxcomb, but we shall have plenty of food for the gallows by and bye. I am now on my way to the royal camp with despatches; I shall not fail to report my reception here. It was my intention to have passed the night here, but I fear my life would be the penalty before morning. Good night, my hoary rebel. Miss Dayton, your servant. You shall be well taken care of," said the villain, significantly, and he proceeded to quit the dwelling.

A clattering of horses' feet was now heard on the road, and glimpses of military costume discernible occasionally through the trees in the last rays of evening. Shouts and laughter also broke nearer and nearer upon the ear, 'till a young man dashed up the avenue, followed by two others. "Father!" shouted he as he leaped from his steed, and rushed up the porch. "Father, our arms are victorious—our country is free. Liberty is proclaimed throughout the land—tyranny has perished!" and he fell upon the breast of Peter.

"Mien boy! mien boy!" cried the old man, "welcome to your fader's heart."

"And to his mother's also," said the old dame, who clasped him in her arms, and covered his manly cheek with kisses.

Dayton stood paralyzed. The two others approached. "Bid welcome to my companions in arms," said young Walter Deuchsten—Mr. Renton and Henry Walworth."

"Oh! God, my father," screamed Caroline, and fell senseless upon the floor. In the next moment she was in the arms of her father, and Henry hanging over her affectionately.

"Not so fast, mien very *good friend*," said Peter to Dayton, seizing him by the collar, for he was sneaking away; "not so fast." Here are a few of your favorites, der *rebels;* how like you der appearance?"

Dayton spoke not a word, and Caroline reviving, was embraced tenderly by Henry; when looking round her, as almost waking from a dream, she beheld Dayton. "Ah! he here?" exclaimed she. "Thank Heaven, I am now safe from his persecution," and she sobbed bitterly on her lover's bosom.

"From whose, my Caroline?" inquired Henry.

"From his, that bad man, Dayton, who led me to believe that you were numbered with the slain, and by whose machinations and those of his father's, I was this morning driven from my home."

"Villain!" exclaimed Renton—and at the same moment Walworth demanded why he had thus acted, Dayton could not reply, but he stood a trembling and guilty thing.

"But he has despatches," said Peter, "for the enemy."

"We have no enemies now," said Walworth; "peace is proclaimed, but let us see what is their import; produce your papers, Mr. Dayton."

"Never," cried Dayton, as he pulled a pistol from his pocket—"never, but at the sacrifice of life."

"Rash man!" said Walworth, "resistance is in vain; deliver them quietly; no harm shall befal you, I pledge my honor."

Dayton replied not, but making one bound from the porch to the ground, he mounted one of the horses of the party, and dashing his spurs up to the rowels in the flanks of the animal, like a flash of lightning sped up the avenue, then turning in his saddle, he discharged his pistol, the ball of which slightly grazed the breast of Peter. The rifle was yet in the hand of the old man, which he had seized to discharge at Dayton, when he was prevented by his wife and Caroline. "Tyfil—traitor—craven," he shouted, and the short quick crack of the piece succeeded the exclamation. A shrill cry was heard, Dayton was seen to spring into the air, and falling from the horse, was dragged along by the foot in the stirrup for a considerable distance. When discovered, he was a mutilated mass; the ball had entered his temple, and the blood flowing freely, his countenance was clotted with gore and dust, presenting a hideous appearance. His obsequies were brief—a pit dug by the road side received his remains. On examining his papers, they were found to contain secret information for the enemy, but they would have proved of no avail, as the surrender of Cornwallis had established the reign of Freedom. The next day, Renton, with Caroline, accompanied by Walworth, departed for his home, which for many years he had not beheld. His appearance, it may be supposed, was unexpectedly unwelcome to old Dayton, who received a prompt and imperative demand to surrender up his estates and effects to the American government, as one who had long been noxious to their cause. Between Walworth and Renton, they were divided, in consideration of their long and dangerous struggles in the emancipation of their native land, and Caroline, according to her promise, bestowing her hand upon Walworth, lived to behold her daughters, beautiful and virtuous as their mother, and her sons inheriting the bravery and patriotism of their sire.

It is not possible to found a lasting power upon injustice, perjury, and treachery. These may, perhaps, succeed for once, and borrow for awhile, from hope, a gay and flourishing appearance. But time betrays their weakness, and they fall into ruin of themselves. For, as in structures of every kind, the lower parts should have the greatest firmness—so the grounds and principles of actions should be just and true.—*Demosthenes.*

Original.

LOVE AND SELF LOVE.

A DREAM OF THE HEART.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

We had been conversing on various subjects—my friends and I, among the rest, Love was made a theme, and we exerted our imagination to find things in nature worthy of comparison with a sentiment so difficult to comprehend or define, so full of form, and yet so spiritual.

One said it was like an April shower, which power brings forth the richest blossoms that lie generating in the green places of the heart, and leaves them to perish in the first storm that passes by, or to be trodden down by the footsteps of our more earthly passions. She became eloquent with figures all bright and changeful, she likened Love to the rose that unfolds its damask heart—pours forth its fragrance to the first passing breeze, and so fades away—or, it was a rainbow spanning the heavens with its belt of radiance, and melting away tint by tint as the eye gazes upon it, or, perchance, it was represented by the glowing color that settles on a sunset cloud, beautiful but brief.

She was a bright happy creature that made these comparisons—one that looked as if Love might indeed make a nest in her heart, and brood there for ever. But her idea of the passion which shapes the destiny of so many of our sex had found birth in a careless fancy, amid the festivity of lighted halls, and in an atmosphere of selfishness and adulation. She had yet to learn how pure, lasting and fervent is that love which lives in the soul, and lights up the gentle eye of woman. She had found a false stone glittering, for a time, in the place of a jewel—a stone sometimes purchased at a fearful price, often detected too late, and, by many, treasured through life, and mistaken for a gem whose light few hearts can entirely understand.

Another spoke; her rich lip trembled; her eye, which seemed almost dull before, lighted up with a bright and beautiful expression, and her voice made the heart thrill as it listened. Love, she said, was a fixed star, set in the heaven of a woman's life, and reflected for ever and ever in the fountains of her heart, shedding a holy light upon each wave as it gushed up and subduing the atmosphere which surrounds it, to a pure and tranquil warmth.

My friends had departed, and with the tones of the last beautiful speaker still whispering in my heart, my head fell upon the sofa cushions, and I slept. A little time, and lo, it seemed as if the souls of those two young creatures lay before me, worlds filled with beautiful and fragrant objects, haunted only by myself and the possessors thereof.

The first was a wilderness of beautiful things. Hillocks flushed with wild flowers, slopes of rich grass, thickets bursting into blossom arose upon my vision. Swelling hills lay mellowed and purple in the horizon, and a sky of tranquil blue brooded over all. There was a sound of waters murmuring in the distance, but thistles and wild blossoms, with unpruned and fruitless vines, wove their tendrils over the fountain, and lay murmuring in their shadow with a monotonous sound, as if content to sleep for ever in the feeble light which flickered through the wild foliage tangled above it. The atmosphere was fragrant with the scent of flowers, but few trees were there, and the blossoms were wild flowers that seldom generate fruit.

The owner of this world was one that had likened Love to the rainbow—the rose and the evening cloud—a fair thoughtless girl, mirthful and happy from a want of deep feeling. It was seldom that she entered the inner world of her own heart, but in my dream she wandered there almost for the first time in her life. The gentle spirits which should have cultivated her realm, were asleep among the purple hills afar off, and she scarcely knew of their existence, or how useful their sweet ministry might be. She summoned the lighter graces from a lawn where they were grouped together, beckoned the spirits of dance and song from a hillock where they were sporting in the warm light, and while they were grouped in attitudes of grace about her looked carelessly over her realm. She was bewildered by the combination of lovely and rude objects that surrounded her. Shrubs of opposite, and sometimes powerful nature were tangled in one fragrant thicket—the laurel and the sweet wild rose, bloomed together; the blue eyed violet looked meekly up from a net-work of night shade that had grown over it, and their mingled breath filled the air with an enervating and sickly perfume. Flower and weed all was luxuriant, wild and unhealthy. The maiden seemed content that it should be so, and with a smile upon her lips, moved carelessly towards the fountain. She sat down, parted the leaves away from the brink with her hands, and looked into the waters. A partial light fell upon them, enough to throw back her own beautiful image, and with that she was satisfied. She was still gazing on the fountain, when a dove started up from a neighboring thicket, lighted upon the foliage which her hand kept back, and its graceful shadow fell upon the waters. It seemed about to plunge down, and bathe its wings there, but in the attempt, it broke the reflection of her own features, and with an impatient gesture she frightened the poor dove away. Then came another bird; its notes were like those of a dove, but his plumage was soiled in a contact with rude objects. He bore a great diamond in his beak, and his wings were cumbered with the pearls and jewels hoarded beneath them. There was a glitter in the bird's eye, unlike the soft tenderness natural to the dove's; the burthen which they concealed, bent his wings to the earth, and he never soared upward for a moment. This bird alighted upon the maiden's shoulder, and looked boldly down into the fountain. She would have driven him away also, but as she lifted her hand, the bird opened his beak, the diamond dropped into the depths of the fountain, and with a slight flutter of the wing, a shower of pearls and precious stones fell upon her loose tresses, and broke the surface of the fountain with a hard and glittering shower. Then the waters became smooth again. The bird still

kept his station, and his image was reflected back with her's. It was but for a season, and after his departure, many a passing shadow and bright ripple came over the fountain, but none rested there. As each new object passed by, she smiled upon the image of Self, and it smiled back from the stagnant waters as she calmly murmured that "Love was a rose, a rainbow and a tint on the evening cloud, beautiful and brief." Still came new objects to the fountain, and each darkened it with a shadow, but none left his image there. At last age crept slowly from a thicket of hemlock that had been suffered to grow near the fountain. The graces grew cold, and shrunk away at her approach, and the spirit of song lost half the harmony of her voice. Vanity, who had ever guarded the fountain, still kept her place, and shed a silvery mist there, which concealed the approach of age from its owner. Then, a host of selfish and repining spirits stole into the places left vacant by the graces, and after that, no being sought to supplant the image of self, that never for a moment gave room to another. She had placed the false stone in her bosom, and still treasured it as a gem. In my dream years swept by; the green places of that world withered, and became parched and arid from neglect. The purple light died away from the distant hill, the mildew of time fell upon all the rich foliage that had concealed the fountain, and exposing to view a shallow pool, stagnated by time, and an old woman bending over it more and more enamored of the wrinkled features dimly reflected to her gaze.

The scene of my vision changed, and a world of tranquil and surpassing loveliness arose before me. Statues of pale marble were grouped about, surrounded by flowering shrubs of exquisite beauty and perfume. Tall trees, heavy with fragrance, rich and green, towered above them, and a soft holy light lay tranquilly sleeping on the grassy hills, and slopes that broke quietly to view amid the vistas of a grove, where flowers and fruit were clustered and ripening together. A fountain of bright waters gushed up with a sweet rippling melody in the centre of the grove, and a group of bright winged spirits such as make their home in a good heart, hovered about it. The owner of this world was there, for she loved to cultivate that beautiful region, and had learned to appreciate and hold communion with the fragrant treasures, and the bright spirits that dwelt within it. She had been taught to watch the growth of each delicate flower, to prune the too rife foliage, and to tear away the weeds that ever spring up in a rich soil. She looked up to the soft tranquil sky that bent over and blessed her little world. A star of exceeding brilliancy burned in its blue depths, and its rays were flung back from the waters of the fountain, as she approached and bent over it. The deep well gave back no reflection, for her image was blended with that of another who worshipped there, and forgotten in the union. They dwelt together—the fair girl and that other noble being to whom she had given her realm, and no human shadow, save his, ever fell upon the deep fountain that welled up its pure waters for ever at his feet. To her, Love was, in truth, what she had declared it, a fixed star, which could not go out, or be dimmed by any, save a divine hand.

In my dream years went by, and though clouds sometimes gathered above that tranquil world, and storms swept over it, they but left it greener and more beautiful than before, and there, trembling above it was the star of love, bright and unchangeable as the heavens which gave it birth.

Still I gazed, and lo, the angel of death came down, and folding his dark wings over the lord of that little realm, bore him away to the place prepared for him in Heaven. A shadow fell upon that fair being then, and the good spirits which inhabited her kingdom gathered with a gentle grief about the fountain, to comfort her. Memory came with her trembling pencil, and perpetuated the loved image that had so long been mirrored by its waters. Faith, hope, charity and patience, came meekly from the grove, and pointed up to heaven where the star of love was still shining. As she followed their meek eyes, a thousand golden threads fell down upon the troubled waters of the fountain, and formed a chain of light which liked it with the skies.

Still I gazed! the fruit which hung upon the trees, ripened with a gradual and healthy progress, the flowers grew more delicate in the clear pearly atmosphere, and the few weeds indigneous to the soil, gradually disappeared. A little time and the angel of death came down again. A moment, and all was darkness! Then I saw the world on which I had been gazing, enveloped in a cloud of light, and with all the beautiful spirits that had dwelt there float from my view, 'till it faded gently like a dove cleaving its way through the heavens.

Original.

STANZAS.

BY MISS SUSAN WILSON.

"We've learn'd to live without each other."—MRS. C. B. W.

We have!—but have we learned to view
The past without regret?
Is either calm and happy now,
As though we ne'er had met?

Is there no dark cloud in the sky,
No thorn amid the flowers?
No bitterness within life's cup,
That was not always ours?

Whence does the fount of feeling flow,
That opened once to me?
Or is it chill'd, like that within
My breast—once shared with thee?

There is no answer!—Memory
And Hope alike are vain!
We only know we live apart,
And shall not meet again.

Original.

ISABELLE.

BY MISS MARY ANN BROWNE.

"Alas, that clouds should ever steal
O'er Love's delicious sky,
That ever Love's sweet lip should feel
Ought but the gentlest sigh."—L. E. L.

Love! how most bright and fair a thing thou art
When first thy breath comes freshening o'er the heart,
As the west wind that in its summer glee
Breaks into brighter waves the sunny sea—
Alas! we think not that the lightsome stir
Of that sweet breeze can be the messenger
Of tempests—that the light wave's playful strife
Foreruns dark billows on the seas of life!

'Tis but a simple tale I have to tell
Of a fair maiden—her name, "Isabelle,"
Born where all flowers of brightest coloring be,
Beneath the glorious sky of Italy.
She was most beautiful—the treasured gem
Of her old parents' hearts. She was to them
The life of life—the single sunny ray
Streaming upon the evening of their day,
Soft flowed her silken tresses—her smooth brow
Was ivory in the sunlight, and the glow
On her fair cheek still rose and flitted by,
As flits the coloring o'er the evening sky,
And on her lips, like parted rosebuds played
A smile that seemed as it could never fade.
Ye will not marvel, if I say that love
Blossomed amidst the flowrets of her breast,
And that he was well worthy, who possessed
The gentle heart for which so many strove.

'Twas a sweet summer eve—the orange trees
Scarce bent their loaded branches to the breeze,
The rising moon sent down a silver shower
Of quivering light upon a little bower,
Where sat sweet Isabelle, her azure eye
Turned to where died the day—blush in the sky—
Her heart beat quick—the day indeed was gone,
And the next morn she must be Julian's own,
Partner of him, who lingered by her side
Whispering fond vows unto his chosen bride.

Uncertain are the things most certain! Strange
To tell, one hour hath made a fatal change
Upon those hearts to whom just now to bless
Each other, seemed life's dearest happiness.
Love is a flower so delicate of form,
No wonder if sometimes its leaves are shaken,
But seldom long can last the summer storm,
And brighter far the breeze its hues will waken;
A tender word, a playful glance, a smile,
The lover's heart again can reconcile.
But between Julian and fair Isabelle,
Had grown a wider difference than this—
Still o'er her spirit hung some sullen spell,
Still she refused the reconciling kiss.
And scorn was flashing in her deep blue eyes,
And Julian saw the flush of anger rise
In those dear cheeks, where never yet had come
Ought save the rose, Love's own delicious bloom.
She who had been so gentle 'till this hour—
Was this caprice only to try her power?
All farther pleading with her heart he spurned,
His manly soul swelled with its wounded pride,
He dropped the hand he clasped, and madly turned
From her who should so soon have been his bride,
And left at once his beauteous Isabelle,
Even without a murmur of farewell.

He reached his home—he vaulted on his horse;
On dashed the steed, as if he felt the force
Of all the passion in his master's soul—
The pride, the agony without control.
The broidered scarf, he had so often worn
In hours of danger, from his breast was torn,
He took the chesnut tress that she had given
And flung it wildly to the winds of heaven—
He drew her portrait from its secret rest,
Where to his throbbing bosom it was pressed,
He would have hurled it from him, but some cause
Which he could scarcely fathom made him pause—
He looked upon it—'twas the same sweet smile
That in his happier days could so beguile,
The same arch glance with tenderness so blent,
The cloudless brow, so calm and innocent—
The tear rose to his eye—he slacked his rein,
Yet pride forbade him to return again—
But with the picture *now* he could not part—
Again 'twas sheltered near his beating heart,
Then as the half-relenting wish was gone,
With quickened pace the fiery steed sped on.

The morning dawned—with what a saddened eye
Did Julian gaze upon the eastern sky,
And cast a glance back towards the hall afar
That once to him was as a guiding star;
This day, this day! it was a withering thought,
That all his happy dreams had come to naught!
Alas—that hearts, (as children in their play
Crush flowers,) will fling their happiness away.

He sought a distant land, and mingled there
With all the brightest of the brave and fair,
But could not laugh away the clouds of Fate;
All was in vain—his soul was desolate.
Love like the light is a hallowing fire,
And though its blaze of glory may expire,
It makes the heart a consecrated fane,
That may not shelter common things again.

And where was Isabelle? Still hoping on
That not for ever was her Julian gone—
Wandering beside the ocean every morn,
And trusting that her lover might be borne
Towards her by some ship in distance dim
Alas—alas—it did not bring her him.

It was the evening of a stormy day
And Isabelle was standing by the waves,
Around her on the beach dark fragments lay
Of shattered barks, flung up from ocean's caves
One huge black billow o'er the shingles beat,
And left its burden at the maiden's feet.
It was a corpse—but scarce was left a trace
Of human likeness on the mangled face;
The teeth were set, the hands were closely pressed,
As if they held some treasure, to the breast;
And gently Isabelle unclosed their clasp—
Oh, powers of mercy! what was in their grasp—
'Twas her own portrait! but she saw no more,
But shrieked, and fell upon the lonely shore.

Life came again, but reason's power had fled,
All save the one dark knowledge "he was dead."
Her sweet lip lost its color, and her eye
Had the fixed glaring of insanity—
They laid the shattered corpse beside the sea,
And every eve, at sunset's hour, did she
Instinctively seek out the spot and there
Weave for his grave a wreath of blossoms fair,
And seldom did she speak, yet all day long
Chaunted the same low melancholy song;
No more her lip the wreathing smile might wear,
No more her cheek and brow were smooth and fair;

The ocean wind played rudely through the curls
That once were richly wreathed with gold and pearls,
And there already streaks of early grey
Proclaimed how sorely she was Sorrow's prey.

It was the twilight time, and o'er the sea
A bounding bark was sailing gallantly—
It neared—the maiden heeded not the stir—
She ceased to hope that it bore aught for her—
Unheedingly she saw the voyagers land—
Yet whose the step that now hath marked the strand?
Whose the fond lip that to her own is prest?
Oh—she is folded to her Julian's breast.
Wounded and bleeding on the field of war
He had remembered her, the loved, afar,
And gave her portrait, dewed with many a tear
Unto a faithful comrade who stood near,
And bade him, if he should survive that day,
Bear it to his beloved one, far away,
And tell her though their vows her scorn might sever,
His heart was her's, and only her's, for ever.

The spell was gone that bound her! once again
Returned the vigor to her heart and brain,
Life, light and joy seemed on her soul to beam,
And all the past was as a troubled dream.
And they were happy. Soon was twined the tie
Of wedded love, and peace and constancy
Made their home blessed. Never more a chord
In either heart by jarring thought was stirred.
Yet some from their example have been taught
How one rash word long years of suffering wrought,
And many who would yield to scorn or pride,
Quail as they think of Julian and his bride.

Liverpool, England, 1841.

Original.

MINISTERING.

BY WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

"If Jesus were still a man of sorrows, not having where to lay his head, Piety might spread him a table and provide him a home, Affection might weave for him the seamless garment, or break the alabaster box of ointment of spikenard, very precious, for his burial. Poverty herself might wash his feet with her tears, and wipe them with her hair. Wealth might find him a new sepulchre, hewn in the rock, where never man was yet laid. And as a final act of homage, Gratitude might bring her spices and ointments, about a hundred pounds weight, as the manner was of the Jews to bury."—*Decapolis.*

Oh, Saviour! wert thou now below,
'Twould be my joy to follow thee;
Where thou wouldst lead, I'd freely go,
And naught should keep my Lord from me.

I'd haste to serve thee; and to wait,
In humblest duty at thy feet,
Would choose, to thrones of mortal state—
Or e'en to fill a seraph's seat.

How sweet, to minister to thee,
Who once our earth in pity trod:—
How blest, a household guest, to see,
The Man of grief, the very God!

Yet though I cannot do as they,
Who waited on thy earthly need—
To serve thy heavenly state I may;
And minister to thee indeed.

I may bring thee, the soul, undone,
That ne'er before had sought thy face;
I may win home a wretched one,
Who far has wandered from thy grace.

Thou wouldst be honored more, by toil
Of mine, to save some erring soul,
Than if I could the countless spoil
Of worlds, submit to thy control.

Thou wouldst discern more real love
In act of mine, the lost to gain—
Than if such praise as peals above,
I gave thee—could I peal such strain.

Then let me ne'er lament, that I
May nothing do for thy dear Name—
While deathless ones are near to die,
While sons of God are heirs of shame!

Original.

ARE WE NOT EXILES HERE?

BY HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.

Are we not exiles here?
Come there not o'er us memories of a clime
More genial and more dear
Than this of time?

When deep, vague wishes press
Upon the soul and prompt it to aspire,
A mystic loneliness,
And wild desire;

When our long-baffled zeal
Turns back in mockery, on the weary heart,
'Till at the sad appeal,
Dismayed we start;

And like the Deluge dove,
Outflown upon the world's cold sea we lie,
And all our dreams of love
In anguish die.

Nature no more endears,
Her blissful strains seem only breathed afar,
Nor mount, nor flower cheers,
Nor smiling star.

Familiar things grow strange,
Fond hopes like tendrils shooting to the air,
Through friendless being range,
To meet despair.

And nursed by secret tears,
Rich but frail visions in the heart have birth,
And this fair world appears
A homeless earth.

Then must we summon back
Blest guides who long ago have met the strife,
And left a radiant track
To mark their life.

Then must we look around
On heroes' deeds—the landmarks of the brave,
And hear their cheers resound
From off the wave.

Then must we turn from show,
Pleasure and fame, the phantom race of care,
And let our spirits flow
In earnest prayer.

A creature, who spends its whole time in dressing, gaming, prating and gadding, is a being originally, indeed, of the rational make; but who has sunk itself beneath its rank, and is to be considered at present as nearly on a level with the monkey-species.—*B. Constant.*

Original.

A STRANGE TALE, BUT TRUE.

BY JOHN INMAN.

Several years ago a young gentleman arrived at the principal town of one of the French West India Islands. He was from Paris; a young gentleman of good person, of prepossessing manners, well informed, accomplished, and of most amiable disposition. He appeared to be in easy circumstances; brought with him letters of credit from one of the most respectable bankers in the French capital, and made no secret of his intention to purchase an estate on the island, and become a permanent resident. His name was Du Plessis.

His acquaintance with the merchants and planters rapidly extended, and he was soon a welcome guest at the houses of all the principal inhabitants; recommending himself equally to the seniors by his good sense, his extensive information and the propriety of his deportment, and to the more youthful members of society, especially the ladies, by his good looks, his polished and gentlemanly bearing, and by his lively flow of conversation. The town was small—the population of the island itself was but limited—and it may readily be inferred that in such a case, the arrival of a stranger like Du Plessis, young, handsome, agreeable and rich, was quite an acquisition.

It was not very long, however, before the stranger manifested a preference for the house of one individual in his round of visiting; and the magnet of attraction was easily enough discovered to be the daughter of his host. Louise Lemaire was not the most beautiful girl on the island, but she was pretty enough to excuse a lover for thinking her so, and good enough to make a husband think nothing about her beauty. Her father, Monsieur Lemaire, was a merchant of considerable wealth, greatly respected for his probity and his good sense. He had been more than once chosen to fill stations of public dignity; and whether in office or out of it, his friendly advice and assistance were as frequently sought for as they were readily and willingly afforded.

Time wore on, and Du Plessis was openly and avowedly the suitor of the fair and good Louise. I have said that he was universally liked, but it was to her that his estimable qualities were most fully developed, and the regard which others felt for him, in her was ripened to admiration and the highest esteem—tribute meetly paid to the purity of his principles, his kindness of heart, and the superiority of his mental endowments. She found it not difficult to return his love, and with a frankness belonging to her nature, made no scruple in acknowledging her regard and her willingness to become his wife. The consent of her father, too, had been asked and given; but with a condition which the habitual prudence of the old and experienced man of the world suggested, that their union should be deferred for a twelvemonth, in order that each party might have time and opportunity for becoming fully acquainted with the disposition and temper of the other, and that both might enter upon the married state having as little to learn as possible of those things concerning which, even in the best assorted marriages, there must be mutual forbearance or there can be no happiness.

Some months had passed away after the engagement of Louise and Du Plessis, when the latter began to perceive a change in the manner of several of his friends—a certain appearance of constraint in their reception of him when they met, and of uneasiness when he visited their houses. He could not complain that there was any visible lack of kindness in their words or their deportment; all seemed to entertain for him as much good will as ever—there appeared to be even an increase of affection in their regard for him—yet he could not but observe that there was an air of gravity, amounting almost to sadness, in their reception of him; and that while no one manifested less esteem, there was evidently less cordiality in his welcome when he came among them. The discovery pained him much; but most of all, when he found that the contagion had extended even to his destined father-in-law, the father of his Louise.

It seemed to him, in his long and painful meditations on the subject, that the change of which I have spoken could be traced back to the arrival of a certain Monsieur Corbeau, who had been for two or three years before his own coming, a resident of the island, but who, at the time of that coming, and for some months afterward, had been absent on a voyage of business or pleasure—there was some doubt which—to other parts of the West Indies. An instinctive feeling of dislike appeared to have sprung up between Corbeau and Du Plessis, from the moment of their first meeting. The former was also a Frenchman; about thirty years of age, of gentlemanly appearance, and rather handsome features, but his countenance wore, habitually, an expression, which excited vague distrust, and this was heightened, at times, when something occurred to excite sudden anger, to an aspect of absolute ferocity. He had done no evil, as far as any body knew, since his residence on the island; his conduct in all things, had been reasonably upright and honorable; yet there was a general impression that evil passions had their dwelling beneath his fair exterior, and though nobody could charge him with doing wrong, all suspected him of lacking principle to keep him in the right. He passed current in society, but the footing on which he was established there was not secure. He had companions, but not friends; was received every where as a guest, but no where as an intimate.

The exact nature of his occupation, or his means of living, was not known. In his dress and appointments he had the appearance, if not of wealth, at least of competence—whence or how obtained, none could tell, nor indeed had any thought of inquiring. His absences from the island were frequent, but where he went, and for what purpose, he had not chosen to declare, and as there was no one who had a right to ask an account of his proceedings, whatever curiosity might be felt upon the subject, was confined to the breasts of those who felt it. It had been thought that the house of Monsieur Lemaire, and the society of Louise, were honored

with his preference, but if this was the case, he had not yet made any avowal of his sentiments. Such was the person whose presence Du Plessis could not help identifying, in point of time, with the change of manner which caused him so much pain, and to whose agency something seemed to whisper him that change must be ascribed.

It has been said that an instinctive feeling of dislike appeared to have existed, from the first, between Corbeau and Du Plessis; its manifestation, by the former, was open and decided. Whether it was that he really cherished designs upon the affection of Louise, or was only inspired by jealousy of the high regard in which Du Plessis was evidently held by the community —whatever the cause might be, it was apparent from the very first occasion of their meeting in society, that Corbeau was the enemy of Du Plessis; and if the active feeling of hostility was not reciprocated by the latter, at least, there was no appearance of a disposition, on his part, to make Corbeau his friend. They met often; but it was observed, that after the introduction, neither of them addressed the other when in general society, and that neither ever joined a group in conversation, of which the other formed a part. Yet there had never been any more decided exhibition of animosity—never any overt act of hostile character.

Thus matters had gone on for some months after the return of Corbeau, when, as has already been remarked, the discovery was forced upon Du Plessis that something had occurred to lessen the cordiality that had existed between him and his friends; it was, perhaps, unavoidable to ascribe this something to the agency of the only man whom he could not look upon as a friend. Yet he was sorely perplexed in deciding how to act upon the occasion. It would not do, upon mere suspicion, to charge the man with secret acts of enmity; and, as yet, there was nothing sufficiently explicit in the deportment or conduct of Lemaire, or of any other, to justify a request for explanation. But a time soon arrived when his embarrassment was to cease; and it was to the frankness of Lemaire that he was indebted for the elucidation he desired.

He was sitting in melancholy mood, one morning, in the breakfast room of a house which he had taken and furnished, in anticipation of his marriage, when he received a message from his intended father-in-law, desiring to see him. He went immediately, and on being shown into the library, where the old gentleman was sitting alone, was addressed in substance as follows:—

"Du Plessis, my young friend, it is a painful communication I have to make to you. I need not tell you, but I take pleasure in repeating it, that your amiable character and exemplary conduct, since you came among us, have won for you the warmest esteem of our whole community. Prepossessed in your favor by your appearance and manner, the test of intimacy alone was wanting to make us all your friends; and it was as gratifying to us, as it must have been to you, to find that to know you more, was also to like you better. We have all contemplated with satisfaction the purpose you had announced, of remaining among us permanently; no change has taken place in our regard for you; you have done nothing to diminish, in the slightest, our esteem; yet it becomes my painful duty to inform you that I—that we all—now wish you to leave us; and for ever."

Du Plessis started, but he made no reply. Lemaire continued: "If the information we have received concerning you is true, as I presume it is, you can be at no loss to understand our reasons for thus wishing. You know that the inhabitants of this island are chiefly the immediate descendants of French gentlemen—gentlemen of the *ancien regime*—that many of us trace our parentage to the *noblesse*; and that we cherish with a tenacity which we are too old to lay aside, those high feelings of respect for birth and purity of lineage which, I am told, have, in a great measure, ceased to prevail even in the land from which we drew our origin. I know that in some respects those feelings are carried to an extent entitling them to the name of prejudices; but they have grown with our growth, and though our reason may stigmatize them as weakness, we have not strength of mind enough to overcome it."

Lemaire paused in evident embarrassment, from which he was at once relieved by his afflicted auditor. "I know what you would say," interrupted Du Plessis; "it has come to your knowledge that I am the unhappy son of a good but stigmatized parent; of one with whose name and profession are linked emotions of dislike—of horror. I cannot blame you for the feelings with which you must look upon me. I feel even that I ought to implore your forgiveness for having come among you under the shelter of a concealment which I fondly hoped would never be withdrawn. That hope has been deceived, and I submit in silence to the just punishment of my deception, if, indeed, it deserves so harsh a name. I will leave your island to-morrow, grateful for the many kindnesses its inhabitants have bestowed upon the son of the chief executioner of Paris."

"Not so fast, not so fast," replied the senior; "there is no occasion for so much haste. It is true that your unfortunate parentage has been made known to us; and equally true, that as a consequence of that knowledge, we have concluded, after much deliberation, and I assure you, with very great reluctance, that for your own sake, as well as our's, it will be better for you to leave us. We have tried to overcome our prejudices, but in vain; and we feel that with a strong personal regard and esteem for you, and a just appreciation of your merits, we cannot continue to associate with you on those terms of intimacy which, nevertheless, it would be more painful to exchange for cold civility, than to lose you altogether. But we do not mean to part with you so hastily; nor can we suffer you to leave us without giving you a public and distinguished token of our respect—permit me to add a stronger term—our affection."

"You are very kind—very kind," the young man murmured in reply, struggling to repress his emotions. "Dispose of me as you please. The goodness you have showered upon me, leaves me neither right nor inclina-

tion to dispute your wishes. But"—and he hesitated—"one word more—your daughter?"

Lemaire, in turn, was embarrassed, and a troubled expression rested upon his features. But it soon passed away. "She knows all," he said—"our purpose and its cause."

"And of that purpose, she, no doubt, approves," answered Du Plessis, with a tone in which bitterness was slightly mingled with deep sorrow.

"I know not," replied Lemaire. "She offered no opinion, nor did I ask it from her. She wishes to see you;" and thus saying, he abruptly left the apartment.

A faint hope gleamed for a moment in the bosom of Du Plessis, but it was only for a moment. He trembled, and that sinking of the heart came over him which is always caused by the anticipation of what we dread. Louise entered, but he could not rise to meet her—he could scarcely even raise his eyes.

She advanced and stood before him. "Adrian!" she said. He started to his feet and gazed earnestly upon her face. The tone of her voice—her manner of addressing him by his baptismal name, awakened a hope which thrilled his very heart, but which he dared not cherish.

"Adrian," she repeated. And as she spoke, her hand was offered to his clasp, and her eyes were fixed earnestly, confidingly, lovingly upon his.

"Can it be possible?" exclaimed her lover; "does not hope delude me? May I dare to trust the fond presage of my heart? Oh, speak to me, Louise, my own Louise, and confirm—but no, it cannot be. It was madness to entertain the thought."

"It can be, Adrian, and it is. If your hope points to the fidelity of my affection—of that affection which, though not won unsought, was freely given, and having been avowed, has become your right—if that be the aim of your hope, Adrian, know that it does not deceive you. The prejudices that weigh so strongly with my father and his friends, with me have no existence. Yours I promised to be, and that promise I am willing to redeem."

"Dearest, dearest Louise," exclaimed Du Plessis. "How can I repay you for this generosity? But your father, my beloved—"

"I know that in clinging to you, Adrian, I must leave my father. But when I promised to be your wife, I contemplated the natural destiny of woman—to leave father and mother, and make husband all in all."

"And can I ask you to meet that destiny, Louise, under circumstances such as mine? Ought I to take you from your father's arms—from the home of your childhood, and the friends among whom you have grown up, to share my exile—to bear my dishonored name?"

"Your exile will be none to me," replied the maiden; "your country shall be my country, your presence my home. And if dishonor attaches to your name in the estimation of those who judge by prejudice, and not by reason, no portion of that dishonor belongs to you. There are lands in which the name has never been heard, or in which, even if known, the wearer of it will be judged of by his own deeds, not by those of his progenitors. In such a land there is a home of peace and happiness for you, Adrian, and to that home I will go with you as your wife."

"Dearest, noblest Louise," exclaimed Du Plessis, as he pressed her to his bosom, "this, indeed, is woman's love and woman's faith. Such a home we will seek, my own Louise, and there it shall be the study of my life to prove the gratitude I feel, and by making you happy, reward you for the sacrifices you now make for me. But, dearest, will your father consent? Struggling, as he is, even now, between his regard for me, and the horrors that are associated with my name in his mind, will he not hate me, will he not curse me, when I ask him, for my sake, to give up his daughter? Will he not spurn me from his door, and command you to renounce me?"

"It will be a shock to my father, Adrian, as you and I can well believe. But he knows me from my childhood; he knows that my conduct is governed by principle: he has confidence both in the rectitude of my judgment and the purity of my intentions. His disappointment and sorrow will soon give way to a desire for my happiness, and conviction that in the way in which I seek it, that happiness most surely will be found. And I have confidence, too, in my father; in the goodness of his heart, his justice and his strength of mind. These will lead him not only to yield, but to approve of my determination."

"God grant it may be so, Louise," answered Du Plessis; "that the joy of calling you mine own may not be alloyed or tarnished by the thought that it was purchased at the cost of your father's peace of mind."

The judgment of Louise, respecting her father, was correct. He remonstrated, he even wept when her determination was announced to him; but, in truth, it was not wholly unexpected, and when he became convinced that it was no hasty result of impulse, but the calm, deliberate resolve of a strong mind, influenced at once by ardent affection and high principle, he gave his sanction to the measure with even more of cordiality than his daughter or her lover had dared to hope. "Thou hast been a good child to me, Louise," he said, "and done every thing a child could do, to make her father happy. It is but right that thou shouldst look now for thine own happiness, and in thine own chosen way. I give her to you, Du Plessis," he continued, "believing that you will be to her all that her father has been, all that a husband should be. Seek you out a home where no memory of the past shall come to give you pain. It may be that I will join you there; but should we never meet again, take the fondest, warmest blessings of a father, whom his child has never given, even for a single moment, any other emotion than those of happiness and pride."

The old man stipulated only for two conditions—that the marriage should not be solemnized until the day appointed for the departure of Du Plessis; and that in the meantime, the knowledge that it was to be, should be confined to themselves and him. He asked these avowedly, as a concession to the ancient prejudice, which he could not shake off, even while condemning

it; and Louise and Du Plessis were but too happy in yielding points so very immaterial to them, in grateful recognition of the mighty sacrifice to which he had so cheerfully and generously submitted, in his love for them, and his desire to promote their felicity.

Nothing now remained but the "public and distinguished token of respect" for Du Plessis, of which Lemaire had spoken. This, the more elderly and respectable of the citizens determined, after consultation and deliberation, to offer in the form of a dinner; as being at once the most convenient for all to join in, and the most acceptable to Du Plessis. The arrangements were accordingly made, the day appointed, the invitation given, and gratefully accepted.

The largest room of the principal hotel was the designated place; and here, toward the close of a fine day in September, were assembled the *élite* of the town—the oldest, the wealthiest and the most esteemed of its inhabitants. Lemaire, of course, was among them; and Corbeau, too, was there, although scarcely expected, so general was the impression that no great good will existed between him and Du Plessis. His presence was accounted for, in the minds of some, by the suspicion that he found, even in this public testimonial of respect for the young Frenchman, an occasion for triumph, connected, as it was, with what might be considered an expulsion from the island; while others conjectured, perhaps more shrewdly, that he was willing to conceal his joy by taking part in the general expression of regard and esteem for the young man, at once so strongly loathed and loved. Be that as it may, Corbeau was there; and it so happened that he was seated at the table directly opposite Du Plessis.

The feast began—was ended; and immediately after the removal of the cloth, an aged merchant who had twice officiated as Mayor, rose, and with a brief address, reciting the occasion of the meeting, and abounding with warm expressions of more than compliment, proposed the health of the respected guest. It was cordially welcomed by all present; and when the plaudits were at length succeeded by a return of silence, Du Plessis rose to make his acknowledgments.

His voice trembled as he began—the agitation of his feelings left him scarcely the power of coherent thought or intelligible utterance. But as he grew more calm, his mingled emotions of gratitude and sorrow, of pleasure in the occasion, and of mortification at its cause, of regret for the approaching separation, and of bright but secret anticipation connected with the thought of his Louise, were poured forth with an eloquence, a sincerity and fervor, that brought tears to many eyes, long unused to weeping.

His speech was brought to its conclusion—his thanks, warm, heart-felt, most sincere, were given to the friends by whom he was surrounded—his farewell was uttered, and he had already turned to leave the room, when his eye fell upon Corbeau. There was an expression in the look of that personage, which struck like lightning on the *memory* of Du Plessis. The glance which each cast upon the other, was a glance of recognition. For a single instant Du Plessis gazed upon the face of his enemy—for such he *knew* him now to be—then turning to the gentleman who had addressed him, he said, in a low, expressive tone—

"There is yet one thing more which I have a right to claim. Among all these kind and generous friends, there is one who, for some cause, hates me; one whom I have never injured, but who would spare no pains to injure me. He has already inflicted upon me the most cruel injury within his power, by disclosing that unhappy secret which, though no fault of mine, has deprived me of the happiness I so long enjoyed in your society, and now drives me, an exile, from among friends so honored and so dear. I have a right to know who it is that has done me this unprovoked and grievous wrong; but I need not ask, for he sits there before me."

Du Plessis had said truly that he need not ask; for the eyes of all were fastened upon Corbeau, and the confusion of guilt was legible upon his face.

"I seek no farther," continued Du Plessis. "The assassin of my happiness is revealed; and he shall not go unpunished. He employed his knowledge of my lineage and person, to work me injury; my knowledge of him shall be employed for a nobler purpose, but not less to his dismay. He has made me known to you as the son of an executioner; I make him known to you as a thief, a convicted felon, a branded fugitive from the gallies. Seize him, and lay bare his shoulder; the evidence is there."

Corbeau started up and drew his sword, wild with rage and terror. But willing hands were upon him in an instant—the coat was stripped from his back, the sleeve of his shirt rolled up, and there indeed was the ineffaceable token of his infamy and crime. Before another sun had set, he was driven with execrations from the island.

Du Plessis and Louise soon took their departure for the United States, whither they were not long after followed by Lemaire. What became of them, I never heard, but it is reasonable to presume that their lives were as happy as worth and mutual love could make them.

Original.

LINES TO JULIA.

The high born Julia of the olden time,
The fairest of the Cæsar's noble race;
Whose beauty shone in sweet Italia's clime,
In whom concentered every winning grace.
I sing a fairer than that Roman dame,
Before whose eye the very stars grow pale,
Whose smiles fall on the heart like summer's rain,
That glads the drooping flowers upon the vale:
Whose voice hath sweetest music, like the tone
Of the low winds upon the moonlit waves,
Or angels whispering in their spirit homes,
Where the bright sun in the blue ether laves.
Thy heart's affections, are as life's young dream,
Tinged with hope's ever varying rainbow dyes;
A fount of living waters, whose bright stream
Flows sweetly through the groves of Paradise;
Were I a conqueror,—'neath my chariot wheel
Were empires prostrate, from the imperial throne
I'd bend the knee to tell thee what I feel,
Which now I cannot hide, yet dare not fully own.

Terre Haute. J. C. J.

Original.

SKETCHES AT WASHINGTON.

Washington, December, 1841.

My Dear Sir:—

A traveller in the wildest west of our vast country, once more I find myself dwelling in the centre of civilization—the metropolis of this mighty nation. Years have passed by since lines traced by my hand appeared in your columns—years fraught with all those changes—those lights and shadows, those harmonies and discords, which chequer the lot and thrill the frame of mortal man.

Shall I write of scenes that are past—shall I tell you of the rich plains and fertile fields of the sunny South—of the gigantic forests, the mighty rivers—the boundless prairies of the great West?

One little spot, far beyond the father of waters, fills the eye of my memory—let me describe it.

Softly breathes the air of spring over the southern forests. The lofty pine feels its gentle influence and bows its tall head to greet the balmy breeze. The tangled greenwood is vocal with a thousand songsters. The gay paroquette and the sweetly singing mocking-bird fly from bough to bough of the thrifty cotton-tree, and lofty pecan. The snake extends his long and glittering folds on his bed of dry leaves, and basks his beautiful but venomous form in the broken rays of the sun. The squirrel runs swiftly up the smooth trunk of the pride of the forest, and the wild deer bounds with light and timorous spring through the sunny glade. Ever and anon, a vista in the woods—opened by the resistless force of those mighty hurricanes, which sweep their narrow but destructive course for miles, uprooting the giants of the forest and rending their limbs asunder—would reveal the sluggish and discolored current of the long deep river, which taking its rise among the gorges of the Rocky Mountains, pours its streams, a mighty tributary, into the bosom of the father of the waters.

Nor are grander features wanting to complete the charm of nature's lovely scene—for, raising its sharp bare form in the distance, strongly defined against the blue horizon, rises a steep, majestic, solitary mountain.

Fair and lovely scene! Can it be that aught so rich in the beauteous gifts of nature—that aught so quiet, so tranquillizing to the soul, should raise by its mere remembrance a feeling of sadness in the heart of him who once looked, in hours of youth and hopefulness, on thee! Thy summit, fair *Maumelle*, shall pierce the blue ether of heaven for ages on ages after this weak form is mouldered into dust, and the name that it bears has passed away from the sons of men. The clear, bright stream that glides around thy base, and mingles its pure waters with the turbid river beyond, shall murmur on, never again to reflect in its lucid wave the features of him who once gazed on thee with *transport*.

Farewell to these recollections. Let me rather dwell on the present; and from the shifting scenes of this nation's centre, cull such matter as may amuse and perchance instruct.

The city of Washington may be considered as the heart of the great country of which it is the Capitol. By its pulsations it regulates the flow of the life's blood of national prosperity—now impelling it with feverish heat and mighty force to the farthest extremities of the body—now, suffering it to flow calmly and equally in the veins, or to lie torpid and stagnant in the arteries.

Many have attempted to describe the appearance, the character, and the society of this metropolis; but few have succeeded. In truth Washington is a city "*Sui generis*," and entirely different in many of its prominent features from all others in America. Laid out on a plan, the magnificence of which surpasses that of Babylon or Ninevah of old, it has no commercial facilities or natural advantages of site to be compared to the well-harbored cities of the coast. Unsupported by commerce, it must derive its chief revenues from the small trade driven with those birds of passage, who for a season tarry within its limits, and from the direct patronage of government. Hence, the magnificent plan on which the city was laid out, is but partially and incompletely realized: and, standing on the dome of the Capitol, (which like a mother seems to sit and watch over the whole,) you see a city of patch-work, with here and there a collection of houses, sometimes of itself amounting to the size of a village or hamlet, with long intervals between, undiversified with houses, unshaded by trees, untraversed by roads.

Yet is it not without interest—deep interest too. There are some who have pronounced Washington *mean* in its aspect; so far at least as regards its private buildings; and in truth, when considered as a whole, the city presents a motley appearance; its superb public edifices contrasting strongly with the unimportant style of the private residences, and these again strangely mingled in many points of the city, with small dwellings, the abode of the poor and lowly.

In my rambles through the avenues, streets, and suburbs, instigated by a spirit of inquiry and love of investigation, which strongly possesses me, I have often remarked, that even in the most retired parts of the town, and most out of the way streets, we meet with dwellings, which small, plain, and humble, though they may be, are rendered picturesque by one peculiar feature. It is that of a pretty gallery attached to the front, or back, or side of the house, into which the windows of the apartment before which it runs, are made to open. These windows in all cases are furnished with green blinds, and sometimes the gallery is enclosed by the same agreeable screen. In some cases, a frame house of exceedingly modest pretentions in every other respect, will consist of three stories, and have a light, open gallery attached to each. This attention to comfort, for a comfort as well as convenience they must be in the heat of summer, not only relieve the monotony which a collection of ordinary buildings present to the eye, but gives an idea of taste and smartness, which combined with the flowering plants which are frequently taught to twine their luxuriant foliage around the slender pillar or overshadow the small window, tend essentially to bestow.

But we must by no means judge of the interior of a house in this metropolis by the outward appearance alone. I mean as respects furniture and decoration. Indifferent to a degree of shabbiness in exterior, on entering, in many cases you will find, not only every article necessary to domestic comfort, but frequently, much that contributes to its luxury also. It must be a poor dwelling indeed, that does not boast its neat window-curtain, either of white, with a fanciful colored border, or chintz prettily trimmed with fringe.

Among the superior edifices, the Patent-Office ranks highly. It is a splendid building: and here, in a room of noble dimensions are exhibited numerous productions of nature and art, rich, rare, and valuable: and the specimens of mechanical ingenuity, uniting utility, excellence of workmanship and convenience, are numerous and beyond praise.

There are some other edifices of great richness and grandeur of design, which I shall notice hereafter. But above them all, both literally and figuratively, rises the Capitol—that splendid pile, which unites so much in itself that we imagine of architectural magnificence; and surrounded as it is by its highly decorated grounds—its ponds of glittering gold-fish—its fountains, gay parterres and commodious walks—not to mention its noble terrace commanding a view of panoramic enchantment—it rises on the imagination, even when absent from it, like a splendid and beautiful dream!

For a brief period, quiet has reigned within those proud walls—she will now be scared from her temporary retreat. Again the busy crowd are pouring in. Heroes and statesmen and orators are assembling from all parts of the Union. What various views actuate the restless spirits which ere long we shall find expatiating in those lofty halls—what vivid apprehensions are theirs—what bursts of feeling—what torrents of eloquence. Meanwhile there are bright eyes, and blooming faces, and graceful forms to be met with in this city. And the season which now approaches, is one in which, "triumphant beauty puts forth all her charms," and the hearts of the beaux will be powerfully assailed at the dinners, balls, parties, and amusements of all sorts, both public and private, which will be "got up" in the course of the ensuing season; for it must not be denied that great personal expectations are formed, and strong hopes entertained, by damsels of almost every age, of a successful winter campaign.

Well—may their wishes be rewarded after the manner of their hearts' desire, and may happiness be their portion. But as neither belles nor beaux have power to create any lasting influence over my mind, I will acknowledge that I prefer a rural ramble by myself to the pleasures even of their brilliant society. Provided, always, that the air is calm and the sun shines brightly, for a contrary state of things, namely a storm of rain and wind, may be productive of some discomfort, and effectually put to flight, for the time being, all poetical fancies. A fact of which I was made very sensible, not long since.

In the course of my perambulations, I had noticed a house of peculiar structure and appearance, even for this city, remarkable as I think it for picturesque dwellings. The building consists of a centre and two wings. The centre rises two stories high above the basement, and finishes at the summit in a sort of pediment, in the centre of which is an arched window. Two galleries run along the front of the house, and into them the windows and doors of the first and second stories open. Those windows are finished with arched tops, and in the first or lower story, are made to descend to the ground floor. The wings are remarkable for nothing but the same style of arched window, which gives a chapel-like character to the building. A simple paling forms the enclosure in front; but at the sides and back part of the house, a close fence of boards forms a better protection for an ancient stable, cow-house, and offices. A vacant and uncultivated yard is relieved on the side next the house, by an arched frame of lattice work, high and of considerable length, covered, in summer, by a luxuriant grape vine. This, and a few flowers, intermixed with wild nettle and long coarse grass, are the only marks of what might have once constituted a part of the improvements of the place.

An air of loneliness and desolation reigned over the whole, and for a time I thought the place untenanted. One day, however, in passing, I observed a venerable grey headed man, seated on a low, leathern-backed arm-chair, within the gallery, just opposite the gate of entrance. He looked care-worn but placid, and returned the passing bow with which I greeted him, with mild courtesy. I had not long passed the house, and was revolving in my mind who the inmates could be, that dwelt in such seclusion, when I found the weather had suddenly changed. I looked at the sky, and saw thick, dark clouds gathering in every direction. They soon formed a dense canopy over head, from whence the rain began to descend in torrents. The evening was rapidly closing in, and the rain, and wind which commenced blowing with violence, caused me to look anxiously about for some place in which I might obtain a temporary shelter from the storm. None, however, appeared. I was on an uninclosed tract of barren and unimproved land, intersected here and there, only by narrow and irregular paths, little better than ordinary sheep tracks, and leading I knew not whither. A few huts rose in the distance, but I knew them to be tenanted by free blacks, a poor and wretched race, destitute of every thing which can make life comfortable. A shelter within their bare and cheerless walls, I felt would be even worse than braving the storm.

I turned hastily, and directed my steps rapidly toward the town. It chanced that I pursued a course that brought me into the immediate vicinity of the house which I have above described, and had so lately passed. I was running by when my steps were arrested by a black servant, who called to me—

"Stop, massa, please stop—jis step in our house; old massa sent me to ask you come in out o' de rain."

It was no time for ceremony, the negro held the gate open and I rushed through into the house. The same venerable personage whom I had greeted in passing some half an hour before, received me, and conducted

me into a parlor, from the windows of which I had a full view of the storm. The rain poured down in torrents, the wind increased in violence, and two immense weeping-willows that grew before the house, bent their high tops, that waved to and fro with the blast, and tossed their flexile branches wildly in the gale.

A fire was soon lighted, for the sudden change in the atmosphere had rendered it necessary, and my kind host insisted on my drawing near for the purpose of drying my clothes and making myself comfortable.

"I observed you in passing," he said, "and saw at the time the gathering storm of which you appeared unconscious."

I told him it was so, and further observed that my taste for solitary rambles had often led me into temporary difficulties, which I willingly encountered rather than resign my favorite pursuit. I then spoke in praise of the country, and the advantage of rural life, combining as it did, health, peace, and rational enjoyment. The old gentleman conversed agreeably and with cheerfulness; he displayed also, a knowledge of the world, which I was not prepared to expect from a person of his unpretending appearance.

I was at leisure to observe more particularly the decorations of the parlor in which we were sitting. It was neatly, even elegantly furnished. Many of the articles were of foreign manufactures, and some few valuable paintings adorned the walls. I rose to examine them. They possessed great merit. Over the chimney hung the miniature likeness of a lady. She was evidently the native of a foreign clime;—but how beautiful—those large full orbs of heavenly blue, how soft, how touchingly do they appeal to the very heart and soul of the beholder—that fair and polished brow, shaded by ringlets of rich brown—those oval cheeks, tinged with the most delicate shade of the rose—and those lips—exquisite lips! they must have been formed only to breathe sweets, and utter sounds of tender melody. I turned an inquiring glance at my host, but he did not speak, and my acquaintance with him was of a date too recent to permit inquiries which possibly might awaken painful reminiscence.

Supper was brought in, and my hospitable entertainer turning to the attendant who was in waiting, addressed to him some question in a low tone, to which he received an answer in the affirmative. Although prepared to take our seats at table the master of the house paused. In a few minutes, steps were heard drawing near, the room door was opened by the servant, and a gentleman appeared leading by the hand a very lovely little girl of about eight years of age, and followed by a respectable matronly looking lady, who drew near and gracefully bowing, took a seat at the head of the table.

We now placed ourselves around a board at which plenty and excellence of fare were combined. Cakes of various kinds, preserves, and excellent coffee, invited the taste. But, though tempted by a variety of good things to indulge an appetite which my recent exercise had rendered rather keen, I was unable to detach my mind sufficiently from the living objects before me to allow of my doing so.

The gentleman whom my host introduced by the name of Ermendorf, seemed about thirty-eight years of age, handsome, with a fine eye, and expressive countenance, but marked by deep melancholy, and bearing an appearance also of impaired health. His conversation was pleasing and ingenuous, his remarks just, his manner courteous and highly polished. The little girl, too—a sweet and lovely creature! She greatly resembled the miniature which I had been lately admiring. There were the same expressive eyes, the same expansive brow—the same unequalled mouth. I could scarcely withdraw my eyes from the contemplation of the perfect countenance. The lady, whom they addressed as Madame Vincent la Tour, was a woman of superior manners and deportment. She evidently had the charge of the interesting little Victorine.

When supper was finished, Madame prepared to withdraw with her young companion, not, however, before the latter had affectionately shaken hands by way of wishing good-night with the elder gentleman and my self, and tenderly embracing Ermendorf, whom she called uncle.

We then drew around the bright, replenished fire, and as the storm still continued, though somewhat abated in violence, my host, whose name I learned was Godfrey, urged me to remain in my present quarters for the night, opposing the sending for a conveyance of any sort, on the ground that the night was dark, the roads bad, and now washed by the rain, and finally said, there was plenty of room for me in the old mansion, "provided I was willing to put up with such accommodations as would be afforded me." To all this, I made the proper replies, and it ended in my becoming the guest of Mr. Godfrey for the night.

And here I found myself, by the most unlooked for chance, a guest, and as it appeared a favored one, in the very mansion which had so frequently been the subject of my curiosity and speculation. How strangely, sometimes, do things come to pass.

Our evening conversation was interesting in a high degree, and led to after communications, the nature of which cannot be detailed in the present letter, the length of which I fear has already exceeded the measure of your patience. I will defer, therefore, to my next, a further detail of my "experiences," at the hospitable mansion of Mr. Godfrey. Yours, respectfully,

A. E. L.

Wit is the most dangerous talent we can possess—it must be guarded with great discretion and good nature, otherwise it will create many enemies. Wit is perfectly consistent with softness and delicacy, yet they are seldom found united. Wit is so flattering to vanity, that they who possess it are intoxicated, and lose all self-command. Though it is the most captivating, yet it is the most dreaded of all talents; the most dangerous to those who have it, and the most feared by those who have it not. He who is grown rich without it, in safe and sober dulness, shuns it as a disease, and looks upon poverty as its invariable concomitant.—*Dr. Blair.*

Original.

PICTURES FROM A PAINTER'S LIFE.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

It was a balmy morning in the month of June. The school-bell in the little village of F———, Maine, was ringing its last warning peal, and a troop of rustic children were gathered at the porch. As the tall, gaunt master stalked through the throng, that divided hurriedly to make way for him, the frown deepened on a brow habitually stern; for he missed the fair face of one, who was too often a truant from his power. And where is he? The river-beach, about a mile distant from the school, is smiling in the light of the morning sun, and there, basking in its beams, on the warm and sparkling sand, sits a beautiful boy of seven years old. A profusion of golden hair waves back from the fair, transparent temples, and reveals a face glowing with health and joy. His red lips are slightly parted, his blue eyes raised, and gazing with more than childish exstacy on the changes of the light clouds, as they float in the blue air above him. In his dimpled hand he holds a slip of elderberry, with which he has been tracing figures in the sand. A ship—a hut—a tree—rudely sketched indeed, but still with a fidelity to nature, wonderful in one so young. And now he resumes his occupation with an earnestness, that proves his whole heart is in his play. We will not interrupt him; we will not tell him that the innocent and lovely little hand, which now yields him, with its skill, so pure a pleasure, is destined, to-morrow, to the torture of a ferule. We will leave him to his present enjoyment, and perhaps we may meet him again.

A large, grated apartment in the common jail at Charleston, South Carolina, is filled with prisoners. One of them is a fair, slight boy of ten years, in the graceful garb of a sailor. His cheek is pale by privation and early suffering; but in his eye, the fire and energy and truth of a high and dauntless spirit, are still unquenched. He is mounted on a barrel, and has sketched, with a bit of charcoal, the image of a spread eagle, beneath which he is now scrawling—"Liberty and Independence for ever!" At the sight of this motto—strange enough on a prison-wall—a shout arises from the spectators, and the youth turns his head and smiles. It is he!—the truant of the village school. But the scene changes. He is standing at the prison door. A lovely child, the jailor's daughter, is beside him. Her dark eyes filled with tears, are raised imploringly to his. She holds towards him the keys of the jail, while she intreats him to escape ere her father's return. With a smile of mingled pride and gratitude, he replies—"No, Mary, I should involve you in disgrace, if I did, and I would rather brave again the tyranny of the cruel captain, than so repay your kindness; but fear not, dear, I shall again escape from that hated ship, and will be more cautious than before, you may be sure."

On the summit of the Caraccas mountains, stands, with bare and bleeding feet, a youthful pilgrim. There is a faint flush on his cheek, which is yet soft and fair with the innocence of childhood, and his wild, sad eyes kindle with involuntary rapture as he gazes at the scene below him. Slung over his shoulder, on a staff, is a little knapsack, containing all his worldly possessions. It is the runaway sailor boy. He has seen but little more than ten years of actual life, but his heart, in that time, has lived *an age* of misfortune and grief and endurance. He is alone in the wide, wide world—poor—wretched—friendless. Does he weep? No! He has no tears left for himself—he has shed them all on the far off grave of his parents, and his keen blue eyes are tearless, but dark with unspeakable woe. He has walked, barefoot, nearly an hundred miles, in the course of eight days—sometimes sleeping on the ground, and once or twice, sheltered in the hut of some hospitable Indian or Spaniard, whose heart his tender youth—his patient, suffering, angel-smile have melted to compassion. He is now faint with hunger and fatigue. Does his young spirit fail him? No! There is a desperate pride and power within, that will not let him yield. He almost glories in his forlorn destiny, strange and sad as it is for one so young! He lifts his resolute brow to heaven with a trust that no danger or grief can subdue, and goes calmly on his way. A traveller meets him, and touched by his beauty and desolate appearance, offers him money. The boy's heart swells within him;—with a proud smile he thanks him, and refuses. No! with all his woes, he is still independent, thank God! He has still half a real—six cents—in his pocket, and shall he, who, since the age of eight years, has earned his own livelihood—shall he receive the bounty of a stranger? He passes on with a firmer step, forgetting his weariness in his pride. He hopes to find at La Guyra, an American ship, in which he can be allowed to work his passage home—to his mother's grave! and he strains his eyes to discover, through the mist, the starry flag of his native land. But suddenly his steps are arrested—he forgets all—his grief, his hope, his pride, his poverty—in the wondrous beauty of the scene beneath him. I will describe it in his own words, written, years afterwards, to a friend.

"A storm had been gradually brewing over the ruins of Caraccas, which lay at the foot of the mountain. The huge dense clouds gathered and rolled along the valley, 'till the place where I stood seemed but an island in mid-ocean. The birds flew wildly about. The creeping things hastened to their holes in the earth—the moan of the winds was hushed, and an awful silence spread over the rocky eminence. But the mist beneath, with its continual and ever-lovely changes in color and in shape, who would have dreamed, that the fierce tempest was brooding in the bosom of so much beauty? Yet so it was. Even the sun-born rainbows, smiling with their soft bloom through the shifting and darkening vapors—even they—evanescent and exquisitely beautiful as they were, seemed but bridges raised for the demon spirits of the storm to pass from cloud to cloud, directing as they went, the dread thunderbolt on its errand of destruction. The lurid fire shone even in the sunlight, and striking a little below the pinnacle, on

which I stood, hurled from its bed a massive rock, which, in descending the steep and rugged side, forced every thing before it, while hill to hill re-echoed the fearful sound long after it had reached the valley below. A more sublimely beautiful, yet terrific scene, could hardly be imagined; my soul swelled within me, and I was half frantic with delight, as I stood above the clouds and the storm, in the sunshine, and alone! It was a strange balm to my wounded and desolate heart, to feel that what to others of my fellow beings wore a gloomy and threatening aspect, to *me*, assumed a glory brilliant and gorgeous beyond description. But alas! the vision faded! the clouds were borne away upon the western wind, and I resumed my journey down the side of the mountain."

Gentle reader, let the author's wand—namely, his pen—transport you for a moment to a scene in London. One of the royal family is receiving, in his gorgeous saloon, the élite of English society. The Ducal palace is brilliantly illuminated. At the moment we raise the veil, the noble host courteously addresses a guest, in whom he seems particularly interested. It is a young, self-taught, American artist, whose pencil, employed for some of the noblest and loveliest in the land, has gained him a celebrity, which his genius and his inexhaustible energy richly deserve. A slight but elegant frame, evidently spirit-worn—a pale, intellectual face—eyes beaming with the beauty of an ardent soul—a forehead singularly fair and pure—a well-formed head, slightly, and rather proudly thrown back—a calm and graceful address. Can this be the poor and wretched sailor-boy, who stood, twelve years ago, with his little knapsack, alone, on the heights of Caraccas? Look at the white throat, the curved lip, with its sweet, yet half-disdainful smile; it is the same! He is happy now. Sought and caressed by the noble, the fair and the wise; loving and beloved by one, to whom his smile is dearer than the light of heaven. Is he quite happy? No. His restless ambition is still unsatisfied. He is nothing if he be not first; and he must still toil for pre-eminence.

Reader! do you care to know his present whereabout? More than twenty years have rolled by, since he was a happy truant from the village-school. But they have not chilled his heart, or weakened his spirit, or subdued his enthusiastic love of his profession. He has returned to his native land, prosperity and fame attending his steps, and his rooms are daily thronged with the lovely and gifted, of one of the principal cities in the union.

SELF-LOVE.

Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;
The centre mov'd, a circle strait succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads;
Friend, parent, neighbor, first it will embrace,
His country next, and next all human race.
Wide and more wide, the o'erflowing of the mind
Take ev'ry creature in of ev'ry kind.

Original.

SONNETS.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

I.

What marvel is it that, in other lands
And ancient days, men worshipped the divine
And brilliant majesty of stars that shine
Pure in their lofty spheres, like angel-bands?
With a deep reverence, when evening came
With her high train of shadows, have I bowed
Beneath the Heaven, as each new-lighted flame,
Glowed in the sapphire free from mist or cloud:
A holy presence seemed to fill the air;
Invisible spirits, such as live in dreams,
Came floating down on their celestial beams,
And from my heart there rose a silent prayer.
What marvel, then, that men of yore could see
In each bright star a glorious Deity!

II.

Dost thou remember, friend, the rude, wild place
We visited together long ago?
The mountains with their diadems of snow;
The valleys robed in verdure at their base;
The broad, strong river which the eye could trace,
Forcing through broken rocks its silver speed,
'Till, on the open plain, like courser freed,
It dashed and bounded in exulting race;
The clump of woods, the hermitage, the spire,
That in the sunrise glittered like a fire,
To guide the traveller to the distant town;
The narrow, winding road, the ruin gray
That once a castle was, of old renown—
Sight of past years! it seems of yesterday.

Original.

GLIMPSES OF TRUTH.

BY MISS A. D. WOODBRIDGE.

Truth, Heavenly Truth, unveil'd her face,
And bounding from her holy mount,
Each lineament, so full of grace,
Was mirrored in a chrystal fount;

The fount of knowledge—and we press'd
To gaze with rapture, and adore—
But, ah! to lure, or mock our quest,
That face was hidden as before.

Then Science stoop'd with out-spread wing,
And bore us to Truth's radiant shrine—
How did our hearts exulting spring!
We met her glance, her smile benign.

And now before the source of Truth,
Our spirits would adoring fall,
And give the love, "the dew of youth,"
To the Eternal All in All.

Original.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A VISIT TO CARLSBAD.

IN FOUR PARTS.—PART I.

BY THEODORE S. FAY.

You do not require to be told that the Watering Places form one of the most prominent and curious features of Germany. But without actually coming here you will scarcely comprehend how attractive they are to all who have means and time to visit them. They are to the German what newspapers and politics are to us. From the King and Emperor to the postillion, peasant, and wandering Polish Jew, with his true Shylock costume, all at some period of their lives seek relief from "the ills that flesh is heir to," at Carlsbad, Wiesbaden, Baden-Baden, or some of the other two or three hundred sources with which nature has dotted this beautiful country. There are not wanting some who look grave and wise and find that they spoil the stomach and the teeth, and even where they afford relief, create a new want which renders them necessary the rest of one's life. There are veteran water-drinkers to be met with who have repeated the cure ten, twenty, and thirty years. I do not believe they hurt the teeth unless injudiciously taken, but like every thing good on the globe, they are doubtless liable to abuse. I have taken them two years, and found much relief, but I must add, I am not completely cured and cannot fairly form any opinion on my own experience. It is also difficult to detect the part which the *water* has in the benefit one finds during an excursion to a fresh mountainous country, and after five or six weeks of temperate living, total relaxation from business, fresh air, and a continual round of exhilarating amusements. Still I do not see why the benevolent Providence which has furnished the earth with things enough obviously for the use of man—which has given the waving grain, the grape, the pure spring, and so many various herbs, minerals, etc., for the cure of his diseases—I do not see why Providence may not have also provided these wonderful medical fountains for the especial purpose for which they are believed efficacious. There is a spirit of *materialism* in this age, the result of a re-action of the age of superstition, by which man takes a too *philosophical* view of every thing. Vain Science may penetrate a short distance into the means made use of by the sublime Creative Power, but must come very soon, to the limits of its little sphere, and acknowledge at last the hand of God in all around us. There is to me something peculiarly probable in the belief that the paternal care which has given the fruit for our food, and the flowers for our pleasure, has caused to leap from the earth, for the healing of the sick, these health-giving streams.

There is one way in which the German is doubtless injured by his mineral-waters. During the long winter, the recollection of them gives a sort of hardihood to his feats at table and in prolonging another hour one of his sumptuous repasts, he thinks as he enters upon a new bottle, "no matter, *Carlsbad* will set all right!"

I visited Carlsbad last summer. The "merry, merry month of June," had just set in as I started on my journey. The winter had been long and dismal. I had been occupied in a way which rendered exercise and change of air and scene as agreeable as it was necessary, and my heart leaped with something of the old ardor of boyhood as I mounted, at nine in the morning, into the *Coupè* of the Dresden *Eilwagen*, my way being through the metropolis of Saxony, along the edge of that romantic piece of scenery called *Saxon Switzerland*, and into Bohemia, through Teplitz to Carlsbad.

Berlin, however rich in architectural magnificence, and however invaluable a resource we have found its *Thiergarten*, (animal garden,) with the other royal grounds of Potsdam, Shönhausen, Charlottenburg, etc., is poisoned in the summer by the odors from the *gutters* in which the water stagnates, from the dead level of the city, there not being sufficient descent to give even a motion to the contents.* I can scarcely express, therefore, the feeling of pleasure with which I found myself seated in the high open cabriolet of the ponderous, but comfortable *Schnellpost*, breathing fresh country air with several foreign cities, (for I meant also to see Leipsic,) rising in my perspective.

We travelled all day through a country not rendered remarkable by any peculiar feature, but growing prettier and more varied. If there is in this old world, any situation particularly delightful, and which, (notwithstanding the sobering years I have seen roll over my head, with their various pains, lessons, and grave experiences,) I enjoy *almost* as keenly as when I first saw the famed shores of Europe and Africa rise together out of the sea, it is just the one in which I now found myself. A sunshiny, bland June morning, a high open seat in a diligence, setting off with the crack of the whip and strains of the postillion's horn, *to travel*. Although I feel as seriously as another the sturdy blows with which Fortune impels us on our path through the world, yet on these occasions I possess the happy faculty of leaving care behind. I can untie and throw aside

"The pedlar's pack that bows the bearer down,"

and I am convinced no Emperor in his luxurious carriage, whirled from court to court, and from palace to palace, ever enjoyed such a continued series of happy sensations as I have always felt in my wanderings. Motion itself is a happiness. The sensation of being borne along by those twelve powerful legs, which you have not even the trouble to lift, the effervesence of the blood from the movement of the carriage, the rapid rising up and passing away of new, unexpected, bright-colored, various objects, pursuing each other like soft visions of imagination, the balmy sweet air in the face, and sending its subtle virtue not only through your body, but into your mind and heart, the little thousand inci-

* Of the blessings which every one ought to hold indispensable, pure air is one of the first. Travellers wonder with reason, that an evil so injurious to every inhabitant, and which might be remedied with some of the money appropriated to temples, palaces, portals, fountains, etc., should remain a disgrace to so great and splendid a metropolis; but the present king, *it is said*, intends to put an end to this nuisance by means of steam, besides making the most striking improvements in the town.

dents occurring, the fields, hills, gardens, and streams, all pouring upon the eye in an endless yet well arranged crowd, filling the mind with sweet harmless thoughts, and turn out of that mysterious temple, the dark weary phantoms which have been lurking there, perhaps for months, making themselves a home and an altar where they would scarcely linger an instant were we more familiar with religion and nature.

In the *intérieur* of the diligence, was a young man upon whom the charm of travel also appeared to have an exhilarating effect. Every time we stopped, this interesting subject, without the least hesitation or embarrassment, and regardless of the indignant glances of fathers and mothers made it a point to select the prettiest girl to be seen among the servants, or, "by 'r lady!" the daughters of the landlord himself, and with a boldness which made effective resistance impossible, gave her a hearty kiss. The young ladies' blushed, pouted, frowned, and smiled, but it was never 'till the adventurous young sinner had partaken once or twice, and after various broken exclamations, pushings, and contortions, with which nature has providentially provided young ladies as a defence in such emergencies, that they disentangled themselves from the familiarities of the newly arrived guest. The aggressor was not handsome, yet he effected his purpose with impunity, I believe, the length of the day's road. It is not the first time I have had occasion to observe how much straight-forward impudence, unembarrassed by a regard for minor considerations, often procures for a man in this world.

After travelling many hours on the road to Dresden, we saw the day-light yet in the heavens, at 11 o'clock, at night. The inhabitants of New-York have no idea of the charm of the long days and almost unending twilight of these more northern latitudes. They are almost a substitute for a southern climate. The traveller has an opportunity of watching its beauty and beholding the day scarcely depart in the west before it reappears in the east. I have experienced the delightful sensation of sleeping in the open air all night, and I could not but envy the inhabitants of those climates which permit of this habit through the year. It is as grateful to the physical health as to the imagination. The air was full of perfume. As we dashed along I could distinguish different tracts of it—now wafted from fields and woods, now from streams and gardens. What exquisite care in ministering to his common creatures Providence has taken, who not only supplies our real wants, but who has thus shed upon the air these soothing influences. The clear sky and bright stars thus seen throughout the whole night, become objects of new interest, and I could almost fancy myself one of the shepherd people who, in the beautiful plains of Babylon and Egypt, in the early ages of the world, first began the study of those wonderful bodies. Since that period, how many a great mind has occupied itself with unravelling the secrets of this boundless region. From Thales and Pythagoras, to Ptolemy and Copernicus, from Tycho Brahe, to Galileo, Kepler, Descartes and Newton. Each immortal spirit has raised itself to that sublime height where in proportion as its mystery is cleared, it appears to be but a simple type to man of God's greatness and goodness.

The sky at night is an object of which I am never tired. It is always new, thrilling and sublime. There are amateurs of earthy art who can gaze for ever upon the perfect pieces of their favorite masters, but how much more worthy of continual contemplation is this spectacle where God reveals himself indirectly to man. Who can *doubt* while gazing here? The more the subject is studied, the more it will be found a simple, intelligible emanation from the Creating and Superintending Power. Bring to examine it the genius of heathen philosophy, which was suffered, (doubtless with a wise intention, to soar as far as humanity could soar, without the direct aid of heaven,) or the great leaders of science since christianity was bestowed upon the world, and all those various and acute minds unite in discovering in these realms, a stupendous and undeniable proof of a wise, powerful, conscious, watchful Power, who made, who upholds, and who presides over it with a particular view *to man*. Whoever, with any intelligence and information, regards the heavens at night, can as well shut his eyes to their beams as to the truth they communicate. How singular it is that man bestows so little of his attention on this subject—that he sees, night after night, and year after year, this great sign in the heavens—this eternal writing on the wall, thus visible at a glance to all mankind in a moment marked from the beginning of time in characters of light and fire, open to the study of every body, and repaying every observation of it with promises and proofs of subjects infinitely more interesting than any thing else, and yet that he too often beholds his life slip away without raising his eyes there, and learning by such large contemplations the smallness of the mere earthly objects which he is spending his time in pursuing.

A part of the cloudless and short night was passed in these reflections, 'till at length, with the gentlest of breezes occasionally wafting into my face sweeps of perfume, the pretty notes of the postillion's horn, the trampling of the horses over the broad excellent road, the barking of a dog now and then roused from his sleep, all mingling in my dreams with an effect not at all disagreeable, I sank to sleep, from which I did not wake 'till a pearly tender light had thrown over nature a new style of coloring, and the peasants were passing us in small parties by the road-side. By and by we came to a small town in Saxony. It was as entirely deserted as a theatre would be at the same hour, but it was heavily hung with garlands, and we passed several times under a massy chain of evergreens and flowers extending from house to house across the street. I forget what fête it was which had been celebrated the day before.

EVERY period of life has its peculiar prejudices: whoever saw old age, that did not applaud the past and condemn the present times?—*Montaigne.*

Original.

THE BARD'S IDEAL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'ATALANTIS,' 'THE YEMASSEE,' ETC.

"Shall I not
Feel all I see, less dazzling, but more warm?
The bodiless thought—the spirit of each spot—
Of which, even now, I share, at times, th' immortal lot."
Byron—Childe Harold.

I.

Not like the rest, an image still retreating,
That wooes in mockery and but wooes to fly—
Still, as at first, thy lovely presence meeting,
Soothes the dark shades that gather on mine eye;
Beneath thy morning glance the gloom is fleeting,
The tempest's self subsides into a sigh,
And thousand darting forms, the exile greeting,
Restore his youth—persuade him of its sky.

II.

Rose of the enamor'd heart, as soft as glowing,
Star of the vex'd and tempest troubled soul,
Shining with hallowed beam upon its flowing,
Silvering the waters that must ever roll;
Bird of the mazy note, the song bestowing,
Whose tones come o'er us with a strange control;
Leaf, bud, and flower, for each affection growing,
Gladd'ning each sense and rousing up the whole.

III.

Bright shadow of the being we desire,
When, from our feet, the mortal clog is gone;
That keep'st the virgin voices of the lyre,
And know'st to wake them into living tone;
Unsleeping watcher of that sacred fire,
Perpetual-springing, near the eternal throne
Whose every hour of tendance, brings us nigher
The only realm of rapture ever known.

IV.

Sweet voice, that in the forest calls upon me,
When woods are dim and falling shadows deep;
Dear smile, that midst the gloom of night has won me,
To love her coming, and with love to weep;
And, when the strifes of fortune have undone me,
Whose murmuring blessings to my bosom creep—
Sufficent solace, though the world may shun me,
My sad heart, in that happiest faith to keep.

V.

With pow'r to hallow where thy foot is planted,
And wake the blossom into being there;
With smile to make the saddest home enchanted,
And break the iron sceptre of despair;
I pant to find thee, as the hart hath panted,
For the cool brooks when flying fast in fear;
With staggering limbs, and spirit dim and daunted,
The hunter on his flanks the danger near.

VI.

Come to me with thy voice of loftiest power,
And quell the demon raging in my breast;
Lead me, thou gentle! to thy shady bow'r,
And lull me in thy snowy arms to rest;
Above my head, oh! hang thy sweetest flow'r,
And wake the song-bird slumbering in his nest,
Nor let me measure the departing hour
When thou hast made me thus, so truly, blest!

VII.

Back, lead me, to the long estranged dwelling,
The sweet white cottage by the lake's green side;
Once more that prattling strain, from streamlet welling
Above the grassy marge that strove to hide;
Bring me my wings—the birds for ever swelling
A fond spring carol, winter's steps to chide,
And then, that sleepless hope, the rest excelling,
That, through my homage, still sustained my pride.

VIII.

They come—I hear thy silver sounds decreeing!
Ah, truest!—thou art pow'r in love array'd—
Love is the essence of thy birth and being,
At the heart's portals are thy dwellings made;
Thou cheer'st the exile from the cold world fleeing,
Thou guid'st him fondly to the sacred shade;
All-lifting, all-endowing and all-freeing—
Ah, generous! they are here with whom I played.

IX.

In thee they rise, in thee they gather round me,
The crowding hopes and images of youth;
Each spell that won, each phantasy that bound me,
Assuasive yet, as if they still were sooth;
With all to win, no tone or look to wound me,
With cheeks all tenderness and eyes all ruth,
No form forgot, no friend that boyhood found me,
No smile that cheer'd me, and that seem'd like truth.

X.

Bright as the morning when the sun is blushing,
Soft as the rainbow when the storm is o'er;
Sweet as the zephyr o'er the still lake rushing,
Dear as the holy shrine the good adore;
Winning as waters through the forest gushing,
Soothing as hopes that come when we deplore;
Blessing as airs that say the storm is hushing,
And sweet as dreams that bid us weep no more.

XI.

Thou hast the charm—in thee is all the sweetness,
Of bud and bird, and flow'r, and ray, and hue;
Thine eye hath all the light, thy step the fleetness,
Thou art the soul, the sun, the pure, the true;
I look for thee at morn, and in thy splendor,
I ask not for the presence of the sun;
And in thy blue eyes and their aspect tender,
Still deem the heaven above, and they, are one.

W. G. S.

Original.

BEAUTY IN THE NIGHT-WATCHES;

A VISION.

BY THE LATE GRENVILLE MELLEN.

I HAD been treading the broad terraces
That circle the great capitol. A light
Hung over the hush'd city—and the skies
Were eloquent with stars—those monitors,
That speak in such deep language to the soul.
And with me there walked one, whose spirit lov'd,
E'en as my own—to travel the vast fields
Of the unbounded Future, and the Past—
Those lands without horizon!—One, who lov'd
To fathom the deep places of the mind—
That yet seem all unfathom'd!—to go in
To those Golcondas of philosophy,
Where gleams the jewelry of mysteries—
Those bright things, but uncertain—that for aye
Allure but never satisfy—whose best light
But beams upon the wonders of the soul,
The marvels of this strange Intelligence,
But sheds no radiance beyond the tomb.
We parted—and the visions of that world
Of which we hear the voices—but see not—
Were round me, as with slow and dreamy step,
I enter'd my dim chamber; and I turn'd
To my still pillow, as accompanied
With thoughts that did take shapes—and had become
A shadowy band about me.

As I slept,
A creature of that beauty that awakes
Our prayers and tears—that beauty, which of old
Made our heart thankful as we hallow'd it,
And worship'd as the idol of our life,
Came palpably before me. She was one
That I had lov'd in my heart's morning—one,
O'er whom the music of young Passion fell,
When I first touch'd' its wire. One I had lov'd,
When Woman was an angel from the sky,
With whom I should tread upward to that home!
Her beauty was still wonderful—her eye
Beam'd with that blue intensity, that made
Its lustre and its loveliness in life,
But a new glory started from its deep,
And a strange brilliancy, like that of stars,
Gleam'd from its fountain home! Upon her brow
Something celestial sat—as in the years
When I bow'd to it, and my leaping heart
Told the unbought confession of my love.
A paleness, only as it comes in dreams—
So like the pallidness of sculpture!—seem'd
Thron'd there in purity. Her golden hair
Hung like a cloud about her—shadowing
The form it could not hide—where Beauty spake,
In tones of that sweet mastery, which lips
Will sometimes give to creatures of this earth.
Oh! what a spirit had she, as she rose
Into the light of years!—how her laugh rang!
How sprang she on her path, where flowers and bloom
Sway'd to her footsteps—while the joy of song
Was ever on her tongue—the melody
Of a fine heart, that knew not blight nor tears!
And such she stood before me in that dream—
I saw the glitt'ring eye—I heard the laugh
Ring from the grave, as I had heard it once,
Like music, ring amid the joyousness
Of hearth and hall; as I had heard it once,
When troops of friends were round her—and her voice
Fell like a tone of magic on the ear.
I heard—but my heart echoed—and my joy
Seem'd a strange joy of fear—that joy which comes,
Shadow'd with terror, but enthrals us still—
That knows no sound in language, that can tell
Of what it whispers, when the stilly night
Unpeoples the far grave, and marshals up
Its tenants to your pillow—with their wands
That beckon to the cold futurity,
And write new records of forgotten time!
I heard—I saw. And as that jewell'd eye
Fell on me, and one near me, that I lov'd,
E'en us a brother—with a shivering shriek,
And a loud laugh, I turned—and shrunk—and gaz'd.
There was a spell upon me. I would ask
Things of the cloudy land from which she came,
But my lip quiver'd, and my palsied tongue
Knew nought of utterance. I would ask her eye,
By eye's glance questioning, on what it look'd
From the great starry pathway of the soul—
But my gaze grew forgetful—as the gaze
Of him, who, like a spectre, walks the crowd,
With his sight's veil uplifted, but with night
Upon his eye-balls.—I would ask her heart,
If its pulsations told that tale of earth,
That they once told—strong—yet in purity—
When I was bow'd to win it, and adore!
But awe was on my spirit—and I stood
Dumb in that angel-presence, as tho' power
And spell of fiend was on me, from that home
Where fiends ride chaos in their revelry!
But who might dream the glitter of that eye
On her who leant upon me?—They had been
Sisters in life, nor yet in death estranged—
For she had smooth'd her pillow—and had wept
Her farewell over it, when words were gone!
They had been sisters—and had walk'd the fields,
The garden and the hall—arm still in arm,
'Till the child's years were merg'd in womanhood,
And sorrow mark'd the record of their days!
And now, from the dim kingdom of the tomb,
The lost one rose upon us, like the sound
Of scarce remember'd music—wildering,
Yet blessed to the soul it renovates.
Yet she, her best-lov'd, and her last, beheld,
And shudder'd as she gaz'd—and to me clung
In prayer for mercy, 'mid that palsying joy!
It could not last. I struggled—and I woke.
My hand was press'd upon my beaded brow,
And my wet hair about my temples hung,
While my heart echoed, as though stirr'd by sound
Of a war trumpet!

Original.

THE FOREST LEAVES.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

Art sorry for the forest-leaves?
That all neglected, sere and dry,
Partake no renovating gale,
No drop of mercy from the sky?

So late, upon the airy bough,
In beauty, health, and pride elate,
They leap'd, they danc'd, they woo'd the breeze,
Exulting in their high estate.

They drank the shower, they caught the beam,
They inly thrill'd with rapture's sigh,
As music from the warbling train,
Their minstrel-tenants, floated by.

November came—they shuddering fell,
The plague-spot mark'd them, deep and sore.—
Thrust like the leprous mourner forth,
To see their greenwood home no more.—

Sweet friends we've had—who made the tree
Of life, as beautiful, and fair;
Bright sparkling in the dews of youth,
And all untouch'd by pain or care.

They pal'd! They fell! Deploring Love
Beheld them vanish as a dream,
And Music bow'd upon her harp,
And wept like those by Babel's stream.

Yet fell they not to rise again?
Thro' Him who hath the power to save,
Thro' Him who for his followers rent
The bondage of the insatiate grave?

He will not break the bruised leaf
Wild eddying o'er the frost-bound plain,
Nor cast away the contrite soul,
Joy! joy! they died to live again.

Original.

TURN THE PAGE.

BY THE REV. J. H. CLINCH.

Student, by the lamp's pale light,
Turn the page—what greets thy sight?
Dogmas new of earthly lore,
Wisdom—never scanned before.

Poet! o'er thy page of snow
Mournful strains, like tear drops, flow;
Hope would fain thy woes assuage
Change thine hand and turn the page.

Reader of historic lore,
Dark the events thou connest o'er,
Deeds of blood and deeds of pain;
Turn the page and break the chain.

Maiden, while thine eye doth rove
O'er some magic tale of love,
Now in hope and now despair
Turn the page—what see'st thou there?

Man of mammon, ever seen
O'er thy ledger poring keen,
Life and soul thou'st given for gain,
Turn the page—thou'st read in vain.

Man, before whose thoughtful eye
Earth and time go sweeping by,
Thou hast turned another page
In the volume of thine age.

Every year that fades and dies
Leaves a lesson for the wise,
And from every page they turn
Truth and wisdom deep they learn.

Original.

TO THE HUDSON.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

The writer's first passage up the Hudson was on a tranquil night at the close of summer, a clear moonshine making the stars pale in the deep sky. Nothing could exceed the loveliness of the scene, as doubling point after point, the river at each turn revealed a new aspect of beauty. It was no longer the majestic Hudson, sweeping its proud waters to the ocean, bearing a fleet upon its bosom, and making a grand highway for wealth and luxury; but a graceful, sentient creature, with an onward purpose, gliding amid the hills, and smiling as it overcame the obstacles in its path.

Oh! river, gently as a wayward child
I saw thee 'mid the moonlight hills at rest—
Capricious thing, with thine own beauty wild,
How did'st thou still the throbbings of thy breast!
Rude headlands were about thee, stooping round
As if amid the hills to hold thy stay;
But thou did'st hear the far-off ocean sound,
Inviting thee from hill and vale away
To mingle thy deep waters with its own;
And, at that voice, thy steps did onward glide,
Onward from echoing hill and valley lone;
Like thine, oh, be my course—nor turned aside,
While listing to the soundings of a land,
That like the ocean call invites me to its strand.

Money, being the common scale
Of things by measure, weight, and tale,
In all th' affairs of church and state,
'Tis both the balance and the weight;
Money is the sov'reign power,
That all mankind falls down before:
'Tis virtue, wit, and worth, and all,
That men divine and sacred call:
For what's the worth of any thing,
But so much *money* as t'will bring.—*Hudibras.*

Original.

THE UNION OF THE STATES.

BY WILLIAM G. HOWARD.

"The star-spangled banner, oh, long may it wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!"

It is a sage, no less than trite aphorism, that excessive prosperity, in the course of events, necessarily begets disastrous adversity. If we carefully inspect the career of a single individual, or the embodied history of the human race, we shall discover the most indubitable evidences of the correctness of this maxim. Indeed, an exception to this universal law would be, peculiarly, a *rara avis*," and would be much more difficult to be found than those verdant oases, which are so sparsely scattered over the arid bosom of the desert. Such being the case, that individual evinces the utmost stretch of wisdom, who conscious of the mutability of external objects, never permits the dreamy listlessness of a presumptuous security to overpower his spirit. He is most prudent and sagacious, who fondly seizes, and eagerly appropriates to his own use, those precepts of experience, which are so legibly traced on every page of the recorded transactions of men endowed with like infirmities and passions with himself. By investigating the origin, the progress, and the termination of human conduct, he will be able to discover the obscure relations of cause and effect; and, in this way, will often discern the most abrupt contrasts firmly united in the impenetrable mysteries of providential enactment. And thus, by making the unerring course of the "Divinity, who shapes our ends," he will learn, in his own province of duty and of usefulness, to select and to avoid, to choose and to reject, as the experience of bygone ages may direct.

Nor is the priceless wisdom derived from history of less moment to men, in reference to their public than to their private affairs. The same general laws of action, which govern man as an individual, regulate also the concerns of societies and kingdoms. The fortunes of the mass are equally as variable and uncertain as are those of the isolated member of the human species; and no extraneous resource whatever, can preserve them unharmed against the operations of similar accidents. A boundless extent of territory, a prolific population, munitions of war, embattled hosts, and all the imposing paraphernalia of aggression and defence, are not always an effectual preservation against a nation's decline, and its ultimate and entire extinction. The history of the past is fruitful in lessons on this subject. The proudest and the mightiest empires of earth have met with the most signal, and decisive, and tremendous overthrow. Where is Thebes, with her splendid monuments and her hundred gates? Where is "Babylon the Great," with her magnificent towers and bulwarks? and where are Ninevah, and Sparta, and Troy, and the long catalogue of mighty cities, which flourished in the olden time, and whose names are heralded by the trumpet of Fame? They have all been levelled in the dust, and their pomp and grandeur have vanished into the distant past. The very spot which they occupied, has become, in some instances, despite of their imagined immortality, a matter of extreme uncertainty. They blazed for awhile, like the meteor on the brow of night, with surpassing brilliancy, but soon their beauty and glory were obscured in the darkness of a seven-fold night. And thus, their, history exhibits, in characters of light, the solemn and momentous truth, that political prosperity invariably generates those countless forms of corruption, which weaken and impair, and, in the event, violently prostrate the edifice of national power and grandeur. "At length the young disease, which must subdue, grows with the growth, and strengthens with the strength."

If the preceding suggestions be correct, it is highly fitting that we should occasionally survey the condition and the prospects of our favored Republic; it is peculiarly appropriate that we should examine our present propitious circumstances as contrasted with the earliest and gloomiest periods of our country's history. The "tide of time" is continually bearing us on farther and farther from the auspicious era when our country's freedom was achieved, and we are becoming rapidly contaminated by the malignant influence of the same giant power, which trampled into ruin the republics of antiquity. It needs not the ken of a "prophet, or the son of a prophet," to predict with mathematical precision the future and utter extermination of our happy Union, unless a redeeming influence is sent abroad to avert the march of the destroyer. A prosperity unbounded and unparalleled, a surprizing increase of population, and territory, and power, the incessant clashing of multifarious opposing interests, sectional jealousies, and political rivalries—these are all combined to diminish the lustre of public virtue, and to extinguish the effulgent glories of these blood-bought states.

We are fast forgetting, in the overweening pride of national might and character, that, once, these powerful states were compelled to struggle in desperate conflict for their very existence. We gaze, with emotions of inexpressible rapture, at the rapid advancement of our country towards the zenith of dignity and grandeur, and the memory of the humble outset of her political being is obliterated from the mind. We glance an eye athwart the wide expanse of our valleys, we scale the almost inaccessible summits of our mountains, we behold the hardy oaks of a century, falling before the axe of the adventurous pioneer in our western forests, and the deep shades of that vast wilderness fast merging in the brilliant light of civilization and improvement, cities and villages springing into life as by magic, every medium to honor, and authority and wealth thronged with impetuous aspirants, the sails of our commercial enterprize unfurled in every clime, and courting every breeze; we view all this, we are delighted and entranced at the sight, and we are not inclined to remember that *instability* is inscribed on every thing beneath the sun, and that the fabric of our government, majestic and symmetrical as it now appears, is subject to the same laws of durability and decay, which are wisely ordained for all nations by the providence of God.

How necessary is it then that we should ever cherish the recollection, amidst our rapid growth and consequent prosperity, that these very blessings, as we are apt to esteem them, may be the very instrumentalities employed to work out our destruction. How indispensably requisite that we should frequently compare the manhood with the infancy of our beloved country, its early struggles with its final triumphs, and its present elevated stand, that we may thus be the better prepared to guard against danger, and to maintain the lofty eminence, which we now so nobly occupy.

There is one method, and only one, by which, with all our unbounded prosperity, we can escape those terrific calamities, which have desolated many of the fairest portions of the world, and that is the predominance of moral principle among the people. It was moral principle that pervaded the breasts, and ruled the conduct of the founders of our liberty, and to this were they indebted for their brilliant exploits and glorious success. The common infirmities of our nature seemed to be purged away from those extraordinary men; the love of self was absorbed in their more passionate love of country. The minor impulses of feeling retired abashed, and truth, wisdom, humanity and justice preeminently controlled their hearts and governed their councils. Neither ancient nor modern days can furnish a set of men, who will bear a moment's comparison with those devoted spirits. History is ransacked in vain to find a parallel. Pore over its pages from cover to cover. They are crimsoned with blood, and awfully polluted and disfigured with the marks of every species of infamy and crime. The scattered rays of light, which beam forth here and there, are like the faint glimmerings of a taper in a world of midnight darkness. Nothing in the character of man can be found, in all his extended annals, in his best and his worst estate, so much exempt from the natural frailty of human nature, as the immaculate purity, the stern integrity, the guiltless purpose, and the unalloyed patriotism of the Fathers of the Revolution. Let but these feelings influence their posterity, and then, from age to age shall our course be surely and swiftly onward in the path of peace and honor and prosperity.

But it is not merely as an abstract truth of universal application, that we have urged the imperative necessity of moral principle among the people. There exists a *high* and *peculiar* reason for its existence among us. The massive pillars of our social compact are deeply imbedded in the *moral sense* of our countrymen. The basis of our republican institutions was laid, and the superstructure was reared by sentiment—virtuous, enlightened sentiment, and by the same efficient means they must be supported, or they will crumble into ruins. And the encouragement presented us to labor for the dissemination of such sentiments, is abundant indeed. The public mind is strongly awake to the reception of truth; and moral influences can now be exerted with remarkable appropriateness and commanding effect.

There cannot exist the shadow of a doubt that the frame-work—the bone and muscle and sinew, of our body politic is as near an approximation to the workmanship of a perfect artist, as our lapsed nature will permit. It is not composed of materials which will perish in the using, nor will it ever yield to the corrosive tooth of decay. No external power, however mighty, could avail to overturn the edifices, nor could any internal weakness suffice to cause it to collapse and fall. Enemies within and without, may bring every conceivable instrument of destruction to bear against it, but their most vigorous exertions will prove utterly abortive. In order to disunion, and all its attendant and consequent horrors, the public mind must become debased, and public morals must become extinct. An ordinate attachment to self must predominate over a generous and manly spirit of concession, and mere party feeling and interest must gain an ascendancy over an expanded affection for the Union before the spectre of desolation shall laugh in triumph over the broken fragments of the once beautiful fabric of American freedom.

There is one characteristic peculiar to our form of government, which bespeaks, with emphasis, its perpetuity, if only the public conscience is sufficiently sensitive, and that is its eminent adaptation to promote the highest good of *all* its various subjects. A just and impartial administration would communicate peace and happiness alike to all. There is no vital centre, "the heart of hearts," the fountain of being and prosperity, slightly connected with remote extremities, to which scarcely reaches the genial current of metropolitan favor. Each state is a sovereignty within itself, with powers reserved amply sufficient to manage its own concerns. The federal Union is a treaty between different states, separately independent, in which is drawn, as plainly as with a pencil of light, the lines of limit between functions delegated and retained. The general government is thus relieved from the oppressive cares of state legislation, and from a multiplicity of local matters, which would distract its attention, and perplex its councils.

The great and striking beauty of this system is, that it attaches to every member of the confederacy an equal value and importance. This is an object of no trivial consequence. Though they may be leagues asunder, and though mountains and rivers may intervene between them, yet they can and *must* participate alike in the blessings and privileges of the Union. Indeed, if the number of the states should be increased to any conceivable extent, there exists no plausible reason why they might not as readily and easily be united under one administration, as are those, which now compose this happy republic. As that grand and indefinable law of nature—the law of gravitation—retains in their orbits the countless worlds, which revolve in the immensity of space, and binds them together in majestic harmony of movement; so the great and universal law of sympathy and a common interest may, 'till the world grows old and dies, run through and connect these states into one mighty body, cherishing, enlightening, and invigorating the whole.

The suggestions, which we have thus advanced, necessarily induce us to recur to the position with which we started in the outset, that our existence, as a

nation, depends on an illuminated, exalted, and purified public sentiment. The religion of Him, who expired on Calvary, with its severe exactions, its Heavenly doctrines, and its sublime morality, is the very key-stone of our political arch. With this we are secure, whatever else may betide us; without it we are in constant and imminent peril, whatever else we may possess. Wealth and Honor are nothing. Science and Literature are nothing. Intelligence, as widely diffused as the air of heaven, is nothing. A happy form of goverment is nothing. A soil rich as is that which spreads out its broad bosom to an Italian sky; an atmosphere redolent with the spicy aroma of Arabia Felix; these are "nothing and vanity" for the preservation of republican institutions, unless the glorious gospel of the Redeemer of man attune the heart and mind of man to the practice of those public virtues, which the Bible alone can teach. Neither the walls nor towers of mighty Babylon nor the imperial city—nor the wealth of Crœsus—nor the morals of Socrates nor Seneca—nor the beauty and verdure of Parnassus—nor the sparkling waters of Castalia—neither science nor letters nor philosophy nor poetry nor eloquence, could preserve the republics of antiquity from one and the same downward current to the yawning gulf of degradation and ruin. And the reason is perfectly obvious. The scriptures, with their conservative influences were not there. The religion of the contemned Nazarene was not there to impart to public and private morality its proper support, to confine it to its proper standard, to restrain its versatilities, and to give to honor and truth and virtue, "a local habitation and a name." The nations of antiquity were all corrupted by excessive prosperity, and their glory departed; and so will all human greatness and grandeur utterly fade away, unless its colorings be drawn from the empyreal light of Heaven.

Original.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF AN AMERICAN GENTLEMAN,

Who was drowned by the upsetting of a passage-boat, on the Danube, in May 1839.

BY ISAAC M'LELLAN, JR.

By the wild Danube's shore,
Amid the moss-grown urns and sloping stones
Of a strange burial-place, rest thy bones
For ever more!

There, where the weeping willow
Droops its light tassels in the rushing wave,
Sprinkling thy sod with tears from the blue billow,
Is scooped thy grave.

The tolling bell
Of the rude Russian village, never sends
To thy obscure and melancholy cell,
Thy sorrowing friends—

But only the sad train
Of strangers, mourning in their unknown tongue,
Breathe, as they bear their dead, the funeral strain
The graves among.

At times th' unlettered boor,
And the dark-bearded soldier idly pass—
Crossing, at eve, the wide and dreary moor,
Thro' the rank grass.

But of the stranger's mound,
Heaped with the blossoming wild-flower and the weed,
As slow with sauntering step they pace the ground,
They take no heed.

No sacred tear e'er fell,
Nor heartfelt sob of keen regretful tone,
As they might stop thy foreign name to spell
Upon the stone.

It matters not, poor dust!
For there be those far in thine own green lands
Who, though they see not the funereal bust
That o'er thee stands,

Yet bend in fancy there,
And cast the flowery wreath, and dress the bier,
And o'er thy ashes breathe the votive prayer,
And drop the tear.

The sister and the child,
That little blooming blossom thou did'st love,
Their sighs will waft across the ocean wild,
Like Noah's dove,

And their fast streaming eyes
Will deeply mourn thee, and their aching heart
Following thy freed spirit to the skies,
Where now thou art.

And we who gaily crossed
With thee the blue Atlantic's wide expanse,
And tracked the Seine, and down the Rhone were tossed
Thro' smiling France,

And thro' sweet Arno's vale,
And the green plains where fair Italia mourns—
And all her Ruins tell their mournful tale
Like funeral urns.

And we, whose footsteps trod
With thee, the mountain solitudes of Greece,
Tracing the grass-grown marbles of her sod—
Her Shrines of Peace.

And we, who tracked the Nile
In his bright journey over Egypt's waste,
And from the Pyramids caught the lovely smile
At sunset cast.

And we, who walked the plain
Of Galilee, and lone Judea's hill,
And heard the Syrian shepherd's plaintive strain
The twilight fill.

Oh! ever shall we keep
For thee, the lamp of grief in memory's hall,
And o'er the far spot where thy ashes sleep,
Our tears let fall.

Original.

A SEA-SHORE ECHO.

BY CHARLES LANMAN.

ALONE—and on the smooth, hard, sandy shore of the boundless sea. A lovelier morning never dawned upon the world of nature. Oh, how balmy, how clear, how soul-subduing, how invigorating is the air. Calmness sits throned upon the unmoving clouds, whose colors are like the sky, only of a deeper hue. The green waves with their undulating swell, come rolling in upon the sand, making a plaintive music sweeter than the blended harmonies of a thousand instruments. Would that I might leap in, and wrestle with them, and, when overcome with fatigue, lay my heated brow upon those cool and watery billows, rocked to and fro as in a cradle, while my lullaby would be the moaning of the sea. The mists of morning are all dispelled, and the glorious sunshine, emblem of God's love, is bathing with effulgent light the ocean before me, and behind me, the mountains and valleys of my own loved country. Look—how the white-caps chase each other along the watery plain, like milk-white steeds, striving in their freedom to outstrip the breeze. Whence comes this breeze, and whither is it going? Three days ago, at set of sun, it spread its wings near to a spring in the sandy desert of Africa, where a caravan of camels and horses and men had halted for the night. Its course is onward, and, at the dawning of to-morrow, it will be sporting with the forest-trees of the western wilderness. Far as the eye can reach, "the sea is sprinkled o'er with ships," their white sails gleaming in the sunlight. One of them has just returned from India, another from the Pacific and another from the Arctic sea. Years have rolled by since they departed hence. They have been exposed to a thousand dangers, but the great God who holds the ocean in the hollow of his hand, has conducted them in safety to their desired homes. How many silent prayers of thanksgiving will ascend to heaven, and what a thrilling and joyous shout will echo to the shore, as those mariners drop the anchor in their native waters! Yonder too, are some with their sails just spread, bound to the remotest corners of the earth! They seem to rejoice in their beauty and speed, and proud is their bearing—but will they ever return? Alas! the shadowy future alone can answer. Yonder—on that fisherman's stake a little sparrow has just alighted, facing the main! It has been lured away from the green bowers of home, by the music of the sea, and is now gazing, perhaps with feelings kindred to my own upon the most magnificent structure of the Almighty hand. But see—it spreads its wings again, and is dashing towards the water, fearless and free. Ah! it has gone too near, for the spray moistens its wing! There—there it goes, frightened back to its native woodland! That little bird, so far as its importance and power are concerned, seems to me a fit emblem of the mind of man; and this mighty, ever heaving, and boundless ocean, an appropriate symbol of the mind of God.

Original.

THE WISH.

WE had been listening to one of the sweetest voices with which mortal was ever blessed. A gentleman, for whose entertainment music had been introduced, arose to bid "farewell." Approaching the minstrel of the evening he took her hand, and with a tone indicative of the deepest feeling, he exclaimed—"May I one day hear your voice among the angels."

I THANK thee, gentle minstrel, for the rapture of the hour,
That long shall live in memory with deeply moving power!
While listening to thy syren notes my spirit seemed to rise
Above the gathered mists of life and revel in the skies.
The world hath holy ministries, and thine the blissful doom
To steal around the burdened heart and dissipate its gloom.
A harp unseen of thousand strings dwells ever in thy breast,
And pours its floods of melody like warblings of the blessed!

Sweet minstrel, when the lights shall fade that gilds thy pathway now,
And youth's first flowers shall withered lie upon thy sunny brow,
May angel harpings whisper peace amid the storms of life,
And like the oil of gladness calm the sweeping tide of strife!

If e'er my favored feet shall tread amid celestial bowers
And ever to my longing eyes shall bloom undying flowers,
If ever burst the seraph chaunt upon my listening ear
'Twill bend to catch the thrilling tones which charmed my spirit here.

IONE.

Original.

OH, SING THAT GENTLE STRAIN AGAIN.

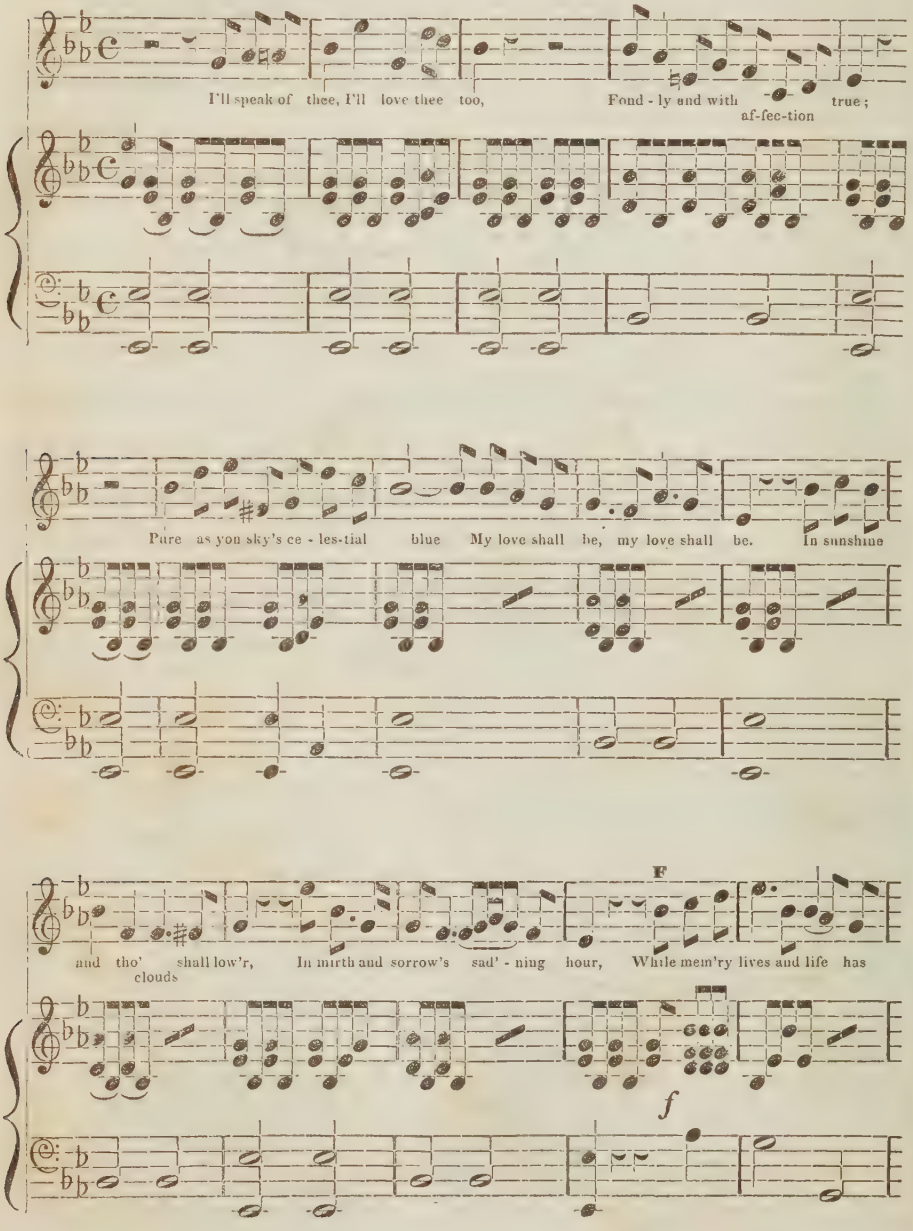
BY ANDREW M'MAKIN.

OH, sing that gentle strain again,
And I will list the while,
Its notes will soothe my bosom's pain
My aching heart beguile.
Fair reason wand'ring from her track
In trouble's darkest hour,
Hath oft been lured in gladness back
By Music's soothing power.

Oh, take thy dulcet lute again,
And breathe its magic spell,
Its tones will soon my soul enchain,
As in some fairy dell;—
Like some poor wand'ring flutt'ring dove
Beneath the serpent's gaze,
In vain it strives to soar above,
Or 'scape the dazzling maze.

I'LL SPEAK OF THEE, I'LL LOVE THEE TOO!

WORDS BY MAURICE M. G. DOWLING—MUSIC BY MARIA B. HAWES.


I'll speak of thee, I'll love thee too,
Fond - ly and with af-fec-tion true;
Pure as yon sky's ce - les-tial blue My love shall be, my love shall be. In sunshine
F
and tho' clouds shall low'r, In mirth and sorrow's sad' - ning hour, While mem'ry lives and life has
f

pow - er, I'll speak of thee, I'll speak of thee, I'll speak of thee, I'll love thee
too, Fond - ly, and with af - fec - tion true;
F
Pure as yon
f
sky's ce - les - tial blue, My love shall be, My love shall be.

2d—Thro' youth's gay scene, in riper age,
In later life's concluding stage,
Dying shall thoughts of thee engage
My memory, remember then remember me,
Remember all I have said to thee,
And my responsive pledge shall be,
I'll speak of thee, I'll love thee too,
Fondly and with affection true,
Pure as yon sky's celestial blue
My love shall be, my love shall be.

LITERARY REVIEW.

LOVE AND MADNESS OF TASSO: *Alexander V. Blake.*—We have looked anxiously for these volumes, knowing well that the author was most competent for the task, being himself a poet and a scholar. And now that they have appeared, we are free to confess that he has come up to our highest expectations. It is evident that he has brought a fervent love of his subject to the undertaking, with a thorough knowledge of the character and genius of Tasso, added to both an assiduity of research most remarkable. The system he has pursued in the composition of the work will be better understood in his own words, and serve to show its nature. "Few points of literary history, therefore, are more interesting, or more obscure, than the LOVE, the madness, and the imprisonment of Tasso. Various conjectures respecting them have been offered; none, perhaps, entirely satisfactory. The value of those which follow will depend on their probability, and that, again, on the number of incidents collected and compared, and the candor and sagacity employed in their collection. To draw as far as possible from his own writings, whatever of light they may afford concerning the most doubtful events of his life is the object of this essay." The mode of pursuing such researches is familiar to every one, truth is discovered by a close analysis of circumstantial evidence, and doubt remains only where a sufficient knowledge of minute facts, or sufficient skill and patience in comparing them is wanting. We shall only add, that it is one of the most valuable publications which for some time has emanated from the press, and an honor to the genius of its author.

RUINS OF ANCIENT CITIES: *Harper & Brothers.*—If for nothing else than the excellent taste displayed in the selection of works published in the Family Library, Harper & Brothers are deserving of great praise. Not one volume as yet has appeared but of a character to advance the interests of knowledge, science, and morality. The present work is another notable addition to this series. It is the essence of the writings of those authors who have made these objects of antiquity their study, selected from the best material the British Museum could furnish. No person should neglect becoming the possessor of these cheap and intellectual volumes, in themselves a library of ancient history.

DEMOCRACY: *Harper & Brothers.*—Such a work as this ought to be deeply studied by every American citizen, elucidating as it most clearly does the true theory of Democracy. It is written with considerable impartinlity, free of all party prejudice, and demonstrating most ably, that Republican government is the only true executive power for the promotion and advancement of the prosperity and welfare of the human race.

LIVES OF ANCIENT PHILOSOPHERS: *Harper & Brothers.*—This work is a translation from the text of the celebrated Fenelon, comprising the lives, opinions, and maxims, of the illustrious philosophers of antiquity, from Thales, the founder of the Ionic sect, born 639 years before our Saviour, and brought down to Zeno, the founder of the Stoics. The want of such a work has been long felt, and we rejoice to find it added to this valuable series of publications.

LANMAN'S HISTORY OF MICHIGAN: *Harper & Brothers.*—This is a condensation of the history, progress, civilization and present condition of Michigan, from the larger work prepared by the author, under the sanction of a law of that State. It is a very excellent summary of the principal objects of interest connected with this vast territory, and well worthy of being admitted into this class of publications.

GEMS FROM TRAVELLERS: *D. Appleton & Co.*—A very useful assistant to the study of the Holy Scriptures, illustrating such passages as are not quite perspicuous, and affording a knowledge of the manners and customs of the Oriental countries. It is beautifully printed, and embellished with nearly one hundred well executed wood engravings.

EXILES OF SIBERIA; *by Madame Cottin: D. Appleton & Co.*—One more of these beautiful miniature publications of this house. The story is so well known that to praise it (and only praise were we to write, could we bestow upon it,) we deem here unnecessary. The daughter who conceived the glorious design of delivering her parents from exile, and who carried this design into execution, in spite of the various and almost insurmountable obstacles, is not the child of fiction, but of nature." Her name was Praskowja Lupolowa, and she travelled two thousand four hundred English miles alone, on foot, to solicit the pardon of her father, at St. Petersburg, who had been exiled into Siberia, in 1798. She died at Novogorad, in 1810, six years after her generous devotion. It will be found a very pretty gift for either young or old at this festive season.

THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD: *D. Appleton & Co.*—Another volume of the beautiful miniature edition now publishing of valuable works by this enterprizing firm, has been added in the form of our old friend, the 'Vicar,'—a prettier specimen of printing and binding cannot be imagined. What more fitting in these holidays for a gift?

SOMERVILLE HALL, AND THE RISING TIDE: *D. Appleton & Co.*—A pretty volume, containing two delightful stories by an authoress who, if we except Mary Howitt, has done more to advance the cause of morality by her pen, than any other living writer. Her works should constitute a library of themselves, in every family.

RASSELAS; *by Dr. Johnson: D. Appleton & Co.*—This celebrated oriental tale has been published in the miniature library. Those who have read it should read it again—those who have not we envy the rich mental repast that awaits them.

GOLDSMITH'S ESSAYS: *D. Appleton & Co.*—These beautiful essays have been published also in the same elegant edition of the above publishers.

FRANCE, ITS KING, COURT, AND GOVERNMENT: *Wiley & Putnam.*—This volume will, in the words of its preface, be esteemed for the authentic character and value of its statements and views, in the absence of reliable information on the general subject to which it relates, and the interest which must attach to its personal narrative and anecdotes respecting the present able monarch on the throne of France, especially in reference to his former travels in this country." 'Three Hours at Saint Cloud,' is an ably written paper, in the conclusion of which the author draws a brief, yet so striking a contrast between the oppressed state of European governments, and that of our own happy country and its institutions, that we cordially unite with him in exclaiming, in the words of the psalmist—"The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places—yea, I have a goodly heritage." The author, we believe, is General Cass, our minister now in Paris.

THE "CARCANET," a Musical Annual for 1842, is on our table, and we can assure our numerous subscribers it is a work in every way worthy of their possessing. Before touching upon its intrinsic merits, we prophecy that its elegant appearance alone will insure it a place on every drawing-room table, and as the face is an index to the mind, so is the exterior of this book to its valuable contents. There are twenty pieces, effusions of the master-minds of Mozart, Rossini, Bellini, Meyerbeer, Donizetti, Paganini, Ole Bull, Mercadante, "cum multis aliis," and all of a pleasing character. The Melodies are in various styles and keys. The plaintive, brilliant, the simple, and the ornamental. Signor De Begnis deserves great praise for his own beautiful song in the collection, and also for the good taste with which he has enhanced the various Melodies by his embellishments, and adapted them to voices of every compass. There is a good literal translation in English, of the Italian words, by Mr. Paterson. We heartily recommend this book to all professors and amateurs, and as an acceptable and chaste New-Year's gift, we know of none more appropriate. The subscription-price is $6, at Signor De Begnis' residence, 341 Broadway.

STURMER, AND OTHER TALES: *Lea & Blanchard.*—The chief tale in these volumes, is based upon the doctrine of Animal Magnetism, in which the authoress appears to be a firm believer. Although it is well told, yet its moral is too pernicious, in as much as we consider it improper to give publicity to crime under the specious garb of sympathy. Sturmer, the hero, and Lolette, the heroine, are two personages calculated to do great injury to society. It is a work that no doubt will find many admirers among the *ultra* romantic and unthinking novel readers, yet one that should be frowned down by every moralist and friend of virtue. The other stories are deserving of praise. The authoress is capable of writing well, but we trust that in future she will be more judicious in the selection of her subjects.—*Carvill & Co.*

CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE: *Dayton & Saxton.*—Under this title we find published a series of addresses delivered by the authoress before her pupils in the Jersey Lyceum Institute. They are well written, contain many valuable precepts, and are illustrated occasionally with instructive anecdotes. Although intended in their present form to serve principally as a remembrance to her pupils, of the instructions they received in the school-room, yet they are equally adapted for the inculcation of Scripture principles, and of sound morals and correct manners among the youthful daughters of all families. We warmly commend this little work to the consideration of parents and guardians of youth.

WE return our thanks to the Messrs. Harper for several elegantly bound volumes of the Family Library. At this period of the year, when gifts "are the order of the day," we know not of a more valuable one that could be presented than a copy of this publication. Gewgaws, costing double its price, will be purchased, accepted, and in a few hours, or days, for ever cast aside, with hardly a remembrance of them or the giver—whereas, these volumes will be endurable, and even from the careless and unthinking, occasionally attract attention, recall a thought of the donor, and afford pleasure and instruction.

THEATRICALS.

THE PARK.—The *danseuse*, Ellsler, has again been with us, and, as on her former visits, won every thing for herself and nothing for the management. This, to the uninitiated in theatrical affairs may appear strange, but it is notwithstanding too true. And why is it so? will naturally enough be the inquiry. We answer, that excepting the nights on which she performs, the house is next to being empty, or in the words of the proverb "The dinner over, away go the guests." She is at present the standing dish of a vitiated taste, and wholesome, plain substantial ones, are totally abandoned. It matters little what piece or however well it may be performed on the nights of her *non* performance, a beggarly account of empty boxes is certain to be the result, so that if out of one thousand dollars, (which sum for the sake of example we will place as the average amount received on the nights of her performance, although we believe it to be much less,) she receives a clear half and the management the other, it will be perceived that with the other nights almost valueless reduces their profit to very little, way insufficient to defray the just and necessary expenses. We do not condemn the management for engaging her, for if they did not others would, but we do the public who lavish wealth and fame upon the professor of an art which requires little or no mind for its attainment, while the beautiful and intellectual emanations of genius are left to wither in neglect, or be enacted to a scanty and listless audience. The ballet of the Gipsey has been the only peculiar feature in her recent engagement from which much was expected, but it proved far inferior to her other pieces. It is a meagre, uninteresting affair, and caused great disappointment to her admirers. A tragedy from the pen of Miss Mitford, the celebrated authoress, entitled Oliver Cromwell, has been produced. The scene is laid at that memorable period which won for England one of its brightest glories and most valuable privileges; when it was shown that royalty was not paramount to a nation's voice, that when a monarch who had violated his oath, who demanded the surrender of five honest men who had opposed his lawless acts, and was refused by the parliament of England, dared to raise his standard of defiance, was boldly confronted, and ultimately brought, by his subjects, to the scaffold. Out of such materials one would be apt to believe that the dramatist could produce a noble tragedy, Miss Mitford, however, has not succeeded. Her composition is destitute of interest, of plot, of breadth of character and stage-effects, in short of all that is necessary in the construction of an acting play. As it now appears, it is merely a celebrated epoch in history told in well measured verse, with here and there some sparklings of poetry. Mr. Barry sustained the character of Cromwell. We approved of his conception but not of his appearance; he was by far too youthful in countenance. At the period in which the plot is laid, Cromwell was forty-eight or forty-nine years of age, with harsh coarse features, which imparted to him a heavy, repulsive, and much older look—but Mr. Barry's were too placid for the crafty, stern, and cruel puritan—his delivery and deportment were good, and but for this drawback upon his performance, it would have ranked as one of his best delineations. Mr. Fredericks played with discrimination, and looked the unfortunate monarch to the life—perhaps a little more energy would have made his personation more effective. Mr. Chippendale dressed the character of Bradshaw correctly, and gave to it that stern and decided manner for which history reports this individual to have been so remarkable. Of Miss S. Cushman as the Queen, we must speak in terms of commendation. She dressed well and acted with much feeling. All that care or taste could do to procure for this play a favorable reception, was expended, but we regret to say, it yielded but a poor remuneration.

BOWERY.—The spectacle of Napoleon still continues its prosperous career, and is universally allowed to be the most gorgeous production which has ever been brought forward in America. As a work of dramatic composition, the piece lays little claim to excellence, although the parts of Napoleon and Sergeant Hubert are equal to many of the best characters among our modern stage productions. The former is sustained by Mr. C. Mason, whose wonderful likeness to the Emperor as portrayed in the engravings of the day, is the theme of admiration among all classes. Such a personation, were it allowed on the French stage, would do more to create another revolution and revive a love for the exiled family of Napoleon, than all the intrigues and cabals which have transpired since his downfall. It is one of the most graphic transcripts of dramatic art the stage at this day possesses, and should be witnessed by all who cherish the memory of Napoleon. To Mr. M'Cutcheon much praise is due for his touching performance of the old and attached Hubert. Of the other *dramatis personæ*, we will say nothing. Of the scenery we must speak in the warmest terms of commendation. Mr. Heister has established himself one of our best scenic artists. Had he never painted aught but the Grave of Napoleon at Saint Helena, it would have stamped him as a man of genius. This scene alone is worth a visit to the theatre. There are others of a more gaudy character, but none which impresses the mind of the spectator with a feeling of reality like this. The scene of the quarter-deck of the Bello Poule, the panoramic views on the Seine, the Champs Elysés, with the most magnificent procession which ever graced a theatre, and the last and gorgeous discovery of the Interior of Invalides, are indescribable by pen. The Battle of Waterloo has also been revived, and in connection with Napoleon the Great, forms the principal attraction throughout the holidays. A greater treat cannot be given to the juvenile members of families at this period of festivity, than a visit to the Bowery. The name of Napoleon is a word which ever carries with it to the youthful imagination something great and grand, and such a picturesque and faithful portrayment as this drama affords of the last days of the Emperor, and the honorable obsequies paid to his ashes will be found both gratifying to the eye and instructive to the mind. Mrs. Shaw, we are pleased to announce, still

remains attached to the theatre, and during the past month, has performed several of her favorite characters; among others, that of Agnes de Vere, which the author, J. B. Buckstone, pronounced her personation to be the only one which had ever come up to his conception of it. It is indeed a splendid performance, and worthy of ranking with the highest delineations of histrionic excellence.

CHATHAM.—Some of our best tragedies have been lately performed at this house, and for the most part, with considerable effect. Among them, the revival of the Fatal Dowry, by Massinger, calls for particular notice. It was, we are sorry to say, but indifferently acted throughout. It appeared as due time had not been given for its production, the actors, in many instances, being wofully deficient in the text. Mr. J. R. Scott, who sustained the character of Romont, the principal one in the piece, did not come up to our idea of the noble, just, and honest soldier—and how could he? when he was striving to remember the words. The actor who pretends to delineate a character should at least know the text—it is the foundation of the whole fabric—without it, trick, dress, or look will avail him nothing. We select Mr. Scott for our censure, for as a man of talent, which we consider him to be, there is no excuse for such neglect. We do not believe there was any great object to be attained by the production of this drama, and to hurry it out in the manner it was, was injustice to the genius of its author, injurious to the reputation of the actors, and detrimental to the interests of the theatre.

OLYMPIC.—During the month we have several times visited this establishment, and ever found it well attended. Mr. Mitchell is indefatigable in his exertions to produce a succession of novelty—scarcely a week elapsing without two or three new trifles being given to the public. The company is of a smart and humorous quality, each being well fitted to his own peculiar line, and altogether harmonizing as a whole. We however wish to say a few words to the worthy manager, and we say them in the best of feeling. It strikes us that the pruning knife might, in many cases, be well applied to the language of the pieces.

EDITORS' TABLE.

IT will be perceived by our friends that our promise to secure all talent which enterprize or liberality could effect, is evinced in the present number, for, without fear of contradiction, we may safely assert that both in its literary and pictorial departments, it is without an equal among our various contemporaries. We will not comment upon, or reveal what our future intentions are, confident that our friends will be satisfied with our present exertions, and accept them as a guarantee that nothing shall be neglected that can advance the value of the "Companion," and with our grateful thanks, for the kind support extended to us by our numerous subscribers, we beg to wish them all a merry christmas, and happy new year.

CHRISTMAS SPORTS.

In looking over an old volume, lately, we were much entertained with a description of the celebrations of Christmas in olden times, by various nations, a slight notice of some of which we considered would not altogether be inappropriate, or without interest, at this season of the year. We have, therefore, selected such as to us appeared the most novel, and we have no doubt our readers will receive them with as great gusto as our usual editorial gossips.

It was the habit, it appears, at the turn of midnight, Christmas eve, the bells of all the towns and villages were rung, the churches lighted up, and hung round with holly, ivy, and the mistletoe, and service performed; this over, the priests came forth, followed by their congregations, singing some christmas carol, and representing, in procession, the birth of our Saviour in the following manner. Christ in the crib, watched by the virgin and Joseph; shepherds kneeling; angels attending; a man playing on the bagpipes; a woman with a basket of fruit on her head; a sheep; an ox—a raven and a crow; men and women habited as angels. Hone informs that he has seen an old wood cut representing this pageant, headed, *Christus natus est:* Christ is born; and down its side the following account and explanation. "A religious man inventing the conceits of both birds and beasts, drawn in the picture of our Saviour's birth, doth thus express them. The cock croweth, *Christus natus est:* Christ is born. The raven asked, *Quando?* When? The crow replied, *Hac nocte.* This night. The ox cryeth out, *Ubi? Ubi?* Where? The sheep bleated out *Bethlehem* Bethlehem. Voice from Heaven sounded *Gloria in Excelsis.* Glory be on high. Many of the carols sung upon those occasions, are very beautiful, principally descriptive of the birth of Christ. One, or rather part of one, we give, which we believe will be acceptable to our readers; it is entitled "Mary's longing for the fruit on the cherry tree."

"As Joseph was a walking, he heard an angel sing,
'This night shall be born our Heavenly king;
He neither shall be born in house nor in hall,
Nor in the place of Paradise, but in an ox's stall.
He neither shall be clothed, in purple or in pall,
But all in fair linen, as were babies all:
He neither shall be rocked, in silver nor in gold,
But in a wooden cradle that rocks on the mould;
He neither shall be christened in white wine nor in red,
But with the spring water with which we were christened.'
Then Mary took her young son, and set him on her knee
'I pray thee now, dear child, tell how this world shall be?
This world shall be like the stones in the street,
For the sun and the moon shall bow down at thy feet,
And upon a Wednesday my vow I will make,
And upon Good Friday my death I will take;
And upon the third day my uprising shall be,
And the sun and the moon shall rise up with me."

The same author further says that the custom of singing carols at Christmas, prevails in Ireland at the present time. In Scotland, where no church feasts have been kept since the days of John Knox, this custom is unknown. In Wales it is still preserved to a greater extent, perhaps, than in England; at a former period, the Welsh had carols adapted to most of the ecclesiastical festivals, and the four seasons of the year, but at this time they are limited to that of Christmas.

On the continent, the custom of caroling at Christmas, is almost universal. During the last days of Advent, Calabrian minstrels enter Rome, and are to be seen in every street, saluting the shrines of the Virgin mother with their wild music, under the traditional notion of charming her labor pains on the approaching Christmas, and at the door of a carpenter they are ever sure to stop, out of respect to Joseph.

Such are a few of the many ancient customs which at this period of festivity, prevailed throughout England and other countries, and which are now all or most of them, nearly extinct. We could easily dilate upon them to a greater length, having a fund of material in our possession. At present however, we have exceeded our limits, and must break off until some future occasion, so

"Bring us a garland of holly,
Rosemary, ivy and bays,
Gravity's nothing but folly,
'Till after the Christmas days."

WINTER FASHIONS.—*Morning Dress.*—Robe of figured silk—skirt full—body and sleeves close. Mantle or pelerine, of silk or satin, trimmed with fur. Bonnet of Leghorn, chip, or silk, with a plume of feathers—wreaths of flowers inside. Vandyke or collar of lace. Hair braided.

Full Dress.—Full robe of silk, with one deep flounce of embroidered lace—body not too tight, sleeves full. Rich mantilla, edged with silk or velvet fringe, and open at the throat, from which rows of tassels and clasps descend to the waist. Turban or cap of silk or velvet, interlaced with a rich embroidered gauze scarf, and ornamented with flowers and feathers. The former most fashionable.

Evening Dress.—Robe of the richest quality of lace, over a skirt of white or colored satin, with one deep flounce of fringe or lace—body low on the shoulder, with peaked waist, and ornamented with devices of pearls. Cords and tassels depending from the waist. Hair plainly braided, and adorned with lace, or with an embroidered scarf and flowers.

THE LADIES' COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, FEBRUARY, 1842.

UTICA.

Utica, the subject of our engraving, from the burin of the clever artist, Gimbrede, is situated in the state of New-York, on the south bank of the Mohawk river, on the spot where old Fort Schuyler formerly stood. Up 'till 1798, it was merely a scattered hamlet, when it became an incorporated village, and so rapid and prosperous was its advance, that in 1832 it became a city, and is now one of the most flourishing in the Union. The streets are wide and even; constructed of elegant brick stores and dwellings. The principal is called Gennessee street, a noble and showy avenue, extending from the Mohawk river across the Erie canal, and is the chief mart of business. The most conspicuous building is the court-house, in which the supreme circuit-courts of the State of New-York, and the U. S. District Court for the Northern district of the state are sometimes held. There are also three banks, the academy, museum, several inns, many beautiful churches, and various handsome bridges over the canal. In summer, Utica presents a very bustling aspect, thronged as it is, with a continual influx of strangers from all quarters of the Union, availing themselves of the commodious facilities which are afforded in travelling to the west on the great routes by canal, rail-road, and stages. Utica is equidistant between Lake Ontario and the Susquehannah, and is also the direct road to Niagara. In its vicinity are the romantic Falls of Trenton, which of late years have become the rage among tourists, and, indeed, it is not to be wondered at, for more beautiful scenery cannot be found in our immense continent than the river Trenton and its banks. This creek or stream, runs through a narrow chasm of dark limestone, nearly four miles in length, and in some places as deep as one hundred and fifty feet. Within the distance of a mile and a half there are not fewer than four principal cataracts, one of them falling about forty-eight feet, and presenting a succession of waterfalls. There are likewise many smaller ones both below and above *the Falls*, and the whole banks are covered with the richest American foliage. The road to this spot is through a country of extreme fertility and the most romantic character, where some of the finest farms in the Union are to be found, hewed out, (within a few years past,) from the primeval forests; countless acres of which are yet standing in the pride of their strength and beauty, where the remnants of the once proud and mighty race of the Oneida still linger around the desolated home of their fathers, craving a miserable pittance at the hand of their oppressors—for now, in the words of Campbell's Outalissi—

> "The hand is gone that cropt the flowers:
> Unheard their clock repeats the hours!
> Cold is the hearth within their bowers!
> And should we thither roam,
> Its echoes and its empty tread
> Would sound like voices of the dead!
> Ah! there in desolation cold,
> The desert serpent dwells alone,
> Where grass o'ergrows each mould'ring bone
> And stones themselves to ruin grown
> Like me are death-like old.
> Then seek we not their camp, for there,
> The silence dwells of my despair."

In the neighborhood of Utica, the manufacture of glass, iron, wool and cotton, is carried on to a considerable extent. The population is computed at or above 15,000, and is proverbial for its enterprize, industry, and intellect. R. H.

Original.

THY MOTHER.

BY LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

Who, when thine infant life was young,
Delighted, o'er thy cradle hung?
With pity, sooth'd each childish moan,
And made thy little griefs her own?
Who sleepless watch'd in hours of pain,
Nor smil'd 'till thou wert well again?
Who sorrow'd from thy side to part,
And bore thee absent, on her heart?
Thy Mother, boy! How can'st thou pay
Her tender care, by night and day?

Who join'd thy sports with cheerful air?
And joy'd to see thee strong and fair?
Who, with fond pride, to guest and friend,
Would still the darling child commend?
Whose tears in secret, flow'd like rain,
If sin or woe, thy life did stain?
And who, with prayer's unceasing sigh
Besought for thee, a home on high?
Thy Mother, boy! How can'st thou pay
Her tireless love, by night and day?

Bear on thy brow, the lofty smile
Of upright duty, free from guile,
With earnest diligence restrain
The word, the look, that gives her pain,
If weary toil her path invade,
Come, fond and fearless, to her aid,
Nerve thy young arm, her steps to guide,—
If fades her cheek, be near her side,
And by a life of goodness pay
Her care and love, by night and day.

Hartford, January, 1842.

Original.

MOZART'S LAST VISIT TO DOLES.*

A LEAF FROM THE JOURNAL OF A MUSICAL STUDENT.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

It was a holiday, in the year 1789; and the venerable old cantor of Saint Thomas' church, Leipzig, after morning service was over, made ready to take a walk about the city, in company with a few of his friends.

The month was May, and the morning was lovely; the old gentleman had smoothed the immaculate ruffles of his shirt-bosom, placed his three-cornered hat on his head a little over the left ear, and taken his Spanish gold-headed walking stick in his hand, ready for his promenade—when a sudden idea darted into his head. The music he had partly composed early that morning, while engaged about the church service, and which he had thought would turn out nobly, came to him all at once; and fearful of losing it, he turned immediately back, with his customary ejaculation, "To Him alone be the glory!" and entered his own house, where were already arrived his faithful wife and his beloved daughter, Lena.

The good dame asked with some anxiety, wherefore he had returned so soon; and Lena looked as if she feared she would next have to run for the doctor. But Father Doles, (it was no less a person,) soon dissipated their fears by informing them that nothing but a new musical thought had brought him back. The women laughed at this; Lena took his hat and stick, and while her mother helped him to pull off his brown over-coat, and to put on his flowered silk dressing gown, not forgetting the little black silk cap, she arranged the writing-table, and placed on it some fresh paper for his notes. Next she brought him a bowl of soup, with a bottle of old Rhenish wine, a cask of which had been given her father by the gracious Elector, in token of approbation of his services.

When all was ready, Father Doles embraced his wife, kissed the white forehead of his daughter, and they both left him to his labors. He sat down and commenced his work, not without an inward prayer for success, as was his pious custom.

He had not been writing very long, when the door was opened more hastily than usual, without much ceremony. A tall, stately man strode in, and across the room to where Doles was quietly sitting. It was Jacobus Freigang, a merchant and highly respected magistrate. He came near the table, and struck the floor hard with his cane. Doles looked up from his work, nodded with a cordial smile, and said, reaching his hand to his friend, "Salve!"

His friend did not take his offered hand, but cried rather angrily—"Tell me, I entreat you, are you going to behave like a vain fellow in your old days, and treat your friends as if they were not deserving of civility? There we all are—Woisse, Hiller, and I, and Friedrich, and another person; there we all are, waiting and waiting for you, and running to the door to see if you were coming, and thinking how we should enjoy your surprize at sight of our newly arrived guest. At last, Breitkopf comes to ask after you, and you are not come—though you promised me in the choir you would speedily join us! The company is impatient; Hiller grows surly; I stand there like a fool; at last Friedrich says, you must have gone home—so here I come and find you sitting quietly at work! In the name of decency! what are we to make of you?"

Doles laughed heartily at his friend's comical anger, and then good-naturedly apologised for his neglect. "Do not be angry with me, old friend; I had to write down my Thema! Bethink you, I am seventy-two, and any day may be my last. I must use what time I have, and when Heaven sends me a good musical idea, make haste and write down what my old head cannot long retain. Now I have just finished my Thema, and if you wish it, I will go with you; though, after all, I am but dull company for younger ones, and they must have dined already."

"You must not dine at home to-day!" cried his visitor, "our friends are waiting—you must go to Breitkopf's this moment."

"Nay, Freigang, now I think of it, 'tis a holiday—and my wife and daughter must not sit down alone to table."

"They know you are going with me; and as for leaving them alone, I have sent Friedrich to them. He will eat enough for two! So, off with your dressing-gown, and on with your coat."

"But—"

"But me no buts! I will fetch you a valet who will make you bestir yourself!" so saying, Freigang stepped to the door, opened it, and cried—"Come in!"

A young man, small of stature, and elegantly dressed, of pale complexion, large, dark, flashing eyes, a handsome, aquiline nose, and a mouth that seemed made for music, entered quickly. The voice in which he gave cheerful greeting to Father Doles, as he sprang to his side, was music itself.

Doles started from his seat with an exclamation of joy: his grey eyes sparkled, his cheeks flushed, and as he embraced the young man, tears of delight rolled down them.

"My Wolfgang!" he cried, "my dear, good son! I am rejoiced to see you once more!"

Freigang laughed, as much as to say, "See, my point is gained now!"

Lena and her mother came in at that moment, and ran to welcome the stranger. As soon as her father had released him, the lively girl clapped her hands over his eyes, standing behind him, and cried—

"Who is this, Wolfgang—can you tell?"

"A lovely, mischievous little girl!" answered Mozart, laughing, "who calls herself Lena, and shall give me a kiss!" and turning round, he caught her in his arms, and took his revenge.

"Is your wife with you this time?" asked Madame Doles.

* Translated from the German.

"No, I have not brought her with me," answered Mozart, while he assisted Doles to arrange his dress. "She is not fully recovered from her last winter's illness. Ah! how often she wishes for you, good mother; you would hardly believe we could feel so lonely and desolate in so large a city as Vienna!"

"Why do you not come and live here?" asked Lena impatiently, "where we all love you so much. We would never let you feel lonely or desolate. Your wife should like us all, and I would keep your boys with me. Be advised, Mozart, and come to live in Leipzig."

"You are always *couleur de rose*, Lena," said the composer, laughing; "but I should find it harder to get away than you imagine. In the first place I could not leave my Emperor, and in the next, as far as art is concerned, one can do in Vienna as he cannot well elsewhere."

"Hem," muttered Freigang, "we are not badly off as to music, here."

"By no means," said Mozart, earnestly, "and most excellent music. Your church music and your concerts are unrivalled—may I never live to see the day when they shall be talked of as a thing that is past! But you know, father," he turned to Doles, "while your artists and connoisseurs stand among the first; as regards the public and the popular taste, you cannot compete even with the Viennese, much less with mine excellent friends of Prague and Munich. I hope and trust these matters will change for the better in time; just at present, I at least find it my interest to prefer Vienna, Munich, or Prague."

"It is as you say, dear Wolfgang," replied Doles; "they call our Leipzig a little Paris; but we must plead guilty to some northern coldness and caution, and this excessive prudence it is which hinders us from following immediately in the new path you have opened for us."

"And yet I have reason to quarrel with the Viennese," interrupted Mozart. "My Giovanni can testify to that."

"Shall I confess to you," said Doles, "that as much as I have heard of this opera, though it surprizes, astonishes, charms me, does not, to say the truth, quite *satisfy* me?"

The composer smiled; his old friend began to criticise, when he interrupted him—

"Why, have you heard the opera *piecemeal* in this way? After Idomeneo, Don Giovanni is my favorite—I might say my master-piece! But you must not hear it piecemeal; you cannot judge of it except as a whole."

"For my part, I am delighted with your Figaro," said Lena; "it is sung and played every where here: you may hear it in the streets on every barrel organ. I sing it myself on the piano;" and therewith she began carelessly to sing—

> "And my glass still flattering, tells me,
> That I am not such a fright!"

"Lena! Lena!" said her mother, shaking her head. But Mozart cried—"Bravo! go on, little one!" and going to the piano, he began to play. They went through the duet, and at the end Freigang applauded heartily. Then he took Father Doles under one arm, and the composer, still humming, under the other, and bidding the ladies a friendly "Adieu!" departed.

"What a charming man is Mozart!" exclaimed Lena, and still singing her favorite tune, accompanied her mother to the dining room, where they found Friedrich just arrived.

After a social dinner at the house of the hospitable Breitkopf, Mozart's publisher, the friends adjourned to the celebrated Rosenthal, where Goëthe, as a student, used to amuse himself. The pretty Swiss cottage was not then built; but on the place where it now stands, was pitched, in the summer months, a tent or pavilion, spacious enough to accommodate a large party of ladies and gentlemen in case of a sudden shower, or when they sought refreshment from the heat.

Madame Doles and Lena, Madame Freigang and her daughter, Cecilia, went early to Rosenthal, accompanied by Friedrich, and prepared for the arrival of the gentlemen. It was a pleasant little party; the guests were all in high spirits; even the stern Hiller, who sometimes appeared something of the cynic, was heard to burst into frequent laughter at Mozart's sallies of humor and impromptu verses. Friedrich, a lad of about eighteen, and the favorite pupil of Doles, stood near the composer, and listened smiling, though now and then he looked grave when Mozart's gayety seemed about to overstep the bounds of decorum.

In the midst of their talk Hiller became suddenly serious, then turned about quickly, as if he had a mind to go back, before they entered the tent. Freigang caught his arm, and cried—

"What is the matter with you, Hiller? Right about, you do not part from us 'till after sunset."

"Let me alone!" answered the stern old man. "I cannot bear to look at the good-for-nothing fellow!"

"At whom?" Freigang followed the direction of his friend's finger, and burst out a laughing. "Ha! Mozart!" he cried, "look yonder; there comes Hiller's favorite!"

A man was coming towards the company; he approached with very unsteady steps, but did not perceive them 'till he stood directly before them. He seemed about thirty years of age, perhaps older; was slender and well formed, but his features were sharpened and pallid, and his whole person bore the marks of excessive dissipation. His oiled cloth cap was placed sideways on his uncombed head; his coat had once been a fine one, but lacked much of the lace belonging to it, and several buttons here and there; his satin vest was frayed and torn; his rumpled collar, the cravat was entirely wanting, as well as the rest of his attire, bespoke a slovenly disregard to comfort or cleanliness.

"Bon jour, monsieur?" cried Freigang, as this disgusting object came near.

The man stood still, rolled up his meaningless eyes, contracted his brows, and at length shading off the sun with his hand, looked inquisitively at the speaker. After a few moments he recognized him, and with a low, ceremonious bow, from which he found it difficult to recover

himself—"Most worthy sir!" he said, "at your service—I am your humble—servant!"

"You seem to be in deep thought," observed Freigang, laughing.

"He is drunk, the wretched dog!" muttered Hiller, greatly disgusted.

"If I am not mistaken," stammered the man, "I have the honor—to salute—the most excellent Director of music—Monsieur Hiller—yes—I am right—it is he! I am happy—to speak with your excellency! I am highly pleased at the—unexpected—pleasure of this meeting!"

"I am *not*," retorted Hiller, angrily; "I would have walked a mile out of the way to avoid it. I do not feel honored at being in such company."

"Nay, Hiller," remonstrated Mozart.

"Let the excellent Director scold as much as he likes," said the stranger, indifferently, and speaking more fluently than at first; "what is in the heart, must come out of the lips; and after all, I must allow, Monsieur Hiller has indeed some little cause to be vexed with me! You must all know, I ran away with his foster-daughter! I am the famous violincellist, MARA, the husband of the famous singer, who ran away from me some time since with a miserable flute-player—"

"Is it possible?" cried Mozart, astonished and grieved; "can this be Mara?"

"At your service, most worthy master—eh? what is the little man called?" said he, addressing Doles.

Doles answered—"It is the chapel-master, Mozart, from Vienna."

Mara lifted up both hands in amazement. "The little," he cried, "the *great* Mozart—who has composed such splendid quartettos? who has composed Don Giovanni, and I know not what!"

"The same!" answered Weisse; and Freigang advised Mara to look at him straight, for he was worth taking some pains to see.

Mara seemed overpowered with his respect; he took off his soiled hat and making a low bow, said to Mozart, "I have the honor to be—your—servant! You see me to-day for the first time *en canaille;* I need not apologise to you, for you know how apt good resolutions are to melt away in a bowl of liquor!" The composer colored slightly. "Another time," continued the tippler, you shall see me with my best face, and hear how I can handle my instrument; 'till then, I have the honor to commend myself to your friendly remembrance!" He went on past the company, but on a second thought turned back for an instant and addressed Hiller. "Before we part, most worshipful music-director—I know you have had much uneasiness on the score of Gertrude; her running away from you was to be excused, as you were only her foster-father! but you would be quite shocked to learn in what a manner she has behaved to me, as Madame Mara, and what I have had to bear on her account! I wish not to insinuate that she has not her good qualities or is altogether an ill disposed person—*au contraire!* She paid my debts once in Berlin, but what did that help me? did not the great Frederick—may he rest in peace—keep me a quarter of a year among his soldiers, and had not the brutal corporal the impudence to beat me! Sir, I assure you, such treatment soured my feelings, and to this day, when I am playing, I often think of my wife and the King, and the Corporal with his heavy cane! Excuse me then, sir, for if I do take a drop too much now and then, 'tis to drown my sorrows at Gertrude's scandalous behavior! Let us part good friends, old gentleman; mind not trifles. I shall be happy to see you at any time at my house in Windmill Street, No. 857. I am sober every day, 'till eight o'clock; come and see me, and if you like a dance I will play for you; my violincello is a capital old instrument, a venerable Cremonese, full toned and strong. Your servant, sir." Therewith the drunken musician walked on, leaving Hiller undecided whether to laugh or be angry.

The company sat down to a collation under the tent. Mozart was astonished to find Cecilia grown so much. The last time he had seen her was at Berlin, five years before. She was then a pretty child, but now a very beautiful girl. It is not for words to paint that fresh, innocent beauty, the pledge and effect of an unsullied soul.

She had grown a woman, and her manner was changed from girlish vivacity and frankness, to womanly dignity and reserve. Mozart did not, however, like her dropping the familiar "*Du*," (Thou,) and "Wolfgang!" in conversation with him.

"Why do you not still call me Wolfgang?" asked he. "Lena calls me so, and is she not of the same age with yourself?"

But Cecilia said "Mozart," so prettily, it sounded like music from her lips. The composer soon learned to reverence her as the gifted and cultivated woman, as well as to admire her as the lovely girl. Nor had he reason to complain of coldness or constraint when once she became interested in the conversation. The hours flew swiftly to that social party of friends, and twilight came too soon upon them.

As they went forth, Cecilia took Lena's arm and whispered—

"How charming he is, Lena! do you not love him?"

"Ah, Cecilia!" answered her friend, gravely, and shaking her head, "take care you do not love him too much—you know he is sometimes fond of playing the flirt."

Cecilia blushed, and smiled incredulously, but said nothing. The gentlemen accompanied the ladies to the house of Doles, and then went to supper at Breitkopf's.

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The next day Mozart was showing his friends an autograph letter of King Frederick William II., of Prussia, and a royal present of a gold watch, set round with rich jewels. The composer, on his last visit to Berlin, had played in the King's presence, and this had been sent as a token of approbation. Lena clapped her hands with delight at seeing it, and called her mother to admire its magnificence, and Doles expressed equal wonder at its splendor, and the liberality of the King.

"Are you pleased with it, father?" cried Mozart,

"well, I will make it a present to you," and would have pressed the watch upon him, but Doles firmly refused, saying it was not treating the King with proper respect to give away his gift. Mozart was really vexed that he should decline it, and would not take back the watch without a grave reproof from Madame Doles. A year after, the same watch was stolen from him by a dissolute musician, Stadeler by name, whom he had permitted to lodge in his house several months, furnished him with supplies, and even composed for him a clarionet concert.

After this little matter was adjusted, and the usual skirmish between the composer and Lena at an end, he and Doles accompanied by Friedrich went to the rehearsal of his concert.

Many persons are living in Leipzig who are so happy as to remember having listened to that last concert of Mozart. I have seen their eyes sparkle, and their cheeks glow, in speaking of it. It recalled to their bosoms the enthusiasm of youth.

Mozart was not wholly satisfied with the musicans, and he drilled them thoroughly. Once he stamped on the floor so emphatically, that he shattered a costly shoe-buckle. The performers were vexed, and played prestissimo, he cried "Bravo!" and said to an old friend, when he saw him shaking his head—"Nay, nay, do not disturb yourself about my strange behaviour this morning. These people are old and slow; their work to-night will be a drag, unless I put some fire into them by scolding them out of patience. I think now, all will go off admirably."

And all did go off admirably that night. The boundless applause of the audience, and Mozart's cheerful commendations and thanks, put the orchestra once more in high good humor.

Cecilia, who had already much reputation as a singer, sang two airs from Idomineo. Mozart was delighted with her. The true feeling of her singing showed that she was possessed of genius, that rare and precious gift of heaven; thus he whispered to her father while she was singing, and at the end conducted her from the stage himself. Cecilia thought the master's approval worth more than the noisy applause of the audience, and went home proud and happy.

Some of the wealthy connoiseurs had ordered a splendid supper to be prepared at the principal hotel, in honor of the distinguished composer. When the concert was over, they carried him off in triumph. Freigang was of the party. Doles relished not scenes of mirth, and went home with his wife and daughter, and Cecilia.

The ladies could not give up talking of the pleasures of the evening, 'till a late hour; and just as Cecilia was taking leave of her friends, a servant came from the hotel with a message to Father Doles that the chapel-master begged they would not wait up for him, as he should not return home that night. The messenger added, by way of comment—

"They are very merry yonder; I do not think for a year past we have opened so many bottles of champagne; as for the party to-night—"

"Very well!" said Doles, interrupting him, and dismissed the servant.

"I am sorry for Mozart, indeed," whispered Cecilia, as she bade Lena good night.

"Never mind," returned that lively girl, "be quiet about it, and I will read him a lesson to-morrow, the like of which he has not heard for a long time."

The next morning Mozart made his appearance at breakfast, pale and haggard-looking; confused in his discourse and looking much ashamed. Neither Doles nor his wife made any allusion to his dissipation of the preceding night, and Lena did not venture to show her displeasure in the presence of her parents. Yet Mozart felt that things were not exactly as they should be, and all frankness and openness as he was, he could not long disguise his real feelings. He began to lament what had passed, half in jest and half in earnest; "It had been," he said, "too wild a night for him, and to say truth, he would have much preferred a quiet evening after the concert," adding, "but you know, once is not always."

"True, my dear son," replied Father Doles, with a smile, "and if you really enjoyed yourself, the gayety of last night could do you no harm. Only, I beg of you in future, to leave off in time, and carry nothing to excess! Your health is feeble, and will not bear much: take good care of it, for the powers of body and mind are but too easily exhausted. Remember poor Mara!"

Mozart looked very grave, and said, somewhat sadly, "Ah! there are the ruins of a noble creature! Let me die, rather than fall thus! No, I shall remember last night—the mischief take *such* hospitality!"

"Why, what happened?" asked Doles, anxiously.

"You know, father, the invitation was given by the friends of *art*," said Mozart, with an emphasis of some bitterness; "I accepted it as such; the concert elevated my spirits, and I went with them. All was well at first—we were a set of rational men, met together in the spirit of social enjoyment. When the toasts were going round, one of the company went out and returned with Mara, already half drunk, and set him up to make sport for the rest. The poor wretch made me a very ridiculous speech, and when he was animated by a few more glasses of champagne, they brought him a violincello, and invited him to play. I wished for some cotton in my ears, for I thought nothing else but that I was to suffer torture; but it was far otherwise; indeed I cannot describe to you my sensations, when he began to play—I never heard the like before. It was music to stir the inmost soul. I could not refrain from tears through the Adagio; and thought of the witch music Tartini heard in his dreams—so moving, so entrancing! At the wild concluding Allegro, I could have embraced the performer. I did not attempt to conceal what I felt." The composer stopped suddenly, as if even the recollection moved him.

"Well, and what then?" asked Doles, at length.

Mozart bit his lips. "Mara then played the variations in my Duet from Don Giovanni—'*La ci darem la*

mano!" I assure you, even had I not heard his previous splendid performance, these variations, played in such a manner as showed the most thorough appreciation of the whole work, would have convinced me of his being a perfect master of his art, and of his instrument, and have led me to reverence him as such. But how did the friends of art take it?" here Mozart sprang up highly excited, his eyes flashing fire, though his face was paler than ever, "how did they applaud his playing? with huzzas and toasts! and when he ceased, they plied him with more and more wine, 'till he was beastly drunk and beside himself, and then they set him upon all sorts of foolery, and made him imitate on his instrument, from which he had just drawn such matchless tones, the mewing of cats, the braying of an ass, the crowing of a cock, and the like, and they laughed to see him degrade himself. Oh, shame! shame! And they laughed the more when Mara, unable to stand any longer on his feet, fell on the floor—and then I, like the rest, drank 'till I was reeling," concluded he, with a bitter expression of self-contempt.

"Do you not think, my dear son," asked Doles, mildly, after a pause, "that the time will come when the true artist's worth will be estimated properly, and he assume the dignity he deserves?"

"It is possible," answered Mozart, gloomily, "but the artist will never live to feel it."

"You certainly do, Wolfgang?"

The composer shook his head with a melancholy smile—"You are mistaken, my dear friend, I do *not*. But I am satisfied that some few appreciate and are faithful to me, and I can depend upon them; you for example, father, and my fair friends here!"

Lena wiped her eyes, and said—"Nay, Mozart, you should not talk so, as if you had but few friends."

Here Friedrich joined them.

"Here comes another," said the master, smiling, "one who understands me also. May you ever have the consolation of real friends, my good lad, and keep your spirit free and uncontaminated! Aim at that above all things, and do not forget *me*, Friedrich, when I am —gone!"

"Never, never!" cried the youth, clasping the master's hand and pressing it to his heart. They then bade the ladies good morning, and went out for a walk.

Lena forgave her friend from her heart, and resolved to spare him the lesson she had intended to inflict on him.

"I leave it all to you. Do what I told you and be silent," said Mozart, in the street, to the lad Friedrich, giving him at the same time a well-filled purse.

Friedrich took the purse, promised secrecy, and hastened to the dwelling of the unhappy Mara. Mozart went on to pay a visit at the house of his friend, Freigang.

"My father is asleep yet," said Cecilia, as she came into the parlor to meet him. "If you will wait a few moments, I will awaken him."

"By no means!" said Mozart, detaining her; "let your father sleep on. I will pay my visit to you, with your permission. I wish to thank you for your admirable singing last evening. Indeed, Cecilia, I was delighted with the simplicity and taste of your performance. I detest the airs and graces so many young women of the present day introduce into their songs. I have been so disgusted in Vienna, that I would not hear the singer again in my pieces."

"How were you amused, last night, after the concert?" asked the young lady.

"Very badly."

"How was that?"

Here Mozart told her what he had related to Doles. Cecilia colored, and he saw tears in her eyes as he concluded.

"How cruel," she said, with noble indignation, "thus to take advantage of the weakness, say the vices of a man, in whose breast, notwithstanding all his faults, the fire of genius is still inextinguishable."

"Cruel indeed!" echoed Mozart.

"But you must not fancy all the world selfish and regardless of the artist's high claims, because some are so, who indeed are incapable of appreciating what they pretend to admire. Shun such men, dear Mozart? shun them utterly! there is no safety in their companion ship."

"You mean to warn me?" asked the composer.

"I only entreat you," said Cecilia, earnestly; "such association can never profit, but must disturb you. What need have I to say any thing? Have not you yourself learned by experience, how hard it is to help being drawn down in the vortex."

Mozart confessed that such was the truth; but desirous of removing any unfavorable opinion of his discretion that his fair friend might have conceived from his recent act of folly, he entered into an argument to show her why she need never fear his falling into such snares.* This led to reminiscences of his days of enthusiasm, and the raptures of his past successes.

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Mozart received, as a parting present from Doles, a collection of church pieces by the elder Bach. These he prized highly, and laid them carefully in his portmanteau. The day was passed in quiet conversation with his venerable friend; in the evening a few came in to bid the master adieu, for he was going to start for Vienna with the evening post, and that went at nine.

It was half-past eight, the faces of all the company began to grow sad, but Mozart seemed gayer than ever. Indeed, those who remember this his farewell interview with his friends, say they never knew him in such high spirits. Excitement, even of a painful kind, sometimes produces such effects upon ardent natures; and besides, the composer wished to keep up the spirits of the rest.

"If we should never meet again," whispered Cecilia, sadly, and Father Doles responded to her melancholy foreboding.

"Let's have no whispering!" cried Mozart, laughing.

* This long metaphysical conversation, and the interview with Lena that follows in the original, are not exactly translatable for the pages of this magazine. Indeed, the author often uses more freedom than is agreeable to English taste, and needs continual pruning.—*Translator.*

"I will not hear it. I will give you a toast—'Long life, and a happy meeting next year!'"

The glasses were filled, and rang as they brought them together. Some one observed the sound was like a knell. Mozart brought his down impatiently on the table and shivered it; he laughed again, and hoped their friendship would prove more durable than the fragile glass.

"Master Mozart!" said Hiller, "will you not write us some little piece before you go, just to bring you to our thoughts sometimes, and remind us of this hour? It *is* possible that we shall never *all* meet again in this world."

"Oh, willingly," answered Mozart. He paused a few moments thoughtfully, and then called to Friedrich to bring him paper and writing materials.

Friedrich obeyed with alacrity; the master wrote a piece impromptu, while the others were looking on, wondering at him, and exchanging glances.

When he had finished, he tore the paper into five pieces, and keeping one part for himself, divided the others; to Doles, *basso primo*, to Hiller, *basso secondo*, Friedrich, *tenore primo*, Weisse, *tenore secondo*.

"Now," he cried, "we have no time to lose; *allons*, begin!"

They sang the farewell song of Mozart! Never was farewell sung with deeper feeling or with better execution. When it was at an end, they all sat silent and sad. Mozart was first to recover himself; he started up, bade a hasty adieu to all present, and seizing his hat, with another broken "farewell," rushed from the room.

His friends still sat, as if stupified by their grief. Presently the post-horn sounded, and the coach rolled past the window. Their beloved companion was gone.

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In the autumn of that same year they buried the venerable Father Doles.

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It was just before the Christmas festival, in the year 1791, that Lena, now a happy wife and mother, busied at home in preparing Christmas gifts, was surprized by her friend, Cecilia, who rushed into the room pale as death, without hat or mantle.

"Cecilia!" cried Lena, much alarmed, "what ails you—what has happened?"

"Read it—read it!" faltered the breathless girl, and putting a newspaper into her friend's hand, she burst into tears, and sank on a seat.

"The Vienna Gazette," said Lena, and trembling with indefinite apprehension, she looked over a column or two, before her eyes lighted on the paragraph.

"Vienna, December 6th.—Died yesterday evening, the celebrated musician and composer, Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, Chapel-Master, Knight of the Golden Spurs, etc., etc., in the thirty-sixth year of his age."

* * * * * *

The genius of Cecilia was not destined to ripen on earth. In another year Lena followed her bier to the grave, weeping for the blight of such fair hopes. She was buried near the resting place of Father Doles.

Original.

THE WARRIOR'S SONG OF PRAYER.

BY WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

Come warriors! to the earnest fray—
Enlisted ye for life,
Ye must be up for Christ, to-day,
All ready for the strife.

Your swords all keen, your swords all bright,
Your breast-plates girded on—
Gather ye to the glorious fight;
A kingdom must be won.

Come on, as armed veterans do;
And let the work be warm;
Your weapons are not frail, nor few;
Take heaven, itself, by storm!

No fear!—*who* fears? God's tallest towers,
Though high, 'tis yours to scale;
And He, himself, will nerve your powers,
Against them to prevail.

In His name, venture rock and crag;
The faint heart only falls;
Come on! He's honored when your flag
Is planted on his walls.

Yea, to the cry of victor-cheer,
Which, conquering, ye shall bring—
God will bestow approving ear,
And vanquished heaven will sing!

Original.

TO A LADY.

The glory of the earth is past,
The star of loveliness gone down,
And Autumn's clouds and Autumn's blast
Have paled the gems of Summer's crown.
"Faded" is written on the leaf,
"Withered" upon each stricken flower;
And, save the wailing notes of grief,
No music wakes the forest bower.

Alas, how changed! But yesterday,
The fair Earth told another tale;
Flowers wantoned with the winds at play,
And perfume breathed in every gale;
While woods were waving dark and green,
And skies their sunniest aspect wore—
Ah! who that gazed upon the scene,
Had dreamed its charms so soon were o'er?

Oh, Lady! never thus may Care,
Or Time, with thee so rudely play;
Or Sorrow from thy spirit tear
The garlands of its Summer day:
But be thou ever as thou art—
Unstained of sin—untaught of wo,
And ne'er the promise of thy heart
One touch of Autumn sadness know.

New-Bedford, 1841.

Original.

THE STUDENT IN BLUE.

BY LOUIS FITZGERALD TASISTRO.

THE rage for the *fantastic* in literature has somewhat abated, and so much the better. The imagination is too apt to abuse the fertility of its resources; and even the *fertile* imagination does not always succeed in the *fantastic*. The first essential condition for writing a good fanciful history, is to have a firm faith in it oneself; and as one believes in that which he invents, it is sure, therefore, to happen, that some combination of events too artificially arranged, some conceit too far-fetched, or some trait rather too ingenious, will creep in, to betray the sceptic in his own tale—the illusion is at once dispelled.

Never will I write a *fantastic* tale, unless my own faith in it be as sincere as in the most common records of my memory, or the most ordinary events of my existence. Yet do I not, therefore, submit my reason or my understanding to the sway of those cold and severe spirits who absolutely deny the existence or the truth of the *fantastic*. True it is, that I differ from them, by certain modes of seeing, feeling, and judging; but it is equally true, that they differ from *me;* and I do not recognize in myself any glaring and admitted defect of organization which should call upon me to submit the perceptions of my own senses or my conscience to the capricious dictation of a dissenting authority, whose ground of opposition may, after all, be no better than a presumptuous ignorance. America was a *fantastic* world before the days of Christopher Columbus.

Set before me an ignorant man, but confident in his own wisdom—as fools generally are—who shall happen to have a grain of iron in his eye, "Friend!" I might say to him, "there is found in Asia Minor, (a country which is far from this,) a singular stone, which would, in an instant, cure your wounded and inflamed eye, if you would but look upon it closely. It is a strange and mysterious truth, of which no explanation can be given, save that God has so willed it; and it is the only stone in all this world which could relieve you."

"A truce with your old wives' tales, about an Eastern stone!" this man would probably answer. "I am no subject for the tricks of a Charlatan."

You will observe that I have already supposed this man to be a fool; which is half-way towards being a philosopher. "It happens," I might then answer, "that, during my travels in far lands, I passed this mountain, and that I have, at this moment, a fragment of that stone set in the ring which I wear; so that we are in a condition to make the experiment of its virtue."

So saying, I should advance the Asiatic stone towards the afflicted part, and the strange body which caused the pain would at once fly towards it; for that Asiatic stone is the magnet. The magnet has properties which are *fantastic* to those who have not proved them. And thus it is with a thousand other powers in nature, which are known only to the few; and a million of wonders, still more occult, which are known to none. So much premised, I am ready to relate a *fantastic* history, which shall contain no invention of mine. Form of it what judgment you please.

In the year 1829, there lived in the beautiful town of Trim, in the county of Meath, an idiot—a monomaniac—a fool. He was called Gorman O'Brien, but more commonly in the language of the common people, "The Student in Blue," from the circumstance of his invariably wearing stockings of a sky-blue color. He was a young man of four or five and twenty years of age, as well as I remember—tall, and well formed, and of the noblest physiognomy conceivable. His thick black hair brushed away from the forehead—his bushy eyebrows remarkable for their mobility—his large eyes, full of a wild and tender expression, which was only qualified by a certain habit of seriousness—the harmony of his fine features, and the almost unearthly sweetness of his smile, formed, altogether, a combination capable of inspiring affection and respect, even in that coarse and vulgar part of the populace which follows, with its stupid mockeries, throughout the streets of our towns, the most touching of all the infirmities of man. "It is Gorman, the Student in Blue," would they whisper to one another, as he passed along; "the child of an honest house, who never said evil of his neighbor, or did him wrong; who, they say, became a fool from over wisdom. Let him pass quietly, that you may not increase his malady."

And so, in fact, would "the Student in Blue" pass by, unmolested by all, and heeding none; for his eye, whose expression no language of mine can paint, was never fixed upon the horizon; but up-turned towards Heaven, with which the dreamer, (for Gorman was a visionary,) seemed to hold a secret intercourse, expressed only by the perpetual movement of his lips.

The costume of this poor creature was, as I have said before, of a kind to amuse the passers by; especially the passing stranger. Gorman was the son of a worthy tailor, who had spared no expense upon his education, encouraged by the great promise of the boy, and in the design of making him a priest, the fame of whose preaching was, one day, to raise him into the rank of the Episcopacy. He had, in fact carried off all the prizes of his class; and the learned Father O'Leary, often, during the young man's after wanderings, sought intelligence as to the fortunes of his favorite pupil, but no cheering answer was destined ever again to repay his benevolent inquiries. The old tailor, who had a number of other children, had, therefore, felt himself called upon to retrench in the expenses which he had hitherto incurred for Gorman, and he latterly clothed him in those chance garments which the opportunities of his trade afforded, or in the cast-off clothes of his younger brothers, elaborately repaired and sorted for the purpose. This sort of habiliment, so ill adapted to his tall and fine form, which stuffed it, as it were into a skin, from which, at all points, it seemed ready to burst, and left his arms sticking far out from the narrow sleeves of his green frock, had something about it pitifully burlesque.

One of the most striking peculiarities of the mental weakness of this young man was, that it was apparent only in those conversations which turned upon subjects of no importance, or in which the mind was occupied with familiar objects. If accosted with a remark which had reference to the weather, the theatre, the journals, the gossip of the town, or even the affairs of the nation, he listened with attention, and replied with courtesy; but the words which issued from his lips crowded so tumultuously forth, that they fell, before the end of the first sentence, into irretrievable confusion; and expressed an indescribable balderdash, from the mist of which he could on no account extricate his thoughts. On and on he went, however, increasing in unintelligibility, and exchanging, more and more, the simple and logical diction of the plain and reasonable man for the prattle of the child, who has not learnt the value of the words he uses, or the babble of the old man, who has forgotten it.

And then the hearer laughed—and Gorman stopped, without anger, and perhaps without consciousness, and lifted his large blue eyes to Heaven, as if he sought for inspirations more worthy of him, in that region where he had treasured up all his ideas and all his sentiments.

But not so, when the discourse took a serious and a positive direction on some interesting question of morality or science; then the divergent and scattered rays of that distempered intelligence gathered themselves together like those of the sun in the burning glass of Archimedes, and flung such brilliance upon his conversation, as made it doubtful whether Gorman had ever been more learned, more clear, or more persuasive, even in the best days of his strong and unimpaired reason. The most abstruse problems of the exact sciences, (which he had made his special study,) were mere playthings in the grasp of his concentrated intellect; and their solution passed with such rapidity from his mind to his mouth, that it seemed less the result of reflection and calculation, than of some mechanical operation, produced by the impulse of a touch, or the action of a spring.

I shall not undertake to relate certain conversations which I held with the visionary, on my daily passage to and from the college, illustrative of the peculiarities which I have endeavored to describe in the deranged structure of the poor scholar's mind, and in the earnest wish to penetrate, as he expressed himself—"the secret of his double existence." Let us pass to the more narrative parts of his eventful life—that is, to those portions in which the abstractions of the scholar appear in mysterious connexion with striking *facts;* and of which portions, my readers are to form what judgment they please, for I shall only premise that I am very much in earnest.

A month had scarcely elapsed from the day of my last interview with the visionary. It was the very day on which recommenced the scholastic year, after six weeks of vacation, counting from the first of September, and consequently was the sixteenth of October, 1829. It was near mid-day, and I was returning from college in a gayer mood than that in which I had approached it, with two of my companions, whose road home lay in the same direction, when, on arriving at a certain open space, at which our routes separated, we were simultaneously struck with the appearance and contemplative attitude of Gorman, "the Student in Blue," who had planted himself, like a guide post, in the very centre of the space, motionless, with crossed arms, an air of pensive thought, and eyes intently fixed upon an elevated point of the western horizon. A few passers-by had, by degrees, gathered round him, and vainly followed with their looks, the direction of his, in search of the extraordinary object which appeared to absorb his attention.

"What is he looking at?" said one to the other.

"I will inform you," said I, shouldering my way through the crowd, and approaching the visionary. "Tell us, Gorman," I continued, carefully avoiding such language as might recall him from his lofty speculations. "What novelty has struck upon you this morning, in that subtile matter of space wherein revolve so many worlds?"

"Know you not, as well as I?" he solemnly replied, uncrossing his arms, and slowly describing, with the point of his finger, a long segment of a circle, from the horizon to the zenith. "Follow with your eyes that track of blood, and you will see his Honor, Judge Comyns, on his way to Heaven!"

Judge Comyns, whose trial for setting fire to his own house, had created an immense excitement throughout the country, was, at that very moment, awaiting the sentence of the law, in the county jail of Galway, but it was universally believed that the immense influence of his high family connexions, would succeed in getting him clear; the more so, that a very strong impression had gone abroad among the peasantry, that both the accusation and the conviction were the result of a deep-laid conspiracy.

At this explanation, the curious by-standers dispersed, shrugging their shoulders, and I went on my way, marvelling only how Gorman O'Brien should have stumbled correctly upon the name of the culprit judge; it belonging properly to the category of those ordinary matters of notorious fact, of which he had long since lost all recollection.

That day, my aunt, at whose house I was then sojourning, entertained, at dinner, two or three friends; and one of her guests, a stranger in the town, kept the company waiting a considerable time.

"Excuse me," said he, as he at length took his place at table; "there was a rumor abroad on the faith of private letters, that Judge Comyns was to receive his sentence yesterday; and I waited the arrival of the mail. The papers say nothing about it."

"Judge Comyns," said I, confidently, "died on the gallows this morning, a few minutes before twelve, as I was on my return from college!"

"Great God," cried my aunt, who was deeply interested in the fate of the judge. "Who can have told you that?"

I blushed with confusion, but I had gone too far to pause.

"Gorman O'Brien, the Student in Blue," replied I, with a faltering voice.

I dared not lift my eyes towards my aunt's face. Her extreme indulgence towards me could not re-assure me as to the displeasure which I felt conscious my heedlessness must cause her.

"Gorman O'Brien," said she smiling. "Happily, we need not be disquieted about news coming from such a quarter."

"Who," said my aunt's friend, "is this Gorman O'Brien, who records events of two hundred miles distance, at the moment, at which, by his calculations, they are happening?—a sleep walker, convulsionary, or a disciple of Mesmer?"

"Something of the kind," replied my aunt, "but more worthy of interest than either. He is a sincere and *bonâ fide* visionary, a harmless maniac, a poor fool, who is pitied in proportion as he well deserved to have been loved. Sprung from an honorable but indigent family of artisans, he became its hope and pride, and promised to justify both. The first year of a trifling magisterial office which my brother held in this place, was the last of his studies. His arm was weary of crowning him, and the varied nature of his triumphs added to their value; for it appeared scarcely a labor to him to open all the gates to human knowledge. The hall of the exhibition was shaken as if it would have fallen, by the applauses which greeted him, when, finally, he advanced to receive the prize for good conduct, and the virtues of an exemplary youth, without which all others are as nothing. There was no father there that day, who would not have been proud to reckon Gorman O'Brien amongst his sons."

You have heard of the beautiful lady Marian Glenroy. She was at the time residing on her estate in the southern district of the county, and the glory which had gathered about the humble name of Gorman O'Brien, directed her choice to him as a fitting person for the office of tutor to her son. Unhappily, (but from this point of my tale I know nothing, except as the result of some very imperfect inquiries,) the beautiful mother, who had thus rewarded the youthful talent of Gorman O'Brian, had, beside her son, a daughter alike beautiful. Poor Gorman could not look upon her without love; and conscious of the impossibility that he should ever lift himself to her level, he seems to have sought relief from the anguish of a hopeless and unconquerable attachment, (which has never betrayed its own secret but in the first moments of his malady,) by giving himself up to studies dangerous for his reason, to the dreams of the occult sciences, and the visions of an exalted spiritualism. In the end, his mind became a wreck; and, sent home from "Rose Hall," (the abode of his protectors,) with all the care which his condition demanded, no ray of light has broken the darkness of his spirit, since his return into the bosom of his family. Thus, you see, we need not found our fears upon any of *his* reports; and may dine without alarming ourselves about the present one."

The next day, however, it was known at Trim that Judge Comyns had been sentenced and executed.

My aunt greatly feared the impression which might be produced on me by the extraordinary agreement between this prediction and its event. She spared no pains to convince me that chance was fruitful in such coincidences; and she quoted twenty examples of it, which, she said, were arguments only in the mouths of ignorant credulity—philosophy and religion alike forbidding their use as such.

A few days after this, I set out for Paris; and as the period was unfavorable to the doctrines of the spiritualists, I had no trouble in forgetting the "Student in Blue," amid the crowd of emotions which each new day brought forth, to agitate the heart of society.

Circumstances, however, brought me back to Trim in the spring of 1832. One morning, (I think it was the third of May,) I had entered my aunt's boudoir, to take my leave of her, as was my custom, before setting out on my daily excursion in search of plants and insects. "Poor Gorman," said she, pointing to the newspaper which she held in her hand, "need no longer be pitied for the loss of his reason. Better, far better, for him to be the idiot he is, than to have learned the dreadful fate of his benefactress, his pupil, and the beautiful girl, whom rumor names as the first cause of the overthrow of his mind: these innocent beings have swelled the list of those who daily fall beneath the Asiatic scourge, which has, within the last month, committed so many ravages throughout the country."

"Can this be true?" cried I. "I have forborne to speak to you latterly of Gorman O'Brien, because I know that you fear the influence over me, of certain mysterious notions which I have imbibed from him—but he is dead!"

"Dead!" cried my aunt, earnestly, "when did he die?"

"Three days ago—the thirtieth of April. He had remained, motionless, since the morning, in the centre of the same open space where I met him on the day of Judge Comyn's death. There was a crowd about him as usual, though he preserved the most profound silence; and so deep was his abstraction, that no question could draw him out of it. About four o'clock, his attention seemed to redouble; and in a few minutes after, he raised his hands towards Heaven with a remarkable expression of enthusiasm or anguish, staggered a few steps forward, as he uttered the names of the three victims whom you have just mentioned, gave a wild cry, and fell. The by-standers crowded round to lift him up. He was dead!"

"The thirtieth of April, at a few minutes past four," said my aunt, slowly reading from the journal—"it is indeed the day and the hour! Mark!" continued she, after a moment of reflection, and fixing her eyes earnestly on mine, "do not refuse me one thing which I am about to ask of you. If ever, in after life, you shall tell this tale, promise me, that you will not relate it as a fact. You would but be laughed at."

"Is there any reason," I answered respectfully, "which should deter a man from publicly avouching that which he knows to be a truth?"

"There is one," replied my aunt, shaking her head, "which is worth all the rest. It is a truth which is of no value!"

Original.

OLIVIA WESTON,

THE YOUNG SCHOOLMISTRESS.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

WINTERTON having attained a respectable rank among country villages, the inhabitants, although they did not feel themselves able to build an academy, thought that they might, at least, afford to hire a schoolmistress during six months in the year, whose education would enable her to teach their daughters something more than they could acquire at the common district school. A committee of three was therefore chosen, intrusted with full power to procure whatever female they thought would answer the purpose, provided she could be obtained for two dollars a week, besides her board. After making many inquiries, and several fruitless applications, they heard of a Miss Olivia Weston, the eldest daughter of a widow, with a large family, who, it was thought, might be obtained for the prescribed price. The distance was eight or ten miles, and they started directly after dinner.

While the three "committee-men" were on their way, Mrs. Weston and Olivia, together with Mrs. Parks—Mrs. Weston's sister—who had walked a mile to spend the afternoon with them, for she had heard that they were in affliction, were engaged in earnest conversation. They were sitting together in the parlor, called, in those days, in the country, the "best room." The unpainted floor was of an almost snowy whiteness, and the old fashioned chest of drawers, and the large walnut table, supported by a heavy frame as curious as the turner's chisel could make it, as well as the dozen high-backed chairs, glistened with a high waxen polish.

"Is it true, sister," said Mrs. Parks, "that Mr. Shearwell has threatened to sue you?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Weston, a slight color coming to her cheeks, "and it makes me blush to think of it, for I always thought it a kind of disgrace to be sued."

"That depends on circumstances," replied Mrs. Parks. "It is for what you owe him for the piece of land your husband bought a short time before he died, I suppose."

"Yes, and had he lived, he could have paid for it without difficulty. It was, at first two hundred dollars. I have succeeded in reducing it to fifty, but it is as impossible for me to pay that small sum at present, as if it were a thousand. The truth is, Mr. Shearwell wants to get the land back again, and means to have it."

"I wish it were in my power to assist you, but five dollars is all I have, which you are welcome to 'till you can pay me."

"No, keep your money; you cannot well do without it. Mr. Shearwell will not take any sum short of the whole."

"I wish there was some way that I could earn the money," said Olivia.

At this moment, Mrs. Parks, who sat near a window, remarked that three men on horseback had turned into the lane which led to the house. Mrs. Weston turned pale, and said she was afraid they were Mr. Shearwell and his son, and an officer, coming to attach some of her property.

"Oh, no, mother," said Olivia, looking out of the window, "they are all strangers."

By this time they had arrived in front of the house, and having first inquired if the Widow Weston lived there, they alighted, and were invited to enter. Olivia had always lived in great seclusion, and being naturally modest and retiring, Captain Mayhew, the eldest of the committee, who had two daughters he intended to send to school, decided, at once, in his own mind, that she would not answer the purpose, and before any thing was said respecting the object of their visit, he took his two colleagues aside to hold a consultation.

"She won't do at all, in my opinion; what do you think, Mr. Fielding?" addressing his younger associate.

Mr. Fielding, who was a bachelor of twenty-five, being struck with Olivia's beauty, and pleased with her modest deportment, felt by no means so decided on the subject, and replied that he thought that they could do no less than to ask her a few questions, which would enable them to judge as to her literary qualifications, and he appealed to Mr. Low.

"Why, that is my mind, on the subject, certainly," replied Mr. Low.

"Well, do as you like," said the captain; "but I cannot think that such a shame-faced thing will answer any purpose."

They consequently returned to the apartment where they had left the three females, and Captain Mayhew being the senior member of the committee, addressed Olivia.

"The folks in our town, Miss Weston," said he, "have a mind to hire a schoolma'am to teach the girls a little grammar and painting, and so on, if they can get one for two dollars a week that has a real understanding about such branches, and as Mr. Fielding is a college learnt man, we should like, if you have no objection, to have him ask you a few questions. As to the painting, and flowering lace and muslin, and the like, we should like to see a few specimens after we have satisfied ourselves as to the other branches."

Olivia expressed her readiness to comply with his request, and although she was considerably agitated, she answered the questions promptly and correctly. The captain, to whom grammar and necromancy appered equally luminous, could not forbear entertaining a secret veneration for those who did understand it, and when Mr. Fielding had closed his examination, he again addressed her.

"I don't understand grammar and so on, myself," said he, "but I could see that you were not a mite more puzzled than if you had been saying your A, B, C, and if you can teach the girls how to paint a little, and to flower their veils and ruffles, I, for my part, am willing to engage you, provided you are a good speller, which, in my mind, is one of the essentials. When I was a school-boy, there were not many that could beat

me on that score, and if you are agreed, gentlemen, I will put out a few words to Miss Weston."

"Certainly," they both replied, at once.

With eyes sparkling with pleasure, as he recalled his school-day triumphs, the captain drew a Webster's spelling-book from his pocket, and selected a number of what he considered very hard words. Olivia spelt them as readily as she had answered the questions of Mr. Fielding.

"Well, I must say, Miss Weston," said he, "that you are the master speller I have met with for many a day, and now be kind enough to show us a picture or two, and so on, for although, for my own part, I don't think painting and flowering of any great consequence; in the eyes of the women-folks, they put the real shine on to a girl's education."

Olivia had a cousin several years older than herself, who, having a taste for painting, had sought instruction in one of the Atlantic cities, of one tolerably well skilled in the art of painting with water-colors, and after her return she had instructed Olivia. Olivia's taste and skill of hand being fully equal to her cousin's, she, in a short time, became as wise as her teacher, and some of her fruit-pieces and groups of flowers, were really beautiful. Olivia produced her port-folio, and Mrs. Weston ran to get a veil which her daughter had been working.

"Well, if this don't beat all that ever I saw in the painting line," said the captain "Why, these peaches really make my mouth water, and this half of a water-melon looks as if I could take a knife and cut off a slice. And this veil, too, according to my judgment, is as nicely flowered as the one Miss Stebbins bought when she went to Boston. Mr. Low and Mr. Fielding, if Miss Weston will consent to teach the school according to the proposed terms, I think we may venture to engage her."

"I think we may," said Mr. Fielding.

"I am exactly of the same opinion," said Mr. Low.

Olivia did not hesitate a moment. The fifty dollars—the want of which had, for several days past, occasioned them so much anxiety—could be thus obtained, and she would have engaged in any reputable employment that would have promised her the same sum, for the sake of seeing her mother cheerful and happy as formerly. Having closed the engagement, the committee rose to take leave, and Captain Mayhew informed her that he would come for her the next Saturday, that she might be in readiness to commence her school on Monday.

"We shall expect you," added he, "to board round a week in a place, and you can, if you please, stay at my house the first week."

"There, sister," said Mrs. Parks, when they had gone, "you see that there is a way provided for you to pay the debt which has so greatly distressed you, which will, I hope, learn us not to distrust Providence; but, Olivia, how are you off for gowns? Shall you not be obliged to have some new ones?"

"I have been thinking," replied Olivia, "if I could make out money enough to buy a white muslin dress, I shall do very well."

"Here are the five dollars," said her aunt, "which I brought, hoping they might be of some advantage to sister about the debt, and you shall have them to buy the gown and some other notions which I know you cannot very well do without. If it ever so happens that you can pay me, you may; if not, it will be just as well."

The ensuing Saturday, according to agreement, Captain Mayhew prepared to go for Olivia, immediately after dinner, telling his wife and daughters that he should return in season for tea.

"Is it best to put the new tea-set on the table?" said Lois Mayhew, addressiug her mother.

"La, no; I don't imagine that Miss Weston is accustomed to much style at home, and if we only have things decent, it is enough."

"Now, mother," said Martha Mayhew, the younger daughter, "do let us have the new tea-set, for I think even if Miss Weston is not accustomed to much style at home, as she is to be our schoolmistress we ought to pay her proper respect"

"One thing appears very strange to me," said Lois, "and that is, how Olivia Weston should have a much better education than Martha and I, for I have been informed, on good authority, that she never went to the academy but one quarter in her life."

"She has probably studied at home," replied Martha.

"Well, I told father, when I found they had engaged her, that if she could not teach painting, I would not go to school to her a single day, and I shall not break my word."

"I rather guess she can teach it," replied Martha, "for although father would not tell you when you asked him, I saw him smile when you threatened to stay at home."

"Come, girls, stir about a little brisker," said Mrs. Mayhew, "or you won't have tea half ready when they get here."

"I wonder if she be pretty?" said Martha, quickening her pace, according to her mother's exhortation.

"She is awful bashful, father says," said Lois.

"I am glad she is bashful," said Martha, "for we shall know how to sympathize with each other."

The conversation was abruptly terminated by the arrival of the subject of it. Captain Mayhew introduced her to his wife and daughters, and though "awful bashful," they all thought that she appeared remarkably well.

"Shall you teach painting, Miss Weston?" inquired Lois, as they sat at the tea-table.

"I shall attempt to, if required."

"Did you attend to painting when you went to the academy that quarter?" said the same interrogator.

Olivia satisfied her, relative to the point in question.

"I hope you have a mourning-piece amongst your paintings, said Lois, "though it is not of much consequence, as I suppose I shall paint mine like Eunice Hoit's, if you have ever so many, for her's is the handsomest one I ever saw."

"I have only one mourning-piece," said Olivia, "which I copied from an engraving. The monument is said to be finely proportioned, by a better judge than myself, and it is surrounded by fine and appropriate scenery."

"I think, Lois," said her father, "that you had better paint yours like Miss Weston's. I don't think that Eunice Hoit's looks at all natural."

"I know nothing about its being natural," said Mrs. Mayhew, "but it is a picture that we want, and I am sure that Eunice Hoit's mourning-piece is a real pretty one."

"You will take a few preliminary lessons, before you attempt the mourning-piece, I suppose," said Olivia."

"No, indeed, I shall not. Eunice Hoit never touched a mite of paint or a pencil in her life, before she did her's, and I don't want any thing done better than that is."

The next day being the Sabbath, Olivia attended church with Captain Mayhew and his family. For once, she was the cynosure of all eyes, for every body had a curiosity to see how the schoolmistress elect looked, dressed, and demeaned herself. Some thought that her straw hat, the crown of which was encircled with a simple wreath of flowers, would have looked better trimmed with ribbon. Others imagined that her muslin dress looked too girlish for one who was about to undertake the task of governing others, and some of the grandsires and grandmas, in whose aged eyes she appeared more youthful than she really was, wondered why the committee had got that baby to teach the school.

A hall where balls, councils, caucuses and town meetings were held, was fitted up for the school-room, and thither the young schoolmistress, accompanied by Lois and Martha Mayhew, repaired on Monday morning. About twenty pupils—girls from ten to eighteen, were soon assembled. The forenoon was mostly spent in classing. In the afternoon, Miss Weston had scarcely taken her seat, when a girl of fourteen presented herself at the desk with a complaint.

"Mother and Aunt Sally," said she, "say I must be put into the first class in English grammar, or I shall not come to school, for I am two years older than Mary Cole, and you put her into the first class."

This girl had just ceased speaking, when a second came up to the desk, saying that her mother was not willing that she should sit in the seat Miss Weston had selected for her, and desired that she might be permitted to choose one herself.

At this moment Lois Mayhew entered, almost out of breath, for she had walked more than a mile in great haste to borrow Eunice Hoit's mourning-piece. It was, in truth, an unique production. A monument violating all the rules of architectural proportion, occupied the centre of the large sized sheet of drawing-paper. A female figure, for the sake of uniformity, it may be presumed, knelt on either side, each having a handkerchief applied to her face, but in such a manner, as not to conceal the features, which were indeed hideous. Each was attired in a short-sleeved robe, and the arm of the hand which held the handkerchief, in the room of being furnished with an elbow, was bent in a regular curve from the shoulder to the wrist, which, with the full short sleeve gathered at the bottom, that appeared as if inflated to its utmost dimensions, looked—so Martha Mayhew said—like a crook-necked squash. Each of these figures enjoyed the shade of a huge weeping willow, the foliage of which compared with the trunk, had attained a most luxuriant growth. As the fame of Eunice Hoit's mourning-piece had gone abroad over the whole village, those present who had never seen it, were so earnest to get a peep at it, that they rushed simultaneously from their seats, and huddled round the desk. The vexation which Olivia felt at the idea of having such a truly tragicomical piece introduced into her school as a pattern, could not wholly overcome her propensity to smile. It was at the moment when exclamations of wonder and delight were escaping from almost every lip, that Martha Mayhew discovered the resemblance already alluded to. The eyes of all who could approach near enough, were fastened upon what her simple remark had converted into a risible instead of a grief-inspiring object, and a merry laugh ran round the circle. Lois Mayhew, alone, preserved, for a while, a countenance of inflexible gravity, but at last, even she yielded to the contagious risibility, and from that moment she abandoned all thoughts of copying the ludicrous picture, and concluded to take Miss Weston's mourning-piece for a pattern.

Though mild and sweet-tempered, Olivia could, when necessary, act with energy and decision, and in the course of a week, in spite of messages from mothers, grandmothers and aunts, she had introduced order into her school, and her pupils were beginning to feel a desire to excel. If she had been going to receive twenty dollars a week, instead of two, she could not have more faithfully fulfilled her trust. The method of "boarding round," had a great effect in influencing the minds of the inhabitants in her favor, for there was so much gentleness and unaffected politeness in her demeanor, joined with that deference to the opinions of others, which always sits so gracefully on the young, that before the close of the week the whole family were almost sure to be exchanged from fault-finders to her warmest admirers. It was near the close of October, and the term of her engagement had nearly expired, when Mrs. Mayhew said to her husband one day, "Don't you think it will be well enough for the girls to have a little bit of a party in honor-like of the school-ma'am, before she leaves town?"

"Well, I don't know but it would, for I believe there is not that person on earth that would have taught a better school for twice the sum. The girls, I find, have got to be real spellers, though, to be sure, they don't take out of kin for that."

"I am glad you don't speak against the party, for Lois and Martha both are all high for having one, and I tell them, as it is best to kill two birds with one stone, Lois had better get her best patch-work quilt into the frame, and make a quilting party of it. David Slade hasn't been here every Sunday evening, lately, for

nothing, and he will have his house-frame ready to raise in a week's time. For my part I don't think it will be amiss for Lois to be getting her things ready."

"Well, David is a smart, likely chap," said the captain; "I will say that for him, and if he and Lois have a mind to make a bargain in the matrimonial line, I cannot say that I have any objection."

"Yes, David is smart, as you say: but he is not a whit smarter than Lois. There never was a better wife than she will make, and Martha is equal to her any day."

The girls heard from their mother, with great delight, that their father consented to their having the party. The important point to be settled now, was, whether tea and its accompaniments should be handed round, or placed upon the table. The captain was summoned to take a part in the consultation, and, as in the multitude of counsellors there is safety, even little Pete and Jim were allowed, now and then, to put in a word edgewise. Lois and Martha were strongly in favor of handing the tea round—the captain set his face decidedly against it, Mrs. Mayhew had a leaning to the wishes of the girls, and the boys alternately joined with each, according to the cogency and plausibility of the arguments.

"I don't see why we should not be as genteel as Betsey Turner," said Lois, "and she had the tea handed round to her last party."

"Did she have it handed round, though?" said Mrs. Mayhew.

"To be sure she did, and all the first girls in the village agreed to follow her example for the future."

"There does seem to be a little something in that," said Mrs. Mayhew, addressing her husband, "for if the girls don't have the tea handed round, people will think that we feel as if we had no right to rank ourselves with the first in the village."

The captain not only made a very sensible reply to this suggestion, but took occasion, in quite a long and eloquent speech, to urge the necessity of preserving the ancient simplicity of manners unimpaired, which were alone suitable for a republic. "Fellow townsmen," said he, forgetting, in the heat of his eloquence, that he was not in the hall, surrounded by the fathers of the village, "I tell you that simplicity is the bone and sinew, and so on, of a flourishing republic."

At the close of this sentence, little Pete whispered to Jim, saying it was equal to a fourth of July oration. The captain went on with increasing vehemence, but was suddenly brought to himself by hitting his hand against a pint mug that sat on the table, which fell on the floor, and was dashed to pieces."

"There, the blue and white mug is gone," exclaimed Mrs. Mayhew.

"Never mind," said the captain, "I am able to buy another," but the thread of his discourse, like the mug, was irreparably broken. The girls took the opportunity to renew the argument in favor of handing round the tea. It was certain that the captain was a little abashed in consequence of breaking the mug, "well, girls, upon the whole, you may hand the tea round, for, as you say, there will be so many, that all cannot sit down at the table at once, and if you hand it round, there will be but one job of it. There must be this proviso, though—your mother and I must have our tea in a room by ourselves on the table, for, likely as not, if I undertake to hold my cup and saucer in my hand, I shall spill my tea or make some other blunder."

"I am of your father's mind on that score," said Mrs. Mayhew; "it is enough for you young folks to follow new customs—we had better stick to the old."

There was a great deal to be accomplished during the intervening time. Lois had a muslin cape to finish working, which she wished to wear on the occasion, and there were sponge-cake, cup-cake, pound-cake, and dough-nuts, as well as a variety of pies and tarts, which they intended should be particularly nice, to be prepared.

The wished for day arrived, and by one o'clock in the afternoon, from twelve to fifteen young girls were seated at the quilt, nimbly plying their needles. Olivia was of the number, and at first her presence occasioned a degree of restraint but this soon wore off, and the gay jest and merry laugh enlivened, without interrupting, their employment. The beaux of the village were by no means excluded, though only a few of them thought of going, 'till after tea. George Harris, the schoolmaster, Charles Fielding, the quondam "committee-man," David Slade, the suitor of Lois, and Abram Slade, his cousin, were the only exceptions. It was not until after much persuasion on the part of David, that Abram consented to go before tea.

"Come Abram," said David, "the girls will expect me, for I promised them I would be there to tea, but I don't like to go alone."

"Well, call and get the schoolmaster and Fielding to go with you, then."

"They have been gone this half-hour," said David.

"No, cousin David, I had rather wait and go with the strongest party. I never was any great hand at bowing and scraping, and if I go into the room with a dozen others, the girls won't mind whether I behave genteel or not."

"Oh, I will go in first, and you can follow close behind me. You know there is a kind of understanding between Lois and me, and if I am not mistaken, you would like well enough that there should be between you and Martha."

"Martha is a pretty girl, that is a fact, but I don't know what to make of her, for though she blushes so easy, she likes a little fun, and when she has been the most sociable with me, I have sometimes half mistrusted she was laughing at me in her sleeve."

"Oh no, Abram, I guess she never laughed at you. Come, your freedom suit has got the first fresh gloss on yet, and I heard Martha say it set complete."

"Did she, though? I have a good mind to go with you, cousin."

"That's right, Abram."

"Well, come along with me to my room, and I will be ready in less than no time."

"There, how do I look?" said Abram, after he had attired himself in his freedom suit.

"Complete!"

"Do I though, cousin?"

"Yes, you do—that's a fact."

Abram's mind was greatly relieved when they arrived at Captain Mayhew's, on account of making his bow, for they found the Captain with the school-master, and Charles Fielding in an apartment separate from the quilters, engaged in discussing the affairs of the nation; they, therefore, by invitation of the host, seated themselves near by, and appeared to listen with great attention. David, however, stole a glance, now and then, at Lois, who was passing in and out making preparations for tea; and Abram ventured once or twice to look into the next room through the open door, which was opposite him, where the girls—Martha amongst the rest—were diligently employed at the quilt. In about fifteen minutes they were informed that tea was ready, and were requested to walk into an adjoining apartment.

"Why, I thought they told us tea was ready," whispered Abram to David, "but I don't see a sign of a table, or any thing to eat."

Abram seated himself by David's side in great astonishment, which was soon ended by the entrance of Lois bearing a large tray with tea. Martha soon followed with the tarts, cakes, and dough-nuts.

"Now David," said Abram, "you would not have got me into this scrape, if I had known it beforehand. Why did you not tell me that we were not going to have any table to eat off of?"

"I did not know it myself," replied David.

"Did'nt you though, cousin?"

"No, I certainly did not."

"Well, I know no more how to act than a fool," said Abram.

"Oh, all you have got to do, is to keep an eye on Fielding or the schoolmaster. If you do as they do, you will be sure to do right."

Mindful of David's advice, perceiving that Fielding took a dough-nut, Abram took one too, though at the same time he cast a wishful eye at the hearts and rounds, nicely sprinkled with loaf-sugar. David was listening attentively to something a girl was saying to him, when Abram jogged his elbow.

"I've lost my nut, cousin," whispered he, "and I believe it rolled away t'other side of your chair—do look and see if you can find it."

"Never mind," said David, "let it go—something more will be passed round soon."

Owing to the pertubation occasioned by losing the nut Abram forgot to balance his cup and saucer evenly, and David pointed out to him that he was spilling his tea.

"Fire and tow, so I am. Now 'tis a fact, David, I had rather lay stone wall all day than to go through the operation of drinking tea without a table," and with an air of desperation he sat his cup and saucer on the floor while he pulled his handkerchief from his coat pocket to wipe the perspiration from his forehead. A pretty damsel who happened to notice his distress, with feelings of real compassion, rose and politely requsted him to exchange seats with her, at the same time pointing out the benefit to be derived from a work-stand next the chair she had left. He complied with alacrity, and finished his meal with comparative comfort.

"It was soon discovered after tea, that it was very inconvenient for so large a number to quilt by candle-light, and the side pieces of the frame being detached, the whole was conveyed from the apartment, and then commenced the amusements of the evening. Pawns, cross-questions, and other pastimes promotive of mirth were introduced, and many were the pledges which, for the most part, were by no means reluctantly redeemed. But some of them having soon redeemed their pledges, had nothing to do 'till the play was finished, but look on, or amuse themselves with conversation. George Harris, the schoolmaster, is seated by Martha Mayhew, and he regards with evident admiration the handsome and cheerful countenance directed towards him, with a look of earnest attention, as with enthusiasm he describes to her the distant home of his childhood. Many a sparkling glance is directed towards them, accompanied with a wink and a peculiar smile, which speak as plainly as words, that they think that the schoolmaster is a little smitten. Abram observes this with the rest, but the pretty girl who offered to exchange chairs with him, appears likely to fairly supplant Martha Mayhew, evidently, much to her own satisfaction. As for David Slade, and Lois Mayhew, affairs have arrived just at that crisis which produces consciousness, and they seldom ventured to look in a direction where they were likely to encounter each other's glances. Although many of the girls possess much beauty, there are none who can bear comparison with one who sits listening to Charles Fielding. None where the mind and the heart beam so brightly from the eye, or speak so eloquently on the varying cheek. How very expressive are those rich, ruby lips, even when they breathe not a word.

"What a very handsome couple Mr. Fielding and the schoolmistress would make," said a girl who sat opposite to them, to one of her companions.

"So they would," was the reply, "and I should not be surprized, if instead of attending Miss Weston's school next summer, we should attend Mrs. Fielding's wedding party."

Olivia remained at Captain Mayhew's that night, and after breakfast the captain taking his wife aside, said, "I have got to step over to Deacon Dison's, a few minutes, and you may tell Pete and Jim to harness the horse, and so on, before they go to school, for I suppose Miss Weston feels in a hurry to get home, now she has finished her school."

"Oh, you need not give yourself any trouble on that score," replied his wife. "Mr. Fielding will see to that, I will warrant you."

"Well, to tell you the truth, something of the kind did pop into my head last evening, as you and I stood at the door to see the sport, when I saw them talking together so sociable, and if they take a liking to each other, I am glad of it; for Charles is a worthy young

man, and as for Olivia, I set almost as much by her as I do by our own girls."

"So do I, for there—she has such a taking way with her, people cannot help loving her."

Mrs. Mayhew was right in her conjecture, for in less than half an hour Charles Fielding made his appearance in a fashionable chaise, drawn by a fine spirited horse, and in a few minutes having taken an affectionate leave of her friends, and in return, received their warm-hearted adieu, Olivia was on her way to her maternal abode.

Mrs. Weston, with the avails of her daughter's school-keeping, was enabled to pay Mr. Shearwell, and take up the mortgage which she had been obliged to give in default of payment. After Olivia's marriage, being somewhat lonely, she invited her sister, Parks, who was a widow, to come and reside with her.

When Olivia returned to Winterton as a bride, Captain Mayhew welcomed her very heartily, and told her that he thought Charles Fielding the luckiest school committee-man that he ever knew, for he not only obtained a schoolmistress, but as pretty a wife as was ever in the village.

Original.

PLEASANT SIGHTS AND SOUNDS.

BY ISAAC M'LELLAN, JR.

BIRDS.

Brilliant flutterers! in whose plumes
All the rainbow glories blend,
Happy is the life ye lead,
From its opening to its end.
In the forest gloom profound,
Your light carols cheer the air,
And the deepest, loneliest nook,
Brightens when your song is there.
Where the sombre evergreen
Casts its shadow o'er the sod,
Where the solemn larch and fir,
(Seldom by man's footstep trod)
Heave their leafy mass of gloom,
There the wild-bird's mellow throat
Lends a life, and spreads a bloom
With its cheerful ringing note:
And the grove so dim and sad,
When it feels the tuneful charm,
Lists delighted, and is glad
In the sweetly-warbled psalm,
Where the chrystal-bubbling brook
Up among green pastures flows,
Bright with many a lovely nook,
Oft thy merry descant rings;
And each sparkling wave that pours
O'er its rocky basin's brim,
Joins in one melodious gush
With thy deep enchanting hymn.

Oft the wildly-calling jay,
Oft the wood-dove's broken strain,
Wake the slumbering echoes there,
'Till they all reply again,
And th' upspringing larks repeat
Their soft matin melodies,
Hasting the new morn to greet,
As it gilds the eastern skies.

Where the verdant meadow spreads
Thick and high its waving grass,
Freshened by the winding stream,
Clear as the transparent glass,
Long the merry boblink sings,
Long the full-voiced blackbird trills,
And the lovely-piping quail,
Every pause with music fills.
By the mossy rural roof,
'Mid embowering orchards smiles,
O'er which the o'er-leaning elm
High its trembling foliage piles,
When the flushing beam of morn,
Pours a radiance o'er the scene,
And the yellow glow of eve,
Brightens all the living green;
Many a liquid-voiced bird,
Lifts its swelling anthem high;
Many a morning chant is heard,
Many an evening song floats by.

THE SEA BEACH.

Far the bright unwrinkled sand,
Spreadeth out its yellow floor,
Glittering in the radiant sun,
Like the sparkling Indian ore;
Smooth as the rich marble pave
In a royal palace seen,
Smoothed by many a curling wave,
Smoothed by the high billows green.
On thy firm and rounded breast
Mortal footstep leaves no print,
Nor the rolling wheel a trace,
Nor the crushing hoof a dint,
That a wave cannot efface.
Well I love the lonely beach,
Following the extended shore—
Listening where the breakers beat
Their rude measures on the sand.
Now the sleepy billow comes,
With a faint sigh to the land,
Scarcely ruffling with its lip
The bright grains of chrystal sand;
Sighing, panting, on the beach,
Glad its journey's end to reach.
Scarcely the receding wave
Doth the bright-hued pebbles stir
That so prodigally pave
The fair borders of the sea.

Richly is thy margin decked,
With the gaily tinted shell,
Whose smooth pearly lips are tinged
Gaudier than the rainbow's hue.
Thick the flaunting sea-weed lies,
Clinging to the slippery rock,
Streaked and colored with rare dyes—
Dyes the sunset clouds that mock.
Thick the sea-tuft waves its plumes,
Thick the sea-fan opes its fold,
Soft with pink, and rich with gold;
Bright the prickly sea-egg spreads,
O'er the mottled spangled sand;
Bright the branching coral shines,
O'er the far extended strand.

Lonely by the main I sit,
Gazing o'er its heaving haste,
Marking the full-flowing sail
On its ocean voyage waste—
At my feet the bursting surge
Rolls its snowy feathery crest,
Beating still a solemn dirge,

On the unwrinkled beach's breast.
Now a fisher's skiff I see,
With distended sail pass by.
Now a richly freighted ship,
Where the ocean meets the sky,
Rising on the rolling surge,
At the blue horizon's verge.

It approaches! and I trace
All its complicated gear,
The dark rigging and tall spars
That against the skies uprear;
O'er its lofty topsail flies
High the starry-spangled flag,
Pointing to the wished-for port,
With its light-house crested crag.
All who walk her tossing deck,
Wearied with the ocean foam,
Gazing on that distant speck,
Sigh impatient for their home.

Sitting by the tumbling sea,
Many a sea-bird's voice I hear,
Mingling with the sea's lament,
Notes melodiously clear.
Now the white-winged sea gull plies
Fast his rustling wings o'erhead;
Fast the little beach-bird flies,
Frightened by the stranger's tread.
Now the white-plumed ring-necks skim,
Swift in airy circles round,
And the whistling plovers pass,
With their never-ceasing sound—
And the sea-mew and the hawk,
Hover o'er the breaker's roar;
And the long-limbed herons stalk
Through the shallows of the shore.

THE WOODS.

Deep amid the arching woods,
It is pleasant to recline,
Where the dewy-twinkling leaves,
With the early sunbeams shine,
And the bending grass around,
Laden with its weight of tears,
Gleams as if with diamonds crown'd,
Or with orient pearls inlaid.
Fragrant then the breath of morn,
Blowing over perfumed fields,
When each lowly herb that springs,
Grateful incense freely yields,
And each bloomy wilding flower,
Waving by the river's brink,
To the wooing breeze, a dower
Of the choicest odor brings.
By the hedge that skirts the way,
Thick the damask wild-rose blows,
By the margin of the brook,
Thick the snowy lily glows;
In the meadow's verdant lap,
Thick the flowery strawberries bloom,
And their soft delicious scent,
Yield the wild fern and the broom.
Thick as the blue stars of heaven,
Are the purple violets sown,
Pouring from their honied cups,
Incense to the breath of morn.

Deep amid these shady woods,
It is pleasant to recline,
When the sultry beams of noon,
On the drooping forests shine;
Then beneath a shadowy beech,
Or the pine's impervious shade,
Or the quivering mountain ash,
Pleasant is it to be laid.
Silent then the drowsy air,
Silent then the song of birds,
For the blazing noontide glare,
Sends them to their leafy homes;
Silent then the locust's drone,
Silent is the wild-bee's hum,
Hushed is the grasshopper's chirp,
Hushed the beetles' drowsy drum.
Silent all the insect world,
Winged gnat and buzzing fly;
Every little wing is furled,
'Till the sultry heats are by.
Listless thro' the steaming wood,
Graze the tardy-footed kine,
Glad in the deep stream to lave,
Panting in its cooling flood,
Shaking then their reeking flanks,
To some thickets' dim retreat,
Marching in a lengthened line,
Wend they on with slothful feet.
Soon the crashing branch's sound,
In the tangled thicket's maze,
Tells that in the noonday heat,
They have ceased to roam and graze.

Deep amid these leavy woods,
It is pleasant to recline,
When the western sun gets low,
Sinking to its late decline,
All the glorious sky is fleck'd,
With a prismy gorgeous group;
Every sailing cloud is deck'd
With a rainbow hued festoon;
Purple is each fleecy fold,
Melting to the rose-leaves flush,
Painted then with virgin gold,
Bright and beautiful to see!
Lovely picture! fading fast!
Ere th' enraptured eye may feast,
Soon each pink and carmine streak,
Melteth in the darkening west,
And the scarlet-cinctured cloud,
With its rim of ruddy gold,
Melts and faints, as twilight's shroud
Closes round the sunset throne,
'Till the gay pavilion dies,
In the gloom of evening skies.

Deep amid these lonesome woods,
It is pleasant to recline,
Where, at night, the mourning winds,
'Mid the waving tops repine,
Swelling now a solemn blast,
Like the organ's sounding peal,
Sinking now in tones so low,
Scarce upon the sense they steal;
Then how lovely to behold,
The bright stars their lights illume,
While the round unclouded moon,
Scatters with bright shafts the gloom;
Grandly then the shining gleam,
Gilds the old majestic wood,
Tinging with its glimmering beam,
All the lonely solitude!

When we meet with better fare than was expected, the disappointment is overlooked even by the scrupulous. When we meet with worse than was expected, philosophers alone know how to make it better.—*Zimmerman.*

Original.

ANNETTE DELANCY.

BY F. A. DURIVAGE.

CHAPTER I.—A DEATH-BED.

A GLOOMY night in November was setting in upon the town of Ramvilliers, in France. The rain fell in torrents, and the wind, blowing in fitful gusts, rattled fearfully the antique casements of a venerable house in the suburbs, against the roof of which the huge bare branches of a plane tree beat incessantly. And in a lone chamber of that desolate mansion lay an old man upon his death-bed. The curtains of the bedstead were drawn aside, for the sufferer gasped for breath, and, as his filmy eyes roved from object to object, he muttered something about the gathering darkness, and desired the female attendant to bring more candles. His nurse was a woman somewhat past the middle age, strong and healthy, whose fine personal appearance, and dark and decided countenance, offered a painful contrast to the wasted form and sallow features of the man who was fast passing away from the stage of existence.

"Annette not come yet," inquired the sufferer, in a weak and querulous tone. "I cannot last much longer and I must see the child before I die. Hark! was'nt that the rattling of carriage-wheels?"

"Ay, ay—like enough," muttered the dying man. "That tree was planted on my birth-day. I loved it well, and I could not bear to lop a single limb from its majestic stem. But what matters it? When I am laid low, the axe will do its duty. But the child, Gertrude, did you indeed send for her?" he inquired, raising himself painfully in the bed, and fixing his darkening eyes upon the attendant.

"Did I send for her, M. Delancy? Certainly I did, and it is time she were here. Your interest in that girl seems to increase as your time shortens. From the hour you brought her home, six years ago, you seem to have been wrapped up in her welfare. Truly your deceased sister could not have left her in better hands. You have done well by your niece."

"Gertrude!" cried the dying man, "she is *not* my niece—she is my child, my only child!"

"I suspected this long ago," muttered Gertrude to herself.

"Hear me!" cried the dying man, rallying his energies, with what seemed to be a last effort. "Twelve years ago, when I was poor and struggling with the world, I met the mother of Annette. She was poor as myself, but of her loveliness and worth I need not, cannot speak. We have parted—*was it not for ever?* I swore to make her mine, but the demon of self-interest led me to wrong her. All my worldly expectations were based upon the favor of a rich uncle, who had formed ambitious views for me in life. To have made a *mésalliance*, would have ruined me in his estimation for ever. So, though I married the mother of Annette, it was in secret. The pangs of concealment preyed upon her gentle soul, yet did I not repent until the death-blow was stricken and I followed her corpse to an untimely grave. My uncle died; but with the caprice of a miser, he left all his wealth—that wealth for which I had bartered my peace, and the life of the only being who ever loved me—to a distant relative. I struggled on to a moderate competence, but the memory of the past has overshadowed my life like a cloud, and it hangs now, gloomy and dark, over my death-bed, and blots out my hopes of a future. But my child—it is not too late to make reparation to her. The accursed pride which has ever held me back when I would have stepped forward to do justice to the living and the dead, has now, in my last hour, decided me. Hear me, Gertrude, and if you fail to do my behest, the curse of a dying man cling to you through life and choke your dying prayer! May your death-bed be as desolate and dark as mine. My breath is failing fast, but hear me. In yonder escritoire, at the back of the right-hand drawer, is a spring, press it and a secret receptacle will disclose itself—in it you will find two papers, one, a document authenticating my marriage, the other a will in favor of Annette. Possess yourself of these and see them duly registered—executed. Clutch them as if your life depended on your fidelity; do this, and my blessing, the blessing of all good angels be upon your head. I can say no more—the room grows dark and close. More light, more light! Stay—*I shall soon have light enough.* But Annette—where is she? Oh! for one parting glance at her sweet face! But it is too late—all is dark—oh, God! I am dying—"

He fell back heavily upon his pillow, the rattle sounded hoarsely in his throat, and the man of this world had passed away to the mysterious next. No gentle hand closed his eyes upon their last slumber, and they remained wide open, gazing fearfully in the direction of the escritoire. The cold and worldly woman was alone in the apartment. The fire burned fitfully upon the hearth-stone, and the light played flickeringly upon the face of the dead. Now it seemed as if a frown passed over the yellow countenance, but all was still and motionless.

"Fool," muttered the housekeeper. "Did you think I toiled for you year after year for the sake of the paltry wages your avarice afforded me, or for the interest I took in your well-being? And did you think your last will and testament was to supplant that in my favor, which I made you sign in a moment of delirium? Shall this child of thy folly be reared on the money I destined for my own? Never! But I must be quick, the notary will be here anon, and the time for action is of the briefest."

She hastened to the escritoire, opened it, and drew forth the papers, substituting a document which she took from her bosom. She then relocked the receptacle, and sat down to the perusal of the papers. After she had read them she held them to the lamp, and the flame was on the point of consuming them, when a sudden noise in the street caused her to stop. Looking up, she fancied she saw the eyes of the dead glaring upon her with a look of fearful menace.

"I cannot destroy them!" she muttered; "I will

keep them, but so safely, that no one but myself shall ever dream of their existence." And concealing them in her dress, she went to the window and saw a carriage draw up to the door. "It is Mademoiselle Annette," she muttered to herself. "Ten minutes sooner, and perhaps my own child would have been a beggar."

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CHAPTER II.—A DECIDED STEP—NEW FRIENDS.

The funeral of M. Delancy was conducted with appropriate solemnity, and the notary of the village, having discovered the will which Madame Bonand had deposited in the escritoire, it was duly read to the assembled mourners. It was found that the small property of the deceased had been bequeathed to his faithful housekeeper, on whom it was enjoined to rear Annette with care and kindness. The decent grief of the lady and the kindness she bestowed upon the little girl in public, sufficiently proved the judgment of the testator, and the villagers departed from the house of mourning to disseminate praises of the good housekeeper throughout the circle of their acquaintance. But when a few weeks had elapsed, poor Annette was made to experience the bitter change which had come upon her fortunes. The housekeeper was unkind and harsh, and upheld her daughter, Juliette, in the perpetration of every petty tyranny upon her little charge. The most disagreeable tasks were imposed upon her, and she was forced to eat her scanty and hardly-earned meals in utter loneliness. Her complaints, which were indeed few and only extorted by the hardest usage, were uttered to deaf ears, and Juliette finally completed her unkindness by striking the little orphan. The natural spirit of the poor child rose at this intolerable insult. Yet she smothered her indignant feelings, and for a day or two went about her tasks with her usual silent industry. But she had arrived at a crisis of her destiny—she had endured, until endurance was no longer a virtue, and she had resolved upon her course. The child of eleven years had learned to think.

It was a wild and stormy evening, Madame Bonand with her daughter, and a few friends, were making merry in the best room of the old mansion, when little Annette, with a single change of clothing, and a few provisions in a small hand-basket, tied on her cloak and bonnet, and issuing stealthily from the back gate of the garden, bade fare well for ever to the dwelling of her late protector. She took her way directly to the little village church which raised its grey spire towards the frowning heavens, across the face of which the rack and mists were hurrying fitfully. She passed through the ruinous gateway of the churchyard and paused by a recently erected monument. As she scattered a handful of flowers on the marble slab, the moon broke forth from the grey clouds and poured down a flood of light upon the child and the cenotaph.

"The quiet grave!" she muttered, with a tone of deep feeling, as if it were suddenly matured by the hour and the scene. "I ought not to weep because my good uncle is sleeping there quietly, for the Curé has taught me that the good lie down to wake among angels. But I cannot lie there by his side, for life is before me—a weary life—for now my uncle is gone, who will take care of poor Annette?" The iron tongue of the clock, striking the hour of ten, roused her from the task of contemplation. "I must make haste!" she cried, gathering up her basket hastily, as the thought of pursuit intruded upon her mind, "or they may overtake me and bring me back to that fearful scene of suffering."

Poor child! little did you think how lightly those heartless beings you had left would think of the sufferings of the poor wayfarer thus early thrust forth upon the world to struggle for existence. For a mile or two the child ran onward with the utmost speed, not daring to cast a look behind at the misty spire and the wintry tree-tops of Ramvilliers. Weariness at length came upon her and she cast her eyes around in the hope of discovering a shelter for the night. Nothing better offered than a half-ruinous outhouse the appendage of a deserted building, through the crannies of which, the night wind whistled with a mournful melody. A little heap of straw lay in the corner, and this was to be the couch of one whom, a short time back, "the winds of heaven were not permitted to visit too roughly." Concealing her precious basket, and offering her guileless prayer to heaven, she threw herself upon the straw, and never did sleep come to her more quickly when sheltered by the roof of her kind protector. She did not awake until sunrise, and starting up, she smiled at the pleasant aspect of the country, seen through the unprotected door-way of her humble lodging-house. It was a fine frosty morning, and her young blood danced merrily through her veins. In high glee, she resumed the road, and after walking several miles, sat down by the sunny side of a wood and opened her scanty store of provisions. She was so deeply engaged in her meal, that she did not notice the approach of a foot traveller until his jovial "holloa!" sounded close to her ear and compelled her to look up. Already an acute physiognomist, she scanned his features intently. He was a stout sunburnt man, clothed in a coarse grey cloth, evidently the garb of a farmer, and carried a stout cudgel in his hand.

"Well, my pretty lass," inquired the stout pedestrian, "what are you doing here?!"

"Eating my breakfast, as you see, sir," was the quiet answer.

"And you seem to have a deuced good appetite. But where do you come from?"

"From a place I never wish to see again."

"Well, but where are you going?"

"I don't know."

"Somewhat sharp for her years," muttered the farmer to himself. "Has no idea of trusting a stranger too far. However, I like her the better for that."

"Don't you want some breakfast?" inquired Annette, offering him a large piece of cake.

"Thank ye, but I never take the road so early without

laying in a good stock of provender. Many thanks to you, however."

Annette now put up her basket, and, having broken the ice, proceeded to question her acquaintance in turn.

"Where do you come from?"

"Umph! I might answer as cautiously as yourself, my child. But Pierre Beauchamp has no secrets, thank God! I've been to the South of France to secure a legacy left me by an old uncle. And I'm going back to Bondy, where I live. I've been gone three weeks, and I'm impatient to get home."

"Ah! how glad you'll be to see your wife and children."

"Yes, glad enough to see my wife," answered the good Pierre; but he paused before he continued, in a tone of regret, "as for childen, my pretty one, I have none to welcome me."

Annette was silent for a while. "Is Bondy far from Ramvilliers?"

"Ay, ay, a long way, my child. But why do you ask? Come, tell me all," continued the good-natured farmer, seating himself beside the child, and taking her tiny hand in his own huge brown palm. "Something must have gone wrong to send such a tender little chicken as yourself abroad so early of a winter's day. Come, now, I'm your friend, little one, and if you stand in need of one, I'll be a father to you."

A tone of kindness was the key to Annette's heart. Her pent-up feelings found vent in a flood of such tears as childhood only sheds, and then, with the confidence of an innocent heart, she recounted her little history, that, simple as it was, touched the soul of the good Pierre. With a delicacy hardly to be looked for, she concealed the names of the actors in the brief drama of her life.

"God bless you!" cried the farmer, taking the child in his arms. "This is a fortunate hour for both of us. You are just such a little girl as I have sighed to call mine. My dame will be right glad to receive me. Only come with me, my darling, and you shall be my child."

"Shall I, indeed?" exclaimed Annette. "But those bad persons who have injured me?"

"Only let 'em darken my doors!" shouted Pierre, as he grasped his sturdy cudgel, "and I'll—" though he prudently left the sentence unfinished, the expression of his countenance was very satisfactory. "But, come, we must be stirring, child. At the next cross road we shall meet the diligence, if we make good speed."

"What! are we going to ride in a nice carriage?" cried the child.

"Ay, ay, a nice carriage that goes three miles an hour and be hanged to it," replied the farmer. "But that's nothing to the way my long-tailed Normandy mares shall whisk us over the ground when we get home. And you shall have a nice little pony to ride on—and my wife will be so glad to see you—and old Agatha—and Cæsar, my old dog—capital fellow—and the ducks, and pigs, and chickens—come along!"

And seizing the willing hand of Annette, the jolly farmer strode along the highway, chuckling boisterously all the while, with an occasional flourish of his oaken cudgel, and one or two cumbrous attempts at pirouetting, to the infinite delight of his little companion, who considered him the funniest old gentleman in boots she had ever seen.

The diligence met them at the cross road, and little Annette continud to be delighted with her new friend. Moreover, at the hotel where they dined, she formed a new acquaintance. This was a lad of fourteen, travelling to Paris with a servant of his father, to enter one of the metropolitan seminaries. Eugene de Merville was a lively youth, who showed our heroine and her protector some civilities, and they were soon intimate. In half an hour they had related their little histories like children in a fairy tale, and when Eugene mounted his horse he took a very romantic leave of Annette, and promised to come and see them at the farm-house of Bondy, much to the delight of the hospitable Pierre.

The sun had nearly touched the verge of the horizon, when Pierre shouted to the conductor of the diligence to stop, and alighting with his charge, pointed out a farm-house on the edge of an extensive wood.

"Look up, Annette!" he cried, "there is your home, and here comes my dame, and Cæsar too. How are you old fellow?" he exclaimed, as a huge wolf-dog bounded towards him, and expressed his joy at the meeting, by a thousand rough gambols. "Annette and you must be play-fellows. He's rough and honest like myself, child."

As he finished these words he was locked in the embraces of his happy help-mate, from which he freed himself with a hearty kiss on both her cheeks.

"Look here, dame, isn't she a pretty creature. You must be kind to her, for I love her already like a child."

The good woman held out her arms with a smile, and Annette sprang to her embrace. Long and lovingly was she caressed, while the sturdy farmer looked on with a smile and a tear.

"Come, come, Annette," he cried at length, "you are taking more than your share. I shall be jealous of you, little puss."

The child quitted the arms of the female, and holding a hand of each of her new protectors, tripped gaily between them to the farm-house. The orphan had found a home.

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CHAPTER III.—THE GUEST—FIRST LOVE.

Five years—a long time to the weary and world-forsaken, had rolled over the heads of the peaceful inmates of the farm-house at Bondy. The playful girl of eleven had grown up to the grace and bloom of sweet sixteen, still playful and pure as in her earliest days, with warm feelings and a cultivated mind, the idol of her rustic friends, and the light of her rural dwelling. Pierre loved to gaze upon her blooming cheek, and clear blue eyes, and swore that the music of her silver singing laugh, was more melodious than the song of the lark or the nightingale. The long winter evenings were cheered by her mirth, or enlivened by her reading and her conversation. The very hinds blessed her presence,

and old Agatha, the attached domestic of the family, smiled more frequently than she was wont, at the sprightly sallies of the adopted child. She declared at the same time that the rustic couple were spoiling her, and giving her an education far beyond her station. What was the use of her singing, and embroidering, and painting and foreign languages. Better make cheese and butter, and understand cooking and washing. But Annette was one of those happy beings who can take a great deal of spoiling, and, while she neglected not her domestic duties, insisted upon her right to certain accomplishments, and there was none but Agatha to gainsay. Even the latter relented somewhat, when, devoted to the task of pleasing her, Annette would warble some old Provençal lay, which she had caught up from the old woman, and embellished with her fine musical taste, 'till it caught a thousand new graces from her voice and style. On these occasions the old woman would wipe her spectacles, and clear her husky voice, and declare that little Miss Annette had really a fine voice and taste, and sang very well the songs she taught her, though the music master would be the spoiling of her. And with this little salvo to her vanity, her objections would cease for the time.

One pleasant summer morning, when the birds were abroad and musical on every bough, a solitary horseman was seen upon an eminence in the road, engaged in conversation with a peasant, while he pointed occasionally with a whip to the farm-house, which he seemed to reconnoitre from afar. At length, putting spurs to his horse, he galloped up to the grange, and reigning in his foaming steed before the gate, alighted. Old Cæsar, the watch-dog, did not receive him with his customary incivility, but even saluted him by a wag of the tail and demurely followed his footsteps into the house.

The stranger was a dark-haired, handsome young man of nineteen, with the air and dress of a finished gentleman, but with nothing of an aristocratic hauteur in his manners. Annette was in the hall when he arrived. The young man sprang forward and caught her by the hand, while she drew back, blushing and astonished.

"What!" cried the stranger, "have five years wrought such a change in my appearance, that you have forgotten Eugene De Merville?"

"M. De Merville!" cried Annette, with a little coquetry in her air. "Ah! I remember now. I met you once before at the inn where the diligence stopped with my—my father, on the road to Bondy."

"Yes, mademoiselle, the very same. You were very communicative then—not at all reserved. You are of course, somewhat altered in that respect, but I am afraid that I am the same—still the same careless, idle *vaurien* that I was then. However, I have neither forgotten you nor your invitation, and behold me here after a lapse of five years, to redeem my promise."

Here Pierre entered on the scene and grasped the visitor warmly by the hand.

"I see *you* have not forgotten me, my old friend," cried De Merville, gaily, as he returned the hospitable pressure. "And this, I presume, is your lady. Permit me to salute her."

Annette had disappeared. Was it to arrange her dress?

"I'm delighted to see you," cried the farmer. "Here, Jean, Martin, Eustace, some of you, take care of the gentleman's horse. Walk in, M. De Merville, and be seated. I hope you've come to spend six months at least."

De Merville smiled. "I shall not put your hospitality to too severe a test," he replied. "I can make you but a short visit. The health of my only surviving parent is precarious, and now that my education is complete, I must devote the greater portion of my time to the grateful task of being a companion to him in his solitary chateau."

"Well, be that as it may, you shall enjoy yourself while you stay," said the farmer. "There's glorious fishing in the neighborhood, and plenty of shooting in the forest. My sporting days are not over yet, and I can handle the gun and rod with something of my former skill. The time shall not hang idle on your hands, believe me."

In a few moments, Annette re-appeared, her exceeding loveliness partially heightened by the rustic finery in which she had dressed herself in honor to their distinguished guest. Eugene was charmed and astonished to find that her mind had been so highly cultivated, and when in the evening, her musical talents were called into requisition, he could not repress his delight at her performances. Accustomed to the brilliant and too-highly cultivated strains of the salons of Paris, he was astonished at the effect produced by simple and natural means, and her Provençal ballads pleased him much more than the bravuras to which he had so long been forced to listen. At the close of her songs he was rapturous in his expressions of applause.

"Very fair, very fair indeed," said Agatha, "though it ill becomes me to say, for I taught it to Mademoiselle myself."

"Indeed?" exclaimed the young man, gravely. "If then, the execution of the pupil is so brilliant, what must be that of the preceptress. If you could be prevailed upon to favor us, madame, I should esteem it the greatest obligation."

Agatha coughed, and excused herself on account of a hoarseness, while Pierre threw himself back in his chair and laughed heartily.

"Come, dame," he cried, "strike up, and *parbleu!* I'll accompany you upon the tongs and shovel, as they do in Flanders. Ah! M. De Merville, you ought to hear her sing—the ravens hang their heads for very shame, and old Cæsar howls as if he had been shot—runs away into the forest, and we don't see any thing of him again for a month."

"For shame, father," cried Annette, "you do the good Agatha very great injustice. She only speaks the truth when she says she taught me all Provençal songs."

"And if so," replied De Merville, "we are all indebted to her for the delight of this evening."

This turn in the conversation was infinitely gratifying to old Agatha, who, on taking leave of Annette that night at her chamber door, was very warm in her praises

of De Merville. "A young man," she said, "after her own heart—not one of your harum scarum young fellows, who think a woman passé at thirty—a good discerning young gentleman with all the true politeness of the *ancien règime*."

"And you must be an excellent judge," replied Annette, "for I dare say you had a good chance to play the critic, for you must have been surrounded by suitors in the days you speak of."

"Ah! Mademoiselle, it is no use speaking of them," said the old woman, with a shake of the head, "but I had partners enough at every fête I attended—and, between ourselves, if I had listened to the advice of my friends, I might have been now—"

"A notary's wife?" inquired Annette.

"Better than that," replied the old woman. "A notary's widow." And with a chuckling laugh she hobbled away to her dormitory.

What visions flitted through the head of Annette as she laid her tresses on her pillow that night, I will not pretend to say; but I am very sure that Eugene De Merville thought of her to the last of his waking moments.

"She is lovely as a houri," said he, "and her mind is as pure and bright as her person. But what am I or what can I do to render myself acceptable to such a being."

How long does the humility of a young gentleman of great personal attraction and accomplishment last in such a case? My lady readers may reply.

Eugene De Merville arose at an early hour the next morning, and I cannot conceal the circumstance that his toilette was made with rather more than his customary care. Annette, too, met him at the breakfast-table upon equal terms, for she was bent upon playing the hostess to her first guest with all due honor to the part she had undertaken. The meal went through merrily, and, that concluded, the good Pierre insisted upon taking De Merville over his farm, while, not to be behind hand in civility, Eugene was very lavish in his praises of the turnips, corn, potatoes, and poultry. With dinner came another chat with Annette, and then an afternoon's shooting. Moonlight and music made a delightful finale to the day, and this may be taken as a sketch of the daily life the young Frenchman led for a brief delicious period. I ought to add, that he very soon found out that Annette was a capital horseman, and so he very speedily challenged her to an exhibition of her equestrian accomplishments, which resulted in a long but not wearisome gallop over many a mile of hill and dale. Nor was this a solitary excursion—for he appeared to experience a suddenly and unaccountable curiosity to visit every picturesque *locale* in the neighborhood, and as he was a perfect stranger to the place, it was of course very proper for the young lady to do her best to prevent his getting lost in the by-roads and quiet paths of the vicinity. Ah! those are very dangerous expeditions for the susceptible. The gallantries of assisting to mount and dismount are so fascinating. I have little fear of a brushing gallop, but when the horses and their riders are tired of hard galloping, when the soothing twilight hour is approaching, and the steeds instinctively approach each other and the ear is inclined, that the regular beat of the hoof may not interrupt the subdued conversation, "somehow or other" that conversation is apt to take a very interesting turn, and afterwards, when the welcome home is reached, the hand of the Cavalier is very apt to grasp the fair fingers of his companion, as he assists her from the saddle, with a more than necessary pressure; and how can those fair fingers be withdrawn without imminent peril to the lady? Believe me, love seats himself as often in the saddle as in the *fauteiul*, and I am not sure that he ought not to be depicted as a diminutive jockey, with most exquisite top-boots and a beautiful little riding-whip. But this is a digression.

Then there were rambles after wild-flowers in the pleasant glades of the woodland, which possessed even a greater charm for Eugène than the more active excursions on horseback. And did this unchecked intimacy arise and continue without any detriment to Annette's peace of mind? Was the form and memory of Eugene De Merville to pass away like the feeble image of a dream dispelled by the events of the succeeding day? The time approached which was to test the state of her feelings towards Eugene. One morning he returned from Bondy, whither he had ridden unaccompanied, with a grave and melancholy countenance. He briefly informed Madame Beauchamp that he had received intelligence of the illness of his father, which made it incumbent on him to return home without delay. He inquired for Annette, and was informed that she had taken her book to a little summer-house in the garden, a favorite resort of her's in pleasant weather. Thither the young man bent his steps. He found the lady seated at a rustic table on which lay a small volume, open, but not, as it seemed, engrossing her attention, for she sat apparently absorbed in revery. The sound of his step upon the gravel walk around her, and she turned towards him with a pleasant smile, that disappeared as she observed the melancholy and embarrassment of his expression.

"Pardon me, M. De Merville," she said, commencing the conversation, "but you rode over to Bondy to obtain intelligence from home; I trust it was satisfactory?"

"So far from it," replied Eugene, "that it is of a character which commands my immediate attention; which imposes on me the painful necessity of bidding you an abrupt adieu. My father is alarmingly ill; the letter which conveys the unwelcome information, is written in the hand of his steward."

"Indeed! I am pained to hear this, and sincerely trust you may find him better than you appear to anticipate."

"Hardly so, I am afraid. His health has suffered such repeated shocks, I fear he cannot sustain another severe attack of disease. He has never been well since the death of my poor mother. Ah! Mademoiselle Beauchamp, when the object of a lifelong attachment is suddenly torn from it, the heart must indeed be cold which can survive the shock. Inheriting the feelings of my father, I can foreshadow my own fate in such an

event. Even now, in parting, for a brief space, from one whom I respect—admire—nay, hear me, Mademoiselle Beauchamp—*love*—yes, love devoutly."

Annette averted her eyes from that gaze of melancholy, passionate devotion.

"Annette! Mademoiselle Beauchamp! pardon me," sinking beside her, and taking her unresisting hand in his, "pardon me, if I have dared to avow hopes which my looks must have interpreted long ago. But my soul is above disguise, and I could not leave you in this, my bitter hour of woful presage and affliction, without confessing all I felt—all I dared to hope, and learning from you my doom or my happier destiny."

"M. De Merville," murmured Annette, but her voice was choked, her bosom heaved, and she sobbed bitterly.

"Gracious Heaven! I have deeply offended you!" cried the young man. "I have misinterpreted your kindness to a chance acquaintance, and outraged your feelings. If so, again I ask your pardon, and will bid you a respectful adieu."

But the hand which he again pressed, was not withdrawn—the eyes, tearful but beautiful, were lifted to his face with the firm confidence of innocence.

"M. De Merville," she said, "I am not insensible of your kindness. But I am, if not friendless, poor—my very parentage unknown—a nameless orphan, dependent upon strangers. You are well-born—ah! how little do the high and well-born prize their advantages—you move in a circle of society to which I cannot, to which I do not wish to aspire. Your father—will he sanction your addresses, if I possessed a right to smile upon them?"

"Annette," replied Eugene, as he stole his arm around her waist, "my noble father loves me—prizes me far—far indeed beyond my poor deserts. He would sacrifice life itself to forward my views. In early life he consented to part from me, that I might obtain the best education the metropolis could afford. He surrounded me with all that was pure in morality, and beautiful in art—he guarded me from the contamination of evil companions and evil principles, and, having taught me to think and act for myself, he left me to my own judgment to learn the great lesson of life. He did not teach me to avoid love—for he told me that it was a high and holy passion—but he taught me what to appreciate and approach in the fairer, the better sex. In this secluded place, I have found the beauty, the virtue, the true cultivation which I sought for in vain in the glittering halls of our gay capital. I have but to tell him that the ideal is found, to win his approving, alas! perhaps his dying smile. Permit me to tell him that the ideal is won."

And Annette was his. In the first warm kiss he imprinted tenderly and tremblingly upon those sweet lips, the confirmation of his warmest, wildest dreams, came to his enthusiastic spirit. It is not for us to pause by that consecrated bower, to catch the pure accents of that affection sanctified by mutual trust in each other's hearts, and reliance on an over-ruling Providence. Young lover! tearfully yet trustfully leave the side of the cherished one. "Thy foot is on the stirrup, and thy hand is on the reign," but thou lingerest to catch the last glimpse of her receding figure, the last wave of her mute but eloquent salute. Now ride forth. The charm and the spell are on thee. The halls to which thou art hastening may echo the lamentation of devoted attachment bereaved of its object, thou may'st tread their sounding corridors, their orphan master, the lips which have blessed thee "many a time and oft," may be chill and silent now, and the silver hairs thou hast so often viewed with reverence, may wave in the lightsome wind above the pall of death, but thou bearest within thy bosom that charm which will assuage the bitter poignancy of this thy first great sorrow. Thou may'st not think of her—the loved one—standing beside the coffin in the funeral hall, or mournfully tracking the remains of what was chivalrous, high-souled and daring, lovely in life, and beautiful in death, in their solemn progress to the final home, but when the night has passed, and the "morrow cometh," when the memory of the lost is "like the music of other days," thou wilt rise from thy affliction, chastened, but not confounded, and while remembering that there is one more to plead for thee in Heaven, thou wilt not forget that even on the earth thou art not lonely.

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CHAPTER IV.—THE MARQUIS DE MIRAFLEUR.

Rap! rap! rap! "Hilloa! open the door, there, if you're alive! D'ye hear, within there?" Rap! rap! rap!

These gentle salutations were addressed to the door and inmates of the farm, towards the middle of a stormy night some time after the departure of Eugene from Bondy. The thunder was pealing wildly overhead, the lightning glared incessantly, and the huge oaks of the forest groaned and tossed their gnarled arms abroad as the winds roared through them in the height of a tempestuous gale.

"What do you want?" shouted Pierre Beauchamp, in a voice that rose above the elemental warfare, as he thrust his night-capped head from the window of his dormitory.

"What do I want? Let me in first, and I'll tell you afterwards. Be quiet, you noisy rascal!" The latter exclamation was addressed to the surly mastiff, who was tugging at his chain, and howling most vociferously.

"In a moment," answered the farmer, and, stopping a brief space, to improve his personal appearance, he descended the stairs and unbarred the door, shielding his lamp from the furious gust which threatened to extinguish it.

"Come at last!" replied the midnight visitor. "Well, bear a hand here. My master's carriage has upset, the horses are playing wild work with the harness, and I'm afraid the Marquis is hurt."

Beauchamp followed the stranger, and soon came to the *debris* of a carriage, near which lay a man apparently insensible, whom he assisted to carry into the house. The farm-servants had now assembled, and while some ran to secure the horses, others lighted a fire, and the blaze that shot up the huge chimney, dis-

closed an elegantly-dressed and fashionable youth, whose pallid features gave signs of returning consciousness.

"Lacaille!" muttered the stranger.

"I'm with you, monsieur," replied the valet. "Are you in pain?"

"This arm!" murmured the wounded man—"'tis excruciating. Send or go for a surgeon! But tell me—where am I?"

"In good hands, sir," replied the honest farmer. "Lie still, and you shall have attendance instantly. Jacques! saddle my best horse, and ride to Doctor Flewr's instantly." The stranger closed his eyes and sank back on the sofa.

"We shall make it worth your while," said the valet, consequentially. "The Marquis de Mirafleur never fails to requite a service. Get us a drop of brandy, my good *bourgeouis*, and that as speedily as your very substantial pair of supporters will permit you."

Pierre Beauchamp frowned on the insolent servant as he followed his direction. A few drops of the liquor revived the marquis, who opened his eyes again.

"Lacaille! this is annoying. I am afraid this accident will detain me here some time. 'Tis always my deuced luck—fortune cogs the dice."

"Be thankful, monsieur, to Providence," observed the farmer, "that your life was spared."

The marquis opened his eyes very wide. "Lacaille!" he murmured, languidly, "he preaches!"

"How very good!" exclaimed the valet. "One would think," he added to himself, "that the shock had knocked the affectation out of him. But second nature—humph!"

"Lacaille!" drawled out the nobleman. "Get my trunks etc., out of the carriage. One must be decent even if one is at the point of death. I shall look frightfully pale to-morrow, but of course there will be no *belle dame* to captivate. Eh! my good man?"

"You may spare yourself the trouble, monsieur," replied the farmer, drily.

"Rather spare me your wit," rejoined the marquis. "Lacaille! he is sarcastic. Remove him—he is nauseous."

"My presence shan't annoy you," said the sturdy farmer. "As soon as I have given orders for your comfort, I shall leave you to the congenial society of your valet."

"Congenial society!" repeated the marquis, keeping up his affected style of speaking, even though writhing with pain. "The man is a degree above the vulgar in his language." And, in truth, the refinement of Annette was not without its effect, even on her rustic entertainers.

In due time the man of skill arrived. He was fat and fluvried, with a huge snuff-box, and a huge box of instruments. Both of these he opened, the former for a pinch, and the latter, to strike the surrounding servants with horror and astonishment.

"Let me look at the arm!" he cried. "Aha! looks bad—feels bad—bad case—very formidable. Pulse—ha! feverish. Bad symptoms. Never mind. Bleed him. Ounce of blood—pound of cure—that's the way with Doctor Flewry."

Notwithstanding this discouraging commencement, the worthy surgeon discovered that the extent of the injury sustained by the noble marquis, was comprised in a few severe bruises and sprains, though he secretly determined that he should undergo a long confinement, saying to himself, as, after discharging the duties of his office, he slowly rolled away in his heavy old-fashioned chaise.

"Good job—good job. Young nobleman—bleed him well—purse and person. Too much blood, too much money. Frighten him, and so forth. New coat for self, and new bonnet for madame. Six weeks' job at quickest time. Ha! ha! very good!"

But Doctor Flewry, like many other disinterested persons of his stamp, was building *Chateaux en Espagne* without a sure foundation, as he discovered, the very next morning, when the marquis, feeling himself much refreshed by a good night's rest, for which he was perhaps indebted to the surgeon's anodynes, not only declared himself able to get along without the assistance of the Esculapius, but moreover, peremptorily dismissed that learned leech with a single fee, and the consolatory reflection that *Quos Deus vult perdere, prius dementat.* Towards dinner-time the distinguished guest actually insisted upon making his toilette, and even on going down stairs and presenting himself to the family, leaning on the sturdy arm of his affectionate and devoted *valet.* The latter had unconsciously induced this effort by a glowing description of the personal attractions of the daughter of their host. He was struck with the beauty of the young lady, and his salutation, polished and easy, was likewise respectful for the Marquis of Mirafleur.

"Mademoiselle," said he, after a few minutes' conversation, in which the vivacity, intelligence and politeness of the lady made a strong impression, "if anything could reconcile me to an absence from dear Paris, it would be the pleasure of meeting such elegance among these benighted peasants. In fact, I consider the pleasure of being acquainted with you, cheaply earned, at the expense of a few bruises, and a broken carriage."

Annette, not much pleased with the present manner of the marquis, made a cool and careless answer, which showed how much she was displeased and disconcerted with his hyperbolical tone of flattery.

"It is a thousand pities," cried the marquis, "that you do not live in dear, delightful Paris. On the word of a nobleman, you would create quite a sensation there. One half the *beau monde* would teaze you with their adoration, and the other half would wish you—at Bondy."

"When I am content, M. le Marquis, even without listening to those high-flown compliments which, as somebody says, you fine gentlemen think it necessary to provide yourselves with for your intercourse with us poor country girls, just as the traders carry beads and trinkets to the savages. But I am a very peculiar savage my-

self, and prefer the pure ore of truth to its lacquered and Dutch-gilt representative, flattery."

"But, mademoiselle, the latter is the current coin."

"And you gentlemen, like modern bankers, with a little stock of the pure gold of sincerity, issue promises and praises, as plentifully as *billets de banque*,"

"Mademoiselle is too severe. I, too, albeit a follower of fashion, should have worshipped sincerity all my life, if she had presented herself in the form of a goddess. Perhaps I may yet renounce my former faith."

"Sudden proselytes are rarely true believers."

"Not when they are converted by a miracle."

As the last rejoinder was not responded to by Annette, who was shortly after called away, Mirafleur contented himself with the applauses of Lacaille.

"Come hither, *coquin*," said the master. "You know, my good fellow, that, following the customs of my ancestors, the ancient *noblesse*, the porcelain clay of our *belle France*, I have made you more of a companion than a valet. Now, in your capacity of counsellor and confidant, I will impart to you a piece of news."

"I am all attention, my lord."

"Lacaille, as this hand is disabled for the present, you may imagine it placed upon my heart in token of sincerity. I am in love!"

"For the ninty-ninth time. Do you call this news, my lord?"

"Lacaille! you will be pleased to attempt no pleasantry. I repeat it; I am in love. What shall I do?"

"Oh! propose, of course, my lord. Break off matters with the *Duchesse de Diamans*, sell your stud and your hotel, and on the wrecks of your property, sit down for life with mademoiselle here, in the corner of a farm-house. Ha! ha! But perhaps, after all, it may not be so bad. The lady may refuse you."

"Refuse *me*, the conqueror—me, the observer of all observers? Lacaille, you compel me to smile. Refuse *me*? never named by my patronymic Julio De Mirafleur, but *the* marquis par prëeminence. 'Tis absurd."

"My dear master, do give up this horrid scheme," cried the devoted valet, in tones of deep affliction. "Don't—pray don't marry her—if it's only to oblige me, sir."

"Calm yourself, *Mon cher*. I give you my word and honor that I will not. But we must try the force of our attractions, Lacaille; we are positively picqued to do it. We must be beloved by the peasant."

And accordingly, not to dwell upon the heartlessness and affectation of the marquis, he devoted himself to the task of pleasing the young lady, and he certainly succeeded. Dropping, in her presence, the tone of frivolity and frigid foppery he commonly adopted to his inferiors, he introduced different topics calculated to display his knowledge of the world, in its various aspects, to the best advantage. He described the countries he had visited, the works of art he had seen, and criticised the popular music, poetry, and painting, in a style which showed him a perfect connoisseur. But Annette was only amused, and the only sensation he awakened, was that of pity that one so brilliant, witty and accomplished, should live without any honorable aim, lost to every object but the amusement of the hour. When he thought her properly prepared, after a few days' display of his knowledge, elegance and person, he seized a favorable opportunity to disclose his passion.

Lacaille was wandering in the garden, discontented and alone, wondering how long the infatuation of his master would endure, mourning his own total destitution of excitement, and casting many wistful glances in the direction of Paris, the cynosure of his eyes, when he heard his name called. He was astounded, not at the unexpected call, but at the harsh tone, the fiery glance, the flushed face of his master, commonly so impassive a shield to the emotions of his heart, so

"well skilled to hide
All, save unutterable pride."

"Lacaille," he said, in short stern accents, "get our horses ready instantly. I am going to Paris."

"To Paris, my lord?"

"To Paris, sir! why does the fool stand gaping there? Don't detain me ten minutes. It shall cost you your place to do so."

And with these words he strode to and fro in the garden, while Lacaille left him to execute his orders. So soon as the rattle of wheels was heard, he entered the house and sought out the farmer.

"My good man," said he, haughtily, "you have done well by me, but not, doubtless, without the hope of recompense. Here is my purse."

But Pierre drew himself proudly up. "I am no hireling, my lord, nor petty inn-keeper. He who crosses my threshold is my guest, and the unfortunate are my friends. Put up your purse; I will not touch a franc."

"As you will, sir," replied the marquis, coolly. "I shall find some means to requite your hospitality." Lacaille held the steps of the carriage—the young nobleman sprang to his seat. The steps were put up, the door closed, Lacaille climbed to the box, and away flew the carriage. Ten miles had passed rapidly away before they stopped at a post-house. Lacaille again presented himself at the door of the carriage.

"Will you alight, monsieur?"

"No; stay here a-while, 'till those busy brutes are a little farther off. Lacaille! she rejected me."

"*Voila l' affaire fini!*" cried the valet.

"Hear me!" cried the nobleman; "I will have revenge!"

"You *shall* have it, monsieur," replied the supple valet. "I promise my assistance, and I never failed you yet."

A ghastly smile convulsed the features of the marquis, as he folded his arms and fell back in his seat. "Drive on!" cried Mirafleur to the coachman, as he sprang to the box—"to Paris—Paris!"

CHAPTER V.—NEW EVENTS.

"What have you brought from Bondy for me, father?" was Annette's address to Pierre Beauchamp,

as the latter returned from a ride to town, one morning.

"No letter, my poor child," replied the farmer, "but a little piece of news. At the *Lion d' Or*, I heard a lady, who came in a fine carriage, inquiring for this very place, and for yourself, too, my child. So, thinks I to myself, after I had heard the direction given, I'll get into the saddle and spur home through the forest, for my dame and Annette mustn't be taken by surprize."

Scarcely were the words uttered, when, amidst the cracking of a postillion's whip, a carriage rolled up to the door, and an aged lady, in deep mourning, was assisted to alight. She appeared laboring under the combined effects of fatigue and agitation, and it was some time before the venerable visitor could regain composure enough to make herself heard and understood.

"Mademoiselle Delancy," said she, at length, "I am the bearer of unwelcome intelligence—intelligence which concerns yourself, mademoiselle, deeply. My heart tells me whom I am addressing, and by the same instinct you may divine whose messenger I am. Alas! mademoiselle, I would the task of informing you of what has happened, had fallen into other hands. I am the aunt of Eugene De Merville."

At that name the blood forsook the countenance of Annette. She closed her eyes, and a deadly tremor seemed to take possession of her limbs. But she nerved herself."

"Speak on, madame," she said, taking her aged visitor by the hand, "I will make an effort to command myself."

"You may have heard," said Madame Ferrier, that Eugene has lost his father."

"I feared as much," was the reply.

"Grief at this event, almost drove him distracted. He sought Paris to attend to some affairs which commanded his attention, and was there taken sick, at my house. In his moments of delirium, as well as in his lucid intervals, he has spoken incessantly of you. My dear young lady, you have now to hear the worst. He is given up by the physicians, and, would you close his dying eyes, you must hasten with me to Paris."

It was no time to indulge in passionate lamentation, but with a heart overcharged with grief, stunned and bewildered at the suddenness of the stroke which had fallen on her, Annette prepared to accompany Madame Ferrier. The latter required a little rest, but in an incredible short space of time she announced her readiness to recommence her journey. A brief farewell was all Annette could utter, as, through tearful eyes she watched the misty trees and receding chimneys of her late happy home.

Magnificent Paris! what gay crowds were loitering in thy illuminated gardens, wandering on thy spacious boulevards, or by thy star-lit Seine, spanned with the lofty bridges, whose lights dim-twinkled on the tremulous tide; what happy, buoyant forms whirled in the ringing dance, in hundreds of thy bright saloons, what brilliant revelry sent up its shouts from the wine cup and the wassail, as the carriage of our mourners rolled through a sullen gateway over the wretched pavements, to the hotel of Madame Ferrier. This was an old building in the Faubourg St. Germain, full of the bygone grandeurs of a decayed line. A gloomy entrance admitted the carriage to a dimly-lighted courtyard. All was still, decent and aristocratic about that melancholy household. They alighted, and were shown by a male servant up a pair of stairs, into a luxuriously furnished sitting-room. Here Annette was left alone for a few minutes, while the old lady went to inquire after her nephew. She instantly returned, saying that he was awake, and failing rapidly, requested to behold Annette without a moment's delay. Poor Annette dried her fast falling tears, and followed her weeping conductress to the sick chamber. Madame Ferrier withdrew as her companion entered. The room was dimly lighted—a muffled figure lay upon a sofa. As the door closed, the figure started up, the ample cloak fell from the shoulders, and as Annette gazed with horror on the countenance, she recognized the Marquis De Mirafleur!

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CHAPTER VI.—THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE—THE END.

An elegantly-dressed young man was reclining carelessly in his seat at the opera, eying the attitudes of the reigning danseuse, the Taglioni of the day, through his gold-mounted *lorgnette*, when he heard his name pronounced in a low voice.

"M. De Mirafleur, a word with you. The speaker was a pale young man, of a fiery and decided cast of countenance, and dressed in a suit of the deepest mourning. The marquis neither started nor turned pale, but his eye flashed less brightly than it had done a moment previously, as it rested on the well known features of De Merville."

"I little anticipated the pleasure of seeing you here," said the marquis.

"It is no very pleasant occurrence, monsieur, that leads me to visit a place like this in my days of mourning. But I knew you were here, and that you could not avoid me if you would."

"Avoid you, De Merville," answered the marquis, haughtily, "let me tell you that I am easily found by friend and foe. You assume the tone of the latter. How is this?"

"I will tell you briefly. I have just returned from Bondy. Marquis De Mirafleur, I know the imposition practiced. By Heavens! you turn pale. A young girl—a young, lovely, virtuous girl, has been seduced from the roof of her protectors by the practices of a villain."

"What is that to me?"

"Every thing. I am aware of your visit to that place—of your rejection by Annette. Can you tell me that you have not seen her since—that you did not authorize the imposition I allude to?"

The marquis was silent. At length he said, with forced composure, "What right have you to question me?"

"The right of her affianced lover. Did you, or did you not practice on her credulity?"

Thrice did the marquis attempt to speak, but the words, like Macbeth's amen, stuck in his throat. At length he faltered out, with blanched lips, and a quailing eye, "I did not."

The eyes of De Merville blazed with indignation. Bending his head, and approaching his lips to the ear of his foe, he applied to him an epithet which no Frenchman—no gentleman can bear without resenting.

"Enough," said the marquis, springing up, and shaking off every appearance of lethargy or irresolution, "I could have spared you what must follow, but you have thrown the dice. I retract the denial I just now made; hear me, and let it half avenge the insult you have offered. She is mine—mine wholly. And mark me—to-morrow—at the hour of sunrise—in the Bois de Boulogne, near the old grey cross, I will attend you. Lacaille shall be with me as witness, and you may bring any friend you like. I name pistols. And now, as you are bent on going—*au revoir*—for my part, I shall stay the *ballet*."

De Merville wended his way to the dwelling of an old friend, Captain Ruder, who had served in the imperial army, to whom he imparted the intelligence of the proposed meeting, and a request that he would go out with him.

"Of course, of course, my friend," replied the captain, "with the greatest pleasure. I wish, however, there was a little more formality in the proceedings, as it is like to be a serious affair, it being obligatory on you to kill M. le Marquis. *Mais n' importe.* 'Tis very well as it is. But come, you are cast down. You have lost a mistress—'tis the fortune of war. He has gained one—the luck is his, if he survives your fire. Have you ever done much in this way before?"

"Never," replied De Merville, "but I shoot indifferently well."

"Aim at the highest vital spot—the pistol has a tendency to droop—little danger of swerving to the right or left. I shall make you both fire at the word—the chances will be equal. And now—I have some excellent burgundy."

"Pardon me," replied De Merville, "I am the worst boon companion in existence, Ruder. Get me pen and ink, and while I write, you can amuse yourself, and your *chansons à boire* will not disturb me in the least."

His wish was complied with, and while Ruder passed the night as he had many a night before battle, though in more boisterous company, De Merville had written various letters, and prepared himself for the morrow. Scruples he had none, for he was acting a part that custom and the tone of good society, in France, sanctioned as chivalrous and honorable. It is not for us to judge him by our own purer code.

Cool and bracing was the air through which the gentlemen drove rapidly to the rendezvous in the Bois de Boulogne. Ruder selected a convenient spot with an experienced eye, and was expatiating on its merits to his friend, when a tilbury drove up, and from it descended the marquis, and Lacaille with a case of pistols. The sight of his enemy strengthened the deadly resolution of Eugene, while the marquis derived no particular inspiration from the presence of his adversary. The parties took their places, and the pistols were placed in their hands. Ruder stepped out of the line of fire, and raising his voice to a stern shout, gave the signal. The explosions were simultaneous. As the smoke curled lighted upward, De Merville remained at his post, but Julio, Marquis De Mirafleur, stretched his length upon the sod.

"It's all over," said Lacaille, supporting the marquis on his knee, while Ruder and De Merville rushed to the wounded man.

"De Merville," murmured the Marquis; "take my hand. I have been punished rightly. I attempted to deprive you of Annette. But I found her firm and incorruptible. On the honor of a dying man, sh escaped from my toils unharmed. As for me, my race is run. Could I live—it might be that repentance—a different life"—the blood gushed from his lips, and he fainted. Ruder examined his wound.

"Why didn't you bring a surgeon?" cried De Merville.

"Ay, he must have a surgeon," muttered Ruder, "and that speedily. Get him to Paris with despatch," he added, to Lacaille. "As for you, M. De Merville, I need scarcely recommend a speedy departure from this charming capital. For myself, I can hide in Paris, where it would not be convenient for you to bivouac."

Eugene assented to the justice of his remarks, and having taken leave of the captain, was soon *en route* for Bondy, at which place he hoped to set pursuit on foot after the fugitive Annette. As he approached the scene of so much happiness and so much disappointment, tears rose to his eyes, and he vainly endeavored to conquer his painful emotions. The roof that sheltered her, the flowers she loved and cherished, the rustic summer-house in which she heard with smiles and tears the story of his love—the sight of these objects increased the oppression of heart under which he labored. But all was not lost, perhaps—not utterly. He sprang from the chaise, rushed into the house, and the next instant, held Annette to his heart.

The period of her trials was ended—that of her happiness to come. She had escaped from the toils that had been laid for her, and she had just been apprized of a piece of unexpected good fortune. Madame Bonand having met with a series of misfortunes, among which, the heaviest was the elopement and subsequent death of her daughter, Juliette, regarded these afflictions as a punishment sent expressly by Heaven, in consequence of the deception practiced on Annette; therefore, when fully persuaded that she was on her death-bed, she confessed her fraud, and made restitution of the stolen property to the young lady, who now assumed her rightful name. She sighed when De Merville informed her of the duel, and though she forbore to reproach him for his conduct, she exacted a solemn promise that he would never more seek that method of avenging an insult or an injury. In a few days intelligence arrived from Paris, that Mirafleur was pronounced out of danger, and that De Merville might return openly as soon as he desired. The marriage of the lovers took

place at the farm-house, to the intense delight of Pierre Beauchamp, who passed the evening of the happy day in a state of riotous excitement, and was as much of a maniac as when Annette first met him on her first eventful journey. The day after, the young pair took leave of their rustic but faithful friends, and entered a splendid carriage destined to whirl them to the capital. Of the gayeties of their life, during their sojourn in that brilliant metropolis, we do not now intend to write. They met De Mirafleur a graver and a better man. The resolutions he had formed during his confinement, were faithfully adhered to after his convalescence; his fortunes were improved by the change, and that he was no less fascinating as a moral man than a *roué*, was soon discovered by the success of his addresses to one of the most beautiful, wealthy, and virtuous ladies in Paris. Long before his marriage, he parted with Lacaille; or, to speak more properly, Lacaille, suspecting that the marquis was meditating his discharge, begged to be relieved from further service, because, like Snake, he "lived by the badness of his chracter," and, were it imagined that he had adopted the new principles of his master, "he should lose every friend he had in the world."

Original.

JUDITH.

BY ROBERT HAMILTON.

'Tis midnight! and God from his throne in the sky,
Casts over creation his all-seeing eye;
The voice of the reckless, the music, the jest,
Are sunk in the sea of silence and rest.

The chieftain lies stretched 'neath the purple rich pall,
A babe now in sleep, in war, monarch of all;
And the flame of the censer, in gloom sinketh fast,
Like the beam of the day, in the hurricane's blast,

While the *lovely* of Israel upon him doth gaze,
And weeps as she thinks of those innocent days;
In the tower of Bethulia, sweet home of her heart—
"Jehovah! Jehovah! thy aid, oh! impart.

Nerve my hand to the deed, let the blow surely fall,
No pity, no feeling of mercy appal
My bosom of woman—'tis done!—hark!—that groan
Tells the life of the tyrant for ever is gone!"

Lo! the mighty hath fallen! that form once the fear
Of the heart of the Hebrew, is stretched on its bier;
On the blood-deluged ground it lies headless and pale;
Weep! children of Assur, weep, tremble and wail!

Thy might hath departed like foam from the wave,
The flower of thy warriors is gone to the grave;
While the God of the righteous o'er Israel holds reign,
Their buckler and sword 'gainst oppression and pain.

Original.

THE DESERTED HOMESTEAD.

BY MRS. M. ST. LEON LOUD.

There is a lonely homestead
In a green and quiet vale,
With its tall trees sighing mournfully
In every passing gale;
There are many mansions round it,
In the sunlight gleaming fair,
But moss-grown is that ancient roof,
Its walls are grey and bare.

Where once glad voices sounded
Of children in their mirth,
No whisper breaks the solitude
By that deserted hearth.
The swallow from her dwelling
In the low eaves hath flown,
And all night long the whip-poor-will
Sings by the threshold stone.

No hand above the window
Ties up the trailing vines;
While through the broken casement panes,
The moon at midnight shines.
And many a solemn shadow
Seems starting from the gloom,
Like forms of long departed ones,
Peopling that dim old room.

No furrow for the harvest
Is drawn upon the plain,
And in the pastures green and fair,
No herd nor flock remains.
Why is that beauteous homestead
Thus standing bare and lone?
While all the worshipp'd household gods
In dust lie overthrown?

And where are those whose voices
Rang out o'er hill and dale?
Gone—and their mournful history
Is but an oft told tale.
There smiles no lovelier valley
Beneath the summer sun,
Yet they who dwelt together there,
Departed one by one.

Some to the quiet churchyard,
And some beyond the sea,
To meet no more as once they met,
Beneath that old roof-tree.
Like forest birds, forsaking
Their shelt'ring native nest,
The young to life's wild scenes went forth—
The aged to their rest.

Fame and ambition lured them
From that green vale to roam,
But as their dazzling dreams depart,
Regretful memories come
Of the valley and the homestead—
Of their childhood pure and free—
'Till each world-weary spirit yearns,
That spot once more to see.

Oh! blest are they who linger
'Mid old familiar things,
Where every object o'er the heart,
A hallowed influence flings;
Though won are wealth and honors—
Though reached fame's lofty dome—
There are no joys like those which dwell
Within our childhood's home.

Philadelphia, 1842.

Original.

GERTRUDE COURTENAYE;

OR, THE HEIRESS.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

"I have too much believed mine own suspicion."
Winter's Tale.

The father of Gertrude Courtenaye, shrewd, calculating and crafty, but, withal, honorable in his dealings and refined in his manners, had slowly amassed an immense fortune, which he was just preparing to enjoy, when a lingering and mortal illness warned him to think of the long-neglected interests of another world. Sordid to the last, however, his great anxiety was for the welfare of his only child, and strangely enough did his thoughts of approaching death blend themselves with his fears for her future condition. While he strove to detach his affections from the things of earth, he yet labored to awake in her mind a deep interest to the vain pursuits in which his life had been wasted. To him the possession of wealth had seemed the very acme of happiness, and now the chief bitterness of death was to be found in his dread lest his hoarded gains should become the prey of those harpies to whom has been given the significant name of 'fortune-hunters.' Gertrude was scarcely eighteen, when she was thus called to attend her father's dying bed. She had been deprived of her mother in infancy, and the grief which overwhelmed her, when thus anticipating the loss of her only parent, rendered her peculiarly susceptible to the impressions made by his latest words.

"Your path through life is beset with snares, my child," said the anxious father to his daughter, as she was one day watching beside him. "You have wealth—that most coveted of earthly things—and you will be wooed by the flattering tongue of many an eager suitor. But remember, Gertrude, that nature has denied you the gift which is a woman's peculiar dower. The talisman which alone can bind the heart of man—the beauty which fixes the wandering eye, and charms the roving fancy, has not fallen to your lot, my daughter; and they, who come with honied words, will seek the *heiress*, rather than the *woman*."

A pang thrilled through the heart of the weeping girl as she listened to these words. She doubted them not: for her father's voice had ever been to her as the oracle of truth, but she shrunk from the thought that all her warm affections were given but to be blighted, because they were unaccompanied by personal beauty.

"I am sorry to distress you, Gertrude," said the father, "but I would put you on your guard against the insidious coils which surround the young and unprotected heiress. I would teach you to look beneath the mask which society ever wears; to penetrate the veil which hides the hideous form of selfishness. There is no such thing as disinterested affection in this sordid world, my daughter; all our best feelings are but the result of a refinement of selfishness."

"Father, surely my mother was not beautiful," said Gertrude, timidly.

"No, Gertrude; at your age your mother was what you now are—a gentle girl, with soft eyes and placid brow, but with no charms to attract the gaze or win the admiration of men."

"Yet you loved her, father?"

A flush crossed the pale cheek of the invalid as he replied:

"You are right, my daughter—I did love her, but not until years had made her tenderness necessary to my daily comforts, and her gentle affection an essential ingredient in life's mingled cup. You look surprized, Gertrude, but I speak the words of truth. My early days were marked by misfortune, and men are apt to increase in selfishness when the very bread they eat is only to be won by daily conflict with their fellow beings. I had become disheartened, and almost despairing. My companions—those who had set out with me on the journey of life—were all outstripping me in the career of fortune, and I only seemed destined to remain poor and friendless, when chance threw in my way one, who was rich and an orphan. I had always been a passionate worshipper at the shrine of beauty—and she had no claims to personal loveliness; I had ever admired genius,—and she was not gifted with intellectual power; but she was gentle and kind-hearted, and, above all, she was wealthy. I wooed and won her, Gertrude, but I tell you, (what I trust she never knew,) that but for her gold she never would have been my wife. Yet I did not doom her to the fate which awaits many of her sex. I did not accept her fortune, and then heap sorrow on the head of the giver. Kindness, attention, and respect, ever characterized my conduct towards her. Instead of squandering her wealth in idle pleasures, I bent my whole soul to the task of increasing its amount, and since love was thenceforth only a by-past dream, I made ambition the guiding star of my existence. I believe your mother enjoyed as much happiness as her quiet nature would allow. Habit gradually attached me to her, and when she died, I shed upon her grave the tears of unaffected sorrow. But it was her gentleness, and my sense of duty, which ensured us contentment. Our union was not founded upon that deep affection usually deemed so essential to wedded happiness. You will find many men who will marry from such motives as mine, but whether they will act with equal uprightness and kindness through life, is a question which can only be decided by time."

Gertrude was shocked and grieved as she listened to her father's story. His precepts alone could never have inculcated such distrust and suspicion of the world, as did his example; for the thought that he, whom she had always honored as the noblest of human beings, should have acted the deceitful part of a fortune-hunter, and that her gentle mother should have been the unconscious sacrifice to mere selfish schemes, was one of unmingled pain. Had any one but her father told her these things, she would have deemed them a base libel upon his upright character; but when thus compelled to believe that he had acted with insincerity in the most important epoch of his life, she could not but feel that the foundations of her faith in human nature were crumbling into dust. Mr. Courtenaye had succeeded in his wishes.

He had sown the seeds of distrust within the bosom of the free, frank and confiding woman, and satisfied that he had given her a safeguard against those who would despoil her of his cherished wealth, he did not observe that in teaching her to suspect others, he had made her almost despise himself.

Mr. Courtenaye was at length gathered to his fathers. A sumptuous funeral and a well-carved monument, (which displayed a long list of virtues that *ought* to have belonged to the deceased,) were the *last luxuries* purchased for him by his great wealth. For a few days the death of one of the richest men in the city was discussed in Wall-street—conjectures as to the actual amount of his estate were hazarded by a few of his cotemporaries, and then—the busy, bustling, money-making merchant was forgotten.

The closing scenes of her father's life had made a deep and lasting impression upon Gertrude Courtenaye. During the year, which she spent in decorous seclusion after his death, she had ample leisure to ponder over his last advice, and, while the remembrance of his petty selfishness weakened her filial regret for his loss, it also confirmed her feelings of distrust towards society. These feelings were increased by her discovery of a scheme which her guardian had formed to secure her fortune by marrying her to his son, and long before she attained the age which ensured her the actual possession of her wealth, the heiress was almost a misanthrope. She had no faith in any one. She looked upon her female friends as interested and designing in all their views, while the opposite sex seemed to her only as robbers in disguise. Yet she possessed too much of her father's craft to allow her peculiar notions to be discovered. Society was essential to her enjoyment, and she delighted to draw around her a circle who could amuse her idle hours, or gratify her love for conversation, while in her heart she despised every member of it, and believed all to be actuated by some sordid motive. No one who looked upon her cheerful and pleasant countenance, would have suspected that so much unfeminine distrust lay concealed within her heart. But for this trait in her character, Gertrude Courtenaye was worthy to be both admired and beloved. She was not beautiful, but eyes full of expression and a complexion as pure as the lily, would have redeemed from the charge of ugliness, features far less regular than her's. An accident in her infancy had slightly deformed her figure, but this was a scarcely perceptible defect, while her exquisitely-formed hands and feet bore testimony to the symmetry which might have been her's, but for this misfortune. Her temper was naturally cheerful and full of kindness, but her father's warnings, corroborated as they had been by her guardian's crafty designs upon her fortune, wrought a permanent change in her character. Hitherto she had been so habituated to the possession of wealth that she never thought of valuing it. Like the common blessings of air and light, which people enjoy without reflecting upon them as benefits, fortune was to her a daily good, and the comforts which it afforded were scarcely regarded because so familiar to her habits of life. But she now beheld her position in a new light. She had been taught to look upon her riches as her only attraction in society, and the belief that nobleness of character could only shine out in the light of beauty or the glitter of gold, tended to cherish a bitterness of spirit and a contempt of her fellow beings, which was strangely at variance with the natural frankness and trustfulness of youth. He who taught her this false and painful lesson had known little of the inner life of human nature. To the eye of the mere worldling the worser features of humanity alone are visible; the finer points of character are too delicate for his depraved sight, and, when such an one pretends to utter axioms, they must be false and sensuous. Many a far less attractive woman than Gertrude Courtenaye has won the earnest and endearing love of a noble heart—many a gentle girl, on whose brow the roving gaze of admiration never once rested, has been the cherished object of life-long affection. It is the beauty of mind and heart which illumines the countenance with the most lasting loveliness, and, but for the distrust which was fast mildewing the fine gold of her noble nature, Gertrude, in despite of her want of beauty, would have been numbered with the lovely and the loving. Yet she had imbibed the poisoned draught and thenceforth the music of a lover's tones and the sunshine of a lover's looks seemed to her but as the syren song and meteor-fire which lure only to destroy.

Yet there was *one* person in whom the heiress placed the most implicit confidence. Albert Beresford was the orphan son of her father's dearest friend, and from his earliest infancy had been her father's ward. Mr. Courtenaye had bestowed on the destitute boy all the advantages of an excellent mercantile education. When he had attained a suitable age, he made him his confidential clerk, and finally sent him, in the capacity of agent, to France, where he had resided for some years previous to his benefactor's death. Albert had been the companion of Gertrude's childhood, and the associations of that period had not been forgotten. She knew, also, that he possessed the entire confidence of her cautious father, and if there was a creature upon earth whom she could have ventured to trust, it certainly was her early friend. After Mr. Courtenaye's death, Beresford remained in Paris to settle the affairs of the commercial house, and as much time was required to close up the affairs of so extensive a concern, he was detained during several successive years. During all this time it was necessary that a regular correspondence relating to business should be carried on between the young heiress and her agent abroad, since she was far too careful to entrust the management of her affairs to any third person. The letters that passed between them soon lost the grave tone of business, and became rather like the cordial interchange of friendly sentiments. If Gertrude was charmed with the vivacity and sport of Albert's graphic sketches of Parisian life, he was no less struck with her clear-sightedness, the good sense, the noble sentiments which characterized the epistles of his early play-fellow. He remembered her first as a merry, dark-eyed child, then as the awkward and somewhat hoydenish school-girl, but he could not bring to his mind

the image of the intelligent, educated woman, whose written words were treasured in his heart. Albert was not in love with a creature formed by the magic art of memory and attired in the gorgeous drapery of imagination. He retained a vague idea that she had never been a pretty child, and therefore he did not bestow on her the attribute of beauty, but he certainly was disposed to believe her a very charming woman.

Gertrude had passed the fresh and joyous days of girlhood—she was approaching to the summer of her days, and had already counted her fifth lustre, when she welcomed the return of her early friend to his native land. Beresford had eagerly flown to meet her whom he had so long admired from afar, and, if he felt some disappointment as he looked on her plain features, it was soon forgotten in the pleasure which he derived from her warm welcome and the charm of her agreeable manners. But Gertrude found all her most romantic visions fully realized in the personal appearance of her long absent friend. Cast in the finest mould of manly beauty, Albert Beresford was certainly one of the handsomest men of his age, while his graceful deportment and the elegant style of his dress added the advantages of art to those of nature. The consciousness of her personal defects made Gertrude peculiarly susceptible to the spell of beauty. I have often thought that the '*doctrine of compensations*,' as it is called, is as fully shown in this as in most other points. Those who possess the exquisite gift of beauty, though taught by vanity to value it at its full amount *in themselves* are rarely alive to its existence in the natural world around them. The mental vision seems to contract itself to suit the one object of habitual contemplation, and the beauty of a picturesque scene in nature, the effect of light and shadow, and especially the loveliness of the human face divine, is very apt to escape those who are accustomed to associate the idea of beauty only with their own features. But they, who have been sent into the world without the impress of that signet which demands the homage of all who behold it—they, who cannot look into their mirror to behold beauty—are peculiarly sensitive to its presence in the world around. They have been gifted with a *perception* of the *beautiful*, and perhaps they have more actual enjoyment in contemplating the loveliness of a handsome woman than she can experience from its possession; just as a stranger feels more vivid delight in gazing upon a fine picture than does its owner who has become habituated to its beauty.

When the being whom Gertrude had so long regarded as almost the sole possessor of integrity and honor, appeared before her in such noble guise, it may easily be supposed that she was not insensible to his merits. Had Beresford only known Gertrude in society, he would probably never have thought of loving her, for her manners were quiet even to coldness, and no one could have discovered under her calm exterior the riches of a warm and affectionate nature. But he alone possessed the key which could unlock the treasure of her heart and mind. His eye could melt the ice-bound stream of feeling, and his hand could wake the statue into life, and long ere he had allowed himself to yield to the impulses of his own heart, he had reason to believe that his suit, if proffered, would not be rejected. But Beresford was a man of high-toned feeling and noble principles. A jealous regard for honor was the prominent trait in his character, and if this regard was carried almost to the point of folly, it was at least a noble fault. Had Gertrude been poor and friendless, he would not have been so long in doubt as to the nature of his feelings; but he distrusted himself, and while conscious that she was dearer to him than all the world beside, he yet scrutinized the recesses of his own heart lest some of the baser coin of selfish interest should have mingled itself with the rich treasure of his affections. He asked himself again and again the question—"If she were the child of poverty instead of affluence would she be the object of my choice?" and again and again, his reason, his judgment, and his heart answered in the affirmative. In strength of character, in nobleness of sentiment, in warmth of feeling, he had met with none to surpass her; and the dark eyes which lighted up with pleasure at his approach, the soft cheek which bore its richest tint when he looked upon it, and the lip which ever smiled when it uttered gentle words to him, made him feel that love has power to beautify as well as bless. With feelings as far removed from blind and foolish fondness, as from selfish and gold-bought preference, he at length wooed the distrustful daughter of wealth. A manly tenderness, rational affection, and a proper appreciation of her many virtues were the gifts which he offered; and the heart which had so long and unconsciously cherished his image was gladly yielded to his prayer. All distrust, all suspicion was forgotten, and Gertrude Courtenaye with a frankness as womanly as it was lovely, freely bestowed her hand upon her lover.

Of course all the world was filled with surprize. Rumor had plenty of occupation in spreading the news of Miss Courtenaye's approaching marriage, and people were never done wondering by what means Mr. Beresford had succeeded in evading her vigilant suspicions. Of course, not one in ten gave him credit for sincere affection. He was looked upon only as more adroit than others, in his mode of pursuit; and those who envied him his prize in the lottery of life, did not hesitate to aver that the thousands of the young heiress had been expended in the purchase of a handsome slave. But these things reached not the ears of the lovers. They were married with all the splendor which suited the bride's fortune, and, among the "dear five hundred friends" who graced the nuptials, though some coveted the lady's Brussels lace and diamonds, while they envied her the handsome bridegroom, yet nothing was heard but compliments and congratulations. How fortunate it is for society, that real life affords no Palace of Truth, whose chrystal walls reflect persons not as they *seem*, but as they *are*, and echo not with the *words*, but with the *sentiments* of the courtly speakers!

Gertrude's marriage made no change in her course of life. Her house, already magnificently furnished, had long been under the charge of an elderly lady, whom she had selected as a companion, when she left her

guardian; and Mr. Beresford found himself at once installed as master of a well-ordered and luxurious household. A few days after their marriage, Gertrude proffered him a deed of gift, securing to him the sum of fifty thousand dollars. It was a munificent present, but it awakened a painful feeling in his bosom, for it seemed like an avowal of distrust and separate interests between them. The decided manner in which he refused the paper, betrayed his dissatisfaction, and Gertrude, influenced, at that time, wholly by her affection, willingly gave him credit for noble independence of character.

Mr. Beresford was long in discovering his wife's weakness. When it was suggested that he should continue to transact the business of her large estate, which required the constant attention of some agent, and that a certain per-centage on the income should be his compensation, he looked upon the plan as devised by her to secure to him personal independence. When he found that Mr. Courtenaye's will had shut out the husband of his daughter from any participation in her fortune, except such as she was willing to allow, he looked upon it only as the effect of an old man's caution. When he learned that Gertrude, not content with his report of her affairs, expected to behold the accounts, and examined them as carefully as if she had no confidence in her agent: when he found her closely calculating *cents*, even while she lavishly threw away *dollars*, he began to suspect the existence of some traits of character which he had not previously discovered. But he drove the unpleasant thought from his mind, and consoled himself with the belief that the excessive prudence which she had learned when a lonely and unprotected orphan, would give place to entire confidence in her husband.

Indeed, with regard to pecuniary affairs, Mr. Beresford erred as widely on the side of carelessness, as did his wife on that of caution. Utterly regardless of money, he spent it as fast as he earned it, and while he was scrupulously correct with regard to the property of others, took no care of his own. Gay, jovial, and fond of pleasure, though free from the contamination of vice, charitable without being considerate, and generous without being provident, he was exactly one of those men who never become rich. Money never staid in his hands long enough to increase, and if he despised any one weakness more than another, it was the niggardly spirit of a miser. But the very generosity of temper which rendered him so careless in money-matters, made him somewhat impatient of the thraldom in which he was held by his over-cautious wife. He did not want to squander her money, but he could not bear the idea of being regarded as the possessor of unlimited wealth, while he was, in fact, only her steward, obliged to render strict and close account of every thing to the actual owner. It is true, Gertrude was not deficient in liberality, but there was always something to remind him that he was receiving gifts from her hand, and this was a sore trial to his proud and sensitive temper.

At length he determined to engage in business, and, at least, *appear* independent. His credit, based upon her vast fortune, stood him instead of capital, and, contrary to Gertrude's wishes, who saw nothing to gain, but much to lose by the plan, he embarked in a scheme which afforded every prospect of success. But led away by his sanguine temper, he went one step too far, and the consequence was a total failure of his project. In little more than a year after he commenced business, he found himself burdened with a heavy debt, which he saw no means of paying, except by the assistance of his wife's estate.

Beresford was sanguine, imprudent, and credulous, but he was high-spirited and proud. He dreaded to confide his troubles to Gertrude, for he knew that he had acted contrary to her wishes, in undertaking his unfortunate design, and he could not bear to confess that her prognostications had been realized. He rather avoided her presence, and plunged into society to dissipate the painful thoughts that crowded upon him. Had he been better acquainted with her distrustful character, he would have been wise enough, perhaps, to disarm her by perfect frankness, but in the vain hope of arranging his affairs, he delayed this confidence, until Gertrude, whose suspicions had been awakened by his reserve, learned from general rumor of his embarrassment. Mortified and vexed, she brooded over the tidings in sullen silence, determined never to ask the confidence to which she felt herself entitled, and awaiting the moment when his necessities should compel him to seek her assistance. All her old distrust had been aroused by her husband's recent conduct. A little of the despotic feeling, which perhaps ever accompanies the consciousness of power, influenced both her affections and her manners. She would have blushed to acknowledge that she felt herself entitled to her husband's gratitude, and yet she certainly allowed herself to expect an unusual degree of consideration from one on whom she had bestowed so much. Mr. Beresford, harrassed by debt, annoyed by daily demands which he was unable to meet with prompt payment, surrounded by luxuries which only seemed to aggravate his trouble of mind, was like a man living in a gold mine yet perishing with want. He became peevish, excitable and morose. He saw himself compelled to be a dependant on his wife's generosity, and his proud spirit revolted at the necessity; until by an error, common among men, his loathing of the task which he was compelled to perform almost made him look with dislike upon the person who had prescribed it.

At length the long-dreaded explanation could no longer be deferred. Too haughty in his temper to make any concessions, he related his embarrassments in the tone of a man who felt rather ill-used by being obliged to explain them. He would not seem to deprecate her displeasure and ask her aid, and therefore he spoke as if he almost defied the one and despised the other. This was not the manner calculated to conciliate the distrustful, and calculating wife. Coldly, and without comment, she listened to his tale. When he had finished, she arose, and, unlocking a cabinet, produced the deed of gift which three years previous he had refused. "I knew you better than you knew yourself,"

Albert," said she gravely; "you might as well have taken the money at first, without any parade of independence. If the sum herein named will cover your debts, use it for that purpose: if it is *not* sufficient, you can call upon me for more. But remember it is the *last time* that my money shall be wasted in paying *your obligations*. My father endeavored to guard against the very contingency which has now occurred, and I respect his will too highly to violate it a *second* time."

Mr. Beresford listened in perfect silence to these cutting words, but his lip trembled and his cheek grew ashy pale. Gertrude was as calm as if no internal emotion was at work within her, and yet at that very moment she was tortured by distrust, and stung by wounded affection.

"My father warned me," continued she, in a slightly tremulous tone; "he warned me of my danger, but I heeded him not. I was fool enough to forget his counsels while listening to the voice of a weak heart, and verily I have had my reward."

Beresford understood the taunt, for more than once in their moments of confiding love, had Gertrude repeated to him her father's dying words. Turning suddenly towards her, he grasped the paper which she held, and thrusting it among the glowing embers, crushed it down with his iron heel until it was consumed to ashes.

"Thus perish all your gifts," muttered he, as he strode hastily from the room. Gertrude stood in the attitude of mute amazement until she heard the hall door violently closed, then turning to the window, she beheld her husband hurrying with blind speed through the darkening twilight. Perhaps she felt that she had been too hasty, and that on his return she would soothe his irritated feelings, but she was not one to allow her emotions to trace themselves upon her brow, and no one could have suspected her anguish of mind on that eventful evening. She had invited a party, and of course was obliged to appear the agreeable hostess during many weary hours, yet her smile was as pleasant, and her manners as quiet as usual. It was not until the door had closed upon the last of her guests, and the dawn of morning broke upon the lonely and terrified wife, that her stern courage at length gave way. Tears, bitter tears came to her relief, and vainly did she struggle with her fears for her husband's safety. He came at length, but his return while it allayed her fears, excited her deep displeasure; for his haggard look and soiled garments *seemed* to tell a tale of midnight orgies. Had she known more of human nature, she might have suspected that mental agony had produced this appearance of debauch.

But Mr. Beresford gave her no opportunity of demanding an explanation. He locked himself in a remote apartment during the whole day, and on the following one, though he once more appeared at table, he never looked at his wife, nor addressed to her a syllable. It was not until the fourth morning that he shewed any disposition to notice her presence. He lingered a moment in the breakfast-room, as if desirous of speaking with her, but servants were present, and Gertrude, feeling outraged and insulted, and determined not to advance one step towards a reconciliation, afforded him no opportunity of seeing her alone. Quietly drawing her embroidery frame towards her, she applied herself to the careful formation of a rose leaf, with a hand as firm as if the pulse was not fluttering like a frightened bird. Beresford paused a moment on the threshold; she did not raise her head, although she knew her husband's eye was fixed upon her, and the next moment, with a half-uttered execration upon his lips, he was gone. What a parting for those who had vowed unchanging faith and love at the holy altar—for those whose heads had reposed on the same pillow—whose hearts had once throbbed in perfect unison.

That night Gertrude hid her agony in the solitude of her chamber, but could mortal eye have penetrated into her seclusion, she might have been seen lying like a crushed worm upon the rich carpet, weeping almost in tears of blood over the last words ever addressed to her by her husband:

"You have taunted me with selfishness, Gertrude;" (such were the words of his letter,) "you have heaped upon me a reproach I cannot bear; and now I go to earn my bread by the sweat of my brow. The luxuries of my wife's fortune have not enervated the mind nor weakened the hand of him who, if he was fool enough to barter his independence, was at least proud enough to regain it when his thraldom became too heavy to be borne. Had you possessed the Indies as a dower, I would not have wedded you unless my heart went with my hand. I did love you, Gertrude, fondly and fervently; I loved you for the virtues which I deemed were yours, but you have long outraged my affection by your distrust, and now you insult my sense of honor by your vile suspicions. Henceforth I leave you to the enjoyment of the wealth which you value at so inordinate a price. My life will be a solitary and laborious one, but I shall at least be independent. Mr. Westford, to whom I have confided my whole story, and in whose employ I am now about to sail for Canton, is the only person acquainted with the circumstances of our separation. Give it what coloring you please to the eyes of the world. The opinion of society may be of importance to you—it is of none to me, and therefore let them revile me if they please. Do not look for my return. I have sworn never to revisit America until I have *won a fortune*, and the snows of many winters must fall on my head ere that can be accomplished. If we ever meet again it will be as strangers, for time will long ere then have written strange characters on the brows of both."

Anguish, remorse, dismay, were in the heart of Gertrude as she read this cruel letter. Her eyes were opened when too late, and she felt that she had driven from her a kind and loving heart which would have cherished her through life. But the die was cast—he was gone, and his affection was changed into bitterness. In vain she wrote to implore his return. Months elapsed before her letters reached him, but time had no softening influence on the indurated bosom of the offended husband. His delicate sense of honor had been too deeply wounded, and he spurned the thought of again taking up the golden fetters.

Many years have elapsed since the events just recorded. Mr. Beresford's debts, which had been assumed by his friend, Mr. Westford, were paid in half yearly instalments until not a claim existed against him. He amassed a splendid fortune, but he never again beheld the shores of his native land. His health had been injured by change of climate and excessive application to business, and after an absence of nearly twenty years, he died on the return voyage, bequeathing to public charities the whole of his wealth, with the exception of a legacy to his wife, intended (as the will stated) to compensate for all expenses incurred *for* or *by* him during their early married life.

Gertrude Beresford is now old, withered and grey—a decrepid, ghastly crone, whose feeble steps are slowly bearing her onward to "the valley of the shadow of death!" The distrust which poisoned her early happiness, has wrought its baleful work upon her character in later life. Her temper, embittered by sorrow, has become irritable as well as suspicious, and while she looks upon all with the eye of doubt, she finds that her 'foes' are indeed 'those of her own household.' With none to *love* but many to *fear*, she is dragging out her miserable existence. Her pride of wealth has degenerated into a hoarding fondness for money, and the distrustful heiress is now that most despicable of all creatures, a female miser, clutching, with almost dying grasp, the gold which she must soon relinquish for the dust and ashes of the tomb.

Brooklyn, L. I.

Original.

TO MY WIFE,

FROM WHOM I AM NOW ABSENT.

BY WILLIAM G. HOWARD.

"But thinking on an absent wife,
Will blanch a faithful cheek."—BYRON.

AFAR from thee, dear Ellen,
How bitter is the thought!
Each hour, that runs its weary round,
With misery is fraught.

When evening spreads its mantle,
And calls me to repose,
Thine image o'er my aching breast,
Its peerless beauty throws.

And when the purple morning
First blushes from the east,
Thy name is still upon my lips,
A loved and hallowed guest.

I never knew thy value,
'Till absent from thy sight;
How true that blessings brighter grow
When they have taken flight.

As the lone bird, that wanders
Amid the depths of blue,
Pines for its loved and absent mate,
My spirit sighs for you.

Kind friends essay to soothe me,
But all their arts are vain;
The smiles, they weave upon my cheek,
Conceal a heart of pain.

My nightly dreams are blissful,
They bear me to my bride;
My children sit upon my knee,
And gambol at my side.

But morning undeceives me,
My fancied joys have flown;
I wake, but only wake to find,
That I am all alone.

The precious book you gave me,
Replete with truth divine;
I love to read its pages o'er,
And pray for thee and thine.

"My sun of life," dear Ellen,
Has reached its "fervid noon;"
The iron grasps of stern decay,
Will be upon me soon.

But though my looks be hoary,
And wrinkles mark my brow;
I know that thou wilt love me then,
As fervently as now.

Should troubles throng around me,
And every friend depart;
Thy face will wear a sweeter smile,
To cheer my drooping heart.

O! soon I hope to meet thee,
On earth to part no more;
Until we part to meet again,
On yonder heavenly shore.

Alexandria, Louisiana, December, 1841.

Original.

TO REBECCA.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH, M. D.

WHEN youth's sweet blossoms first o'erspread my way,
Came dreams of honor and the poet's lay;
With roses then I wreathed the hallowed lyre,
And touched with joyous hands its chords of fire.

My youth has passed. Though freely flow my lays,
They seek not fame, nor honor, no! nor praise;
I sing, since 'tis my nature, as the breeze
Murmurs sweet music to the rocks and trees.

I ask not human praise. Why should I care
The stupid wonder of the world to share,
Asks the proud eagle, soaring, if or no,
Men note the shadow of his wings below?

Yet some I care to win a smile from thee,
Much that thy thought approve my poesy;
Deeming thee, lady, of those few whose blame
Confers dishonor, and whose plaudits, fame.

Original.

BIDDY WOODHULL;*

OR, THE PRETTY HAY-MAKER.

A TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'LAFITTE,' 'CAPT. KYD,' 'THE QUADROON,' 'BURTON,' ETC., ETC.

PART IV.

THE EXQUISITE.

About half an hour before Beal Tucker dismissed his flock, and left his office, a young gentleman opened his eye-lids, and looked gapingly round a luxurious chamber, but half lighted by the ray of noonday that streamed in pencilled lines of silver through the closed shutters. After yawning thrice very loud, and very long, like one who feels that he is master of the premises, he turned himself slowly over in his bed; he then, with an effort, raised himself on his elbow, and showed a handsome yet very pale and haggard face, as if he had been at some late carousal the night previous. He remained in this position, immoveable, full five minutes, the while contorting his flexible features into hideous and loathing grimaces, and, at intervals, smacking his parched palate as if he had a bad taste in his mouth. At length he raised himself from his elbow, and sat up in bed, letting his head fall upon his breast, and his whole person droop into a trist and depressed attitude. It was Fitz Henry Barton, the morning after a "dem fine spree!"

He sat for some time in this very penitent-looking position, and at length made an exertion to reach his watch from beneath his pillow. He looked at the time by the faint light admitted through the shutters, and said in a weak tone, "Half past eleven—dem this wine! I feel sick! Half past eleven! Frid! Frid, I say!"

There was no answer, for his black servant, Frederick, was holding a *tête-à-tête* out of the library window, with the yellow chambermaid in the chamber window of the next house.

"Frid! you dem Frid!" replied Mr. Fitz Henry Barton in a louder key; but his voice was not yet strong enough to penetrate the door.

After listening a-while, and finding he was not heard, he slid down from the side of the bed, crossed to the fireplace, and gave the bell a very fierce pull for such a quiet person as he was. The jingling started the chambermaid from the window, to put the forgotten coverlid on her bed, and the *valet* from his, to hasten to wait on his master.

"Wat in the divil deu yeu mean, Frid, by not being in the way when I awake?" remonstrated Mr. Fitz Henry Barton, in a nervous tone of petulent anger. "Don't you know I always want you by me when I wake?"

"Beg pardon, massa," said the genteel valet, opening one of the upper shutters, and hastening to put his master's dressing gown upon him; "I vas jis comin' vhen I hears mass' ring."

"I tell you, Frid, you must always be at the door; what can I do alone by myself, when I wake up? It's dem unhandsome, in you, Frid!" he said, in a complaining voice.

"I knows it, massa," said Frederick, with a downcast look; "an' I promises nebber gib offence nebber no more."

"Now see yeu don't, Frid, an' I'll maybe forgive you this time! Where's my gin-cock-tail? Don't you know I am good for nothing—just like a dem rag in the mornin', 'till I get my gin-cock-tail? Don't you know that, Frid?"

"Yes, massa," said Frederick, placing Mr. Fitz Henry Barton's Indian moccasin's on his feet, and then going towards a marble slab in one corner of the room, on which stood empty champaign bottles, glasses, decanters, etc., etc. There was also upon it a ready made gin-cock-tail, which he placed on a silver salver and brought to his master. The sick and miserable Barton seized hold of it with a nervous hand, and putting it to his lips as a thirsty man would a draught of fresh spring water, drank off the strong and bitter tonic concocted of gin, sugar, and "Stoughton."

Those who have never dissipated at night, and, in consequence, awakened late after it the next forenoon, can know nothing of the misery, bodily and mental, the victims of wine parties suffer! Horror in mind, and depression of body—fever of the brain, and sickness at heart, with the mind tortured by imaginary fears of evil, that no mental effort can shake off, make the situation of the waking debauchee a foretaste of infernal torture! To drown this horrid night-mare of the waking inebriate, recourse is had to artificial stimulants to create opposite sensations; and as, also, the body is relaxed by its previous indulgence, its tone and nerve must be restored by the same means! It is this which makes intemperance so difficult to cure; for the debility and horrors consequent on to-day's inebriation, must be drowned by a strong potation the first moment of waking on the morrow. So the drunkard goes on, 'till even stimulus ceases to act upon the nervous and depressed system, and he sinks into an early grave.

As none who have not experienced it, can appreciate the misery of the first waking moments of a man after a night's intemperance, neither can any such form an idea of the magic effect of a gin-cock-tail or a glass of bitters in dissipating it. No sooner had Fitz Henry Barton drank off, with many a wry mouth, the restoring morning draught "Frid" had mixed for him, than a change came over him as instant as it was striking. His eyes, before heavy and leaden, lighted up, his white lips became red, his pale cheek ruddy with the hitherto stagnant blood, and his whole person seemed to become animate and elastic with new life and vigor. He looked no longer the wretched and pitiable object he had been a few minutes before; but his face wore a buoyant air, and his voice, as he spoke, was natural and firm, though something elated. Such was the magic effect of a strong draught on the debauchee! But the victim of it, in quaffing it, had made compact for that day throughout, with the demon of intemperance; for having given

* Continued from page 121.

his spirits the pitch to which health and sobriety keep those of temperate men, he was under the necessity of keeping them up to that point by successive potations through the day, or fall again into that hell of depression from which it had lifted him! If Fitz Henry Barton could have had resolution enough to encounter, and bear for a day or two, the horrors with which he waked each morning, he would soon have found that temperance would give him that elasticity and happiness of spirits which he now foolishly sought for in successive potations of intoxicating poison! The *first day* in a drunkard's reform, is the great day of his trial! Perhaps when the hour approaches in which the reformed inebriate is accustomed to take his dram, which he has resolved no more to touch, it is the most miserable of his life! The first dram *given up*, is the most effective blow to the chain of his slavery. A drunkard resolutely withstanding the temptation to drink while the hour he is accustomed to indulge is passing away, presents a moral spectacle that angels may gaze upon with admiration and astonishment. Such denial is God-like. The human mind singly in itself, can accomplish nothing morally greater! But we are not writing an essay on intemperance!

Fitz Henry Barton was a new man now that he had taken his bitters. Let it not be supposed from the foregoing remarks, that he was an habitual drunkard! He was no more so than a great many young men of his rank, who yet hold their position in society. He never was seen staggering in the streets, unless by watchmen—but then he didn't care for "Charlies." No one ever saw him drunk in Broadway! He could "carry a good deal," as the phrase is, and his systematic drinking through the day, began to show its effects only towards evening. And all gentlemen, it was expected, would be a little lively after dinner: particularly fashionable young men! Oh, no; Mr. Fitz Henry Barton was no common drunkard! Besides his gin-cock-tail on rising, and a glass of wine bitters just before breakfast, to give him an appetite, he never took any thing 'till two hours afterwards, when he would chance to drop into the Astor or Globe, where he always found some friends. With them, in the course of an hour, he would take a brandy sling, after a while, a rum julap, and then, perhaps a gin sling. He would then walk Broadway, and, possibly, in his way, stop in at the City Hotel, or the Washington, and take another gin sling. As the dinner hour approaches, say an hour before it, he would take a gin-cock-tail to correct his stomach, and half an hour afterwards a "wine bitters;" a quarter of an hour before dinner, he would take another with a "little more bitters," and a few moments before dining, take a gin-cock-tail, made stiff with "Stoughtons." Such was Mr. Fitz Henry's usual daily routine of drinking, for each glass he took, craved its successive one, and he changed his drinks as the different degrees of depression of his spirits and system, made it necessary. There are a great many "moderate drinkers" like Fitz Henry Barton! At dinner he never had any appetite, and loathed his food. He could eat nothing without vinegar upon it; his whole taste was vitiated and palled. He would drink but little wine at table, for its taste was insipid to him, compared with spirits, and when he dined at home, alone, he always substituted brandy. After dinner he always took a tumbler of stiff brandy and water, and then drove out to Burnham's, or upon the avenue. Yet with all this drinking, Fitz Henry Barton managed to get along through each day, without exposing himself in any marked way, but every night he went to bed more or less drunk. He could toe a line, so well he preserved his self-possession, while walking home, but once in his door, and hid from the public eye, he would stagger through the hall, and often have to be carried to bed by his faithful "Frid."

"Well, Frid," he said, in a cheerful tone, as he now felt the bitters warming in his veins, "what have you got for my breakfast, hey, boy?"

"Omulet, nice ham, and coffee, Massa Barton," said Frid, placing his cravat and vest beside him, and otherwise assisting him in his toilet.

"Make me a cup of black tea, Frid."

"I made him already," said Frid, grinning. "I know massa want him dis mornin'."

"How did you know that, Frid?" asked his master, arranging his chin, whiskers and mustache before the mirror.

"I 'members well you always axes for black tea de mornin's after you wommit in de hall."

"Pah, beast! you make me sick! Yes, I was ill last night, dem'd ill, Frid."

"Any body'd know dat," answered Frid."

"Did I totter—that is, did I stagger—from weakness, I mean, Frid?"

"Yes, Massa Barton, e-yah, yah, yah! an' you took me for a watchman, and giv' me a black eye."

"Capital, ha, ha, hah! So I gave you a black eye, Frid?" repeated Mr. Barton, laughing immoderately, and evidently much gratified at this feat. "Let me see, Frid!"

And the valet removed a handkerchief which his master had not before noticed he had tied over one eye, and displayed the swollen member.

"Ha! excellent! Scientific! Neatly put, Frid, eh? I have some science in my knuckles, hey?"

"Werry scientif'cally done, Massa Barton," said the good natured Frid, covering his eye again. "Now, massa, as you have made you' toilum, all but de boots and coat, please walk into breakfast."

With these words Frid opened a door, and Mr. Fitz Henry Barton, wrapped in his Indian dressing-gown, indolently rising from his velvet arm-chair passed through, while he held it open, into a small but elegant library. The book-cases, and also one case of rare shells, were of rose wood gilt; the books gorgeous with gold and ornamental binding; the carpet rich, and returning no sound to the footstep; the ceiling beautifully painted in fresco, by the inimitable pencil of a distinguished fresco painter in New-York; and the sides lined with crimson fauteuils and low ottomans! It was altogether a *recherche* apartment. But Mr. Fitz Henry Barton was a rich young man, and loved such outward testimonials of opulence. Near the centre of

the room, stood a small round breakfast table. He threw himself into an arm chair beside it. Frid handed him a paper, which he had opened and dried for him, and then poured out his black tea. Mr. Fitz Henry Barton glanced with a fashionable air over the columns of the paper, and not seeing any thing that particularly struck his fancy, threw it on the carpet with a—

"Pshaw! the papers are losing all their wit! Nobody used up this morning! no crim-cons! no interesting police reports! no pretty gearls brought up! no run-a-way matches, no seductions, no murder cases!"

Here Mr. Fitz Henry Barton took a sip of black tea, and nibbled a bit of dry toast. But he evidently ate because he felt nature required it. He seemed to relish nothing. Beside him stood his usual glass of wine-bitters untouched. He looked at it two or three times, as if he would stretch his hand for it, but some association made his taste revolt, and each time he turned from it with a loathing "pah!"

"I don't know what's the matter with me, Frid; I feel worse than usual;" and he placed his delicate hand on his stomach. "Frid, I think you may give me another cock-tail!"

"Yes, Massa," said Frid, hastening to obey.

"No, no, these dem cock-tails don't agree with me this morning! Give me a wine glass of pure gin, with a dash of *marischino* on the top! I think that will do—I feel so faint about the stomach! You didn't make the cock-tail strong enough."

The truth was, that Mr. Fitz Henry Barton's stomach began to crave something stronger each day; spirit weakened with water, would no longer continue to act upon it. He felt this to be the case, and for the first time in his life, resorted to clear spirits. He drank off the fiery liquid which Frid handed him, and after the unpleasant burning in his palate had gone off, he confessed to Frid that he felt much better. "very much better."

"Yes, Frid," he said with earnestness, "gin and marischino is the thing! Its a drink for a gentleman. Dem gin-cock-tails! What do you drink, yourself, Frid?"

"I never drinks," answered Frid.

"True, that is proper. None but gentlemen should drink. Ambrosia is for gods, and gin for gentlemen! understand that, Frid! It's dem Latin I took it from! Has Jack Rawdon been here to call on me, Frid?"

"No, massa."

"Jack's a fine fellar, Frid—a dem fine fellar. He has no money—but then I lend him, and so he's always flush! I like Jack—devil of a fellow among the gearls! Frid, give me a segar!" Frid obeyed. "Regalias! None but a gentleman should smoke Regalias! Bought them at Anderson's! Dem pretty gearl there, Frid! Jack Rawdon and I bet which should run away with her. I bought these segars just to ask her to meet me. She smiled, and when a dem woman smiles, I always take it yes, Frid. I went to the place in the Park, and met, instead, her dem brother, a stout, handsome dem sailor fellar. He set upon me and would have whipped me but for my science, Frid. I have kept away from Anderson's since. Jack and I have found out seven pretty gearls we mean to try and seduce. It's ripe fun for us young bloods! Two of them are milliner's apprentices; one of 'em keeps in a confectionary store, and one is a widow's daughter; the others, I believe, are snug little chambermaids. There is another I have in my eye, Frid, down in the country, and if Ned Morris stays in Charleston much longer, I'll drive down there, and run off with her. Ned, you must know, has taken a shine to her, and he's so dem'd virtuous, it'll do him no good to flirt with her! I'm half a dem'd mind to drive down there to-day! There's fine sport for a man of mettle in New-York, Frid! Do you know I keep a man in pay, to look out for pretty nice gearls from the country, for me? Well, I do! and he's driven more than one pretty fish to my net. I pay well, you know. I don't mind money.

Thus the fashionable Mr. Fitz Henry Barton run on from the effects of his last exhilarating potation, and as he did not expect Frid to reply at all, and as the prudent valet was too well accustomed to his master's way to do so, he might have continued talking 'till he had revealed all his gallantries to his valet, and the effervescence of his spirit had passed off. But just at this instant his street door bell rung with a sharp business-like pull.

"Eh, demme, Frid! There's the bell. If it's Jack Rawdon, ask him to come up. Jack's a dem good fellar!"

Frid left the room, and soon returning, said that a man, who refused to give his name, wanted to see Mr. Barton privately.

"Privately!" repeated the exquisite, elevating his eyebrows. "Oh, ah! But how does he look, Frid?"

"Sallow and thin, with black brows, and black coat," answered Frid, giving an accurate description of Beal Tucker.

"Ah, yes," said Barton with a start of pleased anticipation, "I think I know who he is! Show him in, Frid."

Beal Tucker, who had waited in the hall, now entered the library and made a very low and sycophantic bow to the elegant occupant—but Beal Tucker did reverence to the representative of money, not to the abstract man, for with all his low cunning and avarice he had a true knowledge of men, and particularly of the personage before him. Mr. Tucker, therefore, bowed very respectfully to Mr. Barton, who gave him a sort of familiarly condescending half nod, at the same time saying, in the affected tone he assumed before all but his man, Frid,

"How ar' ye, Tucker? I'm just at my breakfast, you parceive! Fashionable to breakfast at noon! Nobility in England all do it, my boy!"

"Yes, sir," said Beal; "and I don't see when a 'Merican gentleman is rich, why he shouldn't do and act like any noble of 'em all. Its money makes the man, in my 'pinion, Mr. Barton."

As this was rather equivocal flattery, Mr. Fitz Henry Barton chose to notice it only by a doubtful stare; and then waving his right hand for Mr. Beal to take a seat, he waved his left for Fred to quit the room. There

was a moment's silence on the part of the *par nobile fratrum* after the valet left the library, which was occupied by Mr. Barton in smoothing the coat of his segar by rolling it between his thumb and fore-finger, and by Mr. Beal in twisting his old black hat round between his knees by the string of the inside leather. At length he looked up beneath his beetle brows, and, to do him justice, looking very mean and guilty, and said, hesitatingly—

"Wall, Mister Barton, I've called to see you on that little matter of business we had a talk about onct. I hope we are alone!"

"Yes, Tucker, quite alone. So you have come to tell me you have some dem pretty rural!"

"Why not exactly so, Mister Barton, at least just yet—but—"

"But what—dem it, Tucker, you have lost your speech!"

"I only wanted to know if you are willing to give what you promised me if I send you a nice young girl from the country?"

"Yes—from the country! I wouldn't give twenty dem dollars for one of these pert, hackneyed city girls that, if they continue virtuous, loose all that pretty bashful modesty that's so dem delightful, you know, Tucker! I'm tired of the city dem beauties, and want to have something unsophisticated!"

"And you will give me one hundred dollars if I will send you such a one?" asked Beal Tucker, his eyes lighting up in anticipation of soon possessing this sum.

"'Pon honor!—that is, if she is pretty and young, and rural!" said Mr. Fitz Henry Barton, throwing his head back in his chair, and exhaling the tobacco smoke from his pipe in a long spiral wreath towards the painted ceiling.

"Will you give me that in writing, Mr. Barton?" asked the cautious Beal.

"Why, Tucker," said Barton, carelessly, "it would be dem'd awkward, you know, for both of us if such a writing should, by accident, be seen by any body else. I cannot put any thing on paper."

"She is very beautiful, and not a day over sixteen," said Tucker, artfully. "If you should see her you'd double the money."

"Demnition, Tucker," cried Barton, starting with pleased surprize, "then you have one at your office!"

"Not in my office exactly," said he, evasively, "but in the city."

"Young?"

"Sixteen, not a month over."

"Beautiful?"

"She will astonish you when you see her as much as she did me. I never beheld a prettier countenance!"

"Fine figure?"

"Perfect, from head to foot.

"Tall or short?"

"Middling height."

"Dark or fair?"

"A clear brunette."

"When did she come to the city?"

"This morning."

"And is now?—

"At my house."

"Done. Send her here and the money is yours!"

"Give me your hand on it, Mr. Barton," said the wary villain; and he extended his dark thin hand towards the exquisite.

"Dem and demnition, Tucker!" cried Mr. Fitz Henry Barton, shrinking back from the contact; "do you think I am going to shake hands with you like two boxers before a set-to?"

"I can easily keep the girl from you," said Tucker, moodily, and advancing towards the door. "I don't force her upon you. Pay me fifty dollars down on the nail, and fifty to-morrow, come!"

"Well, Beal, have it as you will. Recollect I trust you altogether here! You know my taste."

"She will suit you, or I will give back the money."

"Dem the money, Tucker; I want a pretty girl. There's a *fifty*," he added, drawing it from his pocket-book and twisting it across the table to him. "Now go and send her here directly. Mind, you let her make no dem blunder, now."

"I'll take care for that, Mr. Barton," said Beal, placing the note carefully in an old leather wallet crammed with advertisements for servants; "she'll be here before two o'clock!"

"You're a good fellow, Tucker, dem good fellow. Will you take coffee?"

"Thank you—I'm just going home to my dinner!"

Dinner! My soul, Beal, how can you eat your dem dinner at one o'clock?"

"By thinking its my breakfast," said Tucker, with a sneer, as he was leaving the room. "Good afternoon, Mr. Barton."

"Good *morning* to you, Mr. Tucker! Now, there goes a fellar that dines at one o'clock and says 'Good afternoon' before dinner at that. In my opinion its demnition vulgar to say 'good morning' before one has dined if it be not till eight o'clock. But what more can be expected of an Intelligence office man? So, I am to have a dem'd adventure! I must prepare my toilet! Frid, where are you, Frid?"

"Yes, massa," said the valêt.

"Have you shown that fellar out, Frid?"

"Yes, massa."

"Well, Frid, I'm going to dress now! Remove the brikfast assist me at my toilet. I expect a female visitor on private business."

"Yes, massa," said the initiated valêt.

"After you show her up, you can lock the front door, you know, and have the afternoon to yourself if you want to walk out."

"Yes, massa," said Fred, with a pleased look; and he began very assiduously to aid his master in his toilet. First Mr. Fitz Henry Barton took a bath in a handsome and convenient bathing-room opening from his bed chamber. After the bath he threw on his wrapper and Fred gave him a stiff brandy and water. He then prepared to dress himself. Without descending to such particulars as his silk shirt, his silk drawers and his silk hose, his stays, and his very fine white linen with

ruffles half an inch wide on the bosoms, and laced wristbands, we will mention that he put on a very handsome pair of fawn colored pantaloons, made by C. & K., the straps of which Fred buttoned over morocco pumps. His braces were elegantly worked with the needle and the buckles to them were of gold. He then put on a white satin vest and a white silk cravat, which he, after fifteen minutes practice, tied with exquisite taste in a square bow. Fred then dressed and perfumed his long hair parting it with the nicest precision on the left temple; perfumed his mustaches and whiskers with odoriferous oil of Persia, delicately sponged his face over with water and then powdered it with perfumed powder of pearls. Mr. Fitz Henry Barton then washed his hands in sweet scented water, touched his lips with strong cologne to give them color, picked out a hair from his nose-tip with tweezers, took a general and then minute survey of himself in a full-length mirror, when his vanity, to which Fred bore his testimony, pronounced that he was 'dressed.'

"I think I'll do, Frid, eh?" he said, approvingly, as he surveyed his handsome person, while, it must be acknowledged, he had dressed very elegantly. "Now, shall I put on a coat or my Chinese dressing gown, sent me by my friend Kellogg from Canton?"

"If massa Barton 'xpect to see lady, him handsome Chinum dressing gown jist de ting to take 'em eye," said Frid, whose own eye had been taken by the rich and brilliant dies of this elegant garment.

"Well, Frid, I believe I will wear that!"

Fred assisted his master in putting it on, when Mr. Fitz Henry Barton looked in the glass and pronounced himself irresistible.

"I'm quite a handsome fellar, Frid?"

"Yes, you'll car' all afore you in York for dat much, Mass' Barton," said the flattering valêt.

"A country girl, if she was as dem pretty as Queen Mary, should feel herself demnition honored, I think, by my notice, eh, Frid?"

"If Mass' Barton go to England Queen Victory fall chock dead in love with him, sure!"

"Think so, Frid?" asked the exquisite Mr. Barton, in whose mind the idea seemed to have taken a hold.

"For sartain, Mass' Barton," said Fred, decidedly.

"Well, I dare say I am as good looking as Prince Albert! I mean to go to England one of these days, Frid. New York is too parvenu! What's the clock, Frid?" he asked, yawning. "It must be two!"

"Jiss two to a ———. There's the door bell."

"Run and show her up, Frid. Don't let her suspect but what she is to see a lady up stairs. "What a dem loud ring she gives!"

Mass' Barton tink Fred fool," said the valêt, as he hastened to obey.

"Now for the charming rustic," said Mr. Fitz Henry Barton, walking the room with an expectant look of villanous joy; "Tucker is prompt, dem prompt. Charming adventure this. Oh, the exquisite dem little rural! Frid has opened the street door!"

When Beal Tucker returned to his dwelling he found Biddy Woodhull had made a very comfortable dinner and was full of expressions of gratitude both to him and his wife, for their kindness.

"Poh, poh! I do it every day—what's the cost of one dinner—not five pence, certainly not six and a quarter! I have been to see the dress-maker and she says she should be glad to engage you, especially when I told him, I mean told her, what a pretty, that is, what a nice industrious young woman you was."

"Oh, thank you, sir," said Biddy, thinking she had judged Mr. Tucker uncharitably, in suspecting him of designing any improper liberties with her.

"Not a word. Here's your ticket—but no matter about it! Ask for Mrs. Fitz Henry. She may be out when you are shown up, but her son will be in, and you can wait for her."

"Yes, sir."

"Have you any handsomer dress than that you have on?"

"Yes, sir, in my bundle."

"Very good. Go in the next room with Mrs. Tucker, and she'll assist you in changing your dress. Mr.—I would say, Mrs. Fitz Henry always likes to see persons dressed and looking as neat as possible.

"Yes, sir," said Biddy, and retiring with Beal's wife, soon reappeared, looking remarkably neat, and, if possible, more interesting. Her appearance with her pretty hat, was tasteful and genteel.

"Yes, yes; two hundred dollars, full!" said Beal to himself, as he looked at her, "and he will pay it willingly. Two hundred dollars! a good round sum to earn for one day's job! I find the 'perquisites,'" he added, facetiously, "bring me more than my regular profits! Well, Miss Bridget, you look quite charming, now! Don't she, Mrs. Tucker?"

"You mind your own business, Beal. You have no more to say, or do, or look, in this matter, than just to get your money, and no more."

Beal looked abashed, and then from the window called to him a little boy who sometimes went on errands for him. "Here, you Jim," he said, as the boy came up stairs, and stood playing with his bare toes, "show this young woman to No.—— Chambers street! Don't mistake! the number's right on the door."

"I can read figur's, I guess," answered Jim, pulling up his ragged trowsers for want of a pin to fasten them to his dirt-colored shirt.

"Well, see you do. Here, Miss, you can follow that boy; he'll show you right."

"I haven't my ticket, sir."

"Oh, never mind the ticket! It was only so you shouldn't forget the number of the house. The boy'll show you that," answered Beal, who was too cautious to entrust her with a paper that, very possibly, might be produced in evidence against him. As it was, he knew that no one could prove he had sent her to Chambers Street, or, at least, to Mr. Fitz Henry Barton. Villany is always sagacious!

"Good afternoon," said Biddy, taking up her bundle. "I shall remember your kindness."

"Good bye," said Mrs. Tucker dryly.

Beal was about to hand her down stairs, when Bruin,

who had lain under a bed in the room, suddenly bounced out in his eagerness to follow his mistress, and running against him, nearly overthrew him.

"What in all creation is that?" screamed Beal, catching a glimpse of the dog's tail, as he darted through the door at the bottom of the stairs, into the street.

"It's Bruin, sir," said Biddy, laughing.

"Who's Bruin?"

"My dog, that followed me from home. He won't leave me."

"He must not go with you there! He don't want a place!" said Beal, who feared the dog might, in some way, be the means of bringing his employer into mischief—possibly be the means of betraying her presence there. "Call him back!" and Beal ran to the door and called angrily, "Dog, dog, dog!"

"His name is Bruin, sir," said Biddy, following him.

"Bruin, Bruin! Here, Bruin!" repeated Mr. Tucker, soothingly; "come here, Bruin! Poor fellar, Bruin!"

But Bruin wasn't to be coaxed, but stood in the middle of the street, eyeing Beal with a side-long, suspicious look, with his tail between his legs.

"Call him, miss. He will be killed without a muzzle."

"Here, good Bruin, come to me," said Biddy, kindly.

But the dog knew better than to obey her, well knowing there was a conspiracy against him. Biddy advanced towards him, when he started off on a run, and disappeared round the first corner. She lingered, afraid he would get lost; but Beal promising to look after him, persuaded her to go without him.

Following the freckled-faced urchin he had given her for a guide, Biddy soon found herself in Broadway. What with being bewildered by the noise and crowd, dazzled by the gorgeous display in the windows, stopping to look after brilliant ladies and dandies, and gazing at all the odd sorts of persons she met, she at length arrived at Barton's door, hardly knowing whether she had her right and proper senses or not.

"That's the number, young miss," said the boy, in a voice as hoarse as a penny-paper crier; "I know'd the figur's soon as I seed 'em! You got a shillin', miss?"

"No, good boy," said Biddy, embarrassed by his abrupt demand. "But Mr. Tucker will pay you."

"Tucker's a flummucks! Tip us a sixpenny then, Miss, and no blarney."

"I haven't any money, my good boy; I'm very sorry."

"Sorry killed a sorrel cow! If I'd a know'd you hadn't any shiners, I'm blow'd if old Jew Tucker'd got me to come way here. If you're goin' to live here, I'll keep my eye on you, and when you get flush, I'll make you pony up."

With this the boy went to see what he could get out of Beal. This little incident added to her confusion, and she stood some time to recover her self-possession. Besides, it was a great event for her to "go to a situation," and she wished to appear before the lady with composure. At length she knocked on the door with her knuckles. After waiting, and hearing no one, she repeated the knock still louder. She waited again in vain, and began to think the people were all away from home, when a brisk little dentist passing on the other side of the street, seeing her stand knocking, crossed over, and said with a bow—

"If Miss will pull the bell, she will probably get in," and suiting the action to the word, he gave the bell-knob the sharp pull that had made Mr. Fitz Henry Barton exclaim in surprize, "What a dem loud ring!"

"Is Mrs. Fitz Henry at home, sir?" asked Biddy, respectfully, of the smart liveried Fred.

"*Mrs.* Fitz Henry Barton? oh, yes, quite at home, missus! Walk in! I'll show you up stairs!

Biddy entered, and Fred was closing the door, when Bruin bolted through, and upset him on the broad of his back.

"Gor A'mighty, what debble animal dat?" he cried, getting to his feet; "better kill de nigger an' done wid it! Dis your big dog, missus?"

"Yes," said Biddy, laughing merrily; "I can't keep him out. He's gone under the stairs; will you let him stay, good man, and I will send him off soon as I can?"

"He stay for me; I no touch de big dog—I fear de hydifroby. Come up stairs, if missus please!"

Biddy suppressing the traces of laughter from her face, followed the valet up toward the library, from which, Mr. Fitz Henry Barton, wondering at the musical laugh that he had heard, was about to come forth to ascertain the cause of it. On hearing them approach, he retreated from the door, and seated himself with a book in his arm-chair. J. H. I.

To be continued.

Original.

LAYS OF A LOVER.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

"SWEET VILLAGE-HOME!"

Sweet village-home! I love thee well,
I love thy woods and flowers,
The vine-clad cot, the hidden dell,
Fit haunt for summer-hours;
I love the free and merry song,
Of brooklets as they foam—
I love thee as I've loved thee long,
My happy village-home.

Sweet village-home! in other climes,
In halls of power and pride,
For thee and for thy peaceful times,
In lonely thought I've sighed;
Not all the mirth and revelry,
Beneath the loftiest dome,
Could win my constant heart from thee,
My happy village-home.

Sweet village-home! that day will bring
No happiness to me,
When I must fly on restless wing,
Far, far away from thee;
If she, whose beauty makes thee fair,
Will not consent to roam
From thy green fields and rosy air,
My happy village-home.

Original.

LEAVES FROM A TABLE-BOOK.

BY NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

"Ope on his table lay a large-leav'd tome
Like astrologic chart, bedight with blots;
And here are caught the bubbles which up-come—
Vagaries, fancies, hearsays and what-nots.
For all that haps of note in this he jots,
And often writes for lack of friends to list—
For, willing sleeps the ear, but loth the tongue, I wist."

* * * * * *

In the matter of pen-craft, I confess to a miserly disposition, yearly increasing. It is natural, I suppose, to tuck up close the skirts of those habits in which we run for our lives, (or livings,) and it is not inconsistent, I would fain hope, with prodigality of other belongings. In my college days, ere I discovered that a bore in my brains would produce any better metal than brass, (bored since for "tin,") I had a most spendthrift passion for correspondence. Now—paid duly for my blotted sheet—I think with penetential avarice of the words I have run through! Heavens! but to think of it! Quires upon quires to the *incognita* of ——!—reams, (I think I may say reams,) to classmates, during the bitter partings of vacation, to L. E. L., to "cousins," (principally adopted) to Platonic old maids, and pious ladies "feeling an interest," etc., etc., etc., and all this, save the portions converted by the receivers into fly-traps, lighters, and curling-papers—all this marketable commodity, I say, lost for ever to coinage—wasted like unfound sand in Pactolus.

People are apt to fancy it is a natural amusement—*laborum dulce lenimen*—for an author to write letters, epitaphs, etc. But there are two animals at least, who might differ from that opinion—the author, and the baker's horse, out on a Sunday's excursion, in the baker's pleasure-wagon. The truth is, that the tax on authors, in this particular, is a disease in the literary system, and since it is not likely to be cured while the human race want autographs, epitaphs, epithalamia, and opinions on MSS., the solace seems to lie in the expediency of fat Jack—we should "turn the disease into commodity." If every third epitaph in the graveyards of this country be not by the author of ——, etc., etc., all I can say is, there must be a very considerable number of gravestores; and I am only sorry that I did not take out copyrights from the start, and serve injunctions on plagiarizing stone-cutters. Here is a letter now from a gentleman in Arkansas, (whose grammar, by the way, is not very pellucid,) informing me that his wife is dead, and giving me an inventory of her virtues; and I am requested to write the lady's epitaph, and send it on in time for the expectant marble. Of course I am extremely sorry the lady is dead, and since she was "such a pagoda of perfection," as Mrs. Ramsbottom would say, very sorry. I had not the pleasure of her acquaintance; but my "head" is not "waters," (nor am I teetotaller enough to wish it were,) and I cannot weep for all the nice women who die, though grieved to think this particular style of person should diminish. Ours is a most romantic nation, for it would seem that there are few who do not think their private sorrows worthy of poetry, and the distinction between *meum* and *tuum*, as to authors having long ago been broken down by our copyright robberies, the time and brains of poets are considered common property. People, accustomed to call for poetry when they want it, look upon the poet, *quoad hoc*, as they do upon the town pump, and would be as much surprized at a charge for poetry as for water. Possibly it is one of the features of a new country. I live in a neighborhood where the stopping of a man who should be taking what fruit he wanted from your garden, or what fuel he wanted from your woods, would surprize him as much as stopping his nostrils with corks, 'till he was off your premises; and with fruit and fuel, perhaps, time and brains may assume a value. At present, (it may as well be recorded among the statistics of the country,) poets, lumber and watermellons are among the "inalienable rights of freemen."

One of the lesser evils of this appetite for sympathy in rhyme, is the very natural forgetfulness of a man absorbed in grief, touching the trifle of postage. Reading a death in the newspaper affects me, now, like seeing myself charged 18 3-4 cents at the grocer's. If I were writing from the "palace of truth," to one of my "bereaved husbands," I should still stoutly assure him of my sympathy, having lost one and sixpence by the same melancholy event. My bill of mortality, (*postage*, they call it,) would frank me for broiled oysters at Florence's, the year round, and, begging pardon of the survivors, (not the oyster shells,) I should like it in that shape quite as well.

Hereafter, I shall make an effort to transfer the cypher to the other side of the unit. If called upon to mourn, (in black and white) for people I never before heard of, I propose to send my effusion as "commodity," to the first "enterprizing publisher" who pays. Honor bright as to by-gones—let them be by-gones! Indeed, they are mostly too personal to interest the public, one of the most felicitous of my elegies, turning, (by request,) on the deceased's "fascinating and love-inspiring lisps." But in all composed, after this date, I shall contrive so to generalize on the virtues and accomplishments commemorated, that the eulogy will apply promiscuously to all over-rated relatives—of course, forming, for a literary magazine, an attraction which comes home to every subscriber's business and bosom. I may premise, by the way, that my advertisement to this effect, would be addressed only to mourners of my own sex, and that ladies, as is hardly necessary to mention, are supplied with epitaphs on their husbands, without publicity or charge; though it is a curious fact that my customers, in the epitaph line, have hitherto been widowers only! Whether widows choose usually some other vehicle for the expression of their grief, preferring that it should be recorded on tablets less durable than marble, (pardon me! *more* durable!) I have no data for deciding. I merely contribute this fact also to statistics.

There lies before me, now, upon my table, a letter of three tolerably compact pages, addressed to a young

gentleman of —— college, who is "bit by the dipsas" of authorship. His mother, a sensible, plain, farmer's widow, chanced to be my companion for a couple of days in a stage coach, and while creeping over the mountains, between the Hudson and the Susquehannah, she paid my common sense the compliment of unburthening a very stout heart to me. Since her husband's death, she has herself managed the farm, and by active, personal oversight, has contrived "to make both ends so far lap," (to use her own expression,) as to keep her only boy at college. By her description, he is a slenderish lad in his constitution, fond of poetry, and bent on trying his fortune with his pen, as soon as he has closed thumb and finger on his degree. The good dame wished for the best advice I could give him on the subject, leaving it to me, (after producing a piece of his poetry from her pocket, published in one of the city papers,) to encourage or dissuade. I apprehended a troublesome job of it, but after a very genial conversation, (on the subject of raising turkeys, in which she quite agreed with me, that they were cheaper bought than raised, when corn was fifty cents a bushel—greedy gobblers!) I reverted to the topic of poetry, and promised to write the inspired Sophomore my views as to his prospects. Need I record it?—that long letter affects me like an unsigned bank note—like something which might so easily have been money—like a leak in the beer-barrel—like a hole in the meal-bag! It irks me to lose them—three fair pages—a league's drift to leeward—a mortal morning's work, and no *odor lucri* thence arising! I cannot stand it, Mrs. ——, and Mr. Sophomore ——! You are welcome to the autograph copy, but, faith! I must print it. There is a superfluity of adjectives, (intended, as it was, for private perusal,) but I will leave them out in the copy.

Thus runs the letter:—

Dear Sir:—You probably will not recognize the hand-writing in which you are addressed, but by casting your eye to the conclusion of the letter, you will see that it comes from an old stranger in periodical literature; and of that, as a profession, I am requested by your mother to give you, as she phrases it, "the cost and yield." You will allow what right you please to my opinions, and it is only with the authority of having lived by the pen, that I pretend to offer any hints on the subject for your guidance. As "the farm" can afford you nothing beyond your education, you will excuse me for presuming that you need information mainly as to the *livelihood* to be got from literature.

Your mother thinks it is a poor market for potatoes, where potatoes are to be had for nothing, and that is simply the condition of American literature—(as protected by law.) The contributors to the numerous periodicals of England, are the picked men of thousands—the accepted of hosts rejected—the flower of a highly educated and refined people—soldiers, sailors, lords, ladies, and lawyers—all at leisure, all anxious to turn a penny, all ambitious of print and profit; and this great army, in addition to the hundreds urged by need and pure literary zeal—this great army, I say, are before you in the market, offering their wares to your natural customer, at a price for which you cannot afford to sell—*nothing!* It is true that by this state of the literary market, you have fewer competitors among your countrymen—the best talent of the country being driven, by necessity, into less congenial but more profitable pursuits; but even with this advantage—(none but *doomed authors* in the field)—you would probably find it difficult, within five years after you were graduated, to convert your best piece of poetry into a genuine dollar. I allow you, at the same time, full credit for undoubted poetic genius.

You naturally inquire how American authors live. I answer, by being *English* authors. There is no American author who *lives* by his pen, for whom London is not the chief market. Those whose books sell *only* in this country, make scarce the wages of a day laborer—always excepting religious writers, and the authors of school-books, and such works as owe their popularity to extrinsic causes. To begin on leaving college, with legitimate book-making—writing novels, tales, volumes of poetry, etc., you must have, at least, five years support from some other source, for until you get a name, nothing you could write would pay "board and lodging;" and "getting a name" in America, implies having first got a name in England. Then we have almost no professed, mere authors. They have vocations of some other character also. Men like Dana, Bryant, Sprague, Halleck, Kennedy, though, no doubt, it is the first wish of their hearts to devote all their time to literature, are kept, by our atrocious laws of copyright, in paths less honorable to their country, but more profitable to themselves, and by far the greatest number of discouraged authors, are "broken on the wheel" of the public press. Gales, Walsh, Chandler, Buckingham, and other editors of that stamp, are men driven aside from authorship, their proper vocation.

Periodical writing seems the natural novitiate to literary fame in our country, and I understand from your mother that through this lies your chosen way. I must try to give you as clear an idea as possible of the length and breadth of it, and perhaps I can best do so by contrasting it with another career, which, (if advice were not always useless,) I should sooner advise.

Your mother's farm then, consisting of near a hundred acres, gives a net produce of about five hundred dollars a year—hands paid, I mean, and seed, wear and tear of tools, team, etc., first subtracted. She has lived as comfortable as usual for the last three or four years, and still contrived to lay by the two hundred and fifty dollars expended annually on your education. Were you at home, your own labor and oversight would add rather more than two hundred dollars to the income, and with good luck, you might call yourself a farmer with five hundred dollars, as the Irish say "to the fore." Your vocation, at the same time, is dignified, and such as would reflect favorably on your reputation, should you hereafter become in any way eminent. During six months in the year, you would scarce find more than an hour or two in the twenty-four, to spare from sleep or labor, but in the winter months, with every necessary attention to your affairs out of doors, still find as much

leisure for study and composition as most literary men devote to those purposes. I say nothing of the *pabulum* of rural influences to the mind, but will just hint at another incidental advantage you may not have thought of, viz:—that the public show much more alacrity in crowning an author, if he does not make bread and butter of the laurels! In other words, if you are a farmer, you are supposed, (by a world not very brilliant in its conclusions,) to expend the most of your mental energies, (as they do,) in making your living; and your literature goes for an "aside"—waste-water, as the millers phrase it—a very material promise in both criticism and public estimation.

At your age, the above picture would have been thrown away on myself, and I presume, (inviting as it seems to my world-weary eyes,) it is thrown away now upon you. I shall therefore try to present to you the lights and shadows of the picture which seem to you more attractive.

Your first step will be to select New-York as the city which is to be illustrated by your residence, and to commence a search after some literary occupation. You have a volume of poetry which has been returned to you by your "literary agent," with a heavy charge for procuring the refusal of every publisher to undertake it, and with your pride quite taken out of you, you are willing to devote your Latin and Greek, your acquaintance with prosody and punctuation, and a very middling proficiency in chirography—(no offence—your mother showed me your autograph list of bills for the winter term)—all this store of accomplishment you offer to employ for a trifle beside meat, lodging, and apparel. These, you say, are surely moderate expectations for an educated man, and such wares, so cheap, must find a ready market. Of such stuff, you know that editors are made, and in the hope of finding a vacant editorial chair, you pocket your MSS., and commence inquiry. At the end of a month, you begin to think yourself the one person on earth for whom there seems no room. There is no editor wanted, no sub-editor wanted, no reporter, no proof-reader, no poet! There are passable paragraphists by scores—educated young men, of every kind, of *promising* talent, who, for twenty dollars a month, would joyfully do twice what you propose—give twice as much time, and furnish twice as much "copy." But as you design, of *course*, to "go into society," and gather your laurels as they blossom, you cannot see your way very clearly with less than a hay maker's wages. You proceed with your inquiries, however, and are, at last, quite convinced that few things are more difficult, than to coin uncelebrated brains into current money—that the avenues for employment of the *head, only*, are emulously crowded—that there are many more than you had supposed, who have the same object as yourself, and that, whatever fame may be in its meridian and close, its morning is mortification and starvation.

The "small end of the horn" *has* a hole in it, however, and the bitter stage of experience I have just described, might be omitted in your history, if, by any other means, you could be made small enough to go in. The most considerable diminution of size, perhaps, is the getting rid, for the time, of all idea of "living like a gentleman"—(according to the common acceptation of the phrase.) To be willing to satisfy hunger in any clean and honest way, to sleep in any clean and honest place, and to wear any thing clean and honestly paid for, are phases of the crescent moon of fame, not very prominently laid down in our imaginary chart; but they are, nevertheless, the first indications of that moon's *waxing*. I see by the advertisements, that there are facilities now for cheap living, which did not exist "when George the Third was King." A dinner (of beef, bread, and potatoes, with a bottle of wine,) is offered, by an advertiser, of the savory name of *G*——— for a shilling, and a breakfast, most invitingly described, is offered for sixpence. I have no doubt a lodging might be procured at the same modest rate of charge. "Society" does not move on this plane, it is true, but society is not worth seeking at any great cost while you are obscure, and if you wait 'till the first moment when it would be agreeable, (the moment when it thinks it worth while to caress you,) it will come to you—like Mahomet to the mountain. And like the mountain's moving to Mahomet, you will find any premature ambition on the subject.

Giving up the expectation of finding employment suited to your taste, you will, of course, be "open to offers," and I should counsel you to take any that would pay, which did not positively shut the door upon literature. At the same wages you had better direct covers in a newspaper office, than contribute original matter which costs you thought, yet is not appreciated; and, in fact, as I said before with reference to farming, a subsistence not directly obtained by brain-work, is a material advantage to an author. Eight hours of mere mechanical copying, and two hours of leisurely composition, will tire you less, and produce more for your reputation than twelve hours of intellectual drudgery. The publishers and booksellers have a good deal of work for educated men—proof-reading, compiling, corresponding, etc., and this is a good step to higher occupation. As you moderate your wants, of course you enlarge your chances for employment.

Getting up in the world, is like walking through a mist—your way opens as you get on. I should say, that with tolerably good fortune, you might make by your pen, two hundred dollars the first year, and increase your income a hundred dollars annually, for five years. This, as a literary "operative." After that period, you would either remain stationary, a mere "workey," or your genius would discover "by the dip of the divining rod," where, in the well-searched bowels of literature lay an unworked vein of ore. In the latter case, you would draw that one prize in a thousand blanks of which the other competitors in the lottery of fame feel as sure as yourself.

As a "stock" or "starring" player upon the literary stage, of course you desire a crowded audience, and it is worth your while, perhaps, to inquire (more curiously than is laid down in most advices to authors) what is the number and influence of the judicious, and what nuts it is politic to throw to the groundlings. Abuse is, in

criticism, what shade is in a picture, discord in harmony, acid in punch, salt in seasoning. Unqualified praise is the death of Tarpeia, and to be neither praised nor abused, is more than death—it is inanition. *Query*—how to procure yourself to be abused? In your chemical course next year, you will probably give a morning's attention to the analysis of the pearl, among other precious substances, and you will be told by the professor, that it is the consequence of an excess of carbonate of lime in the flesh of the oyster—in other words, the disease of the sub-aqueous animal who produces it. Now, to copy this politic invalid—to learn wisdom of an oyster—find out what is the most pungent disease of your style, and hug it 'till it becomes a pearl. A fault carefully studied, is the germ of a peculiarity, and a peculiarity is a pearl of great price to an author. The critics begin very justly, by hammering at it as a fault, and after it is polished into a peculiarity, they still hammer at it as a fault, and the noise they make attracts attention to the pearl, and up you come from the deep sea of obscurity, not the less intoxicated with the sunshine, because, but for your disease, you would never have seen it.

With one more very plain piece of counsel, I have done. Never take the note of any man connected with literature, if he will cash it for fifty per cent.

With my best wishes for your success, believe me,

Truly Yours.

Original.

THE FALLING LEAF.

BY REV. J. H. CLINCH.

Earth had not yet renounced her garb of green,
Few change of tints the forest leaves had seen—
Still the late flower its hardy bloom displayed,
And fruits still hung in many a sheltered shade,
Though morn beheld upon the streamlet's breast,
Needles of ice, like fairy network, rest—
And many a chirp of migratory bird
Speeding its way to milder climes was heard.
Musing, amid the forest walks I strayed,
Charmed with the silence and the flickering shade,
When one pale leaf, detached by zephyr's wing,
Wheeling to earth in many a mazy ring,
Fell at my feet—withered and dry and sere,
The first pale victim of the closing year.
"Record of joys and beauties passed away,"
In thought, I said, "sad herald of decay—
Thou com'st to warn me of life's fleeting scene,
And death's cold winter soon to supervene.
Yet can I read a promise in thy fall;
Though thou shalt lie beneath pale winter's pall—
Though all thy grace and beauty fade away,
And all thy fibres into dust decay—
When spring shall bloom, thy essence shall arise,
Changed to some gentle flower of purest dyes;
And thus, when Death his victim shall dispose
Amid the dust from which it first arose,
Its purer essence shall ascend from earth
An Eden flowret of immortal birth."

Original.

"HAPPY AT HOME."

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD

Let the gay and the idle go forth where they will,
In search of soft Pleasure, that syren of ill;
Let them seek her in Fashion's illumined saloon,
Where melody mocks at the heart out of tune;
Where the laugh gushes light from the lips of the maiden,
While her spirit, perchance, is with sorrow o'er-laden;
And where, 'mid the garlands, Joy only should braid,
Is Slander, the snake, *by its rattle*, betrayed,
Ah! no! let the idle, for happiness, roam,
For me—I but ask to be "happy at home!"

At home! oh, how thrillingly sweet is that word!
And by it, what visions of beauty are stirred!
I ask not that Luxury curtain my room,
With damask from India's exquisite loom;
The sunlight of Heaven is precious to me,
And muslin will veil it if blazing too free;
The elegant trifles of Fashion and Wealth,
I need not—I ask but for comfort and Health!
With these and my dear ones—I care not to roam,
For, oh! I am happy, most "happy at home!"

One bright little room, where the children may play,
Unfearful of spoiling costly array;
Where he, too—our dearest of all on the earth,
May find the sweet welcome he loves at his hearth;
The fire blazing warmly—the sofa drawn nigh;
And the star-lamp alight on the table close by;
A few, sunny pictures, in simple frames shrined,
A few, precious volumes—the wealth of the mind;
And here and there, treasured, some rare gem of art,
To kindle the fancy—or soften the heart;
Thus richly surrounded, why, why should I roam?
Oh! am I not happy—most "happy at home?"

The little ones, weary of books and of play,
Nestle down on our bosoms—our Ellen and May!
And softly the simple, affectionate prayer,
Ascends in the gladness of innocence there;
And now, ere they leave us, sweet kisses and light,
They lavish, repeating their merry "good night!"
While I, with my needle, my book or my pen,
Or in converse with *him*, am contented again,
And cry—"Can I ever be tempted to roam,
While blessings like these make me happy at home?"

It is a great mistake in some divines, and declaimers of human nature, to imagine that reason itself is corrupted, depraved, or lost, when it is only borne down, contracted, and its free operations resisted by the contrary weight and power of the appetites and passions. These men act irrationally and destructively in moral conduct, not from the want of deprivation of reason, but from the overbearing strength of appetite, which, while it prevails, will not suffer them to consult their reason, or follow its dictates. But let this preternatural force of appetite be taken off, and reason presently resumes and exerts its native strength and vigor, and shines in its own light.

Original.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A VISIT TO CARLSBAD.

IN FOUR PARTS.—PART II.

BY THEODORE S. FAY.

We reached Dresden in due time and I remained a few days to take a look at this celebrated city, so different in its position from the flat *riverless* but far more magnificent town of Berlin. Here the Elbe, a broad majestic river sweeps by on its way to the sea.—This beautiful river which rises in the mountainous country of Bohemia, flows through Saxony, Hanover, the grand Duchies of Mecklembourg, Schwerin, and of Holstein and the republic of Hamburg before it empties into the German Ocean. A part of its course lies through that section of Saxony whose picturesqueness has obtained for it the name of Saxony Switzerland.

The town of Dresden is rather more foreign-looking than Berlin, with higher houses, narrower streets, and with the exception of the *Thiergarten* far more agreeable environs. It is not my intention to detain you long with a description of its curiosities, or historical associations since my object is rather to describe the mineral German waters, but the *gallery* is too famous to be passed without a line, and the environs also recal interesting recollections of the great Soldier of Modern times.

The gallery presents three gems which appear to stand conspicuous even among the immense number which it contains. The *Madonna della Sisto* by Raphael. The *Night* of Corregio, and the *Tribute money* by Titian.

I have been for six or seven years favored with opportunities of seeing good paintings, and I must confess, that it requires that time to begin to feel really the peculiarities of the great masters, and particularly Raphael. The Madonna of the Dresden gallery is strikingly simple, destitute of all mere appeals to the eye, chaste and plain. I am not ashamed to confess that had I never heard of it I might possibly have passed it without particular examination, amid the brighter pieces by which it is surrounded. I am not going to criticise it, even were I capable, but we may deduce a *moral* from it applicable to the whole course of human life. It is thus that *excellence* is out-shone. It has in it something interior, Spiritual, and divine. Something which the mind must discover by the exercise of its higher intellectual powers. Female beauty, taste, eloquence, Poetry, Sculpture, character, and manners, all are removed from those qualities which strike at once the multitude just in proportion as they are superior. The productions of Raphael are peculiarly illustrative of this. It is beautiful to see how he leaves the path which would lead to the sudden admiration of the million. How distinctly he perceives the point he would reach quite in another direction. Very little that is valuable and worthy in life lies on the surface. You must look deeper if you would find *truth*, and yet the true standard lies in every human mind. We need but seek to find. This is one of the remarkable proofs of the immortality of the soul, this, its inward correspondence with eternal things, by which their qualities and its capacities open an infinite field of improvement and happiness which in this life we have scarcely time to begin to explore. Raphael's paintings seem like the religion they so well illustrate, so simple and unpretending that at first one is ready to reject their claim to perfection, but yet so wonderfully increasing on the attention that the more you examine the more you are compelled to acknowledge something above mortal power.

The *Tribute Money*, by Titian, is more likely to be admired at first sight, without afterwards losing any of its claim to regard. Perhaps no subject ever was selected more ample for the display of imagination. The two countenances, expressing motives and characters so different are pourtrayed with a Shaksperian hand scarcely to be found elsewhere. When I gaze on such evidences of the point of perfection to which human effort can reach, I am lost in amazement at the difference which exists among men. It seems so obvious that this high power is bestowed by Providence, in different degrees according to his own inscrutable purposes, that it can be withheld altogether or granted in any abundance, that they who disbelieve in the divinity of our Saviour, on the ground that the heavenly spirit *cannot dwell* in mortal form; might almost as well attempt to deny the superior gifts of Homer, Horace, Shakspeare, Raphael or Titian. When I read one of Shakspeare's tragedies after having properly studied and considered it, it is impossible not to believe I am in the presence of a superior being, nor in following the history, life, actions, and achievements of our Redeemer do I find any thing shocking to reason and nature in the faith which worships him as the incarnation of the divine principle itself, towards which we have advanced by regular degrees from the oyster and the sloth, through the beast, the bird, the man, Newton and Shakspeare. There seems a necessity in nature that we having the power to advance so far, should *be met* by the Creator descending to our aid in our great aspirations.

Dresden contains many other curiosities besides the gallery, which I shall not attempt to enumerate. To those who share the extreme interest and curiosity excited in many by Napoleon; the battle ground and the scene of *Moreau's* death are full of attraction, as well as a pair of boots, and the saddle of the fallen hero.

It was before the dreadful battle of Leipsic, which led to the occupation of Paris by the allies and the abdication at Fontainbleau, that, the French with two hundred and fifty thousand troops, having presented themselves in a formidable front in Italy and Germany, Napoleon himself occupied Dresden with twenty-five thousand of the Imperial Guard, the chosen men of his army. With such troops and inspired by a long career of glory unexampled in the history of mankind, and with such a leader apparently invincible by any power but that of nature herself, one might suppose this formidable force might have at least stood secure against the attack of the world. But the allies, at length awake and fighting for

their thrones and their existence, with an army of three hundred and seventy thousand were coming with slow but determined caution upon him. This vast body of soldiers, was also well versed by sad experience in the art of war, and by being acquainted with the peculiar mode of Napoleon's tactic had become much more equal with him. What an enormous game was thus played on this chess board.—Seven hundred thousand men, armed in the deadliest way, and manœuvering over those beautiful green hills and plains to blow each other into atoms. Who can say we are yet civilized? What great advance have we made since the Persian and the Assyrian, the Greek and the Trojan, the Roman and the Carthagenean, abused thousands of years ago, the gifts of God?

Napoleon was pursuing Blucher in the direction of Breslau, when he was informed that the Austrian General Schwartzenberg had left his position among the Bohemian hills. He instantly started back to Dresden when he perceived a battle was to be fought. On the 25th of August, 1813, Schwartzenberg, with the Emperor of Russia, and the King of Prussia, appeared on the hills overlooking Dresden, which they attacked after a short but injudicious delay. St. Cyr, the Head General, was about yielding when Napoleon made his appearance on the long bridge surrounded by his Imperial Guards, and under his potent wand two hundred thousand men were at once concentrated upon this important point. Napoleon as you know gained the battle. This was one of his last gleams of success.

It was during this battle that Napoleon, himself, ordered several cannon to be fired at once upon a group of reconnoitering officers, by which *Moreau* lost his life.

Then came the battle of Culm—the curious surrender of Vandamme; in rapid succession the battles of Grossbeeren, Wahlsladt, and Dennewitz, and then the battle of Leipsic, on the sixteenth of August.

These remarkable days are strangly present to the memory of the solitary traveller over this interesting *route*. From Dresden, we go by railroad, in a few hours, to Leipsic, and thence through Culm to Teplitz and Carlsbad. All is now tranquil and lovely. The sweet scenery of Bohemia about Culm, is almost unsurpassable for romantic beauty. Dresden and Leipsic stand as peaceful as if the ghastly and terrible events which have shaken their foundations, were but some wild poet's dream. The contented peasant-girl kneels weeding the field where the shock of fierce battle rent the red earth, and the bird sits and sings undisturbed, and the eye of the dreaming traveller pierces far through the clear stirless air, where the mighty crash of cannon, and the hurled billows of smoke once raged like a scene of hell.

Over Culm, in the day's journey from Dresden to Teplitz, there is an air of calmness and solitude—there is a tender freshness in the verdure of those silent hills and untrodden plains, the farthest possible removed from the idea of war. It looks as if the scented flower by the road-side could never have been broken by the iron tread of armies. The tremendous passions which have rolled like a lava sea over the scene, have passed off even like the cannon smoke on the breeze, and left no trace behind but three pretty monuments erected in commemoration of the day, by the Russian, Austrian, and Prussian sovereigns.

Nearly thirty years have now passed away. Where are they, the conquerors and the conquered, who made Europe ring with their names in that eventful month? Old Blucher! all the remains I have seen of him since my wanderings, are a statue and some engravings, and an old lady in Berlin, who is my next door neighbor, and who is his *widow*. In Dresden are Napoleon's saddle and boots, the latter much worn. In Berlin is his little cocked hat. I have had it on my head. He wore it in his principal battles. The moisture of his forehead appears to be yet upon it. Murat! who, with his cavalry, almost changed the event of the day (and of the world) at Leipsic—executed like a felon. Alexander, Frederick, Francis, all departed like shadows. I saw *Marmot*, who had command of Paris on the approach of the allies, at Carlsbad, a very French looking old gentleman, preserving his erect military air. He is exiled from France, not on account of his attachment to Napoleon, but his subsequent fidelity *to Charles X*. The gentle Josephine is in her grave. Marie Louise, Grand Duchess of Parma, is a *Madame Somebody*—whose name one is not obliged to remember. The young King of Rome—the heir of his wonderful father's fortune—for whom he had thrown off the faithful companion of his youth, and with her, the sympathy of men—scarcely lasted to hear his father's name. Lucienne, Talleyrande Fouché, his brilliant marshals—his suite of Kings and Queens—like the images in Macbeth's mirror, have disappearrd into nothing. The King of Spain is a respectable old gentleman, quietly travelling for his health, and the only heir of the name of the modern Cæsar—the giddy son of the beautiful Hortense—is in a Paris prison—with the reasonable possibility of losing his head on the guillotine. Other Kings and Queens now wave their sceptres, other foreign ministers now negotiate different affairs. Wellington, Nesselrode, and Metternich, remain, but the protocols and notes, now breath of new menaces and troubles, and these ardent statesmen are dwindled into tottering old men. Now we have Mehemet Ali and the Sultan, Rhiva, Affghanistan, and a war with *China*. But I can never travel the road between Berlin and Carlsbad, without my thoughts being filled with the days of Napoleon.

To struggle in misery and with misery at the same time, appears to be the acme of human sufferance. Who, acquainted with the number of propitious circumstances required to make a vigorous effort of the mind, can read the advertisement of the great British lexicographer emotionless? "It may gratify curiosity to inform it, that the English Dictionary was written with very little assistance from the learned, and without any patronage of the great; not in the soft obscurities of retirement, nor under the shelter of academic bowers, but amidst inconvenience and distraction; in sickness and sorrow."

Original.

THE MOTHER'S COUNSEL.

BY MRS. EMELINE S. SMITH.

The shadows of twilight were creeping over the streets of a large city. Amid the busy throng that crowded one of the principal thoroughfares, two little boys going in different directions, met, and stopped, as if by mutual consent, in front of a book-store, to gaze admiringly upon the fine prints and elegantly bound volumes that decorated the newly-lighted window. There was a striking contrast in the appearance of the two children; one was about ten years of age, tall and well formed, with the hue of health on his cheek, and the light of happiness in his eye. His face, however, was unpleasing, for its general expression was harsh and selfish. He was richly dressed, and the elaborate care evidently bestowed upon his whole person, from his curled locks to his neatly-covered foot, proclaimed him the petted favorite of fortune. His companion, though in reality one or two years older, was much smaller in stature, and, but for the mature expression of his countenance, might have been thought considerably younger. It was easy to see by his scant and humble attire, that he was the child of poverty. His face was beautiful, and its every feature lighted with intelligence beyond his years, but alas, his body was delicate and deformed, and he was incurably a cripple. One glance upon his high pale brow, where premature care seemed already seated, and one look into the depths of his eloquent eye, which thus early glowed with the light of lofty thought, was sufficient to assure the observer that the knowledge of his misfortune was a weight that rested heavily upon the boy's spirit, and a cloud that darkened the beautiful spring time of his life. He seemed a fitting subject for the sympathy of every heart, as he stood there gazing so earnestly and wistfully at treasures which it was evident he could not hope to obtain.

"Don't you wish," said the larger boy, interpreting the thoughts of the other, and glancing, at the same time, at his coarse attire, "don't you wish your father was rich enough to buy you some of those elegant books?"

"I have no father," replied the deformed, and even the sound of his voice, as he uttered these few but touching words, was eloquently expressive of the sadness that had settled upon his heart; it had nothing of the lightness and cheerfulness of childhood, but its tones were low, soft and subdued, like the accents of one who has long been acquainted with grief.

"Ah, that is a pity," carelessly said the other; "my father buys me many such books—more than I know what to do with. I don't read half of them, for I don't like reading."

"But what do you do with them, then?" asked the deformed.

"Oh, I look at the pictures, if they have pictures, and then throw them aside; sometimes I tear them up, just for sport."

"Don't you think it wrong and wicked to do that?" mildly asked the deformed. There was a look of mingled astonishment and indignation on the face of the spoiled boy, which plainly told that he was not accustomed to such questions, as he said, or rather shouted—

"How dare you ask me such an impertinent question, you poverty-stricken fellow? One would think that hump on your back, and that lame leg, would teach you better manners."

At this coarse and unfeeling speech, the poor deformed seemed ready to sink to the earth. His face grew deadly pale, his breast heaved, and his limbs trembled as if they would no longer support him. For one instant he darted an angry glance at the speaker, but the insult was too keen to awaken any feelings save those of anguish, and, spite of himself, the tears started to his eyes, and he was forced to turn away to conceal them. With a tortured spirit and trembling steps, he left his unfeeling companion, and sought his home. It was a lowly and a humble one—scarcely containing the necessaries of life, and barely affording a shelter from the "pelting of the pitiless storm"—yet was it to the stricken child, who now sought its precincts, a haven of rest, and a sanctuary of holy joy; for there he was ever greeted by the look of kindness, and gladdened by the music tone of love; and there, despite the gloom that had gathered over his spirit, the flowers of hope and happiness would spring up in his heart, and blossom beneath the genial influence of a mother's approving smile.

That mother was a widow, and he her only son. According to the peculiar nature of maternal tenderness, her's was more lavishly bestowed upon her boy, in consequence of his infirmities; but there were many other reasons to render him unutterably dear to her heart. She had once seen better and happier days—she had dwelt amid the comforts of affluence—she had been blest with the love of a kind and noble husband—she had been the mother of many children; rosy, smiling, lovely children, whose presence filled her home with light, and her soul with bliss—but one by one these many blessings had been taken away. First, reverses came, and surrounded her with the chill atmosphere and rude storms of poverty. Then Death, the spoiler approached, and the chosen of her youth—the beloved partner of her days—the revered father of her children, fell beneath that all-conquering hand. Then one after another of her beautiful band was snatched away by the same relentless power, until she was left with no hope and no solace but her poor, delicate and deformed boy, who was then to her heart, what the oasis is to the desert, the one green and fertile spot in a wide waste of desolation. Then he became the precious link that united her spirit to the holy and happy past—the sole and sacred tie that bound her to life. She had mourned her losses deeply, and almost despairingly; but the bitterness of grief had at length passed away, and her heart now rested peacefully, if not happily, upon its last and only hope. She now had but one earthly wish, and that was, to see her poor boy happy. For this she would have made any sacrifice, or

endured any suffering; for this, so all absorbing was her love, she would willingly and cheerfully have perilled her life.

The hapless, heart-stricken child reached his home. There were the bare walls, the uncovered floor, the dying fire, the scanty food, and all the cheerless accompaniments of poverty, but there, to compensate for the want of every other comfort, was such a smile of love as might light the face of an angel, and such words of greeting as might welcome a repentant spirit to Heaven.

The mother, with the quick eye of affection, discovered that something unusual had pained her son, and the kiss she imprinted on his pale forehead was fonder than ever, and as she drew him towards her, and folded him to her bosom, there was such a holy tenderness in her manner, that the poor boy's heart was comforted. But it was only a transient gleam of peace, shooting athwart his mind, like a flitting sunbeam on a stormy landscape, for soon the remembrance of the bitter words he had heard, came back to darken every hope, and burying his face in his mother's bosom to hide the tears that *would* come, he sobbed—

"Mother, mother, I would like to die. What right has such a maimed and miserable wretch in this perfect and beautiful world? Even now I am looked at with contempt, and spoken to with scorn. If I live to grow up to manhood, nobody will love me, and I shall have none to love. Some will pity, and some despise, but all will dread my presence, and shudder at my approach. Oh, mother, what has life for me?"

Who shall describe the agony of that lone widow as she listened to these words? For years, long and weary years, she had striven to keep the knowledge of his misfortune from poisoning the mind of her son. For this she had, whenever she looked upon the blemishes which wrung her heart, checked every rising sigh, and repelled each bursting tear. For this she had labored, to gain the means of educating him, that, in the enjoyments of mind, he might forget the infirmities of the body. For this she had toiled beyond her feeble strength, and spent the hours of needful rest in fervent prayer. She knew that her boy was growing up a sorrowful being; she knew that his misfortune had burdened the light-heartedness of the child, and brought the premature thoughtfulness of manhood; but she did not know, until that miserable moment, how deeply and despairingly the fearful knowledge had fastened upon his heart. She had ever feared some cruel lip would taunt him with his infirmities; and now that she knew it had been so, she felt she had not anticipated half the misery the event would awaken.

How was she to answer that passionate appeal? How reply to those burning words which proclaimed her son in feeling, if not in years, a man? She paused and pondered well; she raised her sorrowful eye to heaven; she breathed an inaudible but fervent prayer; she sought the aid of a wiser than man ere she spake the words which she felt were to exercise a mighty influence. Oh, that mothers would thus pause and ponder ere they give the counsel that may color a whole existence! How many a young heart has been led to good or evil by a few words heard in the moments of deep and uncontrollable feeling. How many a life has been guided and governed by the influence of a single lesson acquired in the season of passionate thought. Oh, ye, to whom is entrusted the glorious task of forming and directing the youthful mind, reflect well upon the serious importance of your charge, and let not the innocent eye of childhood look up to you in vain for that example and that teaching which is to lead it unharmed and unscathed through the fiery ordeal of the world!

They formed a fine picture, the mother and her son, standing together in the shadowy light of that dim and dreary room—She with her pale brow and imploring eye raised to heaven, and he with his earnest and asking gaze fixed upon the face that was ever a heaven to him. The widow's prayer was ended; the light she sought had dawned upon her spirit, and she moved her lips to speak.

"My son," and her voice was low and solemn as if burdened with intensity of feeling, "my son kneel this moment and ask forgiveness of thy Father in Heaven for the wrong thou hast this night done. Thou hast despised the great and glorious gifts which he has granted thee; thou hast counted as nought the priceless attributes of mind and sighed for the perishing beauties of the body. Thou hast said 'what is there in life for me?' Oh, my child, there is much,—Look round upon the visible world;—have you not an eye to admire its beauties, a heart to feel its power, and a mind to comprehend its magnificence? Go with me, at morn, away to the pleasant places of nature and listen to her perpetual hymn of praise. Have you not an ear to drink in this melody, and a voice to join in the universal song? Never again, my dear boy, ask what is there in life for thee. Thou art gifted with mind and understanding far beyond thy years; turn then to the fount of knowledge, and obtain there, that which will make thee forget thy infirmities, and value the body only for the imperishable gem it enshrines. Seek the aid of Virtue and she will arm thy spirit with strength to bear the ills of life. Use well the noble gifts that God has given thee, and despite thy misfortunes, the glance of pity and the tone of scorn shall be changed into the look of approval and the word of praise."

The mother spake with the serious earnestness of a priestess uttering a solemn prophecy, and the boy listened with an interest as intense as if life hung on every word. By degrees his tears ceased, his brow became calm and his eye beamed with the holy light of peace. When the admonition, which though so lofty in its character had been perfectly comprehended by the mature mind of the child, was ended, his face was radiant with a lofty resolution, and, kissing the speaker fondly, he said,

"Mother, dear mother, I am happy. I will live to follow thy teaching, to honor thy name and to comfort thy days. Forget that I ever complained and I give thee a promise, which I pray God to help me to keep, that I never more will murmur at my misfortune, never more pain thy heart with useless regrets, but seek to follow the glorious path you have this night marked out."

And the boy, child as he was in years, kept his promise with a resolute firmness that would have done honor to manhood. Never, after that memorable eve, was he heard to utter one complaining word. Never again, at least in presence of his mother, did his brow wear the cloud or his eye the shadow of gloom. He went forth among his companions wrapped in an armor of determination that defied all malice and turned away all reproach. This change in his feelings was productive of the most beneficial and happy results. Day by day he began to acquire a strength of constitution and elevation of character which could never have been his if despondency had continued to exercise its blighting influence over his young and tender spirit. His fond mother marked the change with delighted eye; and when at length, by the aid of a small legacy left her by a distant relative and her own unparalleled industry and economy, she was enabled to gratify the dearest wish of her heart, that of giving her boy a classical education, she felt herself blest indeed beyond her most sanguine expectations.

Her son passed his collegiate term with honor to himself and his teachers, and left the institution with the admiration and respect of all who had been his associates. He chose the profession of the law, and, though for a time he had to struggle with many disadvantages and difficulties, he never despaired of obtaining the meed he sought—an honorable and useful station in society. The excellent counsels of the mother guided the man as they had governed the boy, and led him with unerring step to the position he desired. Gifted with a mind of the highest order and a heart filled with noble and generous emotions, it is not surprising that he at length emerged from the obscurity which had darkened his earlier years. Those who had known him in his friendless, needy and afflicted boyhood, and who only looked upon the "outer man," watched his progress with a doubtful eye and wondered at his ambitious dreams. But those who looked deeper into the inner world of his mind and marked its lofty aspirings, its noble aims and untiring exertions, deemed that success would crown his efforts, and believed that the smiles of fortune, the adulation of friends, and the unfading laurels of fame would be his well merited reward.

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Many years after their first meeting, the deformed and the chance companion of his boyhood stood together again in a different scene and under far different circumstances. One of these two was arraigned at the bar of justice for the fearful crime of murder; the other was there as counsel for the accused. Need we say *which* was the criminal? The evil passions which had so early manifested themselves in one of the children had "grown with his growth and strengthened with his strength," until they had gained complete mastery over his heart. In youth they had led him into many a situation of shame and sorrow, and now in manhood, they had brought him before men, charged with a deed of the darkest die!

From some circumstances connected with the transaction it was fair to suppose that the prisoner was innocent of the actual crime of murder; but his unfortunate disposition militated strongly against him, for, as he was universally known as a man of an ungovernable temper, it was generally thought that he had, in one of his fits of rage when he seemed capable of any excess, committed the dreadful deed. The public voice was loud against him, and many hearts had already condemned. These knew not how many minute circumstances had combined to place him in the light of a criminal, and they reflected not how much their own judgments were biassed and swayed by the deep prejudices which his former faults had awakened in their minds. The belief of his guilt had gone forth to the world—It had circulated widely; it had poisoned almost every mind and fastened itself upon almost every heart. Before he had passed the ordeal which was to establish his guilt or innocence, the prisoner had been unfairly condemned, and his advocate, whose duty it was to see justice properly awarded, felt that it must be a mighty effort which could avert the doom which seemed almost inevitable.

To the young lawyer this was a case of peculiar interest. It was of more moment than any he had ever tried. He had always considered punishment by death a tragedy that should seldom or never be performed, and he was now placed in a situation where his efforts might have some influence to prevent it. He felt that the culprit, however guilty in the eyes of the world, did not merit the severest penalty of the law. Added to this, the prisoner was one who had been the indirect means of his own prosperity, and he felt towards him a sentiment of gratitude which would have prompted him, had there been no other consideration, to use every exertion, to strain every nerve, and to toil with almost super-human energy in his behalf.

The last day of the trial had come: hundreds of people curious or interested in the result assembled to witness the proceedings. The prisoner had in early life, as we have shown, been the favorite of fortune, but ere he grew to manhood the smiles of the faithless dame were withdrawn, and he who had been reared in the expectation of a proud inheritance was compelled to go forth and seek subsistence by his own exertions. The changes which followed this event—the necessity of mingling with those whom he once despised—the falling off one by one of his "summer friends," tended to embitter a disposition naturally so violent, and goaded his haughty spirit almost to madness. The added bitterness of his temper had driven away the few remaining friends whom adversity had not alienated, and now, in his trying hour, he was unsoothed and unsustained by all save two persons connected to him by the nearest ties of kindred.

But these two were powerful pleaders in his behalf. They were his young wife and aged mother. The former was a pretty and interesting young creature, with her pale cheek and sunken eye telling a tale of the mental agony she had lately endured. The latter seemed a fine subject for a painter, as she stood with her time-worn brow and her dim eye uplifted to heaven, as if she sought there the only consolation that could be found for grief so poignant as her's. Her mind seemed nerved with heroic fortitude to bear the worst, for her manner

was dignified and calm, but despite all the resolution she could call to her aid, her heart *would* send some signs to the face to speak more eloquently than words of its intensity of suffering. The muscles of her mouth would often twitch convulsively, her brow contract like one in pain, and a large tear would gather every few moments and roll unheeded and unfelt down her furrowed cheek. Many an eye in that vast assembly looked tearfully upon that picture of woe, and many a heart, that had before condemned the prisoner, now beat with an ardent wish for his acquittal.

During the previous day of the trial the testimony had closed, and the assembled multitude awaited now with deep interest the summing up of counsel. After a few preliminaries the prisoner's advocate arose. His appearance was interesting in the extreme, and all eyes were instantly rivetted upon him. He had outgrown in one respect his early deformity, and there was nothing now save his lameness to detract from his personal appearance. He was dressed in a plain suit of the deepest black, which formed a fine contrast to the pale and almost marble-like complexion. His face, ever remarkable for its intellectual beauty, was now rendered strikingly elegant by its lofty and spirited expression. He seemed deeply sensible of the important consequences attached to his endeavors, and his manner was dignified, solemn, and impressive. He looked calmly around the expectant audience and then began in a low, serious and subdued tone.—"He who sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed." He then paused until the last lingering sound of his strangely musical voice had died away, and then, amid the thrilling silence that ensued, he resumed in a louder tone—"These words of holy writ are unmistakable in their import; they tell us plainly as words can tell that a murderer should not go unpunished —but these very words impose upon us a solemn obligation to look well and wisely ere we perform the fearful act of punishing by death. Life is a glorious gift—it is a spark of divinity—a portion of God. Should we not tremble to quench the taper lighted by an Almighty hand? Even when we look upon one whom we are told has stained his soul with the blood of a brother, should we not ponder deeply and consider wisely ere we condemn the accused? He stands before us, erect in the pride and glory of manhood; his brow lifted to heaven, his form fashioned in the likeness of his divine creator, and his mind a portion of God-like intelligence! It is hard to think a being thus created would forget his lofty birthright, and degrade himself below the brutes that perish. It is hard to think a being thus endowed and thus blessed would turn from his high destiny to do a deed which humanity shudders to contemplate. And yet the prisoner at the bar is charged with such a deed! Oh, if there *is* a doubt of his guilt, should we not admit that doubt, and if there is a hope of his innocence, should we not turn to that hope and let its blessed light lead us to mercy?"

He then proceeded to comment upon that portion of the evidence which favored the belief of the prisoner's innocence. He made good use of it, and placed every favorable circumstance in the best possible light. He came at length to speak of the relatives of the accused —of the young wife, with the sweet and trusting love of woman; with her dependence for comfort, her hopes of happiness, her every thought and dream and wish centered in the one dear object whom she had chosen as her protector. He pictured the pleasant home, the cheerful fireside, the happy wife listening with smiling face for the sound of approaching steps. He described the change that would come over this scene, if he who stood at the bar of justice pleading for mercy should be condemned. The wife's utter desolation of heart—the destruction of her every joy—the wreck and ruin of her every hope. The desolate home, the darkened hearth, the ceaseless tears, and all the gloomy accompaniments of woe. He called attention to the aged parent, and then his own soul responded to the same emotions that thrilled the hearts of his auditors. Oh! how touchingly and feelingly did he paint the holy love of a mother for her son! Her suffering in giving him life; her tender and untiring care over his helpless infancy, her unwearied watches by his cradle-bed in his hours of sickness, and her holy teaching in his days of health; her constant prayers for his happiness and her ceaseless affection through every change. Then he asked if such prayers and such love were all in vain—if, despite their sacred influence, their beloved object should sink to eternal infamy, and the grey hairs of that aged mother go down in shame and sorrow to the grave. And then he conjured those who heard him, by every generous feeling of their hearts, by every blessing they held dear, by every hallowed tie that bound them to parents, wife, and child, to shut from their minds all belief of the prisoner's guilt.

There was a magic charm about that oratory which fascinated every hearer. Old age forgot his weary thoughts and listened with the enthusiastic feelings of youth. Manhood laid aside his busy cares and ambitious schemes to give his undivided attention to the speaker; and youth turned from his brilliant dreams of the future to fix every thought upon the present. But what were the feelings of the accused as he drank in every eloquent word? The speaker seemed to him a blessed being invested with power to snatch him from eternal woe and give him a new existence. Fate hung upon the sound of his voice, and as he pleaded so eloquently, so powerfully, and so convincingly, the wretch who once dispised could have knelt and worshipped him as a superior being.

When that thrilling speech was ended, there was one deep drawn breath from the multitude who had been so long almost motionless as statues, and then arose a tumult and thunder of applause which shook the stately building to its foundation. Long continued and oft repeated was that burst of admiration and the speaker hailed it as an omen of success.—The trial went on; the prosecuting attorney made his plea. He spake ably and powerfully, but he spake to ears that heard him not, or to hearts that had already decided against him. The Judge's charge was favorable for the prisoner and the jury retired amid faces bright with the hopes of an acquittal.. A few moments of suspense passed, and then the men upon whose lips hung the fiat of life or

death, returned with a verdict of "not guilty!" The shout of applause that pealed from the dispersing crowd told how satisfactorily that decision was received.

The prisoner was pressed in the arms of his delighted relatives; and then the aged mother and the young wife and the bewildered acquitted knelt, and with tears of gratitude called down blessings on the head of him who had exerted himself so nobly in their behalf. It were hard to say who was the happiest of that group—the man released so unexpectedly from a noisome cell and the fears of an ignominious death,—the relatives lifted so suddenly from the depth of shame and sorrow to the pinnacle of hope and happiness—or the advocate whose benevolent heart exulted in the reflection of the good deed it had done.

That evening the widow and her son communed together again in their home. It was no longer a lowly and cheerless one, but lofty and spacious and surrounded with all the comforts and elegances of life. As for the mother, words may not seek to describe nor thought endeavor to imagine the holy joy and gratitude that revelled in her heart. Suffice it to say her griefs were all forgotten, her years of care and anxiety, her countless tears, toils and troubles all recompensed; more than recompensed by her newly acquired bliss. And her son, her glorious child,—glorious despite the doubtful promise of his spring-time;—had not his ambitious dreams and lofty aspirations been, that day, abundantly gratified.

After many moments indulgence of a happiness too deep for words the mother spake—"Said I not, my dear boy, that the glance of pity and the tone of scorn would be changed to the look of approval and the word of praise. Has not the experience of this day proved that I told thee aright?"

"It has indeed, dear mother—to thee I owe this triumph. But for thee and thy blessed counsel I should now have been a miserable wretch, despised by society and detested by my own heart. Thy excellent teachings have made me what I am and to thee my eternal gratitude is due."

"Not so, my son, not to me but to thy Father in Heaven be all praise awarded. Let us kneel, my dear child, and pray for a fitting spirit to bear this excess of joy."

New-York, January, 1842.

Original.

THE PILGRIM'S PLAINT.

Bowers of bliss, and tints of summer glory,
Which gaily painted on my Future seemed,
Like western eve, ere twilight's shadows hoary,
Have darkly fallen, where its radiance beamed;
How have you ever flaunted bright before me,
Luring me on as o'er the earth I past,
Dreaming no ill or care could long annoy me,
Hoping to reach your blest abodes at last!

Youth now had gone, but still the Future glistened,
Tho' paler fires and darker shades appear;
Doubting and weary, still to Hope I listened,
Who whispered me, repose and joy were near!
Age came at last and hope with jeering left me!
For, when I looked those blissful bowers to see
Lo! th' enchantress of light and hue bereft me,
Shrouding in gloom, my pictured scenery!

Naught met my view that told of peace or gladness;
Trees there I saw whose leaves were fall'n and sear,
Dull leaden streamlets, winds that sighed with sadness,
Meads with dead flowers, bare hills, and vallies drear!
"This then is all, for which I've toiled and striven!
Soothing my care with thoughts of future joy—
Better in youth to death's dark arms be given,
Than follow phantoms shining to decoy!"

"This is not all for which you have your being!"
Answered my Plaint a voice in accents bland,—
"Earth's joy and beauty ever thus is fleeing,—
Hope is the *sun* which gilds this desert land.
Look not to earth—here pleasure ever cheateth;
Passeth away, youth, health, and fame, and love—
Hope not for rest below,—the haven ever fleeteth—
Rise o'er the mists of time—immortal, look above!

See in the skies another future beameth,
With changeless tints, and glory more than day—
Lo, where the bright celestial city gleameth!
With light immortal, fading not away!
Gardens of amaranthine flowers are glowing—
Treasures, which child of earth can never know!
There, the pellucid stream of life, is flowing,
Through peace and beauty the world can never sho w

E. R. STEELE.

EARLY REMINISCENCES.

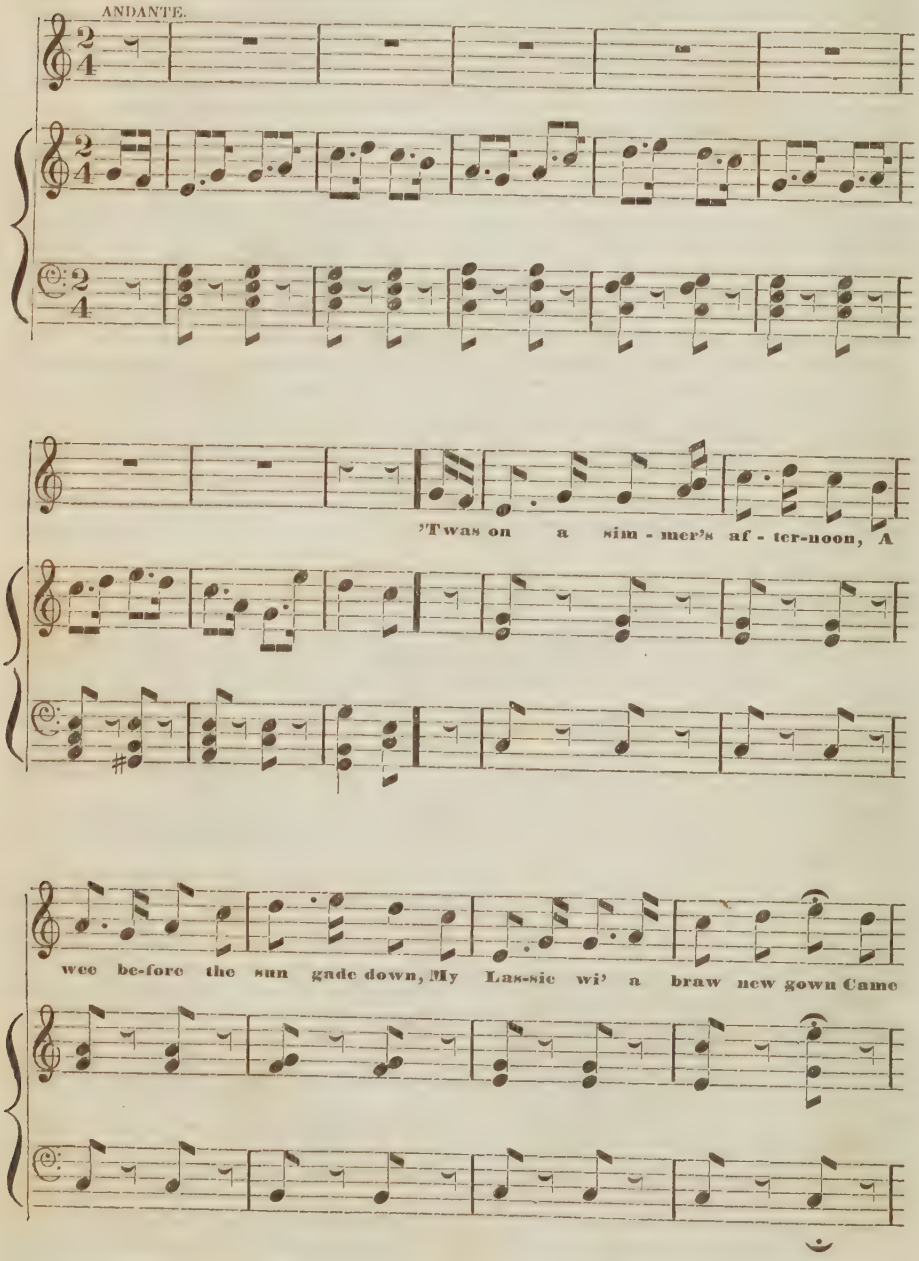
Oh, the scenes of my youth, are the brightest, the dearest,
That memory bears o'er my life's dreary way,
And though fate to me proves, the unkindest, severest,
Their remembrance oft chases many sorrows away,
My own native home, by the lake, and the mountain,
Near the deep curtained wood, 'gainst the light almost
proof,
The time hallowed oak, and the murmuring fountain,
Our cot, and the ladder that lay on the roof.

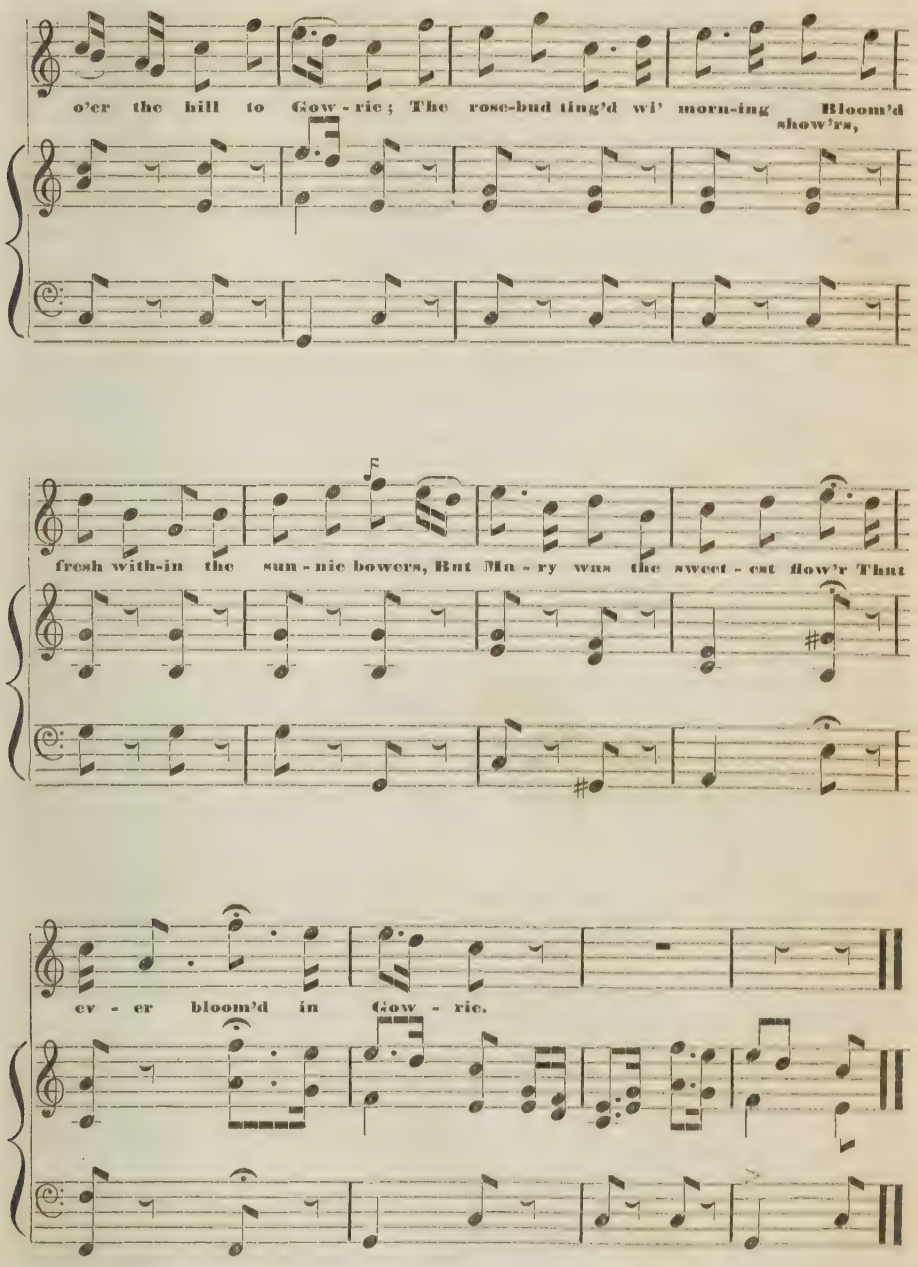
The pine where the robin held quiet possession,
And reared up her young, undisturbed by my play,
The love trysting grove, and the story's impression,
Of vows there oft plighted, and hearts thrown away,
The maple whose trunk told a tale of no fiction,
Though lofty its bearing, 'gainst the steel was no proof,
For its journeys I dream of a strong predilection,
Beyond climbing the ladder that lay on the roof.

But those days have long passed, and in rapid succession,
Have years flown away, until manhood's full bloom,
Has dawned amid cares, yet each early impression,
Is the purest, the sweetest, that softens my gloom;
This heart that in youth beat with joyous emotion,
In more ripened age, has been led to the proof,
That more danger ensues, from life's giddy promotion,
Than in climbing the ladder that lay on the roof.

THE LASS O' GOWRIE.

A FAVORITE SCOTCH SONG—AS SUNG BY MR. BRAHAM.




o'er the hill to Gow - ric; The rose-bud ting'd wi' morn-ing Bloom'd show'rs,
f
fresh with-in the sun - nie bowers, But Ma - ry was the sweet - est flow'r That
ev - er bloom'd in Gow - ric.

SECOND VERSE.

I had nae thought to do her wrong,
But round her waist my arms I flung,
And said, my lassie, will ye gang
To view the Curse o' Gowrie;
I'll tak ye to my father's ha'
In yon green field beside the shaw,
And mak' ye lady o' them a'
The brawest wife in Gowrie.

THIRD VERSE.

A kiss upon her brow I laid,
A blush upon her cheek soon spread,
She whisper'd modestly and said,
"I'll gang wi' ye to Gowrie!"
The auld folks soon gued their consent,
And to Mess John we quickly went,
Who tied us to our hearts content,
And now she's Lady Gowrie.

LITERARY REVIEW.

THE JACQUERIE; *by G. P. R. James: Harper & Brothers.*—This is the title of another novel by this prolific writer, and, like his others, is interesting in plot, and spirited in character. We think, however, there is too much similarity, of late, in all his productions. We can trace a counterpart of almost every hero and heroine in the last six or seven of his novels. He appears to have exhausted his spirit of invention, and, indeed, it is not surprizing, when we consider the innumerable issues which have proceeded from his brain. The scene of the Jacquerie is laid in France, in the fourteenth century, when its monarch was in the hands of the English, and among its most prominent features is the description of the rising of the peasantry of that period. It will be found a story of deep interest, and over which no one will tire.

NAPOLEON'S EXPEDITION TO RUSSIA; *Harper & Brothers: Family Library.*—Never, in the annals of war, were horror and suffering so experienced as when the ambitious and sanguinary Attila of modern times led his "unconquerable army" to the subjugation of Russia. It may be truly said "that the phials of God's wrath were then poured upon him." The present work is a narration of that disastrous campaign, and the most authentic and vivid of any which have yet been presented to the world. It contains two of the rarest and most essential qualities of historical composition, explicitness and fullness, not an object or incident of interest appertaining to the subject being overlooked or slightly touched upon, while an honorable degree of impartiality, (especially when it is remembered the author was himself a sharer in the expedition,) pervades its every page. It is a capital addition to this series of publications.

WEALTH AND WORTH: *Harper & Brothers.*—The design of this work is excellent—to infuse an earnest independent American spirit, uncontaminated by intolerance toward other governments and nations—to encourage a taste for gratifications of the intellect in preference to those of the senses, without forgetting the superior importance of the inculcation of those principles of action which a reverential faith in the divine origin of the christian code of morals enforces. It is the first of a contemplated series of American family tales—we prophecy they will become universally popular.

AN EPITOME OF THE HISTORY OF PHILOSOPHY, *by C. S. Henry, D. D.; Harper & Brothers: Family Library.*—We welcome with pleasure this publication as a very valuable addition to the stores of knowledge. Up till now we were in possession of no publication which could at all be considered as a proper instructor in this important branch of education. The present one however, completely supplies this vacuum, and is at once comprehensive, elementary, and didactic, and withal free from any particular system. The original Epitome closed with the system of Reid, the Scottish Philosopher, but has been brought by Dr. Henry of the New-York University down to the present day, on the same plan as the rest of the work.

THE EFFINGHAMS.—*Samuel Colman.*—The writer of these volumes wields a pungent and satirical pen. "The handsome Mr. Effingham" has come in for a tolerable share of punishment, and we think most deservedly. It is written with the professed intent of vindicating our country from the aspersions of foreigners, and the author has shown himself fully competent to the undertaking.

BARNABY RUDGE: *Lea & Blanchard.*—At length this charming story has been brought to a close, or in Boz's own words—"Our own happy hour of meeting strikes no more. The chimney corner has grown cold, and Master Humphrey's Clock has stopped for ever." It is got up in the usual excellent style for which its publishers are celebrated.—*Carvill & Co.*

LIFE OF THE COUNTESS EMILY PLATER; *by J. K. Salmonski: J. F. Trow.*—We have here the biography of a most singular woman—almost a Joan of Arc in courage and patriotism, who, disguising her sex, and joining the ranks of her country—Poland—fought against the subjugators of her native land; and died at the early age of twenty-six. It is an interesting narrative, and has been published with a view to correct the many erroneous accounts which have been circulated throughout Europe detrimental to the character of the heroine. The biographer had every opportunity to become conversant with the facts on which is based the narrative, having been personally acquainted with her and shared in many of the conflicts in which this heroic woman acted a conspicuous part.

THE POETS OF AMERICA, *illustrated by one of her Painters; Edited by John Keese: S. Colman.*—This volume is, in every respect, equal to its predecessor. The selections are, for the most part, very fair specimens of the poetical genius of our country. A more beautiful work was never issued from the American press, and we sincerely trust that sufficient patronage will be extended to the publisher, to induce him to carry out his design in a succession of volumes, forming a Library of American Poetry.

HEROINES OF SACRED HISTORY; *by Mrs. Steele: Taylor & Co.*—This work, of which, in a former number, we spoke in the most favorable terms, has come to us in a new garb, showing that its reputation is on the increase. We can only again say that it is deserving of extensive circulation, having for its object the dissemination of religious principles, or, in the words of the writer, "If it shall lead one of its readers to the fountain from which it is taken, the author's purpose shall have been answered."

LIFE OF RICHARD CŒUR DE LION; *by G. P. R. James: J. & H. G. Langley.*—These volumes are, for the greater part, a history of the reign of Henry the second, the domination of Becket, and the Crusade to Jerusalem, more than the Life of Cœur de Lion; indeed, the second Plantagenet occupies but a very little portion of them. As an explicit narration of those memorable times, the work will prove most acceptable. It is characterized by great research and impartiality, and reflects high credit on its prolific and assiduous author. As a pure historian, however, we do not relish Mr. James. His forte, like Scott, lies in blending history with fiction, and in reading the present work, you cannot help regretting that the vestments of romance are not cast around the various characters. It is in describing an Attila, a Richileu, a Charlemagne, or a Darnley, that the genius of James is in its glory; when it wanders into the firmament of cold reality, it becomes dim and lustreless, and however elegant may be the diction of the work, however graphic its descriptions, the reader cannot help contrasting it with the pages of his novels, and deciding that, in the regions of Historical romance, he is alone a master.

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS: *J. & H. G. Langley.*—These delightful tales have been carefully revised, and divested of all objectionable details and allusions which have hitherto rendered them, to a great extent, unfit for the perusal of youth. The authoress—a mother—has executed her task with taste and discretion, and produced a very pretty present for these times of festivity.

OUR MESS; *by Harry Lorrequer: Carey & Hart.*—We have received Nos. 1 and 2 of this new work, and, judging from a cursory glance at their pages, the same spirit of fun and graphic description run throughout it as in his other writings. It is printed and illustrated in the same manner as Charles O'Malley, and is within the means of every reader.

LIFE IN CHINA: *Lea & Blanchard.*—A very amusing book, with most comical illustrations. There are nine stories in all, most of which have been before published in our periodical literature. They are now, for the first time, collected into a handsome volume, and their perusal will be found a capital antidote to expel the blue devils.—*Carvill & Co.*

ROBIN HOOD; *by Stephen Percy: J. & H. G. Langley.*—A new and pleasant history of this noted outlaw and his merry men, illustrated with appropriate colored lithographs, and tastefully bound. Another fitting gift for the juveniles.

HOWITT'S STUDENT LIFE OF GERMANY: *Carey & Hart.*—Until late years, in this country, little was known of the character of the German nation; but now, and we rejoice to say it, every day we are becoming more and more conversant with them, both in a social and intellectual light; indeed, their language and peculiar philosophy, in most of our universities, are deemed essential branches of education, while their poets, philosophers and scholars, are regarded equal to those of the most enlightened nation of the earth. From the *Burschen* Life have the greatest part of their great men sprung—a body that, 'till the present publication, has ever been considered impenetrable to any but those properly initiated into the mysteries of the craft. "It was," in the words of the author, "that from the heart of this life, Theodore Korner sprung, for the cause of his country and mankind, and sung and fought and died; it was from this that Goethe and Schiller, Hauff and Tieck, and a thousand others, have issued to glorify valor, or consecrate patriotism, or beautify the regions of the human soul by their songs and their imaginative prose." It was also from this that the whole body of ardent youth arose, and quitting their Knieps and their Chores, called all their country to re-assert its liberty, to drive out its foes, and, at the peoples' head, fought with the spirit of ancient heroes, and chased from their soil, for ever, the tyrant and overrunner of humbled Europe. Need we say, therefore, that a faithful transcript of the Burschen life of such men is interesting? It will be found not a dull and elaborate essay, but a spirit-stirring and instructive work, and a lucid exposition of the financial and judicial administration of the constitution of a German University.

MILLER'S RURAL SKETCHES: *Carey & Hart.*—Thomas Miller, like Elliot, may be termed the writer of the people—sprung from them—unaided and altogether self educated, he writes from the impulse of feeling with a fervent love of nature, untrammelled by the pedantry of schools, or the rules of society or art, and yet he is one of the purest English writers at this day existing, and, indeed, it would be well for the generality of our pseudo critics, who cantingly affect that nothing is genuine unless it smacks of the *Alma mater*, if they could clothe their opinions in as correct syntax as this *honest basket-maker*. The contents of the present work are short and ably delineated sketches of rural life, reminding you strongly of Professor Wilson's domestic tales. There is one article particularly good, entitled Rural Poetry, a lesson for critics, and that for beauty of language, purity of style and discrimination, has not for many years been surpassed by any author. Home, revisited, and the Bull's Head are also excellent. We are much indebted to the publishers for the beautiful manner they have given the volume to the world, and recommend it to every lover of natural and original genius.—*Carvill & Co.*

GEMS OF THE MODERN POETS: *Carey & Hart.*—This is a republication of a recent English work, containing, as the title informs us "*the Gems of the Modern Poets.*" With this, however, we do not altogether accord. In *our* opinion, the greater part of these selections are not proper specimens of the minds of the poets, but appear to have been culled from their writings from a consideration more for the convenient quantity of book-making matter, than a just and judicious representation of their merits and beauties, but *de gustibus non est disputandum.* The biographical notices, we admit, to be well written, succinct and correct. The volume is "got up" in the usual style of mechanical excellence, for which its publishers are proverbial, and will, we doubt not, meet with a liberal circulation. *Carvill & Co.*

CHARLES O'MALLEY: *Carey & Hart.*—Volume second of this delightful work has been published, which contains the conclusion. Praise from us would be here nugatory, having frequently, in former numbers, expressed our admiration of it. It is beautifully printed, and illustrated with numerous inimitable sketches by Phiz.—*Wiley & Putnam.*

THE MECHANIC; *by Frances Harriet Whipple: D. Appleton & Co.*—This story is well conceived, and ably delineated. The authoress possesses a strong natural mind, well cultivated by a deep study in books, and a keen observation of the human character. We should like to see it added to that valuable series now publishing, under the title of "Tales for the People and their Children."

THEATRICALS.

PARK.—The new comedy of What Will the World Say? has been placed before the public in a style of scenery and appointments, equal to London Assurance, but sorry are we to record its success has not been adequate to the former. Although we do not consider it containing the true elements of comedy, it is nevertheless characterized by more than ordinary talent, and infinitely superior to many pieces which pretend to that rank of writing. The plot is clear, and tolerably natural, and in the drawing of the characters, it is apparent that the author has endeavored "*to catch the living manners*" of the metropolis of England, but has signally failed, none of them being entirely original, their prototypes being found in the most of our farces and vaudevilles—light and vivacious creatures, who talk, walk, laugh, and do an infinite deal of nothing, who come before you, depart with some telling *exit*, but leave no impression upon the spectator's mind. The part which furnishes most amusement, is that of Tarradiddle, enacted by Placide, a species of low Dazzle, a Diddler, Sponge, Sharp—a class of impudent heroes, who have kept possession of the stage from time immemorial. Mr. Abbot sustained a personage, by name, Pye Hillary, a part directly opposite to that of Tarradiddle, with much ability. Lord Norwald, supported by Mr. Barry, is a very untelling character, having the heavy portion of both the dialogue and plot upon his shoulders. In the hands of an ordinary artist, it would be barely endurable, but Mr. Barry, by tact, costume and carriage, imparted to it dignity and interest. The old and excellent comedy of The Suspicious Husband, has been revived, but with indifferent success. The strength of the present company is not sufficient to the support of its *dramatis personæ*. We are of opinion they might have been better cast; indeed, we have seldom seen a performance where the actors were so entirely out of their element—all of them more or less appeared to be deficient in the words of the author, while a complete bewilderment occasionally prevailed in many of the scenes. We do, however, except Mrs. Vernon from this charge; she alone acted with spirit and correctness, and was mainly conducive to the little success which attended the production of the piece.

BOWERY.—Although the great success which has, throughout the season attended "*the Bowery,*" has now somewhat abated, still Mr. Hamblin has every reason to congratulate himself that he has so far carried on his theatre without loss. The gorgeous pageant of Napoleon has been succeeded by that of the Naiad Queen, and for beautiful scenery, music, costume, and appointments, is equal to any pageant that has appeared upon the boards of this theatre. Mrs. Shaw looks and acts the heroine delightfully, evincing that her genius is capable to any department of her profession; indeed, with safety we may aver, that Celeste or Ellsler could not have excelled her in many portions of her pantomime. There is an elegance and freedom in her action not to be found among professed pantomimists, which is infinitely more pleasing to the spectator, than the cold and formal gestures trammelled by the rules of art. Albeit we are no particular admirers of pantomime, and think that the talents of this lady might be exerted in a better cause, yet we cannot withhold our meed of praise to her beautiful and interesting personation of the Naiad Queen. Of the other characters, if we except Mr. Gates, who created considerable merriment, and Mr. Milner, who performs some very clever and daring tricks, we need say nothing, as they are mere utilities to the plot and

progress of the spectacle. To Romeo and Juliet we now turn with satisfaction, which was represented on the occasion of Mrs. Shaw's benefit, to a full and fashionable audience. It is allowed on every hand, that this lady is, at this moment, in America, the only perfect delineator of this beautiful creation, and never did she appear to higher advantage than on this evening. She appeared to transcend her very self; every line, word, nay, syllable, were by her given with an intensity of feeling and thrilling effect, which electrified her audience. We question if the stage of any country affords, at this day, so finished a histrionic picture as her Juliet. We were glad to perceive the character of Romeo undertaken by Mr. Hamblin. It is a part, by many, considered alone suited to a juvenile performer, but with this we do not accord. There is a depth of conception requisite for its pourtrayment, which can only be acquired by experience. This Mr. Hamblin fully possesses, and, aided by his genius as well as his manly and noble person, he depicted the hero to the life. A revival of Norman Leslie and the Last Days of Pompeii have also afforded Mr. Hamblin an opportunity of appearing in two of his characters with which no other actors can identify themselves. In the latter, Mrs. Shaw sustained the beautiful character of Nydia, the Flower Girl. We can only reiterate the substance of a former article on her performance, in saying it is one of the most affecting pictures the eye can gaze upon. Those who have not beheld her in this character, have a store of pleasure in reserve for themselves.

OLYMPIC.—This pretty little theatre has been doing a good business, and so long as it continues under its present director, it must. On the occasion of Mr. Mitchell's benefit, the house was crowded to overflowing, when, to add to the attractions of the evening, Mr. Ranger appeared in his favorite character in the Artist's Wife, a drama which we have frequently seen announced as written by himself. Is there not a mistake in so announcing it? We shrewdly suspect we have seen a published copy of the piece, bearing the name of a Mr. Beckett as its author.

CHATHAM.—During the past month, Mr. Hill of Yankee celebrity, has been playing a round of his popular characters to excellent houses. Several new pieces have likewise been brought forward with decided success. Mr. Thorne is highly worthy of the support he receives.

EDITORS' TABLE.

THE ARTIST'S DREAM.—The Apollo Association has published a beautiful Mezzotinto engraving of the prize picture of that name. The conception of the artist is poetical and original in the extreme. A painter is represented slumbering in his study, while behind him pass like the shadows of the kings in Macbeth the figures of the most celebrated masters, from the time of Michael Angelo down to Sir Joshua Reynolds. It is executed in Sartain's best style, and reflects high credit on the liberal taste and spirit of the institution in thus sending forth so handsomely the works of our native artists.

BRAHAM'S CONCERTS.—This prince of vocalists has been again delighting our community with a "taste of his quality," and we are pleased to say has met with support commensurate with his talents. His last concert we attended, and never did we enjoy a richer treat. Every piece by him executed was so perfect that we are puzzled to particularize one superior to another. If however we may venture to do so, we should say it was his "Black Eyed Susan," and the Grand Scena from Der Freschutz. We believe there is not at this day living that man who can approach him in the singing of the former. It is as great in its way as the finest dramatic representation of the first master. How it was appreciated—the enthusiasm displayed by his audience was the best and surest proof, and although Mr. Braham was apparently suffering from indisposition, yet, for many minutes did their applause continue, and only with the greatest reluctance did they refrain from desiring a third repetition of it.

NEW MUSIC.—We have recently received the following pieces of music. "*I knew a Maiden Fair*," a sweet composition. Although the initials of the composer are only modestly attached to it, it would do honor to the possessor of the finest musical ability; the words are by Professor Longfellow, a certainty of their excellence.—"*Merrily goes the Mill*" is a playful pretty ballad, composed by Nelson. *Souvenir de la Belle Poule Rondo a la Valse*, composed by King, and "*The Spanish Vesper Chaunt*" by Nelson, we predict, will become quite popular. "*Oh, speak to Her in kindness.*" the words by Jeffreys, and the music by our townsman, Stephen Glover, has already won the praise of our musical community. "*The Evening Hour*" is the first of a series of Sacred Lyrics, the music by Baynham, and the poetry, which is of a superior order, by the Rev. J. Reynell Wreford. It is only necessary to mention that Firth and Hall are the publishers—that they are produced in the first style of mechanical execution.

THE SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.—The first number of volume eight of this ably conducted periodical is upon our table fully sustaining the high reputation of its predecessors. Although the Companion is in the same walk with the *Messenger* we candidly and generously admit that the ability with which it is conducted and the general excellence of its contents, entitle it to an extensive circulation. Were we requested to make a comparative estimate of the merits of our various *monthlies*, and assign to each its just station in this class of literature, we should place *the Messenger*, (allowing for its judicious inadmissibility of political and theological dissertations,) at the head of American periodicals; in short, what Blackwood's and Fraser's magazines are in superiority of excellence to the other monthlies of England.

PORTRAIT PAINTING.—A short time since we paid a visit to the rooms of Mr. Barker, Portrait Painter, in the Granite Buildings, Chambers-street, and were highly gratified by the excellence displayed in the works of this meritorious artist. His forte apparently lies in the delineation of female heads, many of which are truly beautiful. He appears to have taken the elder Sully for his model, and a better he could not have selected. In Mr. Barker's paintings you can discern the same ease and grace of drawing and the same clearness of coloring for which that artist is so remarkable, added to which the fidelity of his likenesses are indisputable. Those who desire a faithful semblance of their own or their friends' features we strongly recommend to their notice this highly gifted artist.

THE MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.—The lectures of this useful association are progressing fast in popularity. On every occasion we have attended, we have found an assemblage of the most intellectual portion of New York, listening with the most profound attention. The orators selected for delivering the different lectures, are all gentlemen of strong intellect, and thoroughly conversant with their subject matter. The highest support should be extended to an association which has for its object the dissemination of knowledge to all classes, at a moderate expense.

WINTER FASHIONS.—*Morning Dress.*—Robe of figured silk—skirt full—body and sleeves tight. Mantle of silk or velvet, with a *vandyke* tippet trimmed with three rows of gimp silk or velvet. Bonnet, cottage pattern, with three drooping feathers. Hair plainly braided.

Promenade Dress.—Silk robe, long waisted—sleeves and body tight—skirt very full, with two deep flounces of lace or silk fringe—a tippet of the same material, worn and removed at pleasure—Egyptian scarf.

Walking Dress.—Full silk skirt, with three stripes of velvet running from the waist to the bottom of the skirt—body and sleeves tight—*capote* or short mantilla of black silk velvet, fastened across the breast with silk cords and loops—close bonnet, with drooping feather. Hair plain and occasionally ornamented with flowers.

THE LADIES' COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, MARCH, 1842.

HAGAR IN THE DESERT.

Hereafter, it is our intention to introduce, occasionally, into the pictorial department of the Companion, engravings of some of the most interesting scenes and subjects contained in the divine volume, which we believe, will prove acceptable to the generality of our readers; indeed, when it is remembered that the greatest masters of the art of painting selected such materials for the exercise of their genius and talents, it should be regarded as an additional feature of interest in our publication. In accomplishing this, we do not mean to infer that the works of our modern artists are unworthy of adorning the Companion, nor that it is our intention to discard them. Such as inherit true merit, shall receive our attention, but we opine a richer mine is to be found among the productions of the olden painters; at all events, we are resolved to make the experiment, and will wait the decision of the public voice to pronounce for, or against it. The first of this series of *Holy Pictures*, is the representation of Hagar and her son, Ishmael, in the wilderness of Beersheba, when fleeing from the dwelling of Abraham—after the celebrated painting by Mola. To pretend to offer any original description of the subject, when it is so beautifully given in the words of scripture, would be as

> To gild refined gold—to paint the lily,
> Or add a perfume to the violet.

We shall therefore content onrselves in transferring it to our columns.

"And Abraham rose up early in the morning, and took bread, and a bottle of water, and gave it unto Hagar, putting it on her shoulder, and the child, and sent her away: and she departed, and wandered in the wilderness of Beersheba. And the water was spent in the bottle, and she cast the child under one of the shrubs. And she went and sat her down over against him a good way off, as it were a bowshot: for she said, "Let me not see the death of the child. And she sat over against him, and lifted up her voice and wept. And God heard the voice of the lad; and the angel of God called to Hagar out of Heaven, and said unto her, "What aileth thee, Hagar? fear not; for God hath heard the voice of the lad where he is. Arise, lift up the lad, and hold him in thine hand; for I will make him a great nation. And God opened her eyes, and she saw a well of water; and she went, and filled the bottle with water, and gave the lad drink. And God was with the lad; and he grew, and dwelt in the wilderness of Paran, and his mother took him a wife out of the land of Egypt."—GENESIS, XXI. 14—21.

"It must not be supposed," says a popular divine, "that Hagar was dismissed with circumstances of harshness or severity; on the contrary, she was provided with every thing necessary for a journey into her own country, Egypt, for she was one of those slaves whom Pharaoh had given to Abraham. The events expressed in this touching picture of maternal agony, seem to have arisen solely from the circumstance of Hagar having lost her way in the wilderness; and the tear of the mother must have fallen unmingled with hope, had she not lifted up her eyes to the hills whence she had derived her help. Abraham, relying upon the word of God, had dismissed Hagar with the less apprehension for her safety, committing the mother and child to Him who had promised to watch over them.

R. H.

Original.

"WE HAVE BEEN FRIENDS TOGETHER."

I.

We have been friends together, along life's lonely path,
And now when comes the tempest in all its bitter wrath,
When all the flowers are wither'd that round us once were strown,
And friends, like summer's songsters, to other climes have flown,
Why should we two be parted, as if love ne'er had been,
As if we wore the brand of some heart-corroding sin?

II.

We have been friends together, when shone the morning star—
When life was full of sweetness, and sorrow was afar,
When time went by unheeded, we thought not of his wing,
Save that the coming morrow would newer pleasure bring.
Then why should we be parted? our hearts are still the same.
Love will abide for ever—'tis not an empty name!

III.

We have been friends together, when skies were bright and blue,
And the stars seem'd angel-faces that beamed in beauty thro.'
Now the morning hath departed, and the noon-tide looketh dim,
And hope hath chang'd to wailing, the music of her hymn,
Why should we two be parted? we cannot find again,
A spirit more congenial, on life's receding plain.

IV.

We have been friends together—we have shared each other's joy,
We have shared the gold of life, and why not its alloy?
If there were nought but roses to bloom along our way,
If clouds ne'er came to darken the beauty of the day,
If ne'er upon our bosoms was laid the chastening rod,
We should forget the pathway that leadeth home to God!

S. J. HOWE.

Clark's Mills, Ohio.

Original.

THE ONLY DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

"The thorns which I have reaped are of the tree
I planted: they have torn me, and I bleed."
Byron.

It was the sunset of a beautiful autumnal day, and the slant beams shed a golden glow upon the dark foliage of many a giant oak which spread its gnarled roots and broad branches across the velvet lawn of Dalesford; while the diamond paned casements of the fine old mansion glittered in the rays of the departing luminary. It was a scene truly English; the antique house, with its heavy doorways and deep set windows, its peaked roof and clustered chimnies,—the park stretching its emerald green turf far around, and dotted with little copses where the antlered deer sported in fearless security,—the village in the distance with its neat white cottages and verdant hedgerows,—the tall spire of the little church relieved against the clear blue sky, and glittering in the latest beam of day,—all combined to form a picture of comfort and quiet beauty rarely seen in other lands. Seated in a deep embrasure of a window which looked out upon this lovely prospect sat the master of the rich domain, and as the soft light touched his long, grey locks, it almost seemed like a halo around his venerable head. But the feelings of Mr. Dale were strangely at variance with the tranquillity of the hour and the scene. His eye dwelt upon the beauty which spread itself before him, but his mind was absorbed in other thoughts, and an expression of deep gloom rested on his fine features which told of secret discontent. He had been sitting with bent brow and folded arms for more than an hour, and the sunset glow had darkened into the grey of twilight when a light touch upon the shoulder aroused him from his revery.

"You have been long in obeying my summons, Marian," said he, as he turned and beheld his daughter by his side, "you are not wont to be a laggard in your duty to your only parent."

The brow of the young girl crimsoned as she replied "I was abroad, father, and heard not your summons until this moment."

"Sit down, Marian," said Mr. Dale, apparently not listening to her excuse, "I have that to say which requires your serious consideration. Your cousin"—

"What of *him*, sir?" interrupted Marian with a startled voice.

"Your cousin, Sir Thomas," pursued the father "has again written to me on the subject of your union. He complains, and certainly with some reason, of the protracted delay to which he has been subjected. Since your childhood he has been your affianced husband, and surely the time has come now when he ought to expect you to act with the discretion befitting a woman.

"Sir Thomas would show his own discretion by chosing a lady better suited to his years," said Marian, harshly.

"Tut, tut, girl; a hale, hearty man of forty-five is a match for any one: he has forborne to press his suit out of deference to your girlish timidity, and now he must be listened to."

"Father," said Marian firmly, "you have spoken to me of this matter on former occasions, and my answer must be what it ever has been: my hand must be given only in obedience to the dictates of my heart, and if I understand my own feelings it will never be obtained by my cousin."

"Marian, I will not appear to you in the light of a tyrannical parent; listen to my motives for desiring this match and you will scarcely then attempt to oppose your feeble will to a resolution so irrevocable as mine. My grandfather had two sons, and the elder, of course inherited the baronetcy, but the estates were unentailed, and on his death-bed the old man bequeathed to his younger and favorite child the bulk of his fortune, leaving to the elder little more than a bare subsistence. This unjust distribution of property naturally produced discord and disunion between the brothers which lasted during life, and my father enjoyed his wealth at the cost of fraternal affection. The brothers, playmates in infancy, and bosom-friends in youth, now dwelt within bow-shot of each other,—they met in the field and the thoroughfare,—they sat within the same sanctuary,—knelt at the same altar and yet they never exchanged a word of kindness or even a look of recognition. At length the elder brother died, leaving an only son to inherit his title and poverty. Remorse was awakened in my father's heart when he looked upon the grave of his long estranged brother, he shed the unavailing tears of penitence over the obduracy which had severed those whom nature had united, and when he lay on his death-bed, a few years later, he drew a solemn promise from me, who was his only child, that I would repair the injustice which had resulted from my grandfather's partial affection. In obedience to my dying parent I gave the required pledge, but, I blush to confess, Marian, that I did not fulfil my word. I had then several children and I could not bear the idea of diminishing their heritage by sharing it with the heir of my uncle; yet this was what my father had desired, and what he would himself have done had his life been prolonged. Indeed an unexecuted will to that effect was found among his papers, and therefore I was not left in any doubt as to the course I ought to pursue. But I was governed by selfish interest, and contenting myself with making friendly advances to my cousin, the baronet, who was my junior by some ten or twelve years, I made no attempt to equalize our estates. But a promise given to the dead is never violated with impunity. My boys, my noble and stately boys, were one after another cut down by the stroke of death. The children for whose sake I hoarded my wealth were all consigned to the keeping of the grave, and at last, Marian, you only were left. Your mother too soon followed her little ones, and while standing beside her coffin I vowed that if you were spared to me, I would make full and ample restitution to my cousin for my long delay in fulfilling my parent's command. Contrary to the expectation of every one, you became a healthy and promising child,

and as I watched your growth in beauty and in strength my heart again failed me. I shrunk from the duty of reducing the heiress of Dalesford, and it was not until you had passed the age of thoughtless childhood that I conceived a plan which enabled me to perform my duty without impoverishing you. Sir Thomas was the first to suggest the idea of a union between the heir of the honors and the heiress of the estates of Dalesford. Attracted by your budding beauty, Marian, he offered to keep himself free until you should have attained the age of womanhood, if I would consent to overlook the disparity in years and allow him to consider you his future bride. His proposition removed a great weight from my mind, for it enabled me to accomplish the dearest objects of my life and I gladly consented to such an arrangement. Knowing, how often such an affiance produces disgust in the minds of the parties, we concluded to allow you to remain in ignorance of it until such time as Sir Thomas might have succeeded in winning your regard. Your unfortunate acquaintance with young Wharncliffe, Marian, was a hindrance to our plans because it awakened a foolish and transient attachment which I trust is now entirely effaced from your recollection. His proposals for your hand, Marian, induced me to disclose to you my intentions respecting Sir Thomas, and I regret that it should have been found necessary to subject your cousin to so long a probation in consequence of your foolish partiality for this stranger. Wharncliffe is a man of mean birth, of fickle and unsteady character, and neither by fortune nor station warranted in his presumption. I cannot therefore but wonder at the strange infatuation which led you to listen for a moment to his suit, although I am willing to give you full credit for the implicit obedience which you accorded to my prohibition of all further intercourse. A year has been allowed you to forget this passing folly, and Sir Thomas is now impatient to call you his bride, therefore be prepared Marian to meet him, next week, as your affianced husband, and as soon as the necessary arrangements can be made I shall have the happiness of seeing you wedded to a man who is deserving of your love and duty."

At this moment, a servant entering with lights, interrupted the conversation, and Mr. Dale discovered his daughter's face bathed in tears, while her whole frame shook with suppressed emotion. Surprized and displeased he bade her retire until she had banished all such traces of agitation from her countenance and remember that his will was now to be obeyed with cheerfulness as well as alacrity. Marian gladly accepted permission to retire but no sooner had she reached her apartment, than, drying her tears, she drew from her bosom a folded paper and read as follows:

"Meet me to-night in the little coppice on the right hand of the park gate, I have hovered about you for three days without being able to see you; do not fail me now; I shall wait until the stroke of twelve. The ship which is to bear me for ever from my native land will sail in five days; I come to bid you a last farewell,—dearest, do not refuse to let me listen once more to the tones of your sweet voice ere I go to return no more."

There was no signature to the note but Marian well new the characters of her lover's writing. It was from Wharncliffe—from him whose suit her father had rejected, from him, whom her father had applauded for her forgetting, and with whom she had kept up a clandestine correspondence during many months. "It shall be so," said Marian to herself, as she replaced the paper in the folds of her dress, "there is no alternative; better is a life of affection with him I love than one of splendor with that cold, selfish, heartless profligate to whom my father destines me. If I should stay and wed Sir Thomas my father's grey heirs would be brought down to the grave in sorrow, by the sight of my unhappiness. Let me then take my destiny in my own hands;—he will then relent when he finds the steps irrevocable—he will pardon my disobedience when he finds it has ensured my future peace of mind:—any thing—any thing—rather than this hated marriage! And absorbed in such thoughts Marian sat unheeding of the flight of time until the deep-toned clock struck the eleventh hour, when she started from her revery, and throwing a cloak around her to conceal her figure, stole softly out of a side door to meet her expected lover.

Marian Dale had been the petted and the spoiled plaything of the whole household of Dalesford from her parents down to the grey-headed steward and gossiping nurse who had watched her infancy. Her mother had indulged her to excess, and when she lost that parent, her father, transferring to her the affection which he had borne towards the fine fair children, who now lay buried within the family vault in the village church, fancied he was contributing to her happiness by allowing her to follow the impulses of her own inclination in all things. Her character therefore became imbued with wilfulness to a degree totally unsuspected by those who saw only the sunny tempered and happy girl. Gifted with fine mental powers, she had received an education superior to most of her sex, while her extreme beauty and graceful manners served to display to advantage her really noble qualities of heart. Mr. Dale was like his ancestors, a man of stern and inflexible purpose. When he had once made a resolution nothing could shake it, and under a severe countenance and the most polished elegance of address he concealed the most determined obstinacy. He loved his daughter, he liked his somewhat elderly nephew, he valued his estate and he was proud of his family name. He fancied that he had fallen upon a plan which would combine all the advantages that he most valued, and perpetuate the name while it repaired the fortunes of the titled branch of his family. It was certainly a well arranged scheme and would have been a perfectly feasible one but for the objections which arose from the mature age of Sir Thomas and the prior attachment of his daughter to another. Still Mr. Dale did not dream of resistance. His will was law and he did not suspect that Marian would venture to cherish an affection which he had interdicted or to refuse her assent to a marriage which he had projected. But Marian possessed too much of her father's spirit to become the passive instrument of his despotism. The unlimited indulgence which had been extended to her in all trifling matters had rendered her incapable of implicit obedience in serious one's. She

was so unused to control that it now seemed to her an undue exertion of parental authority to which her proud spirit could not submit. One week after the conversation just narrated Marian was on her way to America, the wife of Albert Wharncliffe. Absorbed in dreams of a first and passionate love, and fascinated by her husband's agreeable pictures of the new world which was now to be their abode, Marian had little time to regret her deserted home. If the image of that desolate mansion and its heart-stricken master rose before her mental vision, the voice of him for whose sake she had sacrificed all, had power to chase these painful fancies and awaken cheerful anticipations of the future. For a brief interval Marian was happy,—perfectly happy notwithstanding her disobedience and her wilfulness. But such happiness,—the dream of a feverish excitement,—lasts not long. Immediately upon her arrival in New-York Marian addressed a letter to her father, not doubting that the affection which had so long been the measure of her days and years would silence the dictates of anger in his bosom. She wrote not as a supplicant, but as a tender and affectionate child who had been driven to extremity by his cruel determination. Her letter breathed the deepest tenderness, but no remorse, no supplication for forgiveness. She acknowledged her fault, but spoke of it as rendered necessary by circumstances, and instead of throwing herself upon her father's mercy seemed to extend the offer of mutual oblivion of injuries. Three months elapsed ere an answer was received. It was a large packet and Marian with tearful eyes greeted the handwriting of her father; but what were her feelings when she found only her own letter enclosed in a blank envelope. The letter had been opened;—her father must have read it, yet it had not softened his obdurate feelings, and Marian knew that she was now an outcast from her father's heart and home. She wept such tears as she had never before shed: even her husband's tenderness was powerless to soothe her remorseful agony, and, for the first time, she was made sensible of the magnitude of her sin by the extent of its punishment.

Albert Wharncliffe was one of those good tempered, thoughtless beings who are known in society as 'good hearted fellows,' and who are invariably attended by ill success in life. Without high mental gifts or strong moral principles, without prudence and sometimes without integrity, without disinterestedness and real generosity, the 'good-hearted man' is usually a reckless prodigal whose plentiful flow of animal spirits is mistaken for genuine good temper, whose profuseness is deemed true generosity, and whose kindness to others is usually the result of an acute and morbid sensitiveness to his own comfort. Such are the men on whom society bestows the unmeaning epithets;—such are the men whom misfortune pursues like a shadow—and such an one was Albert Wharncliffe. His fine person and agreeable address made him a general favorite and he had that kind of good taste in small matters which passes current for talent with some people. He sketched caricatures with great drollery, played gracefully if not scientifically on the flute, was extremely skilful in manufacturing charades, quoted Romeo and Juliet to the extreme delight of young ladies, and recited love verses with marked *emphasis*, if not *discretion*. He had the art (and it is no despicable one, gentle reader) of displaying all his knowledge in the best possible light, and he was thus enabled to throw into the shade many a wiser and better man. As a skilful disposition of goods in a shop window will tempt many an unwary customer to the purchase of inferior articles of merchandise, so the judicious arrangement of his small wares enabled him to retail them at about double their value.

Marian Dale met him when she first emerged from the seclusion in which she had past her early years. He was the charm of the somewhat limited circle of society to which she was confined at Dalesford, and it is not surprizing that to the young and unexperienced girl, he should have seemed one of the noblest of men. This favorable impression was increased by the suavity of his manners and his devotion to herself; and when this prepossession had grown into a passion, her father's determined rejection of his suit had awakened all the latent wilfulness of her nature. Probably had she continued to meet him in society her mature mind would have judged more accurately of his merits, and this early folly might soon have faded like the rainbow-tinted dreams which charm the fancy of every romantic girl in early life. But her father's prohibition of his presence, and the restraint in which she was kept during the period of Wharncliff's sojourn in the neighborhood, aroused that kind of martyr-like pride which we all feel when the shadow of persecution falls upon our path. Marian loved her husband with all the fervor of her ardent nature, but she could not be blind to his errors. The familiar intercourse of wedded life is but little favorable to the delusions of fancy. The really noble qualities of character seem developed in greater perfection when viewed by the light which glows on the domestic hearth, but the minute defects also are apt to stand out in too bold relief unless thrown into the shade by virtues or veiled by the hand of Love. The vacillating temper and fickleness of purpose which were Wharncliffe's most serious faults could not escape the penetration of his wife. She saw him wasting day after day in idle projects, consuming their very limited means in luxurious living, and deferring from week to week the search after some regular employment which alone could ensure them future comforts. His sanguine temper had led him to believe that his superior knowledge of business would readily ensure him employment in a mercantile community. But to his great surprize he found that even the head of the bankrupt firm of Wharncliffe, Higg and Co. was not likely to obtain employment by means of his own braggart recommendations only. Winter came on and he was still unengaged, while their means were rapidly diminishing. It became necessary to reduce their expenses. Their costly lodgings at the City Hotel were changed for private apartments in a boarding-house, and, when, after the birth of Mrs. Wharncliffe's eldest child, they ventured to look into the little fund, they found it expedient to remove to still humbler lodgings in a cheaper part of the city.

Mr. Wharncliffe became moody and discontented and

Marian saw with alarm that he resorted to the wine-cup as a stimulus to his sinking spirits. The pride of her nature was subdued by present suffering and painful anticipations. The newly-awakened feelings of maternal affection too had softened her whole character, and she resolved again to address her father. But month after month passed away and no answer arrived to cheer the heart of the penitent daughter. At last as a resource from the horrors of actual want, she determined to turn to account the talents which had once been only the adornment of her affluence and station. She sought employment as a daily governess, and some kindly-disposed persons, who had noticed her regular attendance at church, her lady-like manners, and her delicate beauty, readily came forward to favor her views. She obtained engagements with several families, and by exact appropriation of her time was enabled to devote her whole day to her pupils.

What a contrast was this to her former life! How often as she toiled through the wet and dirty streets at early morning, or sat with heated brow and flushed cheek patiently instilling the rudiments of knowledge into the mind of some dull little student, or dragged her weary limbs and still more wearied brain to her humble home at twilight, how often did the old mansion of Dalesford rise before her troubled fancy! She saw the cheerful sitting-room with the bright fire glancing on the rich pictures which graced the walls;—she beheld once more the massive old chair in which reclined her grey-haired father; the cumbrous table on which lay the newspaper it had been her evening task to read for him, —her own low seat at the old man's knee,—every thing which had been so familiar, so almost unregarded when she was at home, but which were so dear to her now, seemed to come vividly before her. Yet Marian murmured not at her condition. She loved her husband too well to embitter his life with repinings, and though she felt that an effort of resolution on his part might save her from hardship and privation, she uttered no complaint. At length the sympathy which was awakened in the minds of those who had employed the wife, led to some interest in the fate of the husband, and a clerkship, with a very moderate salary, was offered to Mr. Wharncliffe. But the emoluments of this office were not sufficient to support the family without the aid of Mrs. Wharncliffe's talents and she therefore continued her laborious avocation as a daily governess.

Thus passed five years, during which time two other children were born to share their parents' poverty. Never until she looked upon her own children had Mrs. Wharncliffe realized the full extent of her guilt towards her father. However dutiful we may be in our childhood, and in later life, to those who gave us birth, yet never do we fully understand how much we owe them, —never do we feel the full weight of the obligation to honor our parents, until we clasp to our hearts the child of our own bosom, the little being who in awaking maternal affection has redoubled filial love. Again and again did Mrs. Wharncliffe appeal to her offended father, but her letters were returned unopened and the remorse which was eating into her very heart became more keen with every new repulse which her penitence received. She was destined however to drink still more deeply of the cup of bitterness. Her daily duties towards her young pupils compelled her to entrust the care of her little ones to a domestic, who proved totally unworthy of the charge. The infant received a serious injury from her carelessness, a painful disease of the spine was the result, and for six months Mrs. Wharncliffe was compelled to witness the sufferings of her cherished babe. The trial was rendered more severe by the necessity which still existed for daily exertion on her part in order to secure the mere comforts of life to her little family. She could not sit hour after hour beside her dying child, listening to his faintest cry, watching his every look, smoothing with gentle hand his uneasy pillow, and ministering the thousand offices of affection which afford so much solace in memory. Her monotonous and weary tasks were still to be performed, her pupils were still to be visited, and with a heart almost bursting she turned from the pale face of the little sufferer, often doubting whether he would be still living to greet her return at evening. At length the poor child died, and as she bent to impress a last kiss upon his brow ere the little shrunken form was hidden for ever beneath the coffin lid, she murmured in the words of the devoted missionary mother on a similar occasion: "God grant the sacrifice may not be made in vain!" She felt that the child had gone to bear her offering of penitence to her offended Maker whose commandment she had broken when she turned from her father's heart and home.

From that time Mrs. Wharncliffe altered rapidly. After the lapse of a few days, spent in melancholy seclusion, she resumed her duties, but her pupils who had learned to love her tenderly, saw with pain the pallid cheek and sunken eye of their young preceptor. A short cough often interrupted her reading, and she was soon obliged to relinquish the attempt to continue her lessons in vocal music. "It was only a slight cold," she said, when she was advised to practise the prudence so necessary in our changeful climate, and she still persevered through all seasons and even in the most inclement weather to fulfil her daily engagements. But the short dry cough became still more distressing, her breathing was painful and labored, and she was obliged to limit her walks to short distances. By degrees her strength failed: one after another of her pupils was given up, and at length the pale face and fragile form of the daily governess was no longer seen in her daily walk. Confinement to the house was speedily followed by a total prostration of strength, which stretched her upon the couch of sickness from whence she was never again to rise. Consumption had long been making its insidious ravages upon her frame and little now was left for the destroyer to accomplish.

Mr. Wharncliffe had been strangely blind to the gradual change in his wife's health. Her patient endurance had rendered him unsuspicious of the extent of her sufferings, and it was not until the fiat had gone forth and the voice of medical science had interpreted the decree, that he was awakened to a sense of the trial which awaited him. Wharncliffe was fickle, and thoughtless, and

selfish, but he was not hard-hearted. He wept like an infant as he watched beside his dying wife, and thought of the ruin which his hand had wrought. His heart now told him that the indulgence of his wayward passion had been productive of little happiness to him and certainly of great misery to others. His conscience reproached him with many an act of thoughtless unkindness, many a cold and careless word; and the remembrance of her uncomplaining patience and devoted tenderness was now as a dagger to his bosom. But repentance came too late and the love which might have saved was now destined to look with 'late remorse' upon its victim!

Death hovered long beside the pillow of the gentle sufferer ere his dart sped on its fatal errand. There was little pain in her disease towards the close of her life; excessive weakness and lassitude were its principal symptoms and she lay hour after hour with closed eyes and quiet smile, as if in sleep. But at such times her mind was wandering to the scenes of her childhood. The beauties of the natural scenery at Dalesford, the images which were connected with her infancy, the old familiar faces of her father's household were pictured in vivid colors before her failing sight. She would murmur of the rill and the greenwood, of the summer flowers and the joyous birds;—then she would fancy herself sitting at her father's knee while his hand smoothed her flowing tresses;—sometimes she would seem to be uttering some merry jest with her old nurse, or bantering the formal old steward who had loved her so well in her childhood; again melancholy fancies would mingle with her dreams,—the remembrance of her dying mother and the mournful array of the stately burial would seem to be blended with more recent recollections of her lost infant,—then she would weep piteously and beg the funeral train to wait a little while, only a little while, and bear her with them to a place of rest. There were other periods however when her intellect was as clear and uncloud as if disease had never touched her frame, and it was then that her wishes were conveyed to her sorrowing husband, and her latest appeal was made to her obdurate father, ere the long suspended stroke at length fell, and the purified spirit of her who had been sanctified by sorrow was released from its earthly tabernacle.

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One evening, about six months after the event just recorded, Mr. Dale was seated, absorbed in thought, in the cheerful apartment which we have already described. The light of a blazing fire fell upon the rich carpet, the velvet-cushioned chairs and the luxurious decorations of the abode of wealth, while a decanter of fine old port and a half filled glass which stood upon the table sparkled in the cheerful flame like melted rubies. Every thing spoke of affluence and comfort, but the countenance of him who seemed left to the lonely enjoyment of these appliances was moody and melancholy. His locks were thinner and of a more snowy whiteness, his brow was ploughed with deepened furrows, and the lines of his handsome mouth were marked with a firmer and more determined expression, yet there was a degree of sadness in his eye which seemed scarcely in keeping with the stern cold fixedness of his fine features. The old man was evidently the prey to some hidden sorrow, and the frequent sigh which alone broke the stillness of the apartment told a tale of long suppressed regret. It was at this time that a letter was put into his hands. He hesitated a moment—it was unsealed and the direction was in a strange handwriting. A presentiment of coming ill sent a shudder through his frame as he unclosed the paper and read as follows:

"My Father, my dear father!—the voice which now utters that sacred name will be hushed for ever ere your eye rests upon this written word;—the heart that now pours forth its gushing tenderness will have ceased to beat with life and love ere you can receive this latest record of my oft rejected penitence. Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight:—I have broken the *command* of promise:—I have not honored my father—therefore my days are *not long in the land:* therefore in my youth am I cut down as a cumberer of the ground. You will forgive me now, dear father; the blessed sounds of pardon cannot pierce the sod which will lie more lightly upon my breast than your curse has done upon my heart;—yet you will forgive me. I have repented in bitterness of spirit and now I go down to my early grave mourning over my offence and with none to comfort me. Yet I have one treasure to bequeath—a treasure which poverty and want have made more precious to me: my children!—will you not be to them as a father? I ask not your wealth for the heirs of my sorrow; but by the love you bore to the mother who now awaits me in Heaven, I pray you to protect my little ones. Preserve them, my father, from the snares of the world, from the temptations which await the poor and the unfriended. I have known hardship and privation—I have shrunk from the winter's cold, and panted beneath the summer's heat for my childrens' sake, and I have learned how terrible are the dangers which beset the child of poverty and pride. For my husband I ask your forgiveness and your forbearance; he will bring you his children to atone for his early error—let them be to you even as I was in the days of my merry childhood, and if the wilfulness of their mother's nature ever springs up within their innocent bosoms, tell them of their mother's sin, and of her punishment. God bless you, my father! it is the last prayer, save one, of your dying MARIAN."

The heart that had refused to melt at the voice of a penitent child, was touched at last. The agony of a contrite spirit was too terrible for human eye to witness, and Mr. Dale lay for hours, like a crushed worm, upon the earth, ere he was sufficiently calm to meet his innocent grandchildren. A vain hope of silencing the voice of conscience, led him to lavish kindness on all whom Marian had loved. Her husband returned to America, where, a liberal annuity from Mr. Dale, enabled him to live in his own way, while few unpleasant reminiscences of former sorrow were allowed to sadden the countenance, or depress the spirits of the thoughtless, *good-*

hearted man. A second marriage soon severed the slender ties which bound his heart to the object of his youthful passion, and to the mind of him for whom Marian had sacrificed the happiness of a father, and to whom she had devoted her brief existence, her memory soon became but as the half-traced image of a painful dream. Mr. Dale still lives to find in the budding virtues of his two grandchilden, some alleviation of his sorrow; but in the little church-yard of Dalesford, arises a slender marble shaft, on which is inscribed the single word, "Marian," and when his eye turns to that vain memorial of her whose ashes sleep beyond the Atlantic wave, the remembrance of the obduracy which doomed her to an early tomb, pierces, like an arrow to the heart which still bewails an only daughter, while, to the gentle children of an erring mother, that monument seems to say that the *only commandment which bears with it a promise*, is one which, even in this world, is never violated with impunity.

Brooklyn, L. I.

Original.

MARRIAGE HYMN.

God of the marriage hour!
Joyous, yet trembling, at thy feet we bow!
Bless with the strength of all-creating power,
And with thy spirit, seal the solemn vow!

We know that thou art near,
Guiding the humblest sparrow lest he fall.
With mirth and song, why mingle doubt and fear?
When light is on our path, should clouds appal?

'Tis ever thus on earth.
Hope, on its eagle pinions seeks the skies,
Love springs triumphant from immortal birth,
Yet these are fettered with encumbered ties.

The solemn vow hath been
"One for eternity, in faith and prayer!"
Cleanse from each breast the slightest shade of sin,
Make them, henceforth, thine own peculiar care!

Futurity unveil!
Show us their pathway brightening 'till it close!
Vain prayer! which may not in its strength prevail,
To win unchanging bliss, and sweet repose.

Grief hath its stormy hour,
And joy its brief and passionate control,
But grant us peace, the Christian's holy dower,
To guide our bark unshattered to the goal!

We would be wholly thine!
Guide through life's mazy labyrinths our feet.
Take us, at last, from this thy earthly shrine,
A band unbroken, to surround thy seat!

IONE.

Boston, Mass.

Original.

THE VIGIL OF MARIE ANTOINETTE.

BY MARY ANN BROWNE.

'Tis the night, and o'er the town
Weary slumber cometh down;
In a gorgeous palace room
One pale lamp just shows the gloom,
And a woman's patient face,
Tinged by sorrow's withering trace:—
Now most pale with fear, and now
With hope's radiance on her brow,
Why with that sad heart of care
Is the lady watching there?

Tearless is her soft blue eye,
From her bosom bursts no sigh;
Burning hopes and feverish fears
Have dried up the fount of tears.
Trembleth she at every sound
Stealing on the stillness round:
Now there comes a sudden start,
While each life-drop leaves her heart;
Now she listeneth eagerly
For the signal to be free.

Now she paceth to and fro,
And her pulse beats quick and low;
Now she turns her eager eyes
Towards the brightening eastern skies:
Fading are the stars of night,
Hope is withering like their light.
Bursts from her one heavy sigh—
'Tis hope's dying agony!
Morn, with its awakening stir,
Gladdeneth every one, save her.

Morning with its glorious glance
Riseth brightly over France:
How did its first blushes fall
Through the darkness of that hall?
How did its first sunbeam dart
On that weary, woe-worn heart?
Meekly turns she from the day,
That hath swept all hope away.
From her lip bursts no wild shriek,
No vain tear is on her cheek;
But in the silence of despair,
She shows what woman's heart *can* bear.

Liverpool, England.

Safe poverty was ne'er the villain's prey,
At home he lies secure in easy sleep;
No bars his ivy-mantled cottage keep;
No thieves, in dreams, the fancied dagger hold,
And drag him to detect the buried gold;
Nor starts he from his couch, aghast and pale,
When the door murmurs with the hollow gale.
Whilst he whose iron coffers rust with wealth,
Harbors beneath his roof deceit and stealth;
Treachery, with lurking pace, frequents his walks,
And close behind him horrid murder stalks.—*Gay.*

Original.

FELIX DARNLEY, THE STUDENT.

BY ROBERT HAMILTON.

I saw her on her lowly bier,
No eye rained soft affection's tear,
No kindly hand of truth and worth,
Consigned her to her mother earth.
But heartless hinds, her ashes laid,
Within their last lone narrow home;
For her no orisons were said,
No tablet or proud dome
Were raised to tell her *worth* or *shame*,
Gone and forgotten is her name!

In the winter of 1830, I was a student at the college of E———, in the medical class of Professor ———. With this gentleman, it was customary to single out the most attentive of his pupils, and once or twice in every week, afford them the benefit of his private instruction. Among these, at the period of which I write, was Felix Darnley, a young and favorite student, with the professor. In person, he was tall and commanding—his features were correctly formed and intellectually expressive—his eye was bright as the eagle's, and his hair dark and glossy as the raven's wing. Although a placid and pleasurable expression, generally, irradiated his face, yet occasionally would the cloud of melancholy settle on it, and a deep sigh burst from his breast, as if some silent sorrow were its inmate. Our studies being of a kindred character, we were ever brought together, and a love of the same pursuits and pleasures soon cemented us in the bonds of fellowship. One evening returning from a private lecture of the kind professor—it was a wild and stormy hour—the snow fell thick and fast, the wind blew with cutting keenness, and the streets were completely unpeopled—we were arrested by the voice of supplication. It came from a poor emaciated female, who stood trembling in the mouth of a darksome alley. We had already passed her, when Felix arrested my arm, saying, "Hold, a moment," and returning, placed in her hand some money; a loud scream followed the act, and the word Felix fell from her lips—in the next moment she had darted from his presence. When I joined him, he was standing transfixed to the spot, and faintly muttering to himself, but so inaudibly, that I could not catch the substance of his speech "What does this mean, Felix?" I said to him, at the same time taking his arm, which he quickly withdrew.

"Nothing, nothing!" he wildly replied. "Come, let us begone. I am faint—ill—mad! Oh! God! oh, God!" and striking his forehead with all the force of frenzy, rushed from the spot. With difficulty could I keep pace with him, and when, at length, we gained his dwelling, he sunk in a deep swoon upon the threshold.

Having called the attendants, and conveyed him to his chamber, by degrees, he was restored to consciousness, but his eye was wild and wandering, and he continued to mutter incoherent phrases, and point at some object which seemed to be present to his sight. In a few hours he fell into a deep slumber, and consigning him to the care of the domestics, I departed home.

It was beyond a doubt that some mystery was attached to Felix and the unknown mendicant. Who could she be? by what strange chance had he thus encountered her? Was she the victim of his infidelity? and had Providence in its wise decrees thus singularly manifested his retribution towards him. Such, and a thousand other surmises floated through my brain as for some hours I lay sleepless upon my pillow, and when, at last, I sunk into slumber, the squalid female and Felix continued to people my dreams.

In the morning, on entering the class room, I was surprized to behold him in his usual place dressed with more than ordinary care, and one of his bright and bland smiles playing upon his handsome countenance. He saluted me with friendly warmth, and thanked me for my attention to him on the preceding night.

"You, no doubt," said he, "thought my behavior, last evening, very strange, but the truth is, the sight of a female in distress always so affects me. It is childish, perhaps, but I cannot help it. There are none of us masters of our feelings, and I am sorry that you should have been made a participator in mine."

"My dear Felix," I replied, "I rejoice to hear that such was only the cause. I suspected—"

"What?" he quickly interrupted me," and a wild and suspicious expression took place of the glow of pleasure which, but a moment before, had lighted up his countenance.

"Why," said I, half laughing, "I suspected that she might have been some neglected beauty, and that—"

"Nonsense, nonsense!" he responded. "It is a silly affair altogether, but as I have explained to you the cause, I trust you will be satisfied, and not again revert to the subject." I promised him I would, and thus, for the present, the matter rested.

Three months after this incident, I was requested by Felix to wait upon him to the altar. He had wooed and won a beautiful and accomplished young lady, and nothing seemed to prevent of his drinking of the cup of happiness. Never shall I forget the evening when I first beheld Miss Arlington, "the admired of all admirers," as she gracefully glided into the room, leaning upon the arm of her betrothed. A more beautiful creature was never cast in the mould of nature, and as the person of Felix has already been described, need I say there walked not in this "vale of tears"

"A lovelier pair,
Round which the rosy wreath of Love entwined."

At length the morning of the bridal arrived, bright and beauteous as if smiling upon their union—carriage after carriage rolled up to the dwelling of Mr. Arlington, depositing their happy burdens, 'till the marriage bell, sending its joyous tones athwart the landscape, gave warning that the hour for the ceremony had arrived. We accordingly departed to the church, where stood the priest awaiting us. The service commenced—the responses by Felix and his betrothed were audibly given, but there appeared to me a singular tremulousness in the voice of Felix, and as we were

leaving the altar, of a sudden a deathly paleness spread over his countenance, and had I not extended to him my arm, he would have fallen upon the floor. Having returned to Mr. Arlington's, and the usual congratulations been paid to "the happy pair," they departed on their marriage journey.

On my return from the ceremony, I found that my presence had been requested by Dr. ———, and I immediately repaired to his dwelling. It was his custom, occasionally, in his leisure moments, to visit the abodes of misery and disease, and administer, gratuitously, advice and assistance. On these excursions, he was always accompanied by two or three of his favorite pupils, so that they might practically benefit in their studies, and it was now on an errand of this nature that he had sent for me. "From the bridal to the grave," it may be said, was "a strange jump," but, nevertheless, I obeyed, and together we departed upon our charitable mission.

I shall not here dilate upon all the objects of disease we that morning visited, but one I cannot pass over—so truly affecting was her situation. After threading several narrow lanes and closes, we stopped at a wretched hovel, whose outward appearance was enough to say that misery was its inmates. The walls were of wood, but so decayed by time, that wide openings were perceptible in many places—through which the "winds of heaven visited the dwellers too roughly." The windows were shattered, and in lieu of several panes of glass, were stuffed rags, straw, and other tokens of wretchedness. The door hung awry upon its hinges, from which the smoke issued in dense clouds, as well as from the fissures in the walls. The worthy doctor gently knocked, and an old withered hag, attired in the veriest remnants of poverty, appeared, and in a husky voice, bade us enter.

On a low bed, with scanty covering, lay a female, whose features, although bearing the impress of approaching dissolution, showed that she was yet young in years. Her eyes, which were sunken and glassy, at the sound of visitors, flashed out with unearthly brightness. Her face, pale as the lily, assumed a hectic flush, and her thin and withered lips essayed to articulate, but sound was denied them. The doctor approached the sufferer, and seated himself on an old chest which stood at the head of the bed, for but one chair was in the apartment, and that the old woman had occupied herself, the moment we had entered.

"Did you obey the instructions which I left with you on my last visit?" asked the doctor.

"To be sure and I did!" answered the old crone, in a coarse Hibernian accent.

"And has there been any amelioration in her disease?" continued he.

Amelioration was a word not to be found in her vocabulary, and, consequently, she could not reply. She cast a broad vacant stare upon the doctor, who, perceiving he had gone beyond her comprehension, adroitly made use of language of a less lofty character.

"I mean," said he, "have there been any signs of improvement in her since my last visit?"

"Not one, and save your honor, but I think she won't suffer a great deal longer; and, indeed, it will be a blessing for her when she is gone."

"Hush!" said he. "While there is life there is hope," and he took the hand of the invalid in his own, as if to comfort her, for the poor creature, although sick to death, was conscious of all that was passing, and the old hag's unfeeling remark had caused her to start, and the tears to gush from her sunken and almost sightless eyes.

"Wouldn't the priest be better for her than the doctor?" said the old woman, while a fiendish smile passed over her wrinkled and smoke-dried countenance.

"Do you know me?" asked the kind man, wishing to avoid incurring any more callous remarks from the old Sycorax, and placing his lips close to the young creature's ear. A pressure of his hand was her only reply.

"Well, Emily, can I in any way be of service to you?" continued he.

"Yes, and that you can," screamed the old wretch. "She is owing me seven weeks' board, at three shillings and sixpence a week, and you will be doing both myself and the young cratur a great sarvice by handing it over."

"Well, well, make yourself easy on that score," replied the good Samaritan. "I shall take care you lose nothing."

"Tank your honor, and long life to the poor cratur. Will your honor take a seat." And she rose and proffered him the *solitary* chair, his promise having opened the wicket of her selfish heart.

"By no means, I am well enough here; all that I request of you is to permit not Miss Emily to want for any comfort. You know where I reside—come to me at all times; in the interim here is that will pay for any arrears in which she may be indebted to you."

The old woman extended her long, lanky arm, and in her hand the good man placed two sovereigns, at the sight of which she showered a thousand blessings upon his head, and as many protestations of what she would do for "the good Miss Emily," "the young lady," etc.

"You shall see me again in the course of to-morrow, Emily," said the doctor; "do not make yourself unhappy; you may yet recover. Good day—God bless you." With a strong effort she grasped his hand and pressed it to her lips; she was also about to speak, but the kind man prevented her by saying, "Hush, Emily, to-morrow I shall hear you; do as I desire; I am your friend and will not desert you." And gently extricating his hand from her's, together we left the scene of suffering and sorrow.

One week from this time Felix and his bride had returned, principally that the final examination was about to take place when the candidates for the medical graduation should pass. With his characteristic assiduity he began to prepare himself for the trial, and in private as well as public spared no opportunity to obtain all necessary qualifications. One evening a group of us, among whom was Felix, had assembled in the dissecting room; it was the last practical lesson we were to receive before

the day of trial. The porter of the class had procured, as he said, "a fine subject," and we only awaited the arrival of the Professor before it was produced. Felix, who was the pupil appointed to demonstrate on that evening, was busy in preparing his instruments for operation. Never can that scene be effaced from my memory. The room was strewed with bones, skeletons, and other preparations, while in the eye-sockets of several skulls were candles stuck, casting a strange and unearthly light. Custom had banished all feeling of sympathy, and the laugh and gibe went merrily around. At length the Professor arrived. The body was placed upon the table, and each student with his knife in hand stood ready to assist.

"Mr. Darnley," said the Professor, "are you ready to proceed?"

"I am, sir," replied Darnley; and removing the oil-cloth which had been carefully thrown over the subject, he was about to plunge his knife into the body, when he uttered a wild, unearthly shriek, and fell senseless on the floor.

"What can this mean?" said the professor—"raise him." Quick as lightning we did so, and applying some remedies restored him once more to reason.

"Take me hence—take me hence," he feebly uttered. "Touch her not—she is mine. Emily! poor Emily! do not mutilate that breast on which I have a thousand times reposed! Take me hence—I am dying!" and he sunk exhausted into our arms and was borne from the room. A carriage having been procured, I attended him home, and saw him committed to the care of his young and affectionate wife, but he shrunk from her presence as from the glance of a basalisk. "Leave me," he said to her, "for a few moments, I have some instructions to give to my friend here, I shall send for you shortly." She fondly kissed his pallid brow, and with the tears streaming from her eyes, unwillingly obeyed him.

As soon as we were alone, "Crime," said he, "you perceive cannot be concealed. You have twice beheld my strange conduct, I will no longer deny the cause of it. The young female whose body this evening was to have served for our operations, is the victim of my seduction. She it was, on that evening when you were first a witness to my wildness, sought charity at my hand. From the hour that I had betrayed her up to that night I had lost all trace of her, and although since I have been untiring in my search, yet have I been unsuccessful. Save the body, I beseech you, from the knife; let it rest in peace, it is the only atonement I now can make. Promise me this ere reason leaves me, for I feel that madness is weaving her spell about my brain."

"Compose yourself," I said, "since you have erred, repentance yet may bring you peace."

"Never! never! Peace only is for me in the grave. Fly, my dear R——, for the love of heaven secure the body from desecration, and consign it to the dust—that done, return and tell me all. Emily! poor blighted blossom! curses, curses on your seducer"—and he frantically tore his hair and wept.

Finding that neither consolation or advice was of avail, I left him, and having procured a coffin at the nearest undertaker's had the corse placed within it. But judge of my astonishment when I recognized the features to be those of the young girl whom, with the doctor, I had a fortnight before visited. My curiosity was aroused, and I immediately repaired to the wretched hovel, where from the old woman I learned that poor Emily had two days before been by death released from her sufferings. As an outcast from society, an "*unfortunate woman*," as the delicate phraseology of the world terms it, she had been buried without a friend to weep a tear upon her ashes, and now from the grave had the body been torn to supply the dissecting room. On the following morning I saw it again committed to the dust.

Of Felix what shall I say? Alas! his prediction was truly and fearfully fulfilled. Madness did indeed claim him for its victim. His young and beautiful wife, who could not endure to behold him a maniac, died in giving birth to a lifeless infant, which shared the same tomb with its mother.

Felix yet lives. I saw him last summer the inmate of a mad-house. He did not remember me. Wrapped in a tattered blanket he was crouching in a corner of his cold and dreary cell. The walls were scrawled over with the name of EMILY, a name which the keeper told me was the only sound that ever passed his lips. Poor Felix! how dearly hast thou expiated thy error! How true are the words of the poet,

> "Though the betrayer deems himself secure,
> Yet God's revenge, though slow, is ever sure."

Original.

THE FRIENDS OF OUR CHILDHOOD.

The friends of our childhood! O, where are they now,
With joy in each heart and smiles on each brow;
With bosoms that never had heaved with a sigh
For hopes disappointed and pleasures gone by;
Whose laughter within our loved home was heard,
Like the sound of glad music, or song of the bird?

The friends of our childhood! why are they not here,
With their glance of affection, their love so sincere;
With the tones of sweet friendship we dreamed that would last
When life's summer had blossomed, its autumn had passed,
And over our thin locks so scattered and spare,
Chill winter was strewing the snow-flakes of care?

The friends of our childhood have gone like the day
When the last blush of sunset has melted away,
The clouds piling dark o'er the face of the sky,
And the winds sadly moaning, "The tempest is nigh."
The friends of our childhood all, all have departed,
And we go on life's journey alone, broken-hearted.

They're gone—and the star of our hope is now set,
Our souls with the chill dews of sorrow are wet;
Our pathway is shrouded in darkness and gloom,
Though we feel 'tis approaching the verge of the tomb.
Loved friends of our childhood! we think of you now,
When the finger of Death is laid cold on our brow.

K. H. B.

Original.

UNCLE ZEKE, AND ONE OF HIS YARNS.

NUMBER II.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

Since writing our sketch of Pooduck, which, whatever may be the opinion of certain wiseacres, was truth and not fancy, many have been the testimonials we have received as to the authenticity of our chronicle. All have been recognized; the desolate-looking church, calling from the hill-top for worshippers, the ferry-house, fish-house, and the indecorous school-house. Right glad were we to find our reminiscences awakened the dying interest of others; that those who had looked contemptuously upon the forlorn village, her glory departed, and the dust upon her brow, were conscious of a better feeling arising within them—and even while they beheld, the voice of lamentation sprang to their lips. And now, that Portland sits a queen upon her hills, looking down upon her ruined rival, the sound of triumph should be exchanged for sorrowful relentings, in recollection that she hath been the spoiler. But we will cease our reflections, and resume our reminiscences.

A correspondent, who was tempted to visit the site of what had once been the great commercial mart of Maine, gives a melancholy picture of its present aspect. He says, "One house has apparently been painted within a dozen years, several have tumbled down, leaving but a part of a chimney, or a foundation wall standing. There is a little store furnished with a barrel of whiskey, a few fishing-lines and tobacco, nails, etc. The ferry-house showed signs of desolation—the fences about the village were patched with the drift planks of old vessels, and rusty sheathing boards were scattered about amid the rank grass. The wreck of a boat, bottom up, wreathed in dry sea-weed, lay high upon the beach. Hardly a man, woman or child, was visible. All was desolate and barren."

Alas, it is too true, and most sincerely do we thank our correspondent for the interest he has taken in the "Deserted Village." Nothing can be more forlorn than the aspect of a decayed commercial place. The listless and delapidated look of the weather-beaten tar, the grass grown wharves, the wild blossom growing up amidst the corroding relics of the "ship yard," the time-worn and empty warehouse, with shutters flapping in the wind; and the ruminating cow, unmolested in the very mart of business.

Pooduck, in its palmier days, had its legends, its ballads, and its Laureat. Our correspondent was at some pains to search out the "Last Minstrel," and to take down his "Lay" from his own mouth. He is now grey-haired and old, yet his eye kindled at the memory of other days, and he sang the history of the "good brig Ariadna," with a dash of his former spirit, albeit the friends, who once joined its chorus, and understood many of its latent meanings, have long since passed from the earth. Peace be to their ashes, and peace be with him who lingers yet, the 'last leaf" upon the tree.

The song of the Ariadna is of too local a nature to be transcribed, and it probably owed much of its merit to familiar allusions, and the sympathy existing between a few jovial spirits, who sang in concert of scenes in which each had been a participator—certain it is, "Uncle Barney," the author, on all occasions, was called upon for the song of the "brig Ariadna," which was received with shouts of applause. We will give a single stanza as a specimen of the whole, and of the taste prevalent in Perpooduck—

> "There was a brig, a brig of fame,
> The Ariadna was her name;
> She was built in Pooduck fair,
> And David Sawyer owned a share."

But let us return to "Old Zeke," from whom we have digressed. Every child is alive at the mention of a mermaid—and who has not found himself speculating upon their possible existence! querying whether there may not be such a link in the great chain of existence—beautiful Undines, with pearly skin, and voices soft as the murmurings of the rose-lipped strombus, dwelling in coral bowers, and luring the sailor boy to the depths below. Certain it is, every sailor has a latent faith in these mysterious perils that beset his path, and when gathered about the forecastle, many are the tales of marvel recounted of these dwellers of the deep.

Old Zeke was wont to tell many tales to this effect; and intheir relation his little grey eye ceased to twinkle, he threw the quid from his mouth, and his tone and look assumed even an appearance of elevation. He was amid the wild and supernatural of his own element—he lived over former days, and felt again the perils he had encountered. The yeasty deep, the cloudy heavens mingling with the vast beneath, and the solitary ship plunging in the fierceness of the storm; the awe-struck watchers, biding with strong hands, and stronger hearts, the wild battling of the elements; it was then the wrought fancy pictured to itself, amid the glare of lightnings, a beautiful figure upon the bows, singing in low melancholy notes the dirge of the mariner. Old Zeke had a faith equal to his listeners, and not one unreasonable doubt obtruded upon his narrative. To him, Captain Lee was the greatest of commanders, and the most intrepid of men; but when he came to the relation of his having shot the mermaid, for mystery, and low, prolonged utterance, he might have passed for the impersonation of the "Ancient Mariner" himself.

"We had been out to Bermudas—a long cruise—with head winds and squalls, and then calms, as if the sea was one great sky without a cloud. Every sailor on board believed Moll Pitcher had a black cat under the tub, or that some other magical thing had been done to keep us from our course. We examined the horse shoe, on the mast; all was right there; and at last Captain Lee declared he'd shoot the first man aboard that named a woman, or dreamed of his sweet-heart. We all looked at each other, for Cap'n William Lee, somehow, was always findin' a chance to tell of his Mary; and no wonder, for when she came down before the wind, with her stud'n sails set, and streamers flyin' she was about the tightest lookin' craft a tarpaulin would wish to hail.

"Well, after that, whenever Cap'n Lee jerked his

tobacco out of his mouth, and braced his feet in this way, his head a leetle sidling, and begun, 'Zeke, there's'—I knew what was coming, and before he got out a word about that snug wife of his'n, I would bow low and say, 'Now, cap'n, I knows better than to disobey orders,' and then I'd bow again, and turn to the wheel, lookin' straight ahead, as if at somethin' another for'ard. At last, one day, Capn' Lee, says he, 'Zeke, d'ye hear, somethin' terrible's goin' to happen. I've dreamed of petticoats three times a night, for the last three nights, which makes, in all, nine times, according to my log.'

"'Twas a clear night—not a whiff of wind—and the moon was lookin' down into our faces like a great bold thing, that made us ashamed. Cap'n Lee's eyes was always black as a hurricane, and now they was larger and darker than ever. He was a tall, proud man, that walked the deck as if made to rule, and one look o' him took the heart out of the ugliest sailor that ever shipped; but now, when I looked up, there was his great black eyes, lookin' as soft as a gull's, and he brought out a half whistle, as if mad that he had to knock a drop out of the corner of his two eyes.

"'Zeke,' says he, 'you a'int the man to flinch. I sha'n't see Mary again. But you go and see her, and tell her'—he couldn't get any further. I took hold of his hand—'twas cold as an yster, and says I, 'Cap'n, I'll tell her jist what you say; you needn't mind sayin' it; I can guess all about it; jeest what I should want you to say to little Kitty, if I was goin' off, you want me to say to Mary.'

"'Ay ay,' said Capn' Lee.

"Jest then I looked to the wind'ard, and the sky had altered amazin'ly. A white scud was coming down upon us all standin'. Cap'n Lee sprang for'ard, and never did I hear such a voice as he gave his orders in. We'd been for some days on soundins, and now we turned the ship's head out to sea, for with a clear coast, and plenty of sea room, a sailor doesn't know what fear means. That was a terrible gale—it blowed forty-eight hours, growin' worse and worse all the time. The main-mast went by the board, the dead lights was stove in, and the bulwarks swept fore and aft. All at once it seemed as if there was a dead pause. The ship shiver'd, and settled down into the trough of the sea—three tall dead lights were burning on the shrouds, and a voice, so sweet, rose above the roaring sea, and sang something—I never could make out what—but we all thought it must be our funeral sarvice, though a sailor doesn't mind that much. We all looked that way, and there, sitting on the bows, was a mermaid, combing her long hair, and singing, as if she liked the state of the weather a vast sight better than we did. I never see whiter faces than the men carried then. They left the ship to take care of herself, and began to call for the grog. Cap'n Lee looked as tall agin as I ever see him before. He went below, and come up again with a loaded gun. He went for'ard, and ordered the men to their duty. Every man went, lookin' all the time, as if expectin' the ball through his head. Cap'n Lee then walked for'ard, slow, and solemn like, and took aim at the strange critter at the bows. There was a flash, a terrible shriek, and she plunged overboard, leaving her blood spattered all about. A few hours after, our ship struck. Cap'n Lee never spoke. I remember his face was white as chalk, and when we took to the boats, he remained on board 'till all was ready. We saw him about to leap in, when the ship went down, almost carrying us with her in the eddy.

"Cap'n Lee was never seen after. I went, as he told me, to see poor Mary, and said all I could to comfort her. She sat without opening her mouth, a long time, and at last she bust out into the awfullest laugh I ever heerd. Poor thing, she died raving mad."

Original.

A PORTRAIT.

BY RUFUS DAWES.

THE rosiest hues of love were on her cheek
Twelve years ago, and every grace that yields
To woman adoration, raised a shrine
For worshippers: and one bowed down before her
Lower than others, kissing her fair feet,
Like Love's own mantle: but she turned away,
And gave her heart to gold, but not to good.

Twelve years have past; look at her; in her eye
Sits passionless dejection, in her gait
Care hesitates with grace, and in the sigh
That breaks unheeded from her marble bust,
Read the cold habit of unhappiness.
Ambition rules her still, and worldly glare
Charms her beyond control. She would not yield
Preëminence in fashion, for the smiles
Of infants which she has not, nor regrets
Not having; for her heart is swallowed up
In avarice and vanity and self.

She was not always thus; but our life's love,
Unless we rule it in our early years,
Subjecting it to wisdom, will usurp
The throne of our affections, and displace
All honorable feeling. Girls are taught
To crush their tender impulses of love
By their own mothers, and to substitute
Anxiety for fine establishments.
Thus self builds palaces where congregate
The evil-tongued, the flatterer and the false;
And thus the fairest forms that walk the earth,
Flirt in the glitter of a heartless world,
And sell their soul to Mammon.

Oft we deem
Cross accidents in life unfortunate.
But he who loved Eugenia, was most blest
In her unkindness; for he learned to love
More wisely, more intensely; more like one
Who having found the fountain of all love,
Loves not himself in loving.

Original.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A VISIT TO CARLSBAD.

IN FOUR PARTS.—PART III.

BY THEODORE S. FAY.

I slept at Teplitz. It is about eight and a half German miles from Dresden, or forty English miles. The *Eilwagen* runs it over a good road in seven hours. The route increases continually and rapidly in interest after leaving Dresden. Independent of the associations, some of which were touched on in my last, it has an interest from its conducting from Saxony over the Nontiel of Bohemia or Austria. We have here, in the ascent of the Erzgebirge mountains, a fine view of the Saxon Switzerland.

The Austrian territory immediately changes the comfort of the traveller. The officers of the *Douane* are a more troublesome and less honest race of beings. The examination of the luggage is tedious and thorough, except where a *bribe* is administered, which is done by almost every body, as a matter of course, and received with readiness. It might certainly be asked, what is the use of this visitation at the frontier, except to annoy the innocent, while it affords those who intend any thing wrong a secure and certain opportunity?

I have always found it the best way in travelling, as well on post roads, as upon that of human life, to attempt nothing underhand. The gain in the end in both instances does not repay the inquietude, even if all danger be escaped. In travelling through a beautiful country I would not keep myself in a state of continual alarm, and subject myself to insults, obstacles, and humiliations, for the sake of a piece of lace, a box of segars, or a prohibited book; nor would I, in the journey of life, risk detection in any thing mean or insincere for the sake of advantages even less paltry than those for which mean people are willing to degrade themselves in their own eyes, and to risk degradation in the opinion of others. I therefore endeavor to keep my portmanteau clear of contraband articles, and should feel the reverse of grateful to any friend who should embarrass me with things of that description.

On the present occasion I had a number of segars which, when good, are a great rarity in those countries, where bad tobacco is smoked with a patience and perseverance very *German*. I had been advised to put a zwanziger or two (about eighteen pence) into the officer's hand, which I did, as a *douceur*, not as a *bribe*. When the man came to open my portmanteau, the following conversation took place.

"Your trunk."

"This one."

"Your keys."

"Here."

"Any thing contraband?"

"Yes, I have a number of—"

He opened the portmanteau, laid his hand upon my things without at all deranging them, and said,

"You have nothing contraband."

"Yes," said I, "I have—"

"You have no *tobacco*."

"Yes I have, I have some—"

"You have nothing."

"Yes, I have half a box of—"

"Adieu! Monsieur, adieu!"

I locked my trunk—a smuggler in spite of myself—while my pink of *douaniers* left me, to receive other zwanziger pieces from other violators of custom-house regulations less difficult to seduce than I. Murray's "Guide to Southern Germany" gives the following:

"The traveller on arriving (at an Austrian custom-house) is addressed with great civility, is asked for his passport, and requested to declare if he has any contraband articles; those expressly forbidden, and not admitted *even on payment of duty*, are playing-cards, almanacks, tobacco, snuff, *segars*, and sealed letters. If the stranger answers in the negative, his passport is made out and delivered to him, and he will probably imagine that the ordeal is past, and that he will be subjected to no further trouble. He is mistaken, however; the official having sanded the ink of his countersign on the passport, now turns to the baggage, causes each package to be opened separately, distinctly, and thoroughly searched; *a bribe does not avert this*, though if administered in the shape of a couple of zwanzigers to the searcher along with the keys, it may make him slow to find any thing contraband, and quick to despatch the business."

This does not seem to mean any thing if it does not mean, you can bribe your way over.

We were kept here about three hours, but it was a clear Roman afternoon, and I was not sorry for the delay. The country is beautiful, the air delicious, and after dinner I took a wicked pleasure in smoking one of my newly passed Havannas under the noses of these virtuous employeés.

On resuming our journey for Teplitz, several hours off we found ourselves destined to enter no more the large, comfortable Saxon Eilwagen, but were thrust with little ceremony, and without preference or order, into small, wretched coaches which, in this fine weather, and on so short a trip were only sources of amusement, but which would have considerably dampened our high spirits had we been favored with a shower. As it was, we merely ran the apparent danger of having our brains dashed out by the giving way of some part of our dilapidated carriage, which the postillion, with a facetiousness peculiar to those gentlemen, appeared to drive rapidly in proportion to its insecure state. Our danger, however, only added to our happiness, thanks to the exhilirating effects of travel on the blood and nerves, and the probability of presently breaking our necks was considered a capital joke, and called forth a general merriment. Thoughtlessness and philosophy are two extremes which often touch.

In the vehicle (I can only call the crazy thing by a general name) there was a young German who spoke French very well, but who (and I relate it without attempting to conceal my vanity) insisted upon my being a *Frenchman*! It was always, "Ah, you have not yet

learned much German, I see. *" C'est si difficile pour un français ! !"* and *" Est ce que vous avez en France des bains aussi?"* Once or twice when I made a fault (which I must be candid enough to confess I often did) he corrected himself and made the same after me! So that there are some abominable phrases which the poor fellow will use on my authority as long as he lives. On hearing me speak some English words, he said with an air of great surprize, *"Comment! vous parlez Anglais? Est que vous l'avez appris en angleterre?"*

All this made me so imprudent that I talked French with great fluency, and the young gentleman congratulates himself very much, I am sure, on having found such an excellent opportunity of improving himself *dans notre belle langue!*

At length we thundered into the romantically situated little town of Teplitz, our necks unbroken, and the several portions of brains bestowed on us by Providence happily in their right places. Delighted and somewhat astonished to find myself an inhabitant of the earth, which rarely looked more beautiful, I descended at *The Poste*, and after a good dinner roamed out to see the town.

A day or two at Teplitz are very agreeably spent. It is embosomed among mountains, and surrounded by some of the fine scenery of Bohemia. Palaces, gardens, baths, etc., furnish food for curiosity and sight-seeing. The grounds of Prince *Clary*, a Bohemian nobleman who owns nearly all the town, are really delicious, and I spent the subsequent morning amid tall groves on the banks of a large sheet of water, listening to charming music, breathing in the air of Italy, and abandoning myself to that kind of pleasing revery and idle enjoyment which summer, leisure, and returning health afford after a dismal winter, severe application, dull scenery, and bodily and mental indisposition.

The baths of this place are much esteemed.

In the evening I entered another stupid little dirty coach, falling to pieces, and after a not particularly agreeable, because rather cool night, I saw the sun rise and scatter with his warm and welcome beams at once the mists from the breasts of the mountain and my dreams. The postillion was not so furious as his predecessor of the previous day. He drove so quietly that we were almost, whenever we desired it, indulged with the luxury of a walk. Amidst this scenery, and after being all night cramped up in an unpleasant seat, it was delightful to get out upon the road, to stretch our legs in the invigorating sun and air, and to look down on either side from the magnificent hills on which we were travelling.

At eight o'clock I met an adventure which Mrs. Radcliff might have put into one of her novels. I had my money in the form of a letter of credit, except a little small change which I had exhausted on my last night's supper. My hunger was intense, equalled only by my thirst. I had been chilled in the night, which always gives me a desire to eat. We alighted at an inn. The first room we entered contained a breakfast, very nicely set for four, the number of guests, including my ravenous self. My companion in the *coupe* was an honest Bohemian, going home to his family after having been to transact business at Teplitz. The two seats in the interior were occupied by a dull, fat looking German and an English (evidently!) cockney, who reminded me of some of the caricatures seen in the immortal papers of Pickwick. He had on a little rimmed round hat, a little cane. His pantaloons and coat sleeves were too short. His whole air was that of a shabby, genteel fop, and his face expressed such a dismal discontent with every thing that I could scarcely keep from laughing in his face.

I don't think I ever was so hungry in my life. I searched again and again my pocket book and pockets without finding a *kreutzer*. The coffee in the mean time was brought in, with some very tempting rolls and fresh butter, and a pitcher of rich looking boiled milk, whose fumes entered my nostrils in a most tempting manner.

I scrutinized my fellow travellers. They did not any of them look charitable or sympathetic. The German I dismissed at once from my plans. The Englishman I am sure would not have trusted me, (he looked as if he were in the same predicament himself.) The Bohemian seemed kind, but he would have taken me to be a sharper I was afraid. I had *some* thoughts of murdering one of them, but it was too late. I should have thought of that before. At one time an idea suggested itself to me to *go without* my breakfast 'till I should arrive at Carlsbad in two or three hours or so! But this I dismissed immediately. I assure you my position verged on the tragic, when I recollected a *word*, which has not only procured poor penniless devils like me a *breakfast*, but raised mere quacks and pretenders to wealth and honor. Borrow? beg? or kill? They were equally unnecessary. I remembered *impudence*, and acted accordingly. The *impudent* man neither commits crimes nor subjects himself, by asking, to humiliating refusals. He *takes*, and it is done. He is like Napoleon, he grasps the sacred iron crown that other men dare scarcely look at, and places it upon his own head with his own hands. I therefore sat down and ate a hearty breakfast. It was delicious. I then desired the waiter to call in the conducteur, and ordered the latter to pay my bill. The man bowed and obeyed. The landlord bowed. My fellow travellers (who, if I had gone modestly about them to borrow a *guilder* would have eyed me with distrust and fancied me a *chevalier d'industrie*,) addressed me very politely, and I inwardly ceased to wonder, as I felt the sovereign powers of *impudence*, that the world should be as it is.

A broad plain, the edge of what may almost be termed a precipice—a sudden descent along a magnificent road, fit to have been built by Roman hands—leading down in sharp angles and zigzag bends into a deep, beautiful green valley, with exquisite views from the ramparts of each turn—a winding avenue and road on the level plain far beneath—and a little but very beautiful and swift flowing river,—then pavements,—noise—crowds—the sound of a trumpet—and you are at Carlsbad, the chief of the German springs.

The bath—the change of toilettê—the arrangements

for your future living—the hiring of rooms, etc., etc., and you are ready for a walk out to view your residence for the next month.

An old, closely built village, with some picturesque points—an old cathedral and tower, and some pretty houses—a river brawling through the principle street—and high hills, which may be called mountains, rising at first by flights of steps immediately over the house roofs and tempting the pedestrian by the most admirable paths and exquisite views. This is Carlsbad.

Original.

LINES TO THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY, WASHINGTON.

Written at his grave.

BY ROBERT HAMILTON.

I.

Chief of the valiant and the just,
Father of Freedom's sacred band,
Beside thy consecrated dust
With swelling heart I proudly stand.

II.

Thou need'st no cenotaph to tell
Thy deeds of wisdom and of might;
Thy name o'er earth is freedom's spell,
Thy fame a star of quenchless light.

III.

The homage of creation, thou
From pole to pole hast nobly won;
And cursed the form that would not bow,
Beside thy ashes, Freedom's son!

IV.

Lone tenant of the silent grave,
Thy memory lights devotion's fire;
It nerves the sinews of the brave,
And wakes the poet's slumbering lyre.

V.

Oh! if thy spirit now can see
The hearts who with thy virtues thrill,
Bear witness that the legacy
Of Freemen they inherit still,

VI.

Spotless and pure as on that day
Thy falchion struck oppression down,
And wreathed thy forehead with the bay
Brighter than monarch's jewelled crown.

VII.

Oh! ever o'er our country float,
Thou spirit of the good and free;
'Till the last trump shall peal its note,
And earth sink in eternity!

Original.

A CHILD'S ADVENTURE.

BY CAROLINE INMAN.

All was bustle and preparationin the usually quiet household of George Mc. Gowan, and his pretty little wife, Norah. Biddy, the maiden of all work, was scrubbing the floors with all her might and main, her flushed cheeks and red elbows giving evidence of the zeal with which she attended to this essential part of her allotted duty, while Brian, the out-door man, as he was called, exempted from his accustomed employments on this important occasion, busied himself in a thousand little acts of rustic gallantry, for which he was repaid, every now and then, by a kind word or a cheerful smile from the good-humored face of the aforesaid Biddy. His principal occupation, however, it must be confessed, was the self-imposed one of acting as nurse, horse, dog, or any thing else she required, to a merry little imp not quite three years old, the only child of George and Norah Mc. Gowan; a beautiful, wild, laughter-loving, blue-eyed being, with whom Brian was a most rare and enduring favorite. Many an hour would they romp together in the cool of the evening, when the day's work was over, and the family had assembled in their large, clean, comfortable old kitchen, to enjoy their leisure 'till the coming bed-time; Brian skipping and frisking about upon the green in front of the old-fashioned door-way, like a young colt at play, now catching up his little pet, perching her astride upon his lusty shoulders, and dancing off into the middle of the potatoe-patch; then setting her suddenly down upon the rough ground, watching her scrambles, placing her upon her feet, after each successive tumble, and after dodging and eluding her attempts at retaliation, until both were heartily fatigued with their pastime, snatching her up again, shrieking with laughter, and depositing her gently in the mother's expectant arms. This day was one of most especial merriment to these two playfellows, for, as I said before, Brian had no work on hand—nothing but little odd-and-end jobs, that took up no time at all, as he himself said, and the best of it was, that he felt fully justified in thus following the bent of his own inclinations, by the fact that there really was no one else at leisure to attend to the little tottle. Norah had been as busy as a bee all the morning, endeavoring to set off to the best advantage all the treasures of her China closet, re-rubbing her silver punch ladle, brightening her six real silver table-spoons, and polishing up as well as she might, by dint of brick-dust and vinegar, their less pretending, but quite as useful companions of more humble pewter. The ordinary dining-table, being pronounced of insufficient extent, had been temporarily augmented by the addition of several stout deal planks, supported upon good substantial legs of the same material; and over these, Norah was now engaged in spreading a coarse, but snow-white cloth, of her own manufacture, while the half-opened drawers of a tall, old-fashioned sort of bureau that stood in one corner of the room, gave ample evidence of a good sup-

ply of this home-wrought and home-bleached commodity. The merit of having fabricated all this array of household comfort, did not, however, belong exclusively to the young mistress of the family; her nimble fingered sister had borne an equal share in its production; and the gentle Annie was now about to receive into her own keeping a fair half of the product of their mutual industry—for Annie had at length consented to take pity upon her "bachelor," and it was in honor of the expected wedding on the following day, that these magnificent preparations were in progress. Not that the sisters were about to separate. Oh, no—neither of them would give ear to any such arrangement, and it was agreed that the two families should still form but one household. Still, right was right, and Norah insisted upon the propriety of Annie's feeling herself the undoubted mistress of her due share of the family linen. For this purpose it was that the contents of the bureau were now dragged out, and, after due consideration, arranged in two large piles on the floor, one of which was returned to its own old hiding-place, and the other carried away, little by little, and placed on the chairs of a neatly-furnished bed-room up stairs, in the window-seat of which, for some two hours past, the bride elect had been ensconced, busy, as she pretended, in the arrangement of some little pieces of feminine adornment, but anxious only, in fact, to escape the banterings of her light-hearted brother-in-law upon the approaching ceremony. George, in truth, had been a little unmerciful on the occasion, and, at last, had been fairly turned out of the house by the joint efforts of the women folks, who declared their determination to reign supreme for this one day, at all events. Besides, they had a great deal to say to each other—a great many things to remember and to discuss, a great many plans to deliberate upon, and a great many cautions to give, to all of which the men-kind were but an interruption. They had a great many kind words to say to each other, and—must it be confessed? yes—a great many tears to shed—for were they not about to be severed? True, they would still be under the one roof, but Norah knew she could never again be to the sister what she had hitherto been—never again be looked up to by her, as she had been accustomed; and Annie, too, felt that the sleepless affection and watchfulness of one who had always acted toward her as a mother, were something that might be missed even in the arms of a husband. Her tears, however, were soon dried: and natural it was that it should be so. The joyous hopes and proud anticipations of a young maiden about to transfer the care of her future welfare to one whom she fondly loves, fill up so large a space in her heart, that but little room is left for any feeling of regret connected with all she has consented to give up for his sake; the familiar scenes of every day happiness are forgotten for the time, merged in the thought of the greater happiness she has yet in prospect.

The quiet, long-tried, but unpretending affection of the many is weighed in the balance and found wanting, against the more intense love of the one. In this instance the "one" happening to be a very handsome, smooth-tongued, warm-hearted young Irishman, no wonder that Annie could not find in her heart to be very sad at the idea of passing her future life in his companionship. Had they not been brought up together? Had they not, years and years ago, romped together over the same meadows, scrambled together over the same bogs, and together returned hand in hand, in half merry, half melancholy plight, conscious of wrong, and tolerably sure of a beating? Some few years later had they not again wandered over the self-same meadows in somewhat more sentimental mood, he a hobbledehoy of sixteen, she a smart damsel of twelve, already in her own conceit "almost" a woman? And now for two years past had he not been her principal attendant at wake or fair, seed time or harvest? Had he ever danced with any other girl, if Annie could by possibility be induced to stand up with him? Had he ever offered to escort any of her "comrades," either to christening or burial, dance or confession? Had he not looked coldly upon all the pretty girls of the neighborhood for *her* sake? And, oh, did she not love him, dearly and fondly, for his own? Yes, Annie was a happy girl this day, and would not have exchanged her lot in life, no, not with the mighty queen of England herself. Her lover was well to do in the world too, the son of respectable parents, (a very important consideration among the well-thinking middle class of Irish,) handsome, good-tempered, and withal one of the very best dancers and fighters in the whole country. In short it was in every respect a most suitable match on either side, and the wedding was expected to be one of the gayest that had taken place for many a long year. Many a swain might be seen sauntering from house to house, hoping to secure beforehand some pretty girl as partner in the evening frolic, while the rustic belles for miles around might be found grouped together in little clusters of three and four, busily intent upon the discussion of their several costumes, fully determined to look their very best upon the occasion, coquettishly depreciating the taste of the bridegroom, and secretly hoping to eclipse the bride. Lots of whiskey punch stood temptingly forward among the attractions presented to the imagination of the more elderly of the expected guests of the masculine gender, while the female gossips, one and all, anticipated no less than a vast accession of personal importance upon the occasion, consequent upon the invaluable fund of good advice it was their purpose severally to bestow upon the young couple. As to Annie and her lover, they could think of nothing but their present happiness, and the joy of a future in which they should be all in all to each other. One more day and they would be pronounced man and wife—would set out hand in hand upon the serious journey of life, even as they had rambled over the bogs and meadows in their earliest years; happy in the present hour, and looking forward, even as then, with more of joy than of anxiety, to the coming shadows of evening, and the near approach to that home where they hoped their wanderings would be but lightly visited, and that they should lie down in peace and safety, forgiven and accepted at the last.

We have stated that the good-tempered George had suffered himself to be turned out of his house and home by the women folks, and had sauntered off in search of

his own amusements; but this was a busy day with them all, and George determined to be busy with the rest. Most fortunately for all parties, he was enabled, by a mere chance, to set about the very job of all others needful for the comfort of the whole family: an unlucky hole in the thatch of the roof, small at first, (but which had been suffered to grow larger and larger, until it had increased to most respectable dimensions,) had been left, day after day, week after week, month after month, from simple want of thought, (George was Irish,) and the fact of neglecting to get together, at the proper time, the tools and materials necessary for the operation; and thus it might have remained, unthought of to this day, (except perhaps when a hint came down occasionally, in the shape of a hard shower,) but for the opportune meeting with a painter and glazier from the neighboring village, who had just finished house-painting at the seat of the next 'squire. Being somewhat of an acquaintance, George bethought him of borrowing his long ladder for an hour or so, and setting the old roof to rights at last. To be sure, many a procrastinating thought came into his head—it had gone on so long in its present state, that it might go on a little longer—and there was no need of beginning a business of that kind, when every body on the farm was so full of fuss and bustle, in preparation for the wedding—but then again, he might not for many a month get another such opportunity of procuring the right sort of ladder so near his own home—and then, too, part of the hole was just over the window of Annie's room, and it was of the utmost consequence, therefore, that it should be mended just now, inasmuch as there would, in future, be two persons to be kept warm, instead of one. So, altogether, as it must be done at some time or other, George concluded that he might as well set about it at once. He therefore looked about for one or two such idlers as are easy enough to be found, lounging away their time in the shebeen shops of most villages in Ireland, as elsewhere, ready and willing enough, generally speaking, to employ themselves in doing any thing in the world, so that it does not look like regular work. With their assistance, he brought his ladder home in triumph, mounted it against the wall, collected his straw, his thatching needle and soogans, as they are sometimes called, being long, twisted bands of hay, used by way of thread to the thatching needles, and by which the straw is fastened down securely upon the roof; and with all his materials at hand, began his work most merrily. For an hour or so, George labored away manfully and in good earnest; but roof-thatching was not one of the things upon which he particularly prided himself, and after various fidgetings, down the ladder and up the ladder—now finding that he had not brought sufficient straw, then forgetting his hay-band, and anon dropping his shears, he at length pronounced it a greater "divil of a job" than he expected. However, he had begun, and finish it he would, come what might; he had been a good long time, to be sure, before he commenced, and nothing had been said about it, but there would be no standing the jokes against him, if he left it now unfinished; so at it he went again, with fresh energy and good will, and worked away until the sun was nearly setting, and he was summoned to the evening meal. But no; George knew that if he lost the half hour, which, at the very least, it must take, to get through that very important part of the business of life, his thatch would not be done that night, and as to the morrow, *that* was the wedding day, and who could be expected to think of work then? He must take advantage of the sun as long as it lingered, and they must get on with their meal without him. "So, Norah dear, (as his wife's pretty face peeped up from the foot of the ladder,) "fall to, all of ye—never you mind me; in half an hour I'll be down meself, and soon make up for lost time in the ating and the drinking. Accordingly, a portion was set apart for George, and the meal proceeded without him, in order that the other members of the household might also get through with their various occupations before the night should close in. In good truth there was little more to be done, and nothing that could not, just as well, have been left 'till the morrow; but what mistress of a family, when a wedding is in progress, ever thinks she has half enough time before her, to get thoroughly forward in her preparations? What woman ever believed that there were not a thousand little things to attend to at the last moment, which were absolutely indispensable to the comfort of her guests, but which would take up just double the time she could afford to expend upon them?

Thus it was that Norah, as the evening approached, was in a far greater bustle than she had been at any previous part of the day; and became nervously anxious that every thing not wanted for the next morning, should be put out of the way, and every thing that was wanted, should be brought out and put in its proper place, ready for use at a moment's warning. She was sure that something would go wrong. She was afraid, nay, she was certain, that many things had been forgotten. The conviction became stronger and stronger upon her mind, that several important arrangements she had intended to make had been neglected too long already, and therefore every thing now to be done must be done in less than the least time possible.

She could not spare a minute, even to caress the little "Nornee," as they called her, who came toddling to her side, to beg for a game of romps with mamma, but was quickly referred, as a substitute, to the kitten. Fortunately for them, the feelings of children are not very acute under the infliction of these little repulses, and Nornee was soon engaged, heart and soul, in the tumblings and chasings of her graceful playmate. Not a hole or corner of the room that was not quickly strewn with paper, straw, and other evidences of their gambols, and when they were no longer in sight, the listening mother could still trace their whereabouts, by the scrambling and shoutings of the merry pair.

Annie, in the meanwhile, had made her escape—convinced that her services were not likely to bring her sister one moment nearer to the completion of her hospitable labors, but that the end of one only suggested the beginning of another, she laughingly bade good bye, and strolled off with her lover for an evening ramble.

An evening ramble—the last evening ramble of a youth and maiden about to take upon themselves the serious responsibilities of wedded life! Oh! how many bewildering thoughts, half hope, half fear, are mingled with their bright anticipations. How much does the young lover promise to himself—how many errors does he mentally determine to forsake—how many bad habits shall hereafter be abandoned—how many good ones be henceforth fostered and encouraged in their stead—and all for the sake of one who looks up with beaming eyes into his face, and inwardly wonders how God could ever have made any being so perfect.

Their walk had extended no great distance, Annie being anxious to remain so far within call, as to be able to return at a few minutes' warning, in case her assistance should be required. They had therefore taken a road that led them to a slight elevation, directly in the rear of their dwelling, contriving, however, to lengthen out the way by pursuing various winding paths and little green lanes, which they knew would bring them back, every now and then, to some spot from which they could overlook the farm, and judge whether any one had been sent out to seek for them. The sun had just disappeared with its bright glowing face, leaving behind it the sweet soft twilight to supply its place, and tinge every object with its own pure mellow hue, when the winding footpath brought them once more to the point of the eminence we have mentioned, and the lovers paused to admire, for the hundredth time, the look of quiet loveliness, the peaceful, homelike aspect of security that seemed to brood over, and surround the spot where they had already spent so many happy days—the spot which had beheld the commencement of their love, and would, in all human probability, continue to be their home as long as it should please God to make this world their dwelling-place. It was not, indeed, the most favorable position, nor the most picturesque side of the house that could have been selected for the purpose, but there *was* a sort of beauty in its comfortable, quiet, old-fashioned proportions—and then the eyes that looked upon it were full of hope and joy, and lent to it a thousand attractions conjured up from the store of their own happy thoughts.

The really pretty part of the building was in front—quite out of the line of their view—here the deep, cool, shady old porch stood out in bold relief, covered over entirely with clustering honeysuckle and the sweet smelling jessamine, which had been trained and coaxed by the gentle hand of Annie, to climb up also to a very considerable distance on the right hand side, where a slight, shallow frame of lattice work had been placed for its support, just enticing it away from the wall sufficiently to make it form a pleasant shade to the upper part of the bed-room window. She could tell precisely the position of that favorite window of her's, even where she now stood; for just above the top of the long steep roof was seen the end of the tall ladder upon which they had left George so busily engaged when they came out, and which was placed, she knew, exactly in front of *her* room. "He must have done his work now," she thought, for she could no longer distinguish any thing upon the roof, which she had been able to do several times before, when they stood upon the same place—"and see, too, there's Norah—come out, perhaps, to look for us—no, she is going the other way."

Norah did not indeed come to look for them; but passing out at the side door, crossed over the bit of green field to the left, and went straight into the kitchen garden. They watched her light figure as she moved here and there, backward and forward among the beds, gathering up in her arms huge bunches of the shrubs, with which country housewives so delight to embellish their picture-frames or fire place, and when she had loaded herself to her heart's content, saw her returning to the house, almost buried under her accumulation of green trophies. Annie called to her, and waved her bonnet in the air to catch her attention. Does Norah hear her? Yes—suddenly she stops. Does she see them? they think not—she does not look their way—but yet she stops—what is it for? what ails her? her arms drop down by her side—the shrubs she has gathered lie scattered on the grass—she staggers forward a pace or two, and then falls heavily to the ground.

Poor Annie's shrieks, as she sprang over style and ditch, regardless of every thing but the distance that separated them, did more good than screechings usually do on such occasions—they called George's attention to the spot, so that by the time she arrived, Norah had been laid on her bed, while the kind-hearted husband, pale with fright, stood leaning over her, exerting all his slender skill to forward her recovery. He knew, indeed, it was but a fit—a common fainting fit—and a few minutes more would, in all likelihood, restore her to them as well as ever. The only wonder was, that Norah, the strong, healthy, cheerful Norah—the country-bred, active, never-tiring housewife—could be so strangely overcome by the little extra bustle and fatigue of the last few days; and bitterly did poor Annie reproach herself for having left her that evening, to finish her task alone. But Norah, by this time, was beginning to recover, and the fright consequent upon such an unusual event as a fainting fit in an Irish farm-house, having in some degree subsided, it was thought best to leave the women to themselves for a short time, while the young men were to keep within call in case of being wanted. George resigned his place by the bed-side, and having kissed the cold lips of his pretty little wife, was about to leave the room, when she suddenly opened her eyes wildly, fixed them intently upon his face, and, as if with great exertion, muttering, "George, the child, the child!" relapsed into a death-like swoon. The child—where was the child? who had seen little Nornee lately? No one. George had passed her, he remembered, when he first came in from his work. She was playing in the porch with her little kitten, and so intent upon the gambols of her playmate, that as he caught her up to carry her with him into the house, she had struggled so eagerly to free herself from his arms, that he had set her down again, and left her to her enjoyment. Where was she now? His first thought was of the pond that stood but a few yards from the front of the house, and in one moment he was

standing on its brink. No—God be praised—no sign of her was there—he could see to the very bottom of the shallow water, and not a trace of recent disturbance was visible. With a lightened heart he paused for a moment or two, not knowing which way to direct his steps, when suddenly, directly at his back, as it seemed, broke forth the low, clear, sweet gurgling sound of childish laughter.

For an instant his joy was almost overpowering; he wiped the moisture from his forehead, and with a deep sigh of thankfulness, turned round to clasp the little wanderer to his heart.

Mother of Heaven! what does he see?—his babe—his treasure—his own, his only child—his beautiful Nornee! where was she? Not, as he fondly expected, gamboling at his side—not within reach of his enshrining arms; but suspended, as it were, far above him—clinging, so it seemed, to the very edge of the roof, from which, one instant more, and she must inevitably be dashed to atoms at his feet.

He could not move—a mist came over his eyes—he could not speak; but he stood like one entranced—his limbs icy cold, his face of livid whiteness—the clammy drops pouring like rain down his cheeks, and his eyes, though they saw not, fixed immoveably upon the spot where they had first caught sight of the horrid vision. She did not see him. She was clinging to one of the highest rounds of the ladder, just close to where it leaned against the roof of the house. From one tiny hand a long string was dangling, at the end of which was tied a ball of paper; and on the ground beneath, her companion, the kitten, was trying, with eager jumps, to catch hold of the plaything that had been prepared for its amusement. Every fresh bound of the graceful animal called forth new shouts of merriment; and as soon as it profited so far by experience, as to endeavor to scramble up a round or two of the ladder in its eager pursuit, the shouts of the child were increased to absolute shrieks of delight. The poor father turned sick at heart. If he called her suddenly, it might but hurry her to her fate. There she stood—his hope, his comfort, his blessed—blessed Nornee—far beyond his reach—her rosy cheek pressed closely against the frail support round which her right arm was entwined, one miniature foot held threateningly forth, ready to beat down the intruder, should it venture too near—her blue eyes dancing with excitement, and her whole beaming face flushed with the triumph of successful achievement. She had clambered, step by step, unconscious of her progress, until she was now on a level with the slight shallow piece of latice work we have before mentioned, as forming a shade to one of the bed-room windows, and as she moved her tiny foot to and fro, in the vain effort to punish the playmate that had never been able to reach within many a yard of where she now stood, it struck accidentally against the leaf-covered frame. Casting her eyes upon it for a moment, and mistaking it, perhaps, for the solid green-sward, she moved cautiously to the extreme edge of the ladder with the evident intention of trusting to its treacherous support.

It was then that the agonized father uttered an involuntary cry, and rushed a few steps forward. The joyous little creature recognized him with a shout, but interpreting his appearance there, into a challenge to another game of romps, made fruitless attempts to get up still higher out of his reach—and while the unhappy man stopped suddenly, in helpless, hopeless anguish—peal upon peal came ringing through the air, until the whole heavens seemed to become musical with the quick, loud laughter of the happy child.

In vain did the father attempt to speak—his voice seemed utterly gone—he did not dare to let her see him move, for that might increase the distance between them—one slight hope dawned upon his mind—he advanced stealthily, and without allowing her to see his movements, until he found himself at the foot of the ladder, and then, keeping his eyes all the while fixed upon the same spot, stooped suddenly down, seized the kitten in his grasp, and hurled it, he knew not in what direction, but somewhere, as far away as his strength would permit.

The plan succeeded. The child stared incredulously at first, and then manifested an intention of coming down in search of its ill-used favorite.

With a beating heart—a face still deadly pale, and a ghastly smile of encouragement upon his lips, that even yet refused to utter an intelligible word, poor George crept cautiously up, up, farther and farther, until he found the merry face of his darling on a level with his own broad shoulders; when, taking her gently in his arms, he descended carefully, and alighted safely on the ground.

Not 'till then did the father's heart give way. Nornee wondered why it was that she was held so tightly; and why her father did not kiss her as was his usual wont—but no—he did not move—he did not even smile as he looked upon her face. But, by and by, his brawny chest began to heave—he sat down for a few moments upon the ground, still clasping her closely in his powerful arms, and she felt the big, heavy tears fall in torrents over her dimpled shoulders. Then, starting suddenly up, never for an instant relaxing his hold upon his rescued treasure, he rushed into the house, and without uttering a single word, pressed one long kiss upon her rosy cheek, and laid her softly down upon her mother's bosom.

He who feels a true friendship for another, must, at the same time, love the object of his regard; but it does not therefore follow that he who loves, is a real friend. Hence, friendship is productive of good, but love does frequently produce very opposite effects. It is especially to the weaker sex, a matter of paramount importance to be able to discriminate between that pure, genuine, disinterested friendship, which is indigenous only in upright, honorable minds, and of which the object is to promote their welfare and happiness, and that detestable passion, that selfish love, which would sacrifice that happiness to promote its *own ends*, its own selfish gratifications.—*Seneca.*

Original.

FITZ POWYS AND THE NUN; OR,

DIPLOMACY IN HIGH LIFE.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

Some half dozen years ago, Mrs. Wilfrid Lefevre, a widow with marriageable daughters, suddenly rose like a meteor into the thin air of London fashion. Her first party was a faultless combination, and her subsequent parties went on—not by ascending gradations, for there was no choicer company, no better music, nor more admirable disposition of light, supper and decoration, to be attained this side of Paradise, or Paris—but they were equal to the first, and the fickle *beau-monde* remained constant. Of the small number in high society who owed their position exclusively to superiority of style, Mrs. Lefevre was, in 1836, the indisputable star dominant. She vanished from her high orbit at the close of the season, having brilliantly married all her daughters! And her Napoleonic genius, more particularly in this latter field of strategy, remains to this day the sphinx riddle to the managing mothers of May Fair.

The patriotism of ladies in no country ever required stimulus; but it may add "a rose leaf to the brimming cup" of American female patriotism to mark the difference between the situation of marriageable girls in England, and marriageable girls in the United States. The difference is almost told when we stop to explain why it should be a marvel that Mrs. Lefevre married all her daughters; but a marvel it certainly was, highly accomplished, beautiful and stylish as were the Misses Lefevre, without exception.

In our country every young man means to marry, and unless his abilities are very inferior, he is able at twenty-five, or sooner, to offer the lady of his choice a comfortable home. It is not the fashion, moreover, (and this is *very* wonderful to Europeans) for the lover to make any direct enquiries as to the lady's worldly substance, or to exact any thing whatever beyond the *limpida camisa* in which she blushes into matrimony. The result is that *all* American ladies have a chance to marry, and most of them a "considerable sprinkle" of variety in choice, their success in winning the right one depending entirely on their own intrinsic qualities and attractions. From the liberal freedom of intercourse allowed between young people, (the most mark'd peculiarity of our national manners, by the way,) the dissimilarities of temper which breed repentance in wedlock are unstarched in time, and an American husband or wife has no apology for the discovery of flaws *post*-matrimonial.

Audi alteram partem. Of the young men, say fifty, who are on the visiting list of a family of nice girls in England, not more than five or six are, or ever will be, good matches in point of fortune, and the remainder are not to be thought of, however agreeable—partly because the parents would oppose, and partly (a very essential "partly") because the young gentlemen, doomed to a limited income, are as much resolved not to marry except to better their condition, as the young ladies; and meantime are not at all forlorn as irresponsible bachelors. The five or six "matches" are also "sore beset" by hundreds of other nice girls, (or by their mammas for them,) and as "rich and noble means not, of course, gifted and wise," the winner is not always as much a subject of envy as she seems. With the forty-five unmarriageable beaux mademoiselle may dance and chat, (properly chaperoned) but to venture upon the outermost limit of sentiment or flirtation, except to pique a marrying man, or hide a mortification, would be unpardonable indiscretion. The natural result is, that if a man is not "a match," he finds unmarried girls very unamusing, and married ladies are so willing to supply the deficiency that he seldom speaks to a Miss, except it is his sister or cousin, or some quite safe old maid, very useful or very literary. The changes in civilization, moreover, while they furnish no amelioration of female celibacy, tend continually (by the perfection of clubs, usages of hospitality, depreciation of married reserve, etc.) to embellish and make more attractive the life of a "bachelor," added to which the name has ceased to be a reproach, while that of "old maid" has not, and there is a very common feeling in society that a man is not justified in marrying except with a certainty of competence—marriage not being an engagement "for better or worse," but for *better* only. The chances are at least ten to one that an English girl never receives a plausible offer, fifty to one she never marries, and a hundred to one she does not marry the man she would have chosen, fortune aside. With this contrast, are we wrong in pronouncing America the paradise of young ladies? This by way of digression.

And now for a story which will prove that there is no place like the heart of London for a mystery.

The sun was apparently dropping into its suburban lodging at Bayswater, and the ring in Hyde Park was deserted by all except the *recherchés* who flit with the bats by twilight. Lady Sylvia Trenor hated a crowd even in Rotten Row,* and usually ordered her chariot for a turn in the Park at the hour when the impertinence of daylight became less intrusive. Her dashing blood greys, not the less scornfully superb because pampered for dew and dusk, had hardly spattered the gravel once round upon the pedestrians in the circle, when the primrose-gloved hand of the best mounted man in London was laid upon her chariot window. The perpendicular coachman instantly moderated his pace, and the equally intelligent animal ridden by Mr. Fitzherbert Powys (trained, among other accomplishments for chit-chat at carriage windows) took care of his legs and his master's, and incorporated his momentum into that of her Ladyship's equipage as completely as the flying griffin upon the panel.

"How d'ye do, Fitz?"

"How d'ye do?—just come?"

"Before I forget it, what do you do with yourself to-night?"

* The fashionable segment of the Ring in Hyde Park.

"Sulk at home, unless you are to be alone. What's going? I'm so sick of every thing?"

Lady Sylvia handed him an unsealed note.

"From the Lefevres, and you *must* go," said the little beauty, very positively.

"Is'nt that the woman with a dozen daughters to marry? Really I can't, What's one to say to so many stuck up girls, and I'm never let alone, you know! Besides, if one wanted to air one's heels, it's Wednesday, the Duke's ball."

"Well, don't put on that imploring air. There will be the Duke's balls 'till doomsday—"

"If doomsday come on a Wednesday!" interrupted the dandy.

"Poh! listen! These Lefevres are worth going to, my dear Fitz! Nothing was ever so perfect as their parties—nothing was ever seen like their toilettes—nobody knows where they get their music—no money can buy such flowers—it's witch-work, the *style* of the people. Go you shall! Dine with me at nine."

"Sir Thomas?"

"Sir Thomas dines out."

"*Convenu!* Adieu!"

Mr. Fitzherbert Powys had been of age and the possessor of an enormous fortune just a year. Up to this time he had been carefully kept upon moderate means at foreign Universities, and was well educated, good looking, and good tempered. His family being very respectable, there was nothing to qualify the fact that he was the best match of the season. His life was of course an amatory gauntlet. His past life, his tastes, his weak points, his resorts, and his opinions were, to Misses and Mammas, surprisingly familiar. From feeling flattered with all this, however, he had now got to fancy he was rather hunted; and, in truth, Powys found it so much more agreeable to accept the more disinterested attentions of married belles, that his case was rapidly degenerating into a chronic Missyphobia. With his four-in-hand, his great popularity at the clubs, his seeming endless facility of making favor with brilliant women, and a superb establishment in Park Lane, the chance of his sighing for a change in his condition seemed desperate indeed.

As a supplement to this sketch of Fitz Powys, I may as well quote a remark of Mrs. Lefevre's, made just a week before the period at which he is introduced to the reader. This quiet person had, unobserved, listened for an hour to his conversation with Lady Sylvia at the last Almack's.

"Well, what is he like?" asked her daughter Melicent, who had not yet made her appearance in London society.

"Like a child stuffed with *bons-bons*, a longing for a piece of bread, my love! His humors are all surfeited, and his heart starving for a bit of romance or nature. *D'ailleurs*, a very proper match for you!"

The weather seemed in the conspiracy to embellish the Lefevres' ball, and the Regent's Park, in the soft moonlight, looked, from the rapidly whirling carriages, like a vision of restored Italy. In the vicinity of the gay scene, the coachmen, ranged along the park palings, leaned with their elbows upon the hammer-cloths, watching the swans floating in the sward-rimmed and moon-lit water; the footmen were crowded about the door, feasting their profane eyes with glimpses of satin slippers tripping across the carpeted sidewalk; heavenly music poured into the street from the open verandahs, and for half a mile, either way, extended a line of night-capped heads from the upper stories, the tender hearts of the neighbors' house-maids (of the same sex as the noble dames and damsels at the ball, though it requires some reflection to realize it) throbbing upon the window-sills in sleepless sympathy.

Lady Sylvia was late. The beauty of the night had tempted her to come from Belgrave Square by the way of Hampstead—Mr. Fitz Powys having on him a tertian of romance to which he was subject.

"Tell Mrs. Lefevre's people not to announce me," said her Ladyship to her footman before alighting, and so entering quietly on Powys' arm, she avoided the reception room, and mingled with the dancers on the floor.

"After this waltz," said Powys, "I shall stalk round and see the rooms, and then find some of the fellows and go to supper. Don't introduce me to Mrs. Le—what's-her-name, unless we break our necks over her, and the Misses if you love me! What divine music, to be sure!" he added, as he encircled the round waist of Lady Sylvia, and fled away in the waltz.

The house occupied by the Lefevres was one of the most spacious in London, having been built by the eccentric Lord ———, who was afterwards confined in it as a madman. Accustomed as Powys was to splendor, he wandered around in admiring astonishment. The number of the rooms seemed endless, and the arrangement a labyrinth, yet there were just persons enough without a crowd, and no one seemed unoccupied or unamused. Of the larger rooms, the walls were covered with plaited linen, dazzlingly white, and overlaid with gilded arabesque, knotted with bouquets of natural flowers, camelias and water-lilies predominating. There were no doors visible, but the gorgeous boudoirs, hither and thither, showed each a double mirror of the height of the ceiling, set in silk, or swung upon an unseen hinge, (mirrors to those within and to those without) and closed at pleasure by the pressure of the finger, leaving the existence of the retreat unsuspected.

Powys's acquaintance with the guests was nearly universal, but having made up his mind to "do" the party as expeditiously as possible, he nodded right and left and kept on his way; yet he began to think, after a while, that "a glamour" was thrown over his eyes, for in every successive room he immediately singled out a lady of singular superiority of style and countenance, and on enquiring her name heard immediately the same reply, "Miss Lefevre." Dressed in totally different styles, so much so at least as to disguise any family resemblance that might exist, they were, each, the most striking ornament of the apartment that seemed to be allotted to her care; and though in the exercise of the vicegerence of hospitality, every successive Miss Lefevre passed her eye over Mr. Powys with a very perceptible

recognizance, he was aware by an influence he could scarcely explain, that his presence was without its usual effect upon their Missyships, and that he had just as much ice to break in making their acquaintance as a "detrimental" with £200 a year.

Piqued and out of humor at this refusal of his usual tribute, (indifferent as he really was to it when paid) Powys turned towards a conservatory, which, not being lit, did not seem intended to be thrown open to the company, but the glass door of which was set ajar by Miss Lefevre at his approach, probably for fresh air. It was of a crescent shape, and filled with delicious flowers; and soothed with its fragrance and coolness, the discontented millionaire followed its course, till the shining rooms he had left were out of sight, and he stood alone with the moon shining in upon him through the roof of glass. The sudden interruption of the music of the band made him aware at this moment that the door behind him had been closed again, and with a renewed feeling of pique at the implied inattention of Miss Lefevre, who had seen him enter, he turned to retrace his steps.

"Fitz!" suddenly cried a shrill voice from the other direction. "Fitz! Fitz!"

Powys started. Could the conservatory lead round again to the ball-room? Who was calling him? Not Lady Sylvia's voice, surely!

"Fitz! Fitz!" called the strange voice with a more impatient emphasis.

The light of the moon just sufficed to show the alley of flowers leading into the darkness, and expecting presently to emerge in the supper room or some lighted portion of the house, Powys turned towards the voice, which, with strange iteration in the same shrewish key, tempted him onward. Stumbling over the raised threshold of a small vestibule, he now saw a light gleaming through the slight opening of a door before him, and from the room beyond the cell evidently proceeded. Using no ceremony, he pushed the door inward—remarking that though it moved upon a noiseless and easy hinge, it was unusually massive—and found himself in an apartment which seemed at the first glance to be a chapel.

"Fitz! Fitz!" screamed the voice again directly over his head. He had barely discovered that it was a caged parrot which was calling to him so lustily, when, in the deep embrasure of a window opposite he observed a female busied in opening a shutter. As she succeeded in turning a heavy bolt, the opened window let in a rush of air, and the door by which he had entered was shut with a loud reverberation. The window he observed with surprise, also, was grated, and with a smile on his face at the aspect of adventure which every thing seemed to wear, he advanced to the female who, apparently unaware of his presence, stood looking out upon the night through the bars of the grating.

A scream of dismay followed the first word he uttered, and Powys beheld, with amazement, a face turned to him folded in the close-fitting coif of a nun, yet of a beauty in the highest degree impressive and striking.

"Who are you!" she demanded in a voice husky with terror, but at the same time drawing up her lofty person to its fullest height.

With utterance scarcely more assured than her own, Powys began his apology, and aided by the parrot who broke in with the shrill repetition of his name, was in the midst of an embarrassed account of his travels through the dark, when the incognita sprang to the massive door, beat upon it with her hands, uttered cries of rage and terror, and finally fell upon her knees before the altar crowned with a crucifix, and buried her face in her hands in a paroxysm of distress.

Powys now began to fancy he had intruded upon the prison of a maniac, and crossed to re-open the door, but here again he was at fault, for it presented a solid surface of oak without handle or aperture, and had evidently closed with a spring-lock at the gust which followed the opening of the shutter. Through a smaller door at the extremity of the room, he saw the head of a narrow, white bed, with a crucifix against the wall above it, but delicacy forbade him to seek an exit there, and he stood still in fixed and silent embarrassment.

The lady rose. Tears glistened upon her long lashes, but her lip was curled with pride and resentment. There was no madness, Powys thought, in those glorious eyes, and looking at a clock which stood opposite the altar, she said, with a gesture of impatience, "Take a seat, sir; I regret to say you are a prisoner in this room till morning. Fatal—fatal chance!"—and again she buried her face in her hands and turned away to conceal her passionate emotion."

Powys thought he never had beheld a more exquisite form than that which now moved from him. The dress of spotless white was fitted simply and closely to a bust of the youthful mould, and divine outline of a Hebe, and the contour of the whole figure and the singular flow and dignity of her movement, kindled an admiration which for the moment overpowered his surprise. In that interval of silence he observed also, that, though furnished as a chapel with oratory and altar, the room contained a harp, implements of drawing, flowers, and other signs of constant female habitation.

"Fitz! Fitz!" screamed the parrot at this inopportune and delicate crisis.

Powy's bit his lips. The lady looked round at the bird with a glance of vexation, and encountered the half mirthful gaze of the intruder. She colored angrily for an instant, but Powy's sense of the ludicrous getting the better of his gravity, he burst into a violent fit of laughter, and with the tears still in her eyes, the offended nun hysterically followed him.

Evidently enraged at the turn things had taken, she made several attempts to control her own mirth and silence that of her companion. But with the first word of allusion to their imprisonment, the picture of their situation provoked a renewal of laughter on the part of Powys, and it was too contagious to resist. They were now seated, *vis-a-vis*, in two comfortable *fauteuils*, however, and a common sympathy, involuntary as it was, had done much to remove the awkwardness of their position. Powys's good breeding came to his aid, and

with his gravity, returned the somewhat romantic sense of the lady's unparallelled loveliness.

"It is very unfortunate," said she, with the least possible mischief trembling in the bright corner of her mouth, "that the husband of my German maid should answer to a name so nearly resembling your own. The parrot's lesson was "Fritz," but as the *r* troubled him he learned it with a variation."

Powys smiled, but ventured upon the natural gallantry of calling the circumstance any thing but a misfortune. Respectful as his manner was, however, he had driven the nun back again upon the reserve, and it was with very brief and reluctant narration that she explained the mystery of her own seclusion in London. She had been permitted (so ran her story) by the Abbess of the convent of ——— in Germany, in which she was destined to pass her life, to spend the closing year of her novitiate with her mother in England.

"And how much yet remains?—pardon me!" interrupted Powys, coloring, and checking himself at the eagerness of his own voice.

"A month. I am to take the black veil in August. The peculiar construction of this house, with the addition made for the confinement of the insane Lord ———, favored my mother's pledge of complete seclusion for me during this indulgence, and till this fated evening, it has seemed to me as far from the world as the cell of my convent. My mother and sisters, and the German maid who accompanied me, alone enter here."

A discreet question or two elicited the further information that the door (usually closed after the vesper hour, and opening only from the outside) had been left open by her sister that she might hear some of the new music of the band, and that Mr. Powys' liberation depended solely on the hour at which the said German maid should appear with the novitiate's breakfast. With the dissipation of a ball in the house, this promised unluckily to be later than usual.

Apparently quite reconciled to his share of the vigil, Powys took a volume of German poetry from the table, on the blank leaf of which he observed the name of "Melicent," and with his continental education, soon found topics upon which conversation flowed very freely. His companion was as well read in German poetry and legend as himself, and with an exchange of enthusiasm on this and similar topics, the reserve of sister Melicent and the remaining hours of the night wore away with equal rapidity.

Morning dawned, and the nun betook herself to her matins. In adoration (perhaps more abstracted than her own) Powys watched her graceful figure kneeling in the oaken oratory, and listened to the low murmur of her voice. Her devotions had not power to calm the troubled flush upon her cheek, and with a beauty more radiant than sainted, the fair Melicent arose and let in the gold beam of the rising sun. And for the first time in the history of that luminary (as far as we are informed) its chaste dawn looked upon a declaration of love.

It was an exquisite hand with which the sorely tempted novice crossed herself, calling on the saints to preserve her in this unexpected strait, but the simplicity of a conventual education not having supplied the art of gradually yielding to a lover, and the saints not appearing at the summons as she had been taught to believe they would do, bodily, this lily-white hand lay imprisoned in Fitz Powy's, with no mortal means of extrication. Doubtless, with time to rally, the beleaguered nun would remember how she might have resisted, but it was not so ordained. Unexpectedly as old Bertha arrived at ten o'clock with muffins and coffee, the lovers had still found time to arrange a little surprize for the West End of London.

Gott in Himmel!" exclaimed the faithful German as she opened the door of the sanctuary and dropped the coffee tray in her astonishment. The gliding nun, however, quietly slipped between Bertha and the door, and cut off the chance of a too precipitate retreat, and when the muffin and *et cetcras* were re-gathered, it was explained to the slow comprehension of the lay sister that her mistress "would not be a nun!" Gold spectacles were not wanting to aid Bertha's imperfect vision, and she ended by seeing the expediency of letting Mr. Powys out by the garden gate, and of following him, with the novice, out of the same gate, just twelve hours after.

Among those who were surprised with the return of Mr. and Mrs. Fitz Powys from Gretna Green, was Lady Sylvia Trenor, but *not* among the surprised were Mrs. Lefevre and her daughters. Powys had only one surprise during the honey-moon—that of discovering that old Bertha had no husband whose name was Fritz, and that the parrot was the exclusive property of Mrs. Lefevre! Not of a very inquisitive nature he never enquired how it came to be taught the first syllable of his aristocratic prenomen. What matter was it? He had got a beautiful and highly educated wife by the means, though *very possibly indeed*, but for the singular combination of circumstances on the night of her mamma's ball, she might never have been the controller of a millionaire's million—a better sphere for a pretty woman than a cell in a nunnery, to be sure!

With so much to manage in a single season, Mrs. Lefevre had of course no leisure for forming intimacies, and it was even said that, except on the occasion of her brilliant balls, nothing but a visiting card ever found admission into her door. It was enough for the gay world to know that the *entreé* was desirable enough when she chose to accord it, and that she had been introduced to the leaders of fashion by very high sponsors. When Mrs. Lefevre disappeared, therefore, at the close of the season, and her whereabout was not even surmised by the Court Journal, no thought was given to the matter, and there was no bereaved intimate friend to take to heart the mystification. Of what family the Lefevres were, and what their dowries were, it was presumed by the inquisitive that the six husbands had taken pains to ascertain—yet no whisper, on either of these points, reached, at the time, the avid ear of rumor.

In '39, three years after these events, a certain gay continental sovereign was in England, under a strict *incognito*, and as simple Monsieur ———, passed his time exclusively among the *ci-devant* six Misses Lefe-

vre. His striking resemblance to every one of them, in a greater or less degree, provoked some curiosity among the diplomats, and it is now believed, by Lady Sylvia, for one, (who, by the way, has resumed her confidential friendship with Mr. Powys,) that these young ladies were a detachment from a very large family, (with several mothers) of royal lineage on one side only! To which of these demi-princesses Mrs. Lefevre was the natural parent, or whether she bore this relation to either of them, is, perhaps, to themselves, matter of doubt; but whether a frail favorite in her *décadence*, or a diplomatic agent only in the matter, she certainly acquitted herself with a felicity worthy of a white stone in history.

Original.

THE ALBATROSS.

BY HENRY J. BEDLOW.

Far out on the deep, where the foam surges flash,
And the frore blast winnows its sleety wing;
Where the winds laugh loud and the billows dash
Their tresses of foam as they starward swing:
There sweeps the wave wilderness path across,
The weariless wing of the Albatross.

She shoots away o'er the sounding surge,
As a sphereless star on a moonless eve;
And her scream is heard in ocean's dirge,
Wheeling o'er chasms the storm fires cleave:
In the stormful blast where the white waves toss,
Is a home for the wandering Albatross.

When the monsoon on hills of Balaghaut
Meets landward the gust of the hurricane,
And seaward the adamant whirls, up-caught,
Split, shattered, and scarred by the lightning's chain:
And mountains are quaking like human things
In the infinite strength of the tempests' wings,

She preens her plumes 'mid the mad turmoil,
In the scourging sleet, in the whitening gale—
O'er the spasm'd billows which froth and boil,
'Neath the slanting rain and the lashing hail:
Or is seen like a cloud wreck far away,
Where the blinding gleam of the cloud-fires play.

O'er the gurge of the deep where wrecks go down,
Crushed, shattered, and torn with its agony;
'Mid the phrensying shrieks of wretches who drown,
Smothered with brine of the strangling sea,
Like a weird form on a phantom wing,
She sweeps o'er the sea-chasm rioting.

When the whirlwinds war on the sounding sea,
And scoop the brine to its oozy shoal;
And the water-jet rocks convulsively
With the earthquake heave of the ocean's roll—
She sweeps o'er the blue of the mounding main
Entangling her wing in the hurricane.

Strange bird of billow—lone, wild and free—
On thy wandering path, like a thing accursed,
O'er the battling waves of the whelming sea,
When the white fires flash and hurricanes burst,
Thou keepest thy revels and banqueting, sips
The death froth white from the gurgling lips.

The seaman hath heard in the lull of the blast,
When lone on the shattered and sparless deck,
The creak of thy spirit-like wing as it passed,
Flapping the dead on the staggering wreck—
And felt, ere the life-blood was chill on his cheek,
With that hoarse wild scream, thy death-cold beak.

Thy nest is the air; and thy home the wave,
In the halcyon hours of weird midnight,
When thou lovest the snows of thy breast to lave
In the chill sea-spray—in serene starlight—
Winging low to the billow—a restless thing,
For there is no rest to thy wildering wing.

When calmly yet brightly the moon's soft beams
O'er tremulous waters their pale light shed,
And far distant surges are dim as dreams—
When slumber is gentle yet deep—'tis said
Thou seek'st thy mate in that hour so fair,
And ye wing by wing sleep in the crystal air.

Thus like thee at some hour—I know not when!
From storms of this wearisome life's unrest,
The soul on its measureles path, again
Shall wander in calm, in a clime more bless'd—
No leaning for earth in its spirit-like flight,
To shadow its wing in that world of light.

Original.

TO MY LOST ONE.

BY J. G. CUMMING, M. D.

Thou wast to me, my love,
A holy shrine!
A thing of life and light,
All but divine!
Thy voice was soft and sweet,
As tones of love;
Thy soul was virgin pure
As the ring-dove;
Thine eyes were beaming bright,
As noon-day sun;
Too keen for man unmoved,
To gaze upon.
Like to a flow'ret, love,
In fairy dale,
Before whose richer hues
Roses look pale,
Around whose odorous breath
Bees flit and soar,
And lilies droop their heads,
Thee to adore:—
Thou wast to me when I
Couched on thy breast—
Ere angels winged thy soul
To realms of rest.

Original.

THE LADY'S WIG.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

"I do wish I could go to Mrs. Lansing's party," said Sophia Rothsay, addressing her Aunt Trevor.

"I see no reason why you cannot; you will be quite well by that time."

"I am quite well *now*, but do you suppose I would go with this head of mine? No, never."

"We must contrive some elegant head-dress, love."

"I know of no head-dress which can become a girl of eighteen, but her hair, and since I am deprived of that, I will stay at home," and with her beautiful lips rendered a little too prominent by a slight pout, she sunk into a sullen silence, which her aunt, busy with thoughts of her own, made no effort to interrupt.

Miss Rothsay had just recovered from a dangerous fever, which, although it had left her fine complexion clearer and more brilliant than ever, and had imparted additional lustre to her black eyes, had deprived her of a head of hair so remarkable for its beauty and abundance as to excite universal admiration.

"I have been thinking," said her aunt, after a silence of more than fifteen minutes, "that you had better procure a wig."

"Surely, aunt, you are not serious?"

"Yes, I am, perfectly so; I know several ladies, whose own hair is very beautiful, who wear wigs."

"But you will allow me, now I have lost my hair, to say that it will be impossible to find any that will be in any way comparable to it, either for luxuriance, color, or delicacy. To me, the idea of having my head covered with a mass of hair, which, for aught I could ascertain to the contrary, might have grown on the head of some coarse, vulgar woman, is perfectly horrid. You know that young Doctor Derwenter, whom we met last summer, is expected to be at Mrs. Lansing's, who is his cousin, and I am determined not to destroy the favorable impression which I am convinced that my appearance then made upon him."

"I don't know why you should care particularly for him. I think the belle of ——— city might look a little higher than to a young doctor."

"But Derwenter, besides being very handsome and very elegant, is the heir expectant of two hundred thousand dollars."

"Ah, that alters the case. Such a doctor is worth looking after. The wig must be procured, and you must meet him at Mrs. Lansing's, or this favorable impression you made upon him, may be lost. I am now going to my dress-maker's, and will look in at Lavalle's, and see what can be done. He is, as I believe I told you the other day, the celebrated Parisian *perruquier*, who arrived in the city about the time you were taken ill with the fever."

"Remember, aunt, that you are to be very discreet. No person except yourself, my physician and nurse, knows that I have lost my hair, and I don't choose, should I conclude to adopt your advice, to be the centre of attraction at Mrs. Lansing's party, on account of my new wig."

Leaving the aunt and niece to suggest to each other a few precautions relative to the affair in agitation, we will enter a mean-looking dwelling in one of the dark, narrow alleys of the city. Near a fire too scantily furnished with fuel to soften the wintry air admitted through the decaying walls, sits a man about forty-five, who is suffering from an obstinate chronic complaint. He is too poor to pay for the necessary medical advice, and too proud to solicit charity. He was once an affluent merchant, but heavy losses came upon him at a time when he was confined to his room by sickness, which prevented him from making any attempt to retrieve his affairs, and he is now draining the bitter cup of poverty to the dregs. His greatest consolation now is, that his wife is not living to share it. A dusky gloom reigned in the miserable apartment, though but little past mid-day, and the faint and fitful blaze cast a wavering light over his pale and sunken features as he sat mournfully contemplating his daughter, a beautiful girl of seventeen, who was seated opposite him, diligently employed on a garment, which she hoped to finish in season to return to her employer before she slept. Bitter thoughts were at work in his bosom, for he could see by her pale and exhausted looks, that her physical energies were yielding to severe and unremitting labor by day, broken sleep by night, and coarse and insufficient food. He even imagined that her features wore a death-like hue as she sat bending over her work; an appearance heightened by the contrast afforded by a mass of the brightest and most beautiful hair that ever ornamented the head of woman, and which the broken shell comb, which she was unable to exchange for a better, could not prevent from bursting into clustering curls over her neck and temples. Beautiful as had been the tresses, the loss of which Sophia Rothsay so deeply deplored, they could not have compared with those of this almost heart-broken girl, striving to earn the scanty portion of bread which was to sustain the life of her invalid father and her own, which, as she looked into the gloomy vista of the future, had but little value, except for his sake.

"Amelia," he at length said, "leave your work, and come and sit by me." She obeyed, and he clasped her hand in his. "My girl," he resumed, "I believe you are dying even faster than I am. The present course must be altered. Our summer friends have forsaken us, and we must—yes, hard as it is to bring our minds to it—we must apply for char—"

He did not finish the word, but sunk back in his chair without sense or motion. Wild with alarm, Amelia rushed to the outer door, in the hope of seeing some person whom she could request to run for a doctor. A gentleman was passing at the moment, to whom she briefly communicated the situation of her father, and her desire to obtain a physician.

"I parted with my friend, Doctor Derwenter, at the head of the alley," he replied. "I will run back and call him."

In less than three minutes the doctor was by the side

of the patient, whom, with the assistance of his friend, he conveyed to the bed. He pronounced him to be suffering from a stroke of apoplexy, but apparently of a mild nature, which he thought would yield to proper treatment. The gentleman who had accompanied the doctor, having an engagement to meet a person on business, as soon as his assistance could be dispensed with, took leave. Having written a prescription for some medicine, the doctor offered to remain with the patient 'till Amelia went to procure it. Mrs. Trevor was just passing the apothecary's shop as she stepped from the door. Her small straw hat formed a very indifferent covering for the rich, glossy ringlets, which, in her haste, she had forgotten to gather up, and which now, as they lay spread over her neck and shoulders, brightened almost to the color of gold in the unclouded sunshine. Mrs. Trevor readily inferred from her thin and faded apparel, that she was a child of poverty, and calling after her, she said, "Stop, my girl, stop—I wish to speak with you."

But anxiety and filial affection winged her footsteps, and bent every thought towards the home where she had left her father hovering between life and death, and she heard not the lady's call. Mrs. Trevor thought of following her, but she soon found it would be impossible to overtake her. After a little consideration, she resolved to enter the apothecary's shop, and inquire of the person who kept it, if he knew her name. He was unable to inform her, but a boy who stood at the counter was able to tell her her name, and the house where she lived.

"Well, Sophia," said Mrs. Trevor, as she entered her niece's chamber, "I have found the material for your wig, if it can only be obtained."

"What? at Lavalle's? No—that won't do. I have been thinking the matter over during your absence, and I must see what kind of a head the hair grows on, before I can consent to have it transferred to mine."

"I can assure you that it is now on the head of a poor but extremely beautiful girl, somewhat younger than you, I should think."

"Have you spoken to her about it?"

"No, but I intend to call at Lavalle's to-morrow, and send for her to meet me there. You can be present if you please, without her seeing you. There can be no doubt but that she will part with her hair at a comparatively reasonable rate, for a boy of whom I inquired her name, informed me that she supported herself and an invalid father entirely by her needle."

"But tell me aunt, is her hair as beautiful as mine was? Is it any thing like it—enough so to pass for my own?"

"It is fully as abundant as yours was, and in the shade, exactly the color—I should think, however, it takes a brighter hue, whenever it catches a gleam of sunshine."

"I hardly think I shall be satisfied with it, for all you are so lavish in your praise. Besides, if she be young and beautiful as you represent her, I can hardly think she will part with it."

"I tell you, niece that when a person is in want of bread to eat, a fine head of hair can be of little consequence."

Again leaving them to discuss the affair of the wig at their leisure, we will take the opportunity to visit Doctor Derwenter at the same time as the gentleman, who had summoned him to the assistance of Mr. Fielding.

"Good evening, doctor," said he, "how did you leave your patient?"

"Not essentially better, yet with a hope."

"By the way, Derwenter, don't you think it a sin for a lovely young creature like the daughter, to drag out such a life of toil and privation?"

"It is, to say the least, very hard—the more so from her having formerly moved in a higher sphere. That she has done so, I am certain: every word and movement betray it. Even during the moments of her utter abandonment to sorrow, when she considered her father's recovery impossible, she was lovely and graceful."

"She was partly indebted to that fine hair of hers, so wildly yet beautifully dishevelled, for the apparent grace of her movements. It was like the foliage to the greenwood boughs, when bent by the wind. Take care of your heart, Derwenter, for I would not answer for my own were I to see her as frequently as you will be likely to, should you continue your attendance on her father. I don't know, however, but that your heart is already disposed of. I heard it intimated, last summer, that you had a *penchant* for Miss Rothsay, who is certainly a very pretty girl, and has hair but little inferior to Amelia Fielding's."

"She is, as you say, a beautiful girl, but I imagined that I detected a little too much selfishness in her disposition, which put me on my guard. Otherwise, I might have committed myself, for I confess, that, at first, I was a good deal smitten."

"She has, I understand, just recovered from a fever, which threatened her life."

"Then it is more than probable that she is shorn of her lovely locks, for though more slow and silent in its work, a fever is, oftentimes, as sure as the scissors, in disposing of a lady's tresses."

"Your cousin, Mrs. Lansing, will, of course, invite her to her party?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"I advise you to see her again, before you think and dream too much about your patient's daughter, for, although she has no fortune of her own, she is the idol of her rich aunt, whose property is entirely at her own disposal."

Doctor Derwenter, at an early hour the following morning, called on Mr. Fielding, whose symptoms enabled him to predict his recovery with more confidence than when he left him the preceding day. Amelia, pale and exhausted from the effects of her long night-watch, looked as if she required nursing herself, and the doctor ventured to suggest that it was necessary that she should have some person to share with her the fatigue of taking care of her father. She blushed deeply, for she did not like to say that she was entirely destitute of means to pay a nurse, or even to procure

necessary food for herself. He, however, knew how to interpret her embarrassment, and internally resolved to contrive some method to impart the requisite relief. About half an hour after his departure, some one rapped at the door, which, on opening, she beheld a girl, who presented her with the following note:—

MISS FIELDING:—If you will, immediately after reading this, repair to Lavalle's, No. 22 —— street, you will meet a lady who wishes to speak to you relative to an affair which may prove to be for your pecuniary advantage. The bearer will remain with your father, during your absence, if necessary."

The girl, as soon as Amelia had finished reading it, expressed her willingness to remain as long as she wished to be absent, saying that she was accustomed to take care of the sick. She at once made up her mind to go, for as this gleam of hope shone in upon her, she permitted her thoughts to dwell more steadily upon the sum of money that was immediately required, than she had dared to do before, and found that what they were owing for rent and fuel, which would be demanded at the close of the week, was fifteen dollars, while, to procure what was immediately necessary for her father, and a small supply of the coarsest food for herself, would take, at least, five more. To think of earning much by her needle, was out of the question, as two or three hours out of the twenty-four, were all she could spare from her attendance on her father. Having given the girl a few directions, and promising to return as soon as possible, she hastened to Lavalle's. As she entered, she saw a middle aged female, fashionably clad, engaged in earnest conversation with the *perruquier*.

"Miss Fielding, I presume," said she, and entering an adjoining apartment, requested her to follow.

Mrs. Trevor was not prepared to find in Amelia a person of so much elegance and grace, and was perplexed how to open her subject. She at length said, "have you a great value for that beautiful hair of yours?"

This was an unexpected question, and her color deepened as she replied, "Indeed, madam, it is a subject that I have not thought of, and I hardly know what answer to give."

"I should like to purchase it if you will part with it, and am willing to pay you liberally. Do permit me to remove your hat, that I may have a better opportunity to admire it."

"Certainly, madam," she replied, shrinking back into one corner of the apartment, for through the door, which had been left open, she beheld a lady of elegant appearance enter the shop.

"Take a few minutes to consider of what I have suggested," said Mrs. Trevor, "while I go and speak to a lady of my acquaintance, who, I see, has just entered."

The lady, who was Sophia Rothsay, was so closely veiled, that her features could not be discovered. After conversing a short time with her aunt, in a low voice, she approached a window communicating between the two apartments, which was not so closely curtained as to prevent her from obtaining a distinct view of Amelia. A look was interchanged between the aunt and niece, by which the former understood that she might proceed with her negociations.

"Can you promise," said Mrs. Trevor, addressing Lavalle, "to arrange the hair so that it will look perfectly natural, should the girl consent to part with it?"

"Perfectly, madam—but it will be one great pity to deprive the poor girl of her hair," he added, in a low voice, as she re-entered the room where Amelia was waiting.

"Well, my dear girl," said she, "have you come to any conclusion about your hair? Should you part with it, two years, you know, will give it back to you more beautiful than ever."

"I have but little pride madam," she replied. "Sickness and poverty, with their attendant train of evils, have long ago, nearly subdued it. Yet, when my father recovers so far as to take notice, I fear it will grieve him to see his only child deprived of an ornament nature has given her."

A few moments' silence ensued, during which, it was evident that Amelia was nerving herself to make the sacrifice, and it will not appear a less one, when we confess that the young and handsome Doctor Derwenter rose up before her, as well as the form of her pale, sorrow-stricken father, who seemed to regard her with looks full of regret.

Tears started to her eyes, and her lips quivered when she at last said, "Madam, you may have my hair—I believe it is my duty to part with it."

"What compensation must I allow you?"

"That is what I am totally ignorant of. Give me what is usual in such cases."

"I am willing to give you more. Will that do?" As she spoke, she handed her twenty dollars.

"Oh, yes—it is more, perhaps, than I ought to take."

"By no means, if I am willing to give it."

Mrs. Trevor now, after requesting her to remain where she was, re-joined her niece.

"Had we not better commission Lavalle to secure the prize before she alters her mind?" said she.

Miss Rothsay assented, and the next minute the *perruquier's* glittering scissors were busily shredding from the innocent and devoted daughter's head, its wealth of bright brown hair, every tress of which, had it belonged to Sophia, she would have valued at higher price than what had been given for the whole. Lavalle, as he carefully disposed each long, silken curl on a snowy napkin, spread on the table, uttered an involuntary exclamation of surprize at its beauty, intermingled now and then with a regretful murmur, at the thought that so fair a young creature was obliged to part with such a treasure.

"There," said he in broken English, as he severed the last long ringlet, "I have left a few short curls round your forehead, which, with a pretty head-dress, will look very well."

Amelia, during her return home, was consoled by the idea that a shelter, though a wretched one, would be secured to them a little longer, and that she should, for the present, be enabled to procure those articles essential for her father's comfort. Mrs. Trevor and Sophia

were, in the meantime, holding a consultation with Monsieur Lavalle, relative to the wig. He assured them that the material was so uncommonly good, that he should find no difficulty in making one, which, in the evening, could not be distinguished from her natural hair.

—

"Cousin Ann," said Doctor Derwenter, as he entered Mrs. Lansing's drawing-room, "I have come to ask a favor of you."

"I am very glad, for I have one to ask of you, which will make us even."

"I wish you to write a note for me."

"Now, Frederick, you know I hate writing notes, letters, or any thing of the kind."

"It is to be addressed to a pretty girl."

"Ah, you wish me to intercede for you, but I think speaking would be better than writing, in your case, if you will only speak yourself. A handsome person, a musical voice, and a fine set of teeth, will make a love speech seem eloquent, that would appear quite insipid on paper. Who is the lady—Sophia Rothsay?"

"No, one much lovelier."

"But to be serious, Frederick, what can you mean by wishing me to write to a lady for you, when you can perform the task so much better yourself?"

Derwenter, in reply, briefly related the situation of Mr. Fielding and his daughter. "You will see, Ann," he said, in conclusion, "that a young and beautiful female can, with more propriety, receive assistance from a lady, than from an unmarried man of five and twenty."

"Miss Fielding shall have Mrs. Cornish, who is one of the best of nurses, to assist her," replied Mrs. Lansing.

Having retired for a few minutes, she returned with the note in her hand.

"Read it," said she, "and see if you approve of it."

It ran thus:

"Mrs. Lansing having been informed of the severe indisposition of Miss Fielding's father, and knowing that good nurses are sometimes difficult to obtain, takes the liberty to recommend to her Mrs. Cornish, who will, unless Miss Fielding expresses a wish to the contrary, be with her at four o'clock this afternoon."

"Thank you, Ann, but Mrs. Cornish will require something more substantial than thanks, which you will find in this wallet."

"No, Frederick—allow me the pleasure."

"Not a word, if you please—now tell me the favor you wish me to do for you."

"Only to call at Lavalle's, and request him to arrange some hair in a locket. I promised my sister, who, you know, is now in Europe, to send her some of little Milly's as soon as she had enough so she could spare a little, and I wish to send it by the next packet. Is not this beautiful?" said the mother, displaying two or three little rings of soft, silky hair of a pale gold color.

"Yes, little Milly has very pretty hair, and should she live, it may, one day, be as beautiful as Amelia Fielding's."

"Ah, Frederick, though you have 'a heart open as day to melting Charity,' I fear it is no less accessible to the softer passion."

As Derwenter was admitted to the presence of the *perruquier*, he found him contemplating with artiste-like admiration, the rich pile of tresses which he had just placed in a convenient situation, preparatory to commencing his task. At sight of them, Derwenter started, and the quick blood flushed with crimson his brow. He felt assured that it was Amelia Fielding's hair that lay before him. It had the same softness, the same unrivalled tint, the same luxuriance. He was about to inquire of Lavalle where he obtained it, but checking himself, he did his cousin's errand, and left the shop with the determination to ascertain if his conjecture were true. His hand absolutely trembled as he rapped at Mr. Fielding's door. It was opened by Amelia, who had just had time to finish and put on a little cap of plain, cotton lace. She looked like a pretty Quakeress, and had Derwenter never seen her with the long hair, which one of the sacred writers has pronounced a glory to a woman, the sweet blue eyes hastily veiled at his unexpected presence, the beautiful lips, round which, hovered a faint, half-sorrowful smile, and the transparent complexion, for the moment, glowing with a vivid bloom, might have satisfied his ideas of beauty.

"I thought," said he, "as I was passing near, I would look in and see if your father remained comfortable."

"You are very kind, doctor," she replied, "to be thus attentive, when every thing must remind you that there is little hope of remuneration, but a kind and considerate lady has promised to send a nurse, which will enable me to devote more time to my needle."

She made no allusion to the sacrifice she had made, and he endeavored to appear as if he did not observe it.

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The evening appointed for Mrs. Lansing's party arrived. As most of the *élite* of the city were expected to be present, Sophia Rothsay had taken great pains to procure an elegant dress. The wig fitted so exactly, and the hair was arranged so naturally, that, although differently from that she had lost, it possessed a kind of golden lustre, as if the evening sunbeams had lingered amid the soft, luxuriant curls, 'till they had left a tinge of their own brightness, a person, unless prepared by some previously awakened suspicion, would not have imagined it to be false. Mrs. Trevor told her that she had never looked so well, and Sophia thought so herself. Not a speck sullied her snowy brow and temples, which, with the soft, peach-like bloom of her cheeks and chin, afforded a fine contrast to eyes of midnight blackness, whose almost lightning glances were subdued by those long, drooping eyelashes, so often coveted, so rarely bestowed. Derwenter had begun to look for her arrival with some anxiety, Mrs. Trevor's carriage being one of the last that drew up before the stately mansion of Mrs. Lansing. Although he had never opened his lips concerning it, even to his cousin, a kind of vague belief, which he had vainly striven to repel, had taken possession of his mind, that

it was to her, that Amelia Fielding had made the sacrifice of her hair.

"Frederick," said Mr. Lansing, as she entered the apartment, "if you can withstand such an assemblage of charms, you have no heart. Her beauty is perfectly ravishing, and I must go listen to the low, musical voice of my own sweet wife, and catch the beaming of her soft blue eyes, or I may forget that her beauty is more winning, if less striking."

"Did you ever see such beautiful hair, Derwenter?" said a friend of his who stood near, as she passed so as it caught the rays of a cluster of lights, causing it to gleam as if a shower of gold were falling over it. "If I mistake not, Cupid will send thence more than one arrow to-night."

"He may, if he please, send with certain aim, a dozen fiery shafts to me. I have ice enough round my heart to quench every one of them, that can come from that quarter."

"What mean you, Derwenter? I imagined, to steal a word from your vocabulary, that you were already predisposed to fall in love with Sophia Rothsay. I am so certain that I shall come off 'fancy-free,' that I think that I shall venture to dance with her."

Saying thus, he crossed over to the opposite side of the room, where she had drawn around her several of the most fashionable gentlemen, one of whom had already invited her to dance. As he drew near, he involuntarily fixed his eyes upon the hair, which could not but command the admiration of the most envious belle present. She observed it, and her color deepened until it burnt upon her cheeks. So thoroughly satisfied was he, that he had not been wrong in his conjecture, that he turned away with a sensation akin to loathing, as, in imagination, he beheld her taking advantage of suffering and sorrow, to enable her to gratify her own pride and vanity.

"I shall not dance with Miss Rothsay, this evening," said he to the gentleman to whom he had just been speaking.

"You are afraid to stand the trial, then?"

"That will, at least, be as gallant a way as any for interpreting my change of resolution."

"For myself, I shall probably act the part of the silly moth, while you, being wiser, will escape a singe."

While Miss Rothsay, with the exception of him, whom she most wished to please, was attracting general admiration, although, in some instances, there might be a little of the bitter spice of envy intermingled, Amelia Fielding, by the light of a dim lamp, sat employed upon a garment, the remuneration she expected to receive for which, she intended to lay aside with a small sum she had already earned, to pay the doctor's bill. She was alone with her sick father, for Mrs. Lansing had, early in the morning, sent to request the services of Mrs. Cornish for that day and evening, if she could dispense with her assistance, as she could not, herself, give the necessary attention to one of her children slightly ill. It was about ten o'clock, that her father, after a sound and protracted sleep, for the first time, since stricken with the last dreadful malady, awoke to perfect consciousness. He beheld Amelia, whose back was partly towards him, but with her little close cap, did not recognize her.

"Where is my daughter?" said he.

"Here I am, father," said she, starting from her chair, and she was at his bed-side in a moment.

"What has happened?" said he, regarding her with a scrutinizing look. "What has become of that beautiful hair, which, in spite of our poverty and wretchedness, I had still a pride in beholding?"

He would not be put off, and she was obliged to tell him why she had parted with it, and the amount of the pecuniary compensation received in return. The name of the person who purchased it, she could not disclose, for she was ignorant of it herself. He made no comment whatever, but while with one of his hands he clasped hers, with the other he veiled his eyes to hide the tears which gushed forth, despite his efforts to force them back to his swelling heart. Amelia was greatly alarmed, for she feared that his agitation would induce a return of his disease. At this crisis some person knocked at the door. She opened it, and, to her surprize, beheld Doctor Derwenter.

"I cannot express," said she, "how thankful I am, that you have come. My father awoke, just now, quite sensible, but is so agitated at my altered appearance, or, rather, his feelings are so deeply touched at my being compelled, through poverty, to make such a sacrifice, that unless his attention can be engaged by some other object, I fear the consequences may be fatal."

Derwenter, without hardly being conscious of what he did, took her hand, which he fervently pressed to his heart. Then as suddenly relinquishing it, "Tell me, Amelia," said he, "if you know the name of the person, whose vanity and selfishness could induce her to ask such a sacrifice of you?"

"I do not."

"Permit one more question, and I will hasten to your father. Where did you see her?"

"The person who named the subject to me, was the agent for another. Her, I met at Lavalle's."

"Enough—I am satisfied. I have seen her this evening. She is dazzling the eyes, and bewitching the hearts of all that behold her. But there is one heart, which beats beneath the faded garb of poverty, which, could I receive it in exchange for my own, would be to me a gem above all price. Is there hope for me, Amelia?"

"Doctor Derwenter," said she, while tears filled her eyes, "I fear you do not consider what you say. Come, now, and speak to my father."

"Father," said she, approaching the bed, "here is the physician I spoke to you about, who was providentially near at the time your symptoms became more alarming."

Mr. Fielding, who had grown calmer, gave him his hand, and thanked him for his attention. "It is," said he, "the physician's lot, to visit the abodes of wretchedness. For myself, I could bear up under the sad reverse of fortune by which we have been visited. But to feel that my daughter's portion through life must be

one of unmitigated privation and toil, infuses a poison into the cup of which I am compelled to drink, which has long been withering the very springs of life.

"Consent," said Derwenter, "to accept a home more worthy of you both, than the one you have now. This evening a letter was put into my hand, informing me that I had come into possession of an independent fortune. Will not you and your daughter make me happy by sharing it with me?"

"Ah, doctor, know you not that the loveliest and wealthiest, are now at your command?"

"It may be so, but as I have wealth enough of my own, if I can find a bride with jewels in her heart, I care not how few she is able to wear on her brow."

"Somewhat too much pride, perhaps, clings to me yet. Wait a little. It may be, that my health will permit me to engage in business. You may deem it a weakness, but I feel that it would be a comfort to me, to be able by my own unaided efforts, to provide for her and myself." Fearful that the exertion of conversing so much, might prove injurious to his patient in his present state of debility, the doctor forbore to press the subject, and soon afterwards took his leave.

Mr. Fielding's return to health was henceforth repaid. The clouds which had so long veiled the star of hope, were now, as if by the hand of some good angel, sometimes drawn aside, revealing its serene and radiant beauty. Some time had elapsed since the foregoing conversation, and he was able to sit up nearly the whole day, when Doctor Derwenter entered one evening with rather an excited air, with a newspaper in his hand.

"I have something here which I wish to read you, if you will listen," said he,

"Certainly," replied Mr. Fielding, somewhat alarmed at his appearance.

He then read the subjoined advertisement:

"Andrew Liston, executor of the estate of Thomas Fielding, late of the city of London, deceased, takes this method to apprize Rufus Fielding, the heir at law, believed to be now a resident of the United States, that he may at any time within a year from the first day of April next, take possession of the said estate, which is valued at fifty thousand pounds. Should he fail to do so, within the time mentioned as aforesaid, the whole of the above named estate will be appropriated as devised in the late Thomas Fielding's will, which is subject to no other contingency.

London, January 1, 18—."

"You see, my dear sir," said he, when he had finished reading it, "that your wish is gratified. You are now able to surround yourself and daughters with every comfort."

"And by means totally unexpected," he replied. "My uncle Thomas Fielding, displeased at my father's marriage, from that time ceased all intercourse with him. It is about ten years since I came to the United States, and have never until now received any intelligence concerning him. He was at that time a widower, and had a son and daughter, who are of course no longer living."

It was necessary that Mr. Fielding should either go to England himself, or employ an agent. As it was uncertain whether his health would be sufficiently restored to undertake the voyage, Doctor Derwenter offered his services, which being accepted, he embarked the first opportunity. His voyage was a prosperous one, and as Mr. Fielding preferred remaining in his adopted country, he fortunately succeeded in disposing of the estate for its full value.

A few months after his return, as Sophia Rothsay was one day sitting with a newspaper in her hand, her eye was arrested by the name of Frederick Derwenter. It was contained in a paragraph announcing his marriage with Amelia Fielding. Her aunt Trevor being present, she read it aloud.

"You will see, aunt," said she, "that my selfish vanity has at length met its full reward. By it, I disgusted the only man I ever cared to win. I knew by the look he gave me that evening at Mrs. Lansing's, when I imagined my power over him would prove complete, that he had by some means ascertained the whole truth."

"The pretty little girl who sold us her hair for fifteen dollars is really then Doctor Derwenter's bride. Well, never mind, Sophia, there are others as good as he is."

"It may be as you say, but I know of none who have any attractions for me."

Original.

PREFATORY LINES FOR A YOUNG LADY'S ALBUM.

BY REV. J. H. CLINCH.

MAIDEN on thine album's page
Yet hath fallen no darkling stain,
Type of thine own guileless age—
May that guileless age remain!
Little know'st thou yet of woe.
Little may'st thou ever know!
And from evils which are rife
In the onward path of life,
Ever may thy bosom be,
Like this album, pure and free!

Yet I mark, though pure the leaves,
Each a different *tint* receives:—
So to thee in after years,
Must arrive, what comes to all,
On this changeful earthly ball,
Hours of joy, and hours of tears—
Hours of hopes, and hours of fears—
Hours that vary as they pass,
Like the hues in prism-glass.

Such is life;—and though 'tis vain
To hope for joy unmixed with pain—
Though we know each coming day
Cannot all be clear and gay—
Maiden, may the Future be
Largely bright and blest to thee!

Boston, 1842.

Original.

BIDDY WOODHULL;*

OR, THE PRETTY HAY-MAKER.

A TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'LAFITTE,' 'CAPT. KYD,' 'THE QUADROON,' 'BURTON,' ETC., ETC.

PART IV.

"There be little sprites that keep true lovers in extremity."
John Bertyne.

With a timid, hesitating step, Biddy passed through the door, which Frid held respectfully open for her, and which he instantly closed after her. She stood still a moment, struck with awe and astonishment at the magnificence of the library and every thing she beheld around her. To her unsophisticated, rustic mind she seemed to be suddenly transported into a fairy palace! At length, half affrighted at the splendor, she looked round to see if she could see Mrs. Fitz Henry. *Mr.* Fitz Henry Barton was seated in his arm-chair, wrapped in his gorgeous Chinese dressing gown, with a velvet cap ornamented with a gold tassel on his head; but being in the shade of the window curtain, he seemed to form a part of the combination of gorgeous objects that filled and constituted the library, and her glance did not, at the first survey, rest upon him; his eyes, however, instead of being fixed on the book before him, were banqueting on the sweet, mute loveliness that he had so unexpectedly become the possessor of. If Beal Tucker was struck at first sight with her beauty, Mr. Fitz Henry Barton was enraptured! Biddy advanced a step nearer. He starts! He can scarcely believe his own eyes! Had he seen her before? Yes—it was the pretty hay-maker in her very person! How very beautiful she had become? What kind fortune had sent him such a treasure! What triumph he feels as he now thinks of his friend Morris! He sat fixed in an attitude of surprise, without the thought or power of speaking or moving! His senses were all resolved into vision! So profound was his astonishment and delight that he could not even give utterance to his usual exclamation, "demnition!"

Biddy now saw that the Chinese wrapper, the brilliant dyes of which detained her eyes for an instant, encased the person of a young gentleman, who gazed on her very earnestly and very rapturously. She blushed, and her timidity at the thought of soon being in the presence of her new mistress, was changed into beautiful confusion at seeing "her son" instead; for, she thought instantly, at discovering Mr. Fitz Henry Barton, that he must be that son of *Mrs.* Fitz Henry alluded to by the generous Intelligence office man. With this idea, she courtesied very modestly and approached him,

"If you please, sir, is Mrs. Fitz Henry at home?"

Barton distinctly recollected her spirited indignation at his conduct when he first met her, and did not wish to be recognized by her, lest all his plans should be defeated. As she spoke, therefore, he drew his cap down over his brows and placed on his nose a pair of gold spectacles that had laid on the table near him. He then looked up and said in a very courteous and deferential tone,

"Ah, *Mrs.* Fitz Henry! a-a-no! But she will be in! Take a seat, Miss—there upon the ottchuman!" and rising, he offered his hand to conduct her to the seat.

"No, I thank you, sir," said Biddy, withdrawing a step and diffidently taking the seat he had pointed her to on the ottoman.

Mr. Fitz Henry Barton then stood still in the middle of the floor and looked very much perplexed for a moment! There sat Biddy with her bundle on her knees and her eyes modestly cast down. He remembered her spirit, and he felt he had to proceed with caution and art. He was very much gratified to find she did not recognize him. But Mr. Fitz Henry Barton, seen in a meadow in the country in his fishing costume and a broad West India hat shading his features, and the same gentleman in his library, wrapped in his elegant dressing robe, with a rich cap on his head, looked like two very different persons, especially to such an unpractised eye as Biddy's. There was, however, on the nether lip of the gentleman in the library the same little growth of hair that she had seen over the mouth of the one in the country; and as Biddy had never seen any body with a mustache before, except her father when his beard, as it often was, was a week old, this sign of manhood on Mr. Fitz Henry Barton's lip had made a deep and unpleasant impression upon Biddy's memory. Therefore, though she did not directly identify Mr. Barton with the young man who had attempted to kiss her, she felt that he belonged to the same *genus*. This reflection made her feel uneasy, and she sat with drooping eye-lids and a palpitating heart, waiting for Mrs. Fitz Henry. Barton stood looking at her with a puzzled and irresolute countenance. He knew what kind of a spirit he had to do with; he felt that he was more than matched. Nevertheless his vanity led him to believe (so long as she did not recognize him) that he might yet be triumphant. His passion and unbridled desires would not permit him to resign, without a trial, the possession of so much loveliness!

At length, tired waiting and feeling anxious and intimidated by the novelty of her situation, Biddy raised her eyes, and they encountered those of the young gentleman! She instantly drew her veil over her features, for her instinctive delicacy felt itself wounded by his bold gaze. She now began to experience certain undefined yet unpleasant sensations of she scarcely knew what—fear, suspicion, and mistrust, at being left alone with such an impudent young man, even though he might be Mrs. Fitz Henry's son! The act of drawing her veil over her face, his ready mind, actively occupied in devising some way to approach her, seized upon as a *point d'appui* upon which to base his attack. With a light, foppish tread he advanced to the ottoman and said, in a tone of gallant badinage, while he gently lifted one corner of her veil,

"Nay, pretty one, I beg you will not draw this curious veil over those charming features. I have not beheld such a demnifion handsome face this five years.'

* Continued from page 208.

"I prefer wearing my veil," said Biddy, holding it down and moving from him, and so unintentionally leaving place for him to sit beside her.

"Nay, nay, my sweet rustic," he said, seating himself by her side and taking her hand, which she instantly withdrew; "you are too beautiful to withold yourself from the eyes of one so great an admirer of feminine charms as I am. Pray let me put your veil aside!" And he disengaged her hand with some degree of force and threw the veil up over the top of her hat. Biddy sprung from the ottoman, and would have fled towards the door but he caught her by the hand.

"Nay, my pretty rural, I did not mean to offend you, 'pon honor," he said, dropping on his knee and feigning a look of mortification and regret; "I thought you might indulge me with a little flirtation."

"I am not accustomed to such flirtations," said Biddy with spirit, and not knowing whether she ought to be angry with her mistress's son.

"Nothing more than a mere flirtation, I assure you," he said; "you are from the country, I suppose, and don't know how they do things in the city. All the girls here practice flirtation like rehearsals before the play comes. Do be seated!"

"No, sir, I prefer standing. Will your mother be in soon, sir?" she asked trembling with fear and misgiving.

"My mother? Oh, yes— my mother! yes I—I have a mother!"

"So Mr. Tucker told me, sir—a dress-maker."

"My mother a dress-maker! Demnition!" added the aristocratic and long descended Mr. Fitz Henry Barton, speaking to himself; "does she think I am a dress-maker's son? Ah! I see into it! Beal has told her some tale to blind her! Oh—yes—Miss, my mother is a—yes—she is—a———"

"Dress-maker," said Biddy artlessly.

"Yes—yes—a dress-maker! *Demnition.*"

"Will she be in soon!"

"Oh, yes—yes—quite soon! Do sit down."

"I wish I could see her, sir," said Biddy, earnestly, only intent on her object in view; "Mr. Tucker said he had spoken to her and she had agreed to engage me on trial."

"Oh, yes—all right! You had best sit down till she comes in."

"No; I do not like to be treated rudely," said Biddy.

"Rudely! pretty innocent! Why, you don't know much of life! I can kiss half the pretty gearls in New York; put my arm around their waists! tell them they are demnition angels, and all that sort o'thing, you know."

"No, I do not know, sir," answered Biddy with spirit; "and I assure you if you think to take such freedom with me if I live with your mother, I shall not allow it."

"Demnition! Not even to look at your diamonds of eyes, my pretty rural!"

Biddy could not help smiling at the seriousness with which he spoke, and therefore Mr. Fitz Henry Barton took courage and went nearer to her. She retreated, still smiling, yet with a resolution in her fine dark eyes that promised to prove to him of a stronger temper than the smile. He saw, however, only the smile, and thinking himself invited by it, advanced and suddenly seized her around the waist. This act, precisely similar to that he had perpetrated before when Morris rescued her, would have betrayed to her who he was, even without the further evidence she instantly had before her eyes in seeing his cap fall off and beholding him bareheaded, as she had seen him in the meadow, where his hat fell in a similar attempt.

Before he could ravish the kiss he attempted to take she disengaged herself and fled to the door. It was shut by a self-acting bolt, and could be opened only from within by a pass-key. She made one or two convulsive efforts to open it, when finding her escape barred, she flew past Barton and darted through a side door into his bed chamber! On seeing the nature of the place in which she had sought shelter she would have retreated when she discovered a door on the farther side, for which she sprang. She flung it open with a glad cry and found herself in the bath room.

We will now return to Edward Morris who, it will be remembered, went to Charleston a day or two after his apple-tree trysting with the lovely hay-maker, whose beauty, innocence, and naturalness had then well nigh drawn him into a declaration of love! The arguments he made use of to protect his heart from being further involved being based upon their different conditions in life will also be remembered. It was, therefore, with the determination to forget the rustic beauty whose loveliness had so seriously impressed his heart that he accompanied his aunt on her southern excursion. But absence did not conquer love! He found his thoughts constantly reverting to the meadow and the old apple tree, where he had spent such a blissful hour with the pretty hay-maker! He was strangely absent and thoughtful amid all the gaities of that refined city, and insensible to the fascinations of the lovely and gay girls who sought his admiration. Often he was rallied on having left his heart in New-York, and he could not but confess to himself that he had left it in West Chester! He found himself penning sonnets to rural maidens, and writing verses on rural life! Love grows with what it feeds upon; and his scarcely confirmed love for the pretty hay-maker having his thoughts for food, thrived amazingly. At length he began to look forward with impatience for his aunt's return, and seeing his anxiety to hasten back she shortened the period of her stay and prepared to leave. A letter which he received the day he was to sail, in some degree relieved certain misgivings he had for some time felt of his pretty hay-maker's safety. It did not, however, cause him to delay his departure for home any longer. The letter was as follows:

New-York, July, 1838.

DEAR NED:

What a demnition time you are staying out South! What you can find to keep you there this dem hot weather one hour after your aunt's business is done for, unless some pretty gearl, I'm dem'd if I can tell! Every thing goes on just as ever. I

had a glorious drive last Friday on the avenue with Bob-tailed Brown, harnessed single in my green buggy. Tom Weston had a new team out, a dem'd handsome thing altogether, and came behind me like a streak of lightning! But I touched Bob and left Tom half a mile in the rear as I drew rein at the Harlem tavern. Dem'd good that, was'nt it! I run over a sow and a litter of nine pigs! Did'nt the young 'uns scamper a few! I took off a goose's neck with my off wheel as neat as you could cut it with a knife! Tom swore Bob was the best bit o' horse flesh in New-York. Saw a pretty gearl on the side-walk—looked like a rural—but I was too anxious to beat Tom Weston's mare to stop and ask her where she lived. Sunday went over to Hoboken and saw lots o' second quality class beauties, but could'nt do any thing in my way, as they always have some of those chaps with a bob coat, round slick hat with a narrow crape round it, their hair plaited down on each cheek, and their bosoms open, and cuffs and shirt-wristbands turned back as if they were ready at any moment for a fight! I can't endure such vulgar people! though I don't mind a set-to, for I have the true science you know, Ned. Hav'nt been out of town yet, but I believe I shall go to Saratoga next month. Saratoga is getting to be low now that every shop-keeper that can command three dollars can go there. These steamboats and railroads are getting to be great levellers, Ned. I think I must go to the White Sulphurs, they are the most exclusive! Low people can't afford to get there. I saw your uncle last week in Broadway. He would have passed me without seeing me, but I stopped to ask him the name of the farmer on the farm next to his above on the creek where the rural lives. He told me it was Woodhull. If you don't come on soon I shall go down there and get up a little flirtation with her. I think she's too pretty to be suffered to grow there unnoticed like a sweet flower under a hedge! Well, I have no more to write. By the by, my friend M—ks has let his beard grow all over his chin and it looks dem'd fine! I think I shall follow his example. He is' going to be confirmed at St. Thomas'. Religion is a nice thing for sick and old people, but it spoils life for your true blood!

In haste yours,

FITZ HENRY BARTON.

P. S. Tom Weston's mare stumbled this afternoon and pitched Tom out on his head and killed him! How dem'd unlucky, for I meant to have another race with Tom, for a basket of "Star Brand." The mare was'nt hurt! was'nt that demnition lucky? F. B.

The steamer Neptune in which Edward Morris and his aunt came passengers, landed at the pier at four o'clock the afternoon previous to Biddy's elopement. His aunt's carriage was in waiting, and putting her into it he let her proceed to her house in Bleecker street alone, while he took a hack to his stables where he kept his horses, that he might at once drive down to his father's country seat. Was this haste and anxiety to leave the city without seeing any of his friends owing to filial love? He had been absent from home two months, to be sure; but young gentlemen of Morris' age and experience are not apt to hurry back to the paternal roof with precisely such solicitude as he now evinced. There was a stronger and more tender attraction than his father that drew him!

"Quick! my horses, Jim!" he cried, jumping from the hackney coach as it drew up at the stables in Crosby street.

"Ah, your honor, and you're come back is it ye ar," said Jim, the ostler, with a broad grin of welcome; "an' its the pretty basteś ye'll find in good ordther. They have been four weeks to grass and came in yesterday as your honor writ to boss, and by the same token I seed the letther."

"Well, well, hurry, Jim," interrupted Morris; "I dare say they are in fine condition."

"An' you may say that, an' twice over again, an' it'll be no lie at all at all," said Jim, going to the stalls. "Is it one or the pair your honor 'll have?"

"The pair. Put them in at once!"

"It shall be done right to the fore, yer honor. Och! wont the darlints feel their kapeing! They'll kick the miles behind 'em like paving stones!"

Morris smiled at Jim's encomiums upon his horses, and in a few minutes afterwards was seated in his buggy with the fawn colored lines in his hands. Jim now gave the last gentle rubbing down with the palm of his hand to the beautiful neck of the right horse, and stepping a pace aside from the line of the wheels, pronounced "all right!"

Edward Morris did not wait for a second notice, but drawing lightly on the reins so that the horses could just feel the pressure, he spoke a word to them and they started off at a rapid and dashing pace. Turning down Bleecker street into the Bowery he soon crossed upon the avenue when he gave them rein.

"Come, my noble fellows," he said as they flew along the smooth course, "you must make up this afternoon for your long idleness. Trot! you know the road, I see, and are as glad as I am to be on it once more."

Away they flew with their impatient master; and just as the sun was setting, two and a half hours after leaving his stable, Edward drew rein at the gate of the avenue that led to his father's house. His own footman, who had seen him descending a hill a mile distant on the high-way, threw open the gate, and the next instant he alighted from his buggy at the door of his paternal home.

"My son!" exclaimed the old gentleman, hastening to meet him and glancing inquiringly at the reeking horses, "welcome, indeed! but what has happened? Your aunt, I hope—"

"All well, father. Aunt is at home in Bleecker street."

"Well, I am glad to see you, my dear boy. You look finely—but how the devil you do drive!" And the old merchant looked again at the steeds whose breasts and nostrils were white with foam, and shook his head.

"They have not been driven for some time, sir," said Edward, smiling at the secret cause of his haste, which his father could not divine, and which indeed he would not frankly acknowledge to himself.

"Perhaps so—perhaps so. John walk them about in their harness half an hour, and when you strip them rub them 'till they are dry, and then blanket them closely. If they catch cold Edward will lose them. Come in, my boy, and tell us all about Charleston."

Edward followed his kind father in, but ere he did so he glanced unconsciously in the direction of the Woodhull farm, and beckoned John to him.

"John, has any thing happened about here since I have been absent?"

"Happened—no, sir."

"Any body dead—that is, any body *married?*"

"No, sir, I believe not."

"No news then, John? How do the farmers about us get along?"

"'Bout as usual, sir."

"Farmer Woodhull still lives up the meadow?"

"Yes, sir."

"Sure there is no news, John."

"Yes, sir, quite sure. If there was I'd a known it, as I've been here with the old gentleman almost ever since you left."

"Very well, John. See that the horses are carefully groomed."

"Yes, sir," said John, touching his hat as his master entered the house.

Edward lingered over the tea-table with as much patience as his impatience to get away would permit him to exercise. He related all that could interest his father in reference to his southern tour, and replied to the numerous questions he put to him without any outward signs of annoyance.

At length, when the clock struck nine, he managed to excuse himself with the plea of looking after his horses, a plea which the old gentleman very readily admitted. Edward, however, merely glanced into the stable and asked John how they were, and then continued past it to a narrow gate which led into a lane. It was a clear, starlight night, and, familiar with the way, he walked rapidly through the lane until he came to its extremity near the creek. Here he struck into a path beside the water, and following it for some time, at length came to the very place in the hedge over which he had sprung after Barton, on first seeing Biddy in the meadow. He again climbed over it and instinctively hastened onward until he reached the old apple-tree where he had parted from her. Here he stopped and took off his hat with a sort of tender reverence.

"Yes, this is the well remembered spot! Here is the old root upon which we sat, side by side, her hand in mine! How often have my thoughts wandered back to this tree! How often have I lived over again in memory the happy hour I passed here with her—gentle, guileless, and so very fair! Ah, me! I am in love and need not longer try to disguise it! My presence on this spot at this hour should be proof enough of it to my own mind. It is either evidence of love or of madness! I have ill kept my resolution not to see her again. Yet here I am, and I am confident I shall not go back 'till I have an interview with her, if not too late at night! Perhaps she may care nothing for me—perhaps may have forgotten me! But my heart tells me differently. I could not think so much and tenderly of one wholly indifferent to me herself. What if she should have a rustic lover! I will go towards the farm house and see how things appear; I may possibly get a glimpse of her—perhaps have an opportunity of speaking to her."

With these lover-like thoughts Edward crossed the meadow, and at length reached the yard enclosing the house. He noiselessly crossed the bars and entered a little path that led through a grove to the door. He passed out from the covert of the trees, and the humble house stood plain before him. All was dark!

"They have gone to bed," said he after surveying the unillumined mansion; "I might have known it if I had thought a moment of the habits of farmers. I wonder which is her room! Perhaps this low one with the rose-tree beside it—perhaps that in the attic. Whichever it be, heaven bless her, and angels watch over her innocence and beauty!"

How happy Biddy would have been in her little attic could she have known, while its prisoner, that such a prayer, from such a heart, was breathed so near for her. But she slept in unconsciousness that she had a friend in the world who cared for her. How her heart would have bounded to know she had one devoted lover, and he the youth whose image had occupied so much of her thoughts since she first beheld him, and which always formed a component of all her dreams of coming happiness! Little would she have thought of flying from home in the morning if she had known the handsome young fisherman was hovering around it.

Edward gazed a long while at the house, walked all around it, and dwelt in imagination upon the loveliness of her who might be sleeping within its walls.

"Yes," he at length said fervently, "I will see her to-morrow, and if she is still worthy and will marry me, I'll make her my wife."

He turned to leave the spot, when Bruin, now first conscious of the presence of an intruder, sprung towards him with an angry growl. He started back and then spoke to him in a low but in an authoritative and fearless tone. The dog's menacing approach was instantly exchanged for one more friendly, and coming slowly up to him he scented round his feet and then stood still beside him.

"Noble fellow," said Morris, who had checked his fierceness by speaking to him in the tone in which he was accustomed to address his own dogs; "doubtless if you had speech you would relieve many a doubt for me. Now, good night, sweet maiden!" he said, looking towards the house; "to-morrow I will see thee and thou shalt decide my destiny, for thou alone hast it in thy keeping."

With these words he turned and walked away towards home. Bruin trotted gravely at his side, as if to escort and see him quite off the premises. At the bars the sagacious dog stopped and watched him 'till he got out of sight across the meadow, and then turned and walked slowly back to the house, wondering, no doubt, what that stranger could have wanted about the farm house at that time of night. About four or five hours afterwards he saw Biddy herself appear with her bundle, when, doubtless, his sober wonder was very much increased. His affection for her, however, led him to follow her away without making any remark about the singularity of the circumstance.

Edward safely reached home, and went to bed to dream of apple-trees and haymaking-girls in old straw hats. After breakfast the next morning, he sauntered

along the creek and across the meadow, hoping he might fall in with Biddy. Although as our caption has it, "there be little sprites to aid lovers in extremity," none came to Edward's assistance in the shape of Biddy, and he finally came very near the farm-house without seeing any one. There seemed to be a good deal of bustle there, and two or three neighbors were outside the door, talking loudly and earnestly with Mrs. Woodhull and her two daughters, who stood in it. Approaching nearer with curiosity, he heard one of the women say, "Sarved you just right, Mrs. Woodhull! The way you've treated her has been a public shame to the neighborhood."

"Yes, indeed, it has," echoed another one.

"She was a lazy trollope, and as sassing as a lady," said Mrs. Woodhull, lifting her voice in defence of herself.

"She had city beaux, and thought herself above common folks," said Miss Euphrosia.

"Yes, and I shouldn't wonder if she'd run off with one on 'em, jiss for your treatin' her so onnatural," said the first speaker. "Biddy was a good gal, and every body liked her."

"Yes," said another neighbor, "and for my part, I hopes, Mrs. Woodhull, she'll stay away 'till you can learn to act like a human mother towards her."

"She'll bring shame and disgrace on the family," said Miss Euphrosia, weeping.

"Your treatment to her has brought shame and disgrace on it already, miss," said one of the neighbors, sharply. "Come, folks, let's go home, and not trouble ourselves no more about the matter! I'm glad she's gone! You may go to the other neighbors and hunt, as well as to our houses, but I reckon she's better looked out for herself than to let you lock her up again very soon, as David Woodhull says you did, all day yesterday, on bread and water."

"It's a lie," shrieked Mrs. Woodhull after them, as they turned away.

"Yes, father lies," said the gentle Miss Euphrosia; "we didn't lock her up; and Biddy lies if she dare tell any body so!"

"What seems to be the difficulty, good women," said Edward, as the neighbors whose Sally's account of Biddy's flight, on going in search of her, had brought over to Mrs. Woodhull's house, were passing the place where he stood by the gate.

"Why, it's Mrs. Woodhull, our neighbor, here, sir," answered one of the most forward, "who has always treated her daughter, Biddy, a nice, pretty, and good girl as ever was, jist like a slave! And, yesterday, because somebody said how they saw, two months ago, a city young gentleman sit and talk with her under the old apple-tree in the meadow, when old David was asleep beneath it, what must she do but lock her up on bread and water."

"The infernal hag," exclaimed Edward, with indignation.

"I'm sorry to hear you swear, sir, but it is a pity to think how the poor thing has been treated by her mother and sisters! and jist because Biddy was so sweet and good natured and pretty—and they knew themselves to be so cross, sour and ugly!"

"But what became of her, good woman?" inquired Edward, with solicitous interest.

"Well, you see, her mother locked her up in the attic there, yesterday morning, and made her work all day like a nigger, and fed her on bread and water; and she said she should be locked up so a week, 'till she told who her handsome city beau was. Miss Sally confessed this much to me, just now."

"Did she tell?" asked Edward, coloring.

"No, she wouldn't nor couldn't, nor I wouldn't if I could, if I'd been in Biddy's place," said another of the women.

"And is she there now, locked up?" asked Edward, making a step towards the house.

"Lor' bless your soul, sir, no! That's what the fuss is all about. She took the hinges off the door as nice as you ever seen a smith do it, and so comin' down stairs, got off this morning afore day!"

"Where is she now?" he asked, with breathless interest.

"Dear knows, sir! Her mother, shame to her, has been sending to the neighbors about for her, but I'm thinking she's gone down to York in the early stage. She know'd she could get places enough there, and good treatment at that, if 'twas among strangers. They say old Bruin is missing, too!"

"And this is all that is known, good woman?" asked he, anxiously.

"Yes, and all I hope her mother and Miss 'Phrosy'll ever know about her, 'till they repents their treatment on her. You seem to take it to heart, young man!"

"No, no; I feel indignation at tyranny in any shape, particularly when the victim is the child of the tyrant, and, as you say, young and virtuous. What time does the stage pass by on the road, mornings?"

"Why, about five o'clock, or little earlier," answered the woman, deliberating, after thinking a moment.

"I thank you for your kindness, good woman; if you learn any thing from the young woman—Miss Biddy—I would be obliged to you to send word to Woodburn."

With these words, Edward hastened away, and rapidly took the path by the creek, towards his father's seat.

"Woodburn!" repeated one of the women. "Why, that's Mr. Morris' place. I wonder if that can be his son that's been in Europe?"

"I shouldn't wonder if he was, answered the other two in the same breath.

"What an interest he took in Biddy."

"Didn't he?" repeated the others.

"I shouldn't wonder if he was the New-York beau Miss 'Phrosy talks about!"

"I shouldn't wonder," echoed the others; "he is a nice young man, but too high for Biddy to look up to in an honest way."

"I have known stranger things happen, though, in my day," said one of the women.

"So have I. There's no knowin' what may turn up, as I always says to my old man, Joshua."

"No, there's no knowin'," repeated the other two; and the three went on their way homeward, wondering at, and speculating upon the events of the morning.

The intelligence Edward Morris had received, gave impulse and energy to his active spirit. Biddy had flown from persecution, and he had heard her innocence and worth borne witness to by those who had told him of her paternal bondage and of her flight.

"How fortunate I arrived from Charleston as I did! How unfortunate I had not gone over earlier last evening!" he said to himself; "I would have rescued her with my life! She has fled, no one knows whither! It is now nine o'clock, and the stage has gone by four hours! If she took it, she is in the city by this time! A stranger there, and so young and helpless! I pray that silly fellow, Barton, may not see her and recognize her! Ah! may he not have had something to do with her flight! But no, that cannot be! She has escaped because she was imprisoned by her mother, and without motive or end! I heard something said about her getting some situation in town. Perhaps her necessity may compel her to accept of degrading service—perhaps too—but I will not talk—I will act! She must be found if she be living!"

He was hastening along the path by the deep still water, when he spoke this, and he shuddered with the idea as he looked upon the dark flood, that she might possibly have thrown herself into it! But he could not harbor the thought of such a fearful, voluntary end to youth and beauty like her's, and banishing it from his mind, he hastened onward until he reached his house. John was at the stables attending to his horses. He immediately called to him, and bade him put them at once to the buggy, and prepare to drive him to town. He entered the house to explain to his father the necessity there was of his suddenly returning to New-York, and that he might not be back that night. In a few minutes the horses were at the door, and John in his place, with the lines in his hands. Morris sprung in, and they set off at a pace that carried him soon out of hearing of the old gentleman's reiterated admonition, not to "drive too fast."

Once on the highway, Edward let the horses move at a rapid travelling trot, and in half an hour reached the village of Fordham. Drawing up suddenly at the little inn, he inquired, without alighting, what time the Chester stage had passed along.

"About half pasth sax, yer honor," said the ostler, spunging the horses' noses with a large spunge dipped in cool pump water.

"Were there many passengers?"

"Four, yer honor."

"Was one of them a young person?"

"Yes, yer honor," said Pat, washing a nostril, "a young gossoon of a lad, wid his hat o'er his eyes, and he asleep at dat."

"No, no, a young woman."

"Och, now, and it's thrue for you! there was a young woman inside, and an ould man!"

"Confound the old man!"

"Ay, and divil take him, too, if your honor says the word," said Pat, with a hearty will.

"What kind of a looking person was the young woman?" asked Morris, impatiently.

"Och, wasn't she the darlint! She axed me with the swatest musical voice in the world, if I wouldn't be so obleeging as to be afther givin her a glass o' wather! An' whin I axed her if she wouldn't prefar the drap o' whiskey in praference, she smiled out of her two diamond black eyes, and spake from out her red lips to me, as if I'd been a gintleman, and she the Quane o' Ireland, 'No, I thank you, sir,' and so, yer honor, I gave her the wather, though I didn't like to give the naked wather to sich a nice jewel of a lady at all, at all! It's the illigant bastes yer honor's honor drives!"

Edward, despairing of getting more accurate information from the ostler, threw him half a dollar, and dashed forward at full speed. Though not wholly convinced, from Pat's relation, that he was on the track of the fugitive, yet his hopes whispered to him that this person he discribed might be her; and with this idea, which grew stronger each moment, 'till it approached nearly to conviction in his own mind, he pursued his rapid way, on the road towards Harlem.

To be concluded.

Original.

SONG.

BY MRS. EMELINE S. SMITH.

'Tis ever said Love's magic dream,
Is dearest in life's early hours,
When earth is lit by Rapture's beam,
And time speeds on o'er thornless flowers.

Believe it not—those happy years
May prove that dream all fond and true;
But darker days, of clouds and tears,
Will robe it in a *heavenly* hue.

Oh! none save hearts long tried in woe,
Can feel Affection's power sublime;
And none but those can truly know
How hallowed 'tis by change and time.

'Tis sweet a loved one's smiles to share,
In the gay season of delight,
But sweeter far to soothe their care,
And weep with them in Sorrow's night.

Love's *early* dream is like a flower
Of balmiest breath, and brightest hue,
Blooming in Summer's radiant hour,
And gemm'd with morning's pearly dew,

But, ah! that dream in later days,
Is like the holy star of even,
Which points with pure and perfect rays,
To joys that have their source in Heaven.

Original.

BEETHOVEN.*

A TALE OF ART.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

PART I.

If, dear reader, you have never been so happy as to travel through the beautiful country of the Rhine, I wish from my heart you may speedily have that pleasure; for truly, he who has not seen that unrivalled land, with its pretty villages and its noble cities, its smiling villas and vineyards, and romantic ruined castles—its lordly Rhine, the father of all—nor heard the cheerful songs of its peasants, laboring in the vineyards, cannot know how dear and lovely is our native Germany!

If you have been there, dear reader, it follows as a matter of course, that you left not unvisited the venerable cathedral. And how solemn and strange the feeling that filled your heart, when entering, for the first time, beneath the shadow of those lofty, twilight arches! An awful stillness prevailed around, and speaking pictures looked forth upon you; then as you advanced, streams of softened light came downward from the arched windows of the gigantic nave! The organ was heard; a low, distant murmur, swelling louder and higher, 'till, rising into powerful harmony, the "Gloria" burst forth! then, overpowered by emotion, rapt in contemplation of the unspeakable greatness of Deity—conscious of the feebleness of man—you could but kneel and adore!

At least, so it was with me—and often so—when a youth. I have listened to that music, heard it from beginning to end, then rushed down from the choir, to throw myself prostrate on the marble pavement, and weep tears of joy! Were not Heaven and earth my own? Did I not see them in their holiest loveliness? Heard I not enraptured, their thousand thousand voices—from the sweet murmuring of the flowers, to the awe-inspiring thunder-peal? Understood I not the mysterious harmony of all I saw and heard?

Alas! those years of enthusiasm are flown; the harmony is broken! The flowers that mark the coming of spring, have no longer a voice for me; the startling thunder, that once spoke of the sunshine and beauty about to succeed the short-lived storm—has no significance; even the tones of that magnificent music fail to lift my soul to the height of devotion, inspiring her to mingle her adoration with the world-wide hymn of praise! My heart is hard and cold; but seldom roused, and relapsing into deadness when the brief excitement is over. I am older even in feeling than in years. I shun the merry company of men; I shudder at their jests—their careless hearts—their jovial faces; for they seem to me like shadows—gibbering forms—that mockingly repeat the tones of life. Enough of myself; how prone are we to run into egotism! Let me rather amuse the reader by some reminiscences of a gifted individual, whose fame is linked with the scenes I have spoken of.

* From the German of Lyser.

THE BOY.

It was a mild October afternoon, in the year 1784. A boat was coming down the Rhine, close to that point where the fair city of Bonn sits on its left shore. The company on board, consisted of old and young persons, of both sexes, returning from an excursion of pleasure.

The sun was sinking in the west, and touched the mountain summits, castle crowned, with gold and purple, as the boat came to the shore not far from the city. The company landed, full of gaiety and mirth, the young people walking on before, while their seniors followed, as happy as they, though more thoughtful, and less noisy. They adjourned to a public garden, close on the river side, to finish the day of social enjoyment by partaking of a collation. Old and young were seated, ere long, around the stone table set under the large trees. The crimson faded in the west; the moon poured her soft light, glimmering through the leafy canopy above them, and was reflected in full beauty in the waters of the Rhine.

The merriment of the guests was at its height; the wine sparkled, and lively toasts were drunk, in which the youngsters joined as gleefully as their elders.

"Your boys are right merry fellows," said a benevolent-looking old gentleman, addressing Herr von Beethoven, a tenor singer in the Electoral Chapel; pointing, at the same time, to his two sons—lads of ten and fourteen years of age. "They will certainly turn out something clever," he continued, laughing, as he watched their pranks; "but tell me, Beethoven, why do you not take Louis with you, when you indulge the children with a party of pleasure?"

"Because," answered the person he addressed, "because Louis is a stubborn, dogged, stupid boy, whose troublesome behavior would only spoil our mirth."

"Ah!" returned the old gentleman, "you are always finding fault with the poor lad, and perhaps impose too hard tasks upon him! I see you are more indulgent to the others. It is no wonder he becomes dull and obstinate; nay, I am only surprized that he has not, ere this, broken loose from your sharp control."

"My dear Simrock," replied Beethoven, laughing, "I have a remedy at hand for such humors—my good Spanish cane, which, you see, is of the toughest! Louis is well acquainted with its excellent properties, and stands in wholesome awe thereof! And trust me, neighbor, I know best what is for the boy's good. He has talent, and must be taught to cultivate it; but he will never go to work properly, unless I drive out some of his capricious notions, and set his head right."

"Ah, Johann!" interposed Madame von Beethoven, "you do not know the boy! He has the best and most docile of dispositions, if you only manage him in the proper way."

"The proper way," repeated the father; "and so I must coax and cajole him, and ask his leave humbly to give him a word of instruction!"

"No, certainly; only grant him the same indulgences you allow to his brothers."

"He is not like Carl and Johann," was the muttered answer; "they ought not to be treated alike."

"Nay, nay, neighbor," said Simrock, earnestly.

"Let us talk no more about it," interrupted Beethoven; "I know well what I am doing; and my reasons are satisfactory to myself. *These* boys are a comfort to me; a couple of fine lads; I need hardly ever speak to them, for they are ready to spring at a glance; they always obey me with alacrity and affection. Louis, on the other hand, has been bearish from his infancy. I have never sought to rule him by fear, but only to drive out a little of his sulkiness now and then; yet nothing avails. When his brothers joke with him, as all boys will sometimes, he usually quits the room murmuring; and it is easy to see he would fain beat them if he were not afraid of me. As to his studies, music is the only thing he will learn—I mean with good will; or, if he consents to apply himself to any thing else, I must first knock it into him that it has something to do with music. *Then* he will go to work, but it is his humor not to do it otherwise! If I give him a commission to execute for me, the most arrant clodpole could not be more stupid about it."

"Let him alone, then, to live for his favorite art," said Herr Simrock. "It is often the case that the true artist is a fool in matters of every day life."

"Those are silly fancies," answered Beethoven, again laughing. "Helen is always talking so. The true artist is as much a man as others, and proves himself so; will thrive like the rest of the world, and take care of his family. I know all about it; money—money's the thing! I mean Louis to do well; and that he may learn to do well, I spare not trouble—nor the rod either, when it is necessary! The boy will live to thank me for my pains."

Here the conversation was interrupted, and the subject was not resumed. The hours flew lightly by; it struck nine, and the festive company separated, to return to their homes.

Carl and Johann were in high glee as they went home; they sprang up the steps before their father, and pulled the door bell. The door was opened, and a boy about twelve years old stood in the entry, with a lamp in his hand. He was short and stout for his age; but a sickly paleness, more strongly marked by the contrast of his thick black hair, was observable on his face. His small grey eyes were quick and restless in their movement, very piercing when he fixed them on any object, but softened by the shade of his long dark lashes; his mouth was delicately formed, and the compression of the lips betrayed both pride and sorrow. It was Louis Beethoven.

"Where are my father and mother?" asked he.

"Hallo, nightcap!" cried Carl, laughing, "is it you? Cannot you open your eyes? They are just behind us!"

Without answering his brother, Louis came to meet his parents, and bade them "good evening."

His mother greeted him affectionately; his father said, while the boy busied himself fastening the door—"Well, Louis, I hope you have finished your task?"

"I have, father."

"Very good; to-morrow I will look and see if you have earned your breakfast." So saying, the elder Beethoven went into his chamber; his wife followed him, after bidding her sons good night, Louis, more tenderly than any of them. Carl and Johann withdrew with their brother to their common sleeping apartment, entertaining him with a description of their day of festivity. "Now, Louis," said little Johann, as they finished their account, "if you had not been such a dunce, our father would have taken you along; but he says he thinks that you will be little better than a dunce all the days of your life—and self-willed and stubborn besides."

"Don't talk about that any more!" answered Louis, "but come to bed!"

"Yes, you are always a sleepy head!" cried they both, laughing; but in a few moments after getting into bed, both were asleep, and snoring heartily.

Louis took the lamp from the table, left the apartment softly, and went up-stairs to an attic chamber, where he was wont to retire when he wished to be out of the way of his teasing brothers. He had fitted up the little room for himself as well as his means permitted. A table with three legs, a leathern chair, the bottom partly out, and an old piano, which he had rescued from the possession of rats and mice, made up the furniture; and here, in company with his beloved violin, he was accustomed to pass his happiest hours. He was passionately fond of solitude, and nothing would have better pleased him, than permission to take long walks in the country; where he could hear the murmur of streams and the rustling of foliage, and the surging of the winds on the mountains. But he had not that liberty. His only recreation was to pass a few hours here in his favorite pursuit, indulging his fantasies and reveries, undisturbed by his noisy brothers, or his strict father's reproof.

The boy felt, young as he was, that he was not understood by one of his family, not even excepting his mother. She loved him tenderly, and always took his part when his father found fault with him; but she never knew what was passing in his mind, because he never uttered it. How could he, shy and inexperienced, clothe in words what was burning in his bosom—what was perpetually striving after a language more intense and expressive than human speech? But his genius was not long to be unappreciated.

The next morning a messenger came from the Elector, to Beethoven's house, bringing an order for him to repair immediately to the palace, and fetch with him his son, Louis. The father was surprized; not more so than the boy, whose heart beat with undefined apprehension as they entered the princely mansion. A servant was in waiting, and conducted them without delay, or further announcement, to the presence of the Elector, who was attended by two gentlemen.

The Elector received old Beethoven with great kindness, and said, "We have heard much, recently, of the extraordinary musical talent of your son, Louis. Have

you brought him along with you?" Beethoven replied in the affirmative, stepped back to the door, and bade the boy come in.

"Come nearer, my little lad!" cried the Elector, graciously; "do not be shy. This gentleman here, is our new court organist—Herr Neefe; the other is the famous composer, Herr Yunker, from Cologne. We promised them both they should hear you play something; and think you may venture upon a tune before them. The late Master Von Eden always spoke well of you."

"Yes, he was pleased with me!" murmured the boy, softly. The Prince smiled, and bade him take his seat and begin. He sat down himself in a large easy chair. Louis went to the piano, and without examining the pile of notes that lay awaiting his selection, played a short piece; then a light and graceful melody, which he executed with such ease and spirit—nay, in so admirable a manner, that his distinguished auditors could not forbear expressing their surprize, and even his father was struck. When he left off playing, the Elector arose, came up to him, laid his hand on his head, and said encouragingly—

"Well done, my boy! we are pleased with you! Now, Master Yunker," turning to the gentleman on his right hand, "what say you?"

"Your Highness!" answered the composer, "I will venture to say the lad has had considerable practice with that last air, to execute it so well."

Louis burst into a laugh at this remark; the others looked surprized and grave; his father darted an angry glance at him, and the boy, conscious that he had done something wrong became instantly silent.

The Elector laughed himself at the comical scene. "And pray what are you laughing at, my little fellow?" asked he.

The boy colored and looked down as he replied, "Because Herr Yunker thinks I have learned the air by heart, when it occurred to me but just now while I was playing."

"Then," returned the composer, "if you really improvised that piece, you ought to go through at sight a Motiv I will give you presently."

"Let me try," answered Louis.

"If his Gracious Highness will permit me," said the composer.

Permission was granted. Yunker wrote down on paper a difficult Motiv, and handed it to the boy. Louis read it over carefully, and immediately began to play it according to the rules of counterpoint. The composer listened attentively—his astonishment increased at every turn in the music; and when at last it was finished, in a manner so spirited as to surpass his expectations, his eyes sparkled, and he looked on the lad with keen interest, as the possessor of a genius rarely to be found.

"If he goes on in this way," said he in a low tone to the Elector, "I can assure your Highness that a very great counterpointist may be made out of him."

Neefe observed with a smile, "I agree with the master; but it seems to me the boy's style inclines rather too much to the gloomy and the melancholy."

"It is well," replied his Highness, smiling, "be it your care that it does not become too much so, Herr von Beethoven," he continued, addressing the father; "we take an interest in your son; and it is our pleasure that he complete the studies commenced under your tuition, under that of Herr Neefe. He may come to live with him after to-day. We will take care that he wants for nothing; and his further advancement, also, shall be cared for. You are willing, Louis, to come and live with this gentleman?"

The boy's eyes were fixed on the ground; he raised them, and glanced first at Neefe and then at his father. The offer was a tempting one; he would fare better and have more liberty in his new abode. But there was his *father!* whom he had always loved, who, spite of his severity, had doubtless loved him, and now stood looking upon him earnestly and sadly. He hesitated no longer, but seizing Beethoven's hand and pressing it to his heart, he cried, "No! no! I cannot leave my father."

"You are a good and dutiful lad," said his Highness. "Well, I will not ask you to leave your father, who must be very fond of you. You shall live with him and come and take your lessons of Herr Neefe; that is our will. Adieu! Herr von Beethoven."

From this time Louis lived a new life. His father treated him no longer with harshness, and even reproved his brothers when they tried to tease him. Carl and Johann grew shy of him, however, when they saw what a favorite he had become. Louis found himself no longer restrained, but came and went as he pleased; he took frequent excursions in the country, which he enjoyed with more than youthful pleasure, when the lessons were over.

His worthy master was astonished at the rapid progress of his pupil in his beloved art. "But, Louis," said he, one day, "if you would become a great musician, you must not neglect every thing besides music. You must acquire foreign languages, particularly Latin, Italian, and French. These are all necessary, that you may know what learned men have said and written upon the art. You must not fancy all this knowledge is to come to you of itself; you must be diligent and devote yourself to study, and be sure of being well repaid in the end. For without such cultivation you can never excel in music; nay, even genius, left to itself, is but little better than blind impulse. Would you leave your name to posterity as a true artist, make your own all that bears relation to your art."

Louis promised, and kept his word. In the midst of his playing he would leave off, however much it cost him, if the hour struck for his lessons in the languages. So closely he applied himself, that in a year's time he was tolerably well acquainted, not only with Latin, French, and Italian, but also with the English. His father marvelled at his progress not a little; for years he had labored in vain, with starvation and blows, to make the boy learn the first principles of those languages. He had never, indeed, taken the trouble to explain to him their use in the acquisition of the science of music.

In 1785 appeared Louis's first sonatas. They dis

played uncommon talent, and gave promise that the youthful artist would in future accomplish something great, though scarcely yet could be found in them a trace of that gigantic genius, whose death forty years afterward filled all Europe with sorrow.

The best understanding was now established between father and son; and the lad's natural generosity and warmth of heart being unchecked by undue severity, his kindly feelings overflowed upon all around him. This disposition to love his friends, and to enjoy life, remained with the artist to the end of his days. The benevolent master Simrock was much pleased at his good fortune, and withal somewhat surprized, for spite of his compassionate espousal of the boy's cause, he looked upon Louis rather as a dull fellow. Now his opinion was quite changed; and to show his good will he sent him several presents, and insisted on his coming frequently to his lodgings, to drink a glass of Rhenish in company with his old friend.

"We were both mistaken in the lad," he would say to old Beethoven; "he abounds in wit and odd fancies, but I do not altogether like his mixing up in his music all sorts of strange conceits; the best way, to my notion, is a plain one. Let him follow the great Mozart, step by step; after all, he is the only one, and there is none to come up to him—none!" And Louis's father, who also idolized Mozart, always agreed with his neighbor in his judgment, and echoed—"None!"

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Thus the summer flew by; the foliage grew yellow and began to fall. Our young hero delighted—as what poetical soul does not?—in communion with nature. He wandered often in the woods, and welcomed the autumn breezes that scattered the yellow leaves at his feet. I have always found a pleasant melancholy in my walks at this season, when the slant rays of the sun gleam upon dismantled trees, and the wealth of summer lies on the ground; when the winds sigh through the desolate branches, or the ear is startled by the woodman's stroke, or perhaps the winding of the hunter's horn.

Let none despair of himself to whom heaven has granted the power of enjoying the beauty of Nature! In her maternal bosom is consolation for every woe! He is her favored child; doth he weep over blighted hopes or crushed affections—unreproved his tears flow, and amid silence and solitude, in the calm wood, he hears angel voices that mourn with him, while from the stars far up in heaven comes down a whisper of consolation, "Life is brief, and frail and changeful is the heart of man; but Love is infinite—eternal; thou hast friends that know no change; look above, and hope!" And with the coming sun that wakes to life such myriads of happy creatures, shall new strength and hope visit his soul. But alas for thee! child of sorrow, if thou hearest not that kind healing voice; if night is starless to thine eyes—ere ceases thy heart to break! Could life arise for thee from the dead, thou wouldst still be wretched, wouldst still stand alone and uncared for—kept but by Divine compassion from despair.

Enjoy while thou canst, oh, youthful enthusiast! the luxury of thy being—the beauty around thee! Think'st thou 'tis but, after all, a lovely dream? No—'tis a fair reality, still more fleeting than a dream! Dreams may return to enchant us; realities that are past, never!

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The first lasting sorrow that befel Louis was the loss of his father. Beethoven's health failed at the beginning of winter. Ere long his physician pronounced him beyond hope. By his own request his family were informed that his end was near. Helen and her two sons, Carl and Johann, received the intelligence with loud lamentations; Louis said not a word, but his grief was no less acute.

At night the afflicted family gathered round the bed of the dying. "My Louis!" said Beethoven, faintly. The boy was kneeling by the bed, pale as the sick man himself. He clasped his father's cold hand and pressed it to his lips, but could not speak for tears.

"God's best blessings be upon you, my son!" said his parent. "Promise me that throughout life you will never forsake your brothers; I know they have not loved you as they ought; that is partly my fault; promise me that whatever may happen, you will continue to regard and cherish them."

"I will—I will, dear father!" cried Louis, sobbing. Beethoven pressed his hand in token of satisfaction. The same night he expired. The grief of Louis was unbounded. It was a bitter thing thus to lose a parent just as the ties of nature were strengthened by mutual appreciation and confidence; but it was necessary that he should rouse himself to minister support and comfort to his suffering mother.

The first keenness of his sorrow was blunted by time; and he returned with renewed diligence to his studies. His mother often remonstrated against his pursuit of them with such absorbing eagerness. "You will injure your health, my beloved son," she would say. But he would answer cheerfully, "Be not uneasy, dear mother; the winter will soon be past, and when spring comes I will relax my labors."

Louis was now in his eighteenth year; and the period was memorable in his life. A young kinswoman of his mother, whose parents lived in Cologne, came on a visit to Bonn. Adelaide was a beautiful, sprightly girl. Louis saw her, and it seemed to him that all his previous existence was but a void, and that his real being had but just begun. He was conscious of a thousand new perceptions and thought he had never before felt or seen what was in the world. Nature had new charms for him; he had capacities for joy before undreamed of. As for music, 'till now, it seemed to him the spirit of art had slumbered within him. How magnificent was her awakening! The magic name of Adelaide, her voice, her smile, called his genius into full life, and he felt that he had power to do as he had never done.

First love! Is it not a misnomer? for but *once* can the heart bow to the all-subduing influence? Once cold can it ever be warmed again to that bright luxuriance of life and feeling? And how soon does the tender flower born of fantasy, wither in the breath of reality—never to bloom again! Memory of the lost paradise

alone remains; it is well if there remains not also the saddest fruit of disappointment—a sceptical scorn of all that seems winning and lovely. Happy he whom fate deprives of the object of his love before the sweet delusion is over! No words can paint his heartfelt anguish at the loss. But one bliss is left him; the image of the beloved is still robed in its magic charms; his faith in his ideal is still unshaken. His heart has never proved the bitterest pang.

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For a time our youthful hero was the happiest of the happy, for he yielded his soul to the sway of love, and music was its appropriate language. But Adelaide understood him not; how should she? His eyes indeed spoke a passion deeper than words could reveal; his melodies were of a bolder and higher, yet a tenderer cast; but it was only in the silence of his own apartment, when he sat playing alone, that these signs of emotion might have been discovered. In her presence he sought not to paint in language his devoted love; it was enough for him to look upon her, to watch her graceful movements, to listen to her voice. That was inspiration enough, he wished not for more.

The fair sex are not usually pleased with this species of mute homage; all maidens are not Cecilias; most of them prefer a lover bold enough to venture on an open confession of their power to charm. The fair dream Louis indulged was ere long to be rudely broken. I am not going to give the reader a melancholy love tale; suffice it to say the boy's passion became known to his brother, Carl, and one evening he chanced to overhear a conversation between him and Adelaide. Carl was telling his cousin of Louis' love for her, and laughing at his simplicity in never dreaming of declaring it. Adelaide laughed heartily at her "unsophisticated lover," as she called him, saying she had never suspected such a thing—that she could not help pitying the poor boy—yet was half inclined to draw him out, it was such a capital joke! Carl joined in her merriment, and the two concerted a scheme for their own amusement at the expense of poor Louis.

Pale and trembling, while he leaned against the window-seat concealed by the folds of a curtain, Louis listened to this colloquy. As his brother and cousin left the room, he rushed past them to his own apartment, locked himself in, and did not come forth that night. Afterwards he took pains to shun the company of the heartless fair one; and was always out alone on his walks, or in his own room where he worked every night 'till quite exhausted.

"The lad has found us out," said Carl to his pretty cousin. "What a pity!" answered Adelaide, "I should like to have brought him to reason in my own way, I confess; such an excellent joke! It is really a pity!"

To be continued.

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MANKIND have a great aversion to intellectual labor; but even supposing knowledge to be easily attainable, more people would be content to be ignorant, than would take even a little trouble to acquire it.—*Johnson.*

Original.

FROM THE SKETCH-BOOK OF A TRAVELLER.

THE appearance of Quebec, as you approach Cape Diamond, is, in the highest degree, imposing. You behold a city built upon a precipice, surrounded by a huge wall of stone, with cannon frowning upon you on all sides from its lofty embrasures. At its base, upon a narrow margin of the river, is the Lower Town above which rise the castellated battlements of the cliff, with their round towers, ditches and gates, like some wild and stupendous creation of romance. The churches, and other principal edifices, with their sharp, tinned roofs, glittering in the sun, so constructed as to prevent the snow from accumulating upon them, give an additional effect to the appearance of this most extraordinary place.

The upper city is entirely surrounded by a lofty wall of hewn stone; and it has five gates, opening in different directions to the country, the suburbs and the Lower Town. Two are in the rampart toward the south-west—Saint John's and Saint Louis' gate, protected by outworks of great strength. Through the latter gate is the road leading to the plains of Abraham. This road is kept in good repair; and directly on its left is one of the four Martello towers, erected at different distances between the Saint Lawrence and the Saint Charles. Cannon are mounted on the summit of these towers, to sweep the undefended plains below; and they are so constructed that, if taken by an enemy, they can easily be laid in ruins by the shot of the garrison, while on the opposite, facing the plain, they are of immense thickness. Prescot gate is the principal thoroughfare to the Lower Town. The ascent, up to the hill leading to the gate, appears almost perpendicular. The citadel, with the works about it, occupies nearly forty acres of ground. The fortifications consist of bastions, connected by lofty curtains of masonry, and ramparts of from twenty-five to thirty feet in height, and about the same in thickness, bristling with heavy cannon, round towers, loopholed walls and massive gates, recurring at certain distances in the circumference. The extent of the ramparts, toward the land side, from the south-west angle of the citadel to the cliff above the river Saint Charles is stated to be eighteen hundred and thirty-seven yards. Within the rampart is the esplanade, which is a level space covered with grass, where the several guards on duty at the citadel are mounted.

One of the principal buildings in Quebec, and the most conspicuous, is the Parliament House. It is of cut stone, and has a handsome *facade*, surmounted by a dome and spire, covered with tin. From the dome there is an extensive view of the picturesque scenery around. There are three grand divisions of barracks in Quebec, the principal of which is called the Jesuits' barracks. It is a capacious, quadrangular edifice, with an enclosed area, which is appropriated for the parade and exercise of the troops. Every evening, at nine o'clock a bugle is sounded in front of these barracks, and afterwards, the sound of the drum and fife announces

that the roll is called, and that every soldier must be at his post.

The heights of Abraham are much resorted to, by tourists. The spot where Wolfe died is marked by a monument, lately erected. It is a simple half-column, only nine feet in height, and executed in Montreal marble, shaped from a single block. It bears this simple and sublime inscription—"Here died Wolfe, victorious!" The attack of Wolfe upon Quebec, his death, with that of the French general, Montcalm, have long since been one of the most exciting and interesting chapters in history. The attractive traits of Wolfe's character, his literary predilections, and his numerous accomplishments, gave an unusual interest to the circumstances of his death. In the chapel of the Ursuline Convent, there is a marble slab, lately placed there by Lord Alymar, with this inscription in French—"Honor to Montcalm! Destiny, in depriving him of victory, recompensed him by a glorious death!" The spot where Montgomery fell, in his disastrous attack upon the citadel, is still shown. The heights of Abraham command a noble view. The Saint Lawrence, with its glassy surface, below—the opposite bank of the river, dotted with villas—Point Levi, with its trees and its green lawns—the Isle of Orleans—the distant falls of Montmorency—the intervening fields and farms—the background of mountains—the meandering of the river Saint Charles—and, directly in front, Quebec, with its battlements and its glittering steeples and roofs—all present a scene, not to be surpassed.

Quebec, is said to have derived its name from Jacques Cartier, who, with some Normans, at his first discovery, on perceiving a lofty cape, from the end of the island of Orleans, exclaimed, "*quel bec!*" (what a promontory!) and in course of time, the name of Quebec has remained to it.

The falls of Montmorency, about an hour's ride from Quebec, are much visited. The village of Beaufort, through which you pass on your way to the falls, consists of a long street, with log huts and plastered houses on each side, a church, one or two chapels and a monastery. The falls are higher, by seventy feet, than Niagara; but they are much narrower, and the volume of water that sweeps over them is, of course inferior. Near the foot of the falls, the whole foam of the descent seems to meet like drifting snow, and forming two immense revolving wheels, to be scattered thence into spray, or sent, lashed into froth, over the bed of the torrent.

H. S.

THE true and only reason for not attempting a reform in the state of things is, that the interest of corruption requires them to remain as they are. Hence, as we have before observed on this topic, all parties now seem to agree; they who possess the good things being afraid to risk the least alteration that might affect their possession, and the candidates of future expectation, dreading the utter extinction of those good things, which they still look up to with hope and avidity.

Original.

HOPE AND MEMORY.

BY SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

OH, cease busy Fancy to conjure up pleasures,
That flit like bright phantoms o'er memory's glass,
And teach us to yearn for the forfeited treasures,
Which rise but to mock us, so sweetly they pass,
Which fade and dissolve into air, like a dream,
Or bubbles that glitter and break on the stream.

And yet it is sweet, in our moments of sadness,
To gaze on the picture of former delights.
'Till bounding again to the measure of gladness,
The heart has forgotten the sorrow that blights,
And revels a moment in joys that are past,
But wakes to a bitterer pang than the last.

Yet hope shall illumine the gloom of our sorrow,
The cherub whose smile is a life-giving ray;
Whose flattering promise of brightness to-morrow,
With ruddiness tinges the clouds of to-day.
Though Memory's visions may heighten our pain,
Yet Hope's sunny smile can assuage it again.

Original.

A SONG.

WITH ill-veiled joy they tell me now,
Your smiles like morning's rosy dawn,
So well becoming lip and brow,
Beam as before, though I am gone.

And that to others each dear lay,
You used to breathe to me alone,
Within our bower at closing day,
You sing with still more thrilling tone.

That, as your fairy fingers o'er
The golden lyre-strings softly rove,
Of magic all unknown before,
Each sweetly wildering strain seems wove.

I heed them not—I know the while,
Each dearer thought is all my own,
That every warm and radiant smile,
Springs from a heart that's mine alone.

And that the tones of voice and lyre,
Such as from seraph's harps might flow,
As sweeps your hand each golden wire,
To me their magic sweetness owe.

All may my Rose of Beauty view,
If they to wear it are forbid—
If I, alone, the honey-dew
May sip, that in its heart lies hid.

CAROLINE ORNE.

Original.

THE SYBIL'S FLOWER.

BY HANNAH F. GOULD.

THE little nameless flower now before me, was plucked by a friend travelling in Italy, near the entrance of the Sybil's grotto, on the shore of the Lucrine Lake. "The poetic fable of the Cumæan Sybil is this: Apollo, having become enamored of her, offered to give her whatever she should ask. She demanded to live as many years as she had grains of sand in her hand; but forgot to ask for health and bloom which she then possessed. The god granted her request, but she refused, in return, to listen to his suit; and the gift of longevity, therefore, unaccompanied by freshness and beauty, proved but a burden. She had already lived seven centuries, when Æneas came to Italy; and she had still six more to live, to complete the number; at the expiration of which, she was to wither quite away, and become a mere voice."

BRIGHT flower, thou golden rising star,
Above thy leaves so green,
Thy root is in a land afar,
Hard by old Lake Lucrine.
Thy vital air Italia gave,
Thy tint, her shining skies;
And close before the Sybil's cave,
Didst thou to being rise.
Yet here thou com'st without a name,
Meek stranger, whilst I know
Thy birth-place filled the trump of fame
Two thousand years ago.
Where once dark, mystic deeds were done—
On vanished Cumæ's site,
Didst thou, a beauteous mimic sun,
Spring up to worship light.
Deep musing, oft the Sybil paced
Alone, thy native spot,
Ere her mysterious lines she traced
Within her silent grot.
'Twas there, perhaps, the grains of sand
That she would tell with years,
She smiling, scattered from her hand,
To count them oft by tears.
Perchance 'twas on thy native sod,
Apollo's suit she heard,
In youthful bloom, and to the god
Her fabled prayer preferred.
And there, like many a simple fair,
Impetuous for her aim,
She half forgot to speak her prayer—
Its burden half to name.
For, while the boon that she would gain
Was, that the god would give
A year of time for every grain
Of sand she held, to live—
"In beauty ever bright and young,"
Were words she fain had said,
But ere they sounded from her tongue,
Her treacherous memory fled.
And thus, a thousand years and more,
Was she on earth to dwell,
But faded, withered, wierd and hoar,
Within her shadowy cell.
And, did the soil her sands imbed
From which thy stem shot up?
Did Sol commute the tears she shed,
To gold that fills thy cup?
Did her adored her wish fulfil,
And thus delight to see
His ancient love with beauty still,
Incorporate in thee?
Didst thou then wander off to me,
To wake and light my lyre?
To be fulfilling his decree,
A VOICE amid its fire?

No! Temple, worship prophetess,
And oracle are cast;
With their false power to nothingness,
And darkness of the past.
And thou, where these were swept away,
Didst rise from out the sod,
And shine, a truer light than they,
To show a holier God.
Thy leaves with that eternal name,
Are pencilled o'er and o'er,
Which to the Sybil never came—
Her volumes never bore.
But, while my nobler strains belong
To high, Almighty Power,
I weave thee in my simple song,
To name thee *Sybil's Flower*.

Original.

A FLOWER CHARADE.

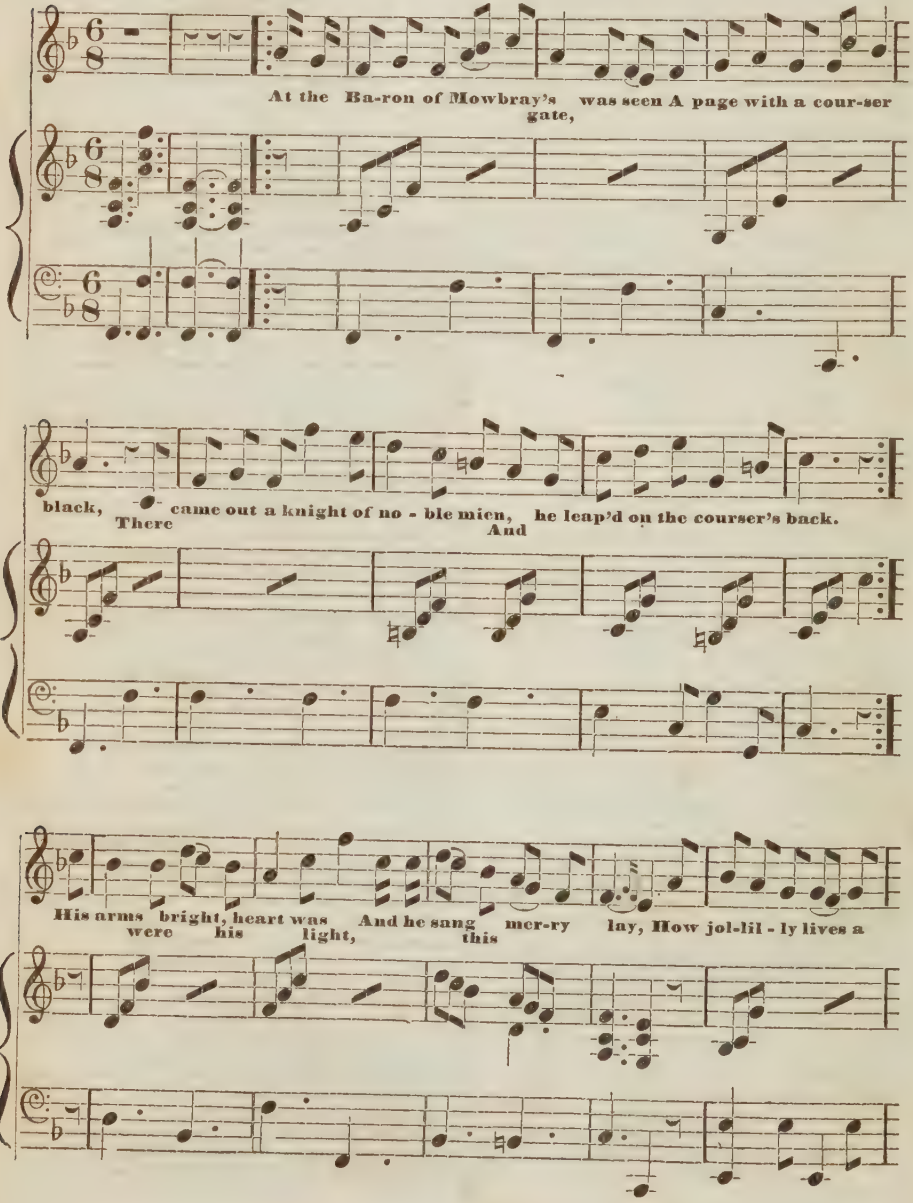
BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

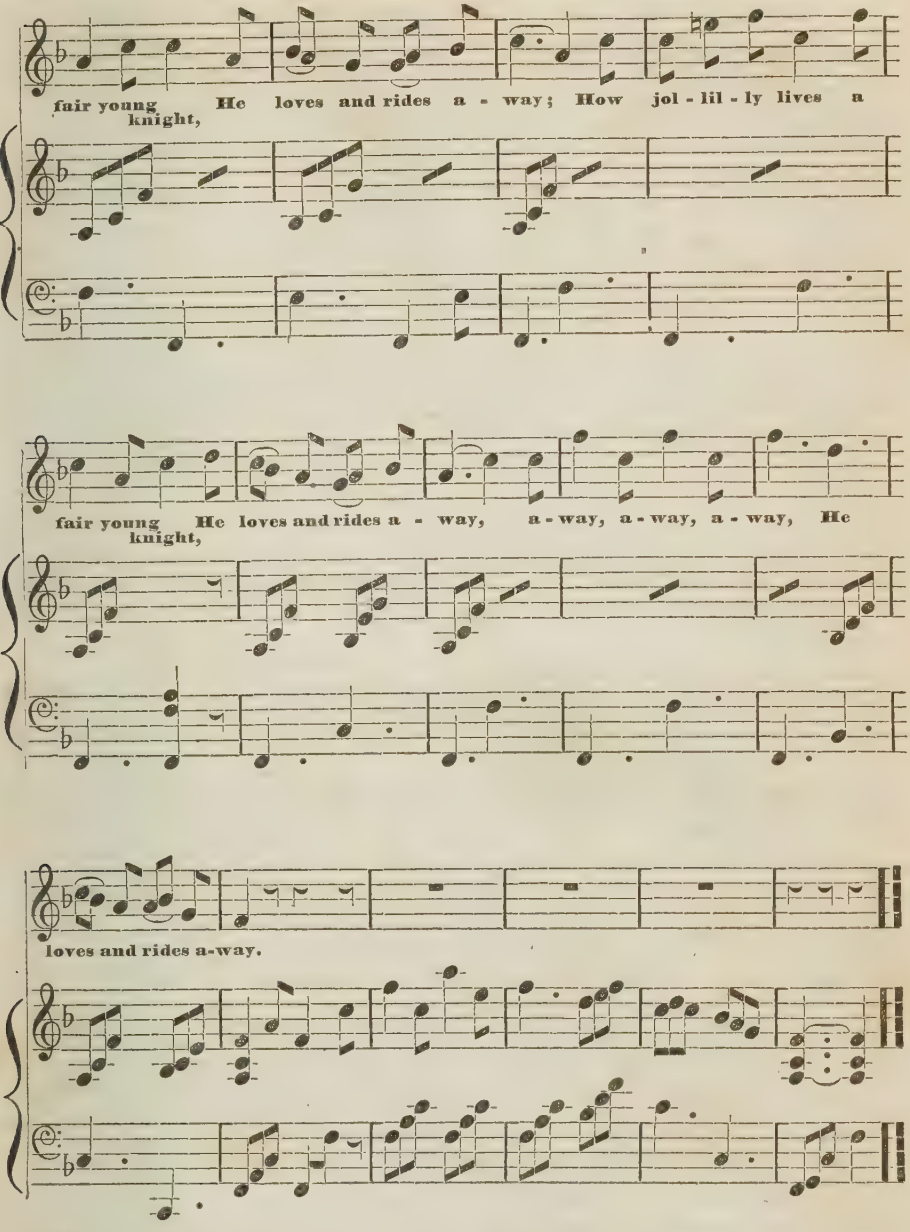
THE nymphs, in a pet, tripped to Venus, one morn,
And declared to the gay queen of beauty,
That the freaks of THE FIRST could no longer be borne,
That he treated their maiden monitions with scorn,
And laughed at their lessons of duty.
They regretted to say that he dreamed but of play,
While he vowed, that he knew more than they did;
And for their part, they begged she would take him away,
For with chiding and coaxing him, day after day,
They were sure, that their bloom was quite faded!
"We would gladly," they sighed, "keep his little wings tied;
But the moment we bind him, he cries out—
No, no! let me go! I've a shaft—I've a bow!'
Then he sharpens his arrow, and frowns at us so,
That we fear he will soon put our eyes out!"
Fair Venus, amused at their innocence, smiled;
But replied with her wonted suavity,
"My thanks for the tenderness shown to the child;
I know he is petulent, playful and wild;
I wish we could teach him more gravity:
But when he's seen more of the world, he'll out-grow,
I trust, every light pecadillo,
I wish him to study the languages;—so
Fit him out for his travels;—at once let him go;—
And Jupiter bless the dear fellow!"
The white doves were harnessed, the car polished bright,
The nymphs and his mother wept o'er him,
He mounted—he bowed—and away, like the light,
Past comet and star, sped the Cyprian sprite,
With his bow and his arrow before him!
THE SECOND he reached at the close of the day,
And he called for a bottle of nectar;
But the blushing bar maid murmured, "What did you say?
Is it this?" And she gave him a glass of tokay;
Ah! do not of mischief suspect her!
THE LAST stole over his senses wild,
With a strange, entrancing power;
He danced—he staggered—he sang—he smiled,
And at length he wandered away, poor child!
To weep in the garden bower.
His tears sank warm in the earth, and lo!
A flower sprang up, like a fairy;
While the girl, as she saw the boy-god go,
Exclaimed "He has left me a token, tho',
Like himself, wild, glowing and airy!
I will name it for him, the stranger bright;
For I knew who it was by his winglets."
So she called it THE WHOLE for the wildered sprite,
And it blushed and smiled, thro' its lattice light,
As she wreathed its soft bloom in her ringlets.

HE LOVES AND RIDES AWAY.

A BALLAD.

COMPOSED AND ARRANGED BY CHARLES EDWARD HORN.


At the Ba-ron of Mowbray's was seen A page with a cour-ser
gate,
black, There came out a knight of no - ble mien, And he leap'd on the courser's back.
His arms were bright, his heart was light, And he sang this mer-ry lay, How jol-lil - ly lives a


fair young knight, He loves and rides a - way; How jol - lil - ly lives a
fair young knight, He loves and rides a - way, a - way, a - way, a - way, He
loves and rides a-way.

SECOND VERSE.

A Lady look'd over the castle wall,
And she heard the knight thus sing;
The lady's tears began to fall,
And her hands she began to wring;
"And didst thou then thy true love plight
And was it but to betray,
Ah! tarry awhile, my own dear knight,
In pity don't ride away!"

THIRD VERSE.

The knight of her tears he took no heed,
While scornful laughed his eyes,
He gave the spur to his prancing steed—
"Good bye, sweet heart, good bye;"
And soon he vanished from her sight—
While she was heard to say,
"Ah! ladies beware of a fair young knight,
He'll love, and he'll ride away,"

LITERARY REVIEW.

PARLOR MELODIES; *comprising music, original and selected, for the Piano Forte and Organ, Harp and Guitar; by Mrs. M. B. Lloyd and Miss M. E. Bailey: Harper & Brothers.*—The publication of these melodies is intended to infuse a taste for the more sacred and serious character of music than what now generally prevails in the musical tuition of females of the present day. The intention is very laudable, and for our own part we highly approve of it, but we fear that too overweaning and precise an inculcation of sombre sounds and sentiments, as is apparently the desire of the Editresses and Poet of the volume, will rather prove detrimental to its circulation than otherwise. The world was not created for gloomy and melancholy feelings alone, and it is a sad heart indeed that cannot occasionally indulge in sweet sounds and beautiful sights—the purest gifts of God to his creatures.

TRAVELS IN EUROPE AND THE EAST; *by Valentine Mott, M. D.: Harper & Brothers.*—The name of the author of this work is a certainty that more than the common-place remarks and observations of travellers will be found in it. It is principally a compendium of the various improvements and discoveries in surgery during the last thirty-five years in England, at which period the author, there, completed his education. To the medical student and practitioner it will afford the *dulce et utili*, while to the mere lover of travel the concluding portion of the volume, which embraces Italy, Greece, Egypt, Asia Minor, and Turkey, will prove extremely interesting, comprising as it does, a vivid and graphic description "of those objects in that part of the world which so intensely absorb and captivate all who make a pilgrimage thither to mourn over the ruins of a land that was once adorned by the most powerful and polished nations that ever existed."

TRADES AND PROFESSIONS; *by Edward Hazen, A. M.: Harper & Brothers*; *Family Library.*—These volumes are intended to impart a slight knowledge of the various useful professions now in operation, to the young student, so that the bias of his inclination may be thereby understood by the parent ere he presumes to select for him a trade or profession. All prolix and abstruse descriptions are studiously avoided, yet sufficient is said in all cases to give a general and explicit knowledge of whatever art or science is considered.

LIEBER'S LABOR AND PROPERTY; *Family Library: Harper & Brothers.*—We welcome this volume most cordially; a more valuable addition to the Library has never before been added. The views which the author entertains on property and labor, as connected with the laws of nature and the organization of society, are sound and efficacious, and admirably adapted to the present state of our country. In the prefatory remarks by the Rev. A. Potter, he shows how the welfare of the whole human family is identified with the savings of economy, or in other words, with the accumulation of capital; and how deeply the laborer is interested in sustaining those laws which protect each man in the enjoyment of his earnings, and of the earnings of his parents or benefactors. "He points out the wisdom of that beautiful provision by which God has connected the progress of our race with the humble labors of industry; and how far such labors are from degrading the individual who pursues them, or from diffusing through society a sordid or unworthy spirit." The volume is deserving of a wide circulation.

BEAUTIES AND SUBLIMITIES OF NATURE; *by Charles Bucke; Family Library: Harper & Brothers.*—A volume containing a fund of most useful information, and which every good man ought to possess. It is a condensation of a larger work of the same title, but nothing of material consequence has been omitted by the selector and revisor, the Rev. W. P. Page. There is scarcely an object in nature but what is touched upon and perspicuously elucidated, and occasionally illustrated by some interesting and apposite anecdote, rendering it worthy of taking a place in this excellent Library.

PSYCHOLOGY; *by S. S. Schmucker: Harper & Brothers.*—This work is designed to disseminate a new system of mental philosophy on the basis of consciousness and common sense. From the portions we have perused of it, we should *venture* to assert that the author has carefully studied his subject, and is thoroughly competent to substantiate his theory. As a work which will afford much that is valuable to the intelligent reader, as well as useful information to the academical scholar, we opine it will become popular.

THE LOVER AND THE HUSBAND, &c.; *Edited by Mrs. Gore: Lea & Blanchard.*—We perused the first and the longest story in these volumes, and which was sufficient to satisfy us that a more strange and useless compound of incidents, characters, and principles we never before met with in the whole course of our desultory prelection. How a lady like Mrs. Gore, possessing the endowments of superior intellect, could ever have lent herself to the superintendence of the publication of such worthless verbiage, is to us a mystery, and doubly so by her bespeaking for them in her preface a favorable reception. But we are charitable enough to suspect that it has been with her a labor of duty, and not of love, a necessary ministering to the taste of her publisher and the public, more than her own conscientious opinion that they really comprehended the elements of originality and excellence.—*Carvill & Co.*

GEORGIA ILLUSTRATED.—Parts five and six are before us, fully sustaining the high reputation which this beautiful publication has acquired. The engravings are certainly the greatest *chef d' œuvres* of the art which have ever emanated from the American burin. The typography is also of the highest order, and the descriptive matter by its editor, William C. Richards, is interesting and well written.—*Gould, Newman, & Saxton.*

THEATRICALS.

PARK.—This house has once more re-opened, but not under the most cheering auspices. The public appears to have relapsed into its former apathy, and scanty houses are again the order of the evening. We regret this extremely, as the performances are, in every respect, deserving of countenance. The new tragedy of Nina Sforza has been brought forward—the heroine represented by Mrs. Seymour. The character is a good one, and her conception of it equally so, but she destroys her delineation by a rapidity of utterance, and an anxiety to excel *herself*. We would also observe in the true spirit of kindness, that she impairs the personal effect which the character demands, by a habit she has acquired in not "*taking*," as it is technically termed, "*the stage*," when it is necessary. This is a fault too prevalent among several of the performers at this house, *huddling* together on the stage, afraid, as it were, of leaving one another for a moment, forgetting that a well dressed stage is as pleasing to the eye, as beautiful language, well delivered, is to the ear. The character of Ugone Spinola, is a compound of Iago, Zanga, Pescara, and others of this class of villains, and, as personated by Mr. Abbot, was a very unequal performance, a withering monotony of speech and gesture pervading the whole of his acting, and an assumption of unfathomable mysteriousness often defying our comprehending the meaning of the text; occasionally, too, did his blank verse halt most lamely, and his dress was more fitting for Romeo, than the heavy villain of the piece. Mr. Wheatley's Doria, was, in many parts, well played, but he relapsed too frequently into his besetting fault of destroying nature by straining after effect. The other characters are of little importance. The scenery, dresses and appointments, are characteristic, and, as a whole, the tragedy is well produced; yet we fear it will never prove profitable to the treasury, although it may add to the reputation of the author. It is a composition that belongs to the school of Shiel—when such performers as Miss O'Neil, Young, Kemble and Macready delighted the lovers of the drama in the Apostate, Evadne, etc. Had it been fortunate enough to have been produced with the aid of such a trio, its success would have been triumphant, but as the stage now stands, it will never greatly succeed.

Bowery.—The revival of the opera of the Bronze Horse, so attractive at this house in former times, has again been the principal feature of novelty, and met with good success. The character of the Prince was sustained by Mrs. Mossop with considerable ability, especially when we reflect that it is much beyond her powers. Mrs. Herring as Peki, contributed much to the delight of the audience; indeed it appears to be of little import in what line she is placed, her versatility always enabling her to be above mediocrity and at times really excellent. Ping Sing, by Gates was a ludicrous performance, a little beyond the limits of nature, yet withal most amusing. The scenery is of the highest order, and the mechanism ingenious and worthy of praise. A variety of plays and melo dramas have been produced for benefits—a sufficient excuse for any deficiency which may have occurred in their representation. We may particularly mention the tragedy of Brutus as deserving of more than ordinary commendation. Mr. Hamblin played the hero in his finest style; partial as we are at all times to his acting, on this evening he won for himself a higher niche than ever in our good opinion. His assumption of idiotcy in the early scenes was painfully life-like and true to nature, and when he cast from him the mantle of folly and launched his curse upon the destroyer, Tarquin, he strongly reminded us of the elder Kean. The paternal struggles in the condemnation of his son, and the burst of agony at his death were the very climax of the art. The Titus of Mr. McCutcheon was a sensible performance. Mrs. Hield, as Tullia, acted with force, yet guided by discrimination; and Miss Clarke, as Tarquinia, looked and acted interestingly. On the occasion of Mr. Dickens' visit to the theatre, the comedy of the Love Chase was represented, Mrs. Shaw playing inimitably the heroine. Determined not to be behind-hand in enterprize on the evening of the anniversary of the birth-day of our Country's father, a grand Military Ball was given in the theatre, the ample dimensions of which were admirably calculated to give to it every effect. The decorations were of the most gorgeous and tasteful character, and the company comprised most of the *elite* of our city; among them we beheld Commodore Perry, the Mayor, and lady, the Recorder, and many of the officers of our army and navy.

Olympic.—A very amusing extravaganza, burlesque, parody, or whatever it may be denominated, bearing the title of Richard No. 3, has been produced here with great success, and affords an excellent field for the display of Mr. Mitchell's peculiar talents in this line of action. Nor can we regard the performance of Mr. Graham, without awarding to him our testimony of praise. Miss Roberts and Miss Singleton also executed the little they had entrusted to them, with taste and cleverness. We are happy to write that the piece has increased nightly in popularity, and plentifully supplies that most essential of all departments in a theatre—*the treasury*.

Chatham.—Tragedy, melo drama, and burlesque, have been the prevailing features throughout the month at this fortunate theatre, J. R. Scott supporting the principal *roles*, and winning for himself abundance of applause, though in many instances unmerited. In this, however, the fault lies as much with the audience as the actor, in bestowing their praise without judicious consideration, which, at the same time, is most injurious to the performer. Depending upon his popularity, the actor is apt to presume, relax in his assiduity, and ultimately become *a stationary commodity*, and then the audience, thanks to themselves, are compelled to receive or refuse him for better or for worse. We witnessed the personation of Mr. Scott's Rolla, and were happy to find in it much to admire, but still it was an immature piece of acting—there was apparently a lack of thought—of intensity and abandonment of *the actor*. We however admit, it is the best of his characters. Of the other ladies and gentlemen in the tragedy, we cannot speak in terms of commendation, they were barely endurable. *Vox et preteria nihil*, was the most prominent feature in all their acting—a dangerous and destructive habit to every performer, and one which, if once it fairly takes root, can never be completely eradicated.

EDITORS' TABLE.

Boz.—We perceive with regret that there is a disposition evinced in various quarters to attach to Mr. Dickens a mercenary motive in his visit to America, inasmuch that he has expressed a desire for the establishing an International Copyright. Now we candidly believe that, in expressing this desire, Mr. Dickens was not actuated by any selfish feeling for himself, but purely from philanthropic love for genius, that a just and honorable protection should be extended to *intellectual property* as well as to chattels, tenements, or lands—a protection which no liberal or enlightened being would for one instant oppose. For the purity of his motives, the sentiments contained in his speech at the dinner given to him at Hartford, are enough to silence all carping on this head; and we cannot do better than insert them in this article. "Gentlemen," he said, "as I have no secrets from you, in the spirit of confidence you have engendered between us, and as I have made a kind of compact with myself that I never will, while I remain in America, omit an opportunity of referring to a topic in which I and all others of my class, on both sides of the great water, are equally interested—equally interested—there is no difference between us. I would beg leave to whisper in your ear two words—*International Copyright*. I use them in no sordid sense, believe me, and those who know me best, best know that. For myself, I would rather that my children coming after me, trudged in the mud, and knew by the general feeling of society that their father was beloved and had been of some use, than I would have them ride in their carriages, and know by their banker's books that he was rich." But admitting that Mr. Dickens was guided by interested motives, we really cannot see that he is in the least degree to blame, or that they detract from either his genius or his character as a gentleman. His genius and his talents are his necessary subsistence, and he has a right to defend them by every lawful and honorable means within his power. It is easy to talk and write about etiquette, of the respect due to his entertainers, and of the indelicacy of alluding to such a subject among those "who assemble to do honor to his genius;" but when is there a more fitting time, or where is there a better place than at the convivial board, and surrounded by those who, like himself, in his own words, secure an honorable subsistence by their minds. The subject has been brought before the tribunals of *our* land and met with the most strenuous opposition. Every effort has been made to effect its consummation. England has freely expressed its wish that such a reciprocity should exist; but America, the soil of equal rights and privileges to all men, has treated this most sacred of all causes with marked neglect. It will by many, perhaps, be argued that England would be the principal gainer by such an act, having on her side the greatest majority of authors; but to argue so would be the betraying of a narrow and jealous mind, which can only exist in the bosom of him who has no love for the beautiful emanations of intellect, who looks upon literature as a mere mechanical operation, who thinks that the labor of the hands is more deserving of protection than the labor of the brain, and that the only literature of value are the columns of the day-book and ledger, forgetting that to "its literature every country must look for one great source of national pride and honor." We repeat, that Mr. Dickens was, and is perfectly justified in introducing the topic. Were it a political question it would soon find a response, and be hailed by the acclamations of party. On the other hand, it is one of vital importance to the great body politic of humanity, and since it has been neglected by the rulers of the land, Mr. Dickens and every author has a right to agitate it on every possible occasion, and by every effort within their power break down so barbarous an opposition, an opposition in direct variance with the the spirit of our country's constitution, a stain upon our character as freemen, a deed only worthy of the gothic ages. While there is no protection for literary labor the intellectual character of our country will be ever in the descending scale. *Our* present literature is not American, it is the literature of England, a dissemination of the feelings, tastes, principles, and modes of that country; and so long as our publishers can with

impunity exercise their piratical privileges, so long shall we remain without a national republic of letters. But to doubly prove that Mr. Dickens is quite disinterested in his desire for an International Copyright, and that he is not merely seeking to accumulate the *cents* and *dollars* of which he has been so *elegantly* accused, we know that since his sojourn among us he has been overwhelmed with solicitations, backed by the most liberal offers, to employ his pen for several publications, all of which he has positively refused; and we can state most emphatically, and from the most authentic source, that he will not, while in America, write for *any one* that he came here *"for relaxation and not to labor as at home."* We trust that Mr. Dickens has independence of mind sufficient to despise the petty attacks of overweaning and envious individuals who would willingly misconstrue his every act and word. Let them proceed, let them shoot their shafts of calumny; he is encased in the panoply of deathless fame, which the weapons of spleen or prejudice can never pierce, or the breath of detraction sully. If any misunderstanding (and God forbid) should transpire between Dickens and ourselves the cause will lie with us, in lavishing upon him honors and attentions without discrimination or judgment; indeed we feel for him in the onerous and delicate position which we seem determined to place him, yet we also feel confident that while he is among us he will prove himself pilot enough to guide his bark through the storms of misrepresentation, and when he is safely moored once more in the haven of his native land he will remember with gratitude and pleasure the warm hearts and willing hands who rendered that homage to his genius which they deny to title, wealth, or power.

THE BOZ BALL.—This much vaunted of affair came off at the Park theatre on Monday, the 14th of February, under the direction of a committee of some of our principal citizens; and in respect of elegance of appointments, decorations, and company, if we except the Lafayette fête, was never surpassed in this city. The reception of Mr. Dickens and lady in the ball-room if not in good taste, was at least most enthusiastic. The harmony of the evening was unbroken, the music excellent, the viands miserable, and the dancing mediocre. We cannot, however, but regard this ebullition of public feeling manifested by our citizens as prompted by a paltry desire to excel their Boston neighbors, and also to *benefit the management* of the Park theatre, as much as to do honor to Mr. Dickens. The last desire bears on its face the impress of fact when we recollect that he was announced to appear a *second time* at reduced prices. It had all the appearance of a mercenary speculation to fill the coffers of the treasury by the exhibition of Mr. Dickens' person. The plausible phraseology of *numbers having been disappointed* at the first *Boz Ball!* was a most lame and impotent excuse, and sincerely do we rejoice that only a few good easy souls were caught in the *souricière*. Mr. Dickens was not present—his excuse was illness, and we believe it—but even if he had been well, and in the goodness of his heart and the hilarity of the moment, on the evening of the Boz ovation, (as we have no doubt he did) consented to be present, he would have been perfectly justified, on cool reflection, to have withdrawn his consent. They can be no friends to Mr. Dickens who could have asked or advised him so to commit himself, and we sincerely trust that it will serve as a most salutary lesson to him while in America in being cautious from whom and why he receives invitations. Mr. Dickens must be astounded at the adulation rendered to him, his own good sense must inform him it is too fulsome to be sincere; his genius deserves the grateful, yet respectful homage of the human race, but not the glittering pageantry of the theatre, the huzzas of the multitude, the bowing to him, and *"kissing of the hems of his garments."* We are people of excitement, fickle as the wind, uncertain as the elements; and he may find, when too late, that by being too obliging, the popular feeling may become as suddenly hostile to him as it is now friendly. At present, his popularity is greater than any other foreigner who has ever preceded him; it is also more deserved—and long and ever may it continue, sincerely say we.

NEW THEATRE.—It is now, we learn, definitively arranged that a new Theatre is to be erected in Broadway by that indefatigable and indomitable gentleman, *Thomas S. Hamblin, Esq.*, who has effected his arrangements so as to commence its construction as soon as the season will admit. This is an enterprize that strongly deserves the countenance of the public, both as it will be an appropriate temple for the Drama, which has for many years been wanted, and also as an ornament of architecture to our city. The first positive information we received on the subject was from the Boston Traveller, in a warm and honorable notice of Mr. Hamblin and his projected enterprize, the sentiments of which are in such exact accordance with our own that we cannot do better than quote the article, most cordially endorsing its every word:

"The public will need no other guarantee of the completion and success of this great work, than the fact that it is projected and will be built by Mr. T. S. Hamblin, a gentleman distinguished for his shrewdness in calculation, his boldness in enterprize, and his general success in all managerial matters. It is a remarkable fact that he is at the present time, with a single exception, the only solvent manager in this country. While the theatres in this city, New-York, Philadelphia, and other cities, have sunk thousands and hundreds of thousands of dollars; while the Park, the most aristocratic, and for many years the most lucrative American establishment, has been repeatedly forced to close its doors, Mr. Hamblin has been able to sustain his favorite house, the Bowery, through every emergency, and promptly and honorably to meet all his engagements. He seems designed by nature for a leader, and by his own energy and determined perseverance often executes masterly designs which would fail in other hands."

ABBOT'S LECTURE.—At the Park theatre Mr. Abbot has twice delivered his elocutionary lecture to intellectual, if not to crowded audiences. It is of a nature calculated to rationally amuse, if not greatly instruct. His remarks upon the Drama, for and against its utility, his reminiscences of authors, actors, and his recitations were given with considerable character and in good taste. One great drawback, however, to the *telling* of the lecture was its being read. By this the expression of the features and gesticulation, both essentially necessary in public speaking, were completely destroyed. We would, if possible, recommend to Mr. Abbot a committal of his theme to memory, ere he again essays its delivery.

NEW MUSIC.—"The Spanish Vesper Chaunt," by S. Nelson; the well known and deservedly popular ballad of "Woodman Spare that Tree," arranged with brilliant variations for the Piano Forte, by W. H. Holmes, professor of the Royal Academy of Music; "The Werry Last Observations of Weller, Senior," by James G. Meader, words by J. M. Field; "Operatic Gems," No. 27, a very beautiful collection by Wm. Forbes; and "*The Boz Waltzes*," by Jas. Lanner—the latter exquisitely got up, are the latest musical issues from the enterprizing firm of Firth & Hall, Franklin Square.

SPRING FASHIONS.—*Promenade Dress.*—Silk robe—body tight—sleeves tolerably full and tight at wrist—skirt full with a deep flounce—a row of fanciful trimmings of the same material descending in front from the waist to the bottom of the skirt; a deep tippet or mantilla is worn; narrow, open bonnet trimmed with flowers; hair braided on the brow and descending in ringlets on each side of the face.

Evening Dress.—Hair plainly braided and ornamented with flowers; the brow encircled with a wreath of pearls; dress robe of fancy colored silk or velvet, low breasted—sleeves short, exposing the arm—body tight and long, trimmed with lace—skirt full with two silk festoons at the bottom; bracelets.

Walking Dress differs little from the promenade: A cloak with the capuchin hood occasionally is worn; hair the same as in the promenade dress; gloves; vandyke, or deep frill fastened by a large brooch. Fur tippets are also in vogue as well as fur pelerines—and cloaks are also trimmed with sable. In fact, there is no decided walking costume—caprice being the director.

VILLAGE OF SING-SING.

Hudson River.

THE LADIES' COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, APRIL, 1842.

THE VILLAGE OF SING SING.

Sing Sing, our illustration for the present month, is a populous and thriving village of West Chester County, New-York, situated in the town of Mount Pleasant, on the banks of the Hudson river, thirty miles from the city. The principal object of interest, is the celebrated State Prison, erected within a few years, by the labor of convicts. It is built altogether of lime stone, in the form of a hollow square, five hundred by two hundred and fifty feet—five stories in height, and contains one thousand cells for prisoners, with workshops, hospital, etc. The expense of erection amounted to a sum over two hundred thousand dollars. The discipline observed is of the most excellent and salutary character. In the village is Mount Pleasant Academy, of a very high reputation. The trade is considerable, and in the neighborhood are extensive quarries, famous for the beautiful white marble in which they abound. In the war of the Revolution, Sing Sing with the other parts of West Chester County, suffered severely, owing to the British and American lines being in the neighborhood; and so dreadful did oppression and pillage bear upon the inhabitants, that the whole district presented an almost universal field of desolation. In many cases they deserted their dwellings, and those who did remain, withered in hopelessness and fear. A writer who was a resident in this county at this memorable period, discourses of it thus: "Amid all this appearance of desolation, nothing struck my eye more forcibly than the sight of the high road. Where I had heretofore seen a continual succession of horses and carriages, life and bustle lending a sprightliness to all the surrounding objects, not a single, solitary traveller was seen, from week to week, or from month to month. The world was motionless and silent—the very tracks of the carriages were grown over, and obliterated; and where they were discernible, resembled the faint impression of chariot wheels, said to be left in the pavement of Herculaneum. The grass was of full height for the scythe, and strongly realized to my own mind, for the first time, the proper import of that picturesque declaration in the song of Deborah. 'In the days of Shamgar, the son of Anath, in the days of Jael, the high ways were unoccupied, and the travellers walked through by-paths. The inhabitants of the villages ceased: they ceased in Israel.'" The reign of Independence being established, prosperity soon poured her bounties over the land. Apathy gave place to cheerfulness—fear to confidence, and the husbandman once more sowed the seed whose produce he knew would not be torn from him by the aggressor of foreign power. Since then it has ever found favor in the eye of a bountiful Providence, and at this moment, is one of the most prosperous agricultural districts, while the beautiful scenery of the Hudson, on whose banks Sing Sing is situated, renders it one of the most delightful and convenient retreats in the neighborhood of New-York.

R. H.

Original.

THE LAUNCH.

BY HANNAH F. GOULD.

Behold her as an empress proud
In primal beauty stand!
And hark! the blows sound quick and loud,
Her long farewell to land.
Yes, noble ship, thy long farewell
To rest upon the shore.
The tide has pledged thee by the swell,
And thou shalt thirst no more.

Methinks the broad old Merrimack,
As he rolls by, with pride
Now on the loftiest ship looks back,
That ever graced his side;*
In zenith splendor, while the sun
Smiles down from azure clear,
To set her forth, the noblest one
He e'er illumined here.

While rocks and woods those sounds repeat
That o'er the waters peal,
Her life-pulse answers by its beat—
Slow moves her mighty keel.
She glides—she shoots, and forward springs,
Ere yet she has unfurled,
Or even found her ample wings,
To gain the watery world.

And there among the river-waves,
As 'twere a sacred rite,
Her maiden forehead, plunging, laves—
Then, shining, heaves to light.
The sparkling waters leap and play,
And sing on every side,
With wreathes for her espousal day—
She hence is ocean's bride!

Oh, Thou, who mak'st yon sun to pour
His glory from on high,
This fair young ship in love watch o'er
With ever-guardian eye!
Thy hand controls the powers of air—
Contains the billowy sea;
And we, in this baptismal prayer,
Commend her life to Thee.

*The ship in view, was launched at Newburyport, in the autumn of 1841, and said to be the largest merchant-ship ever built on the Merrimack.

Original.

THE SEXTON'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

In the suburbs of a certain great metropolis, which need not be more precisely designated, and contiguous to one of its most frequented thoroughfares, lies a square of ground, which, about twenty years since, was considered sufficiently distant from the city to be selected as a fitting site for a rural cemetery. Surrounded on all sides by a high wall of solid masonry, it was only through the bars of the massy gate which formed its sole entrance that the interior could be discerned. A broad avenue led directly to a white building in the centre of the square, and from this spot narrower paths diverged in all directions to the various parts of the burial ground. Trees of rapid growth had been planted with a view to picturesque beauty, and ornamental shrubbery was intermingled with the marble monuments which gleamed here and there amid the foliage. A rich green turf covered the earth, and instead of the rank, coarse grass usually the growth of graves, each little hillock was overgrown with tufts of the beautiful and luxuriant moss-pink. Indeed, but for the carved sepulchral stones which met the eye on every side, that verdant and sunny enclosure might have seemed like a private pleasure ground. The pretty, half-gothic edifice in the midst, was appropriated to two very different purposes, for, while its more imposing portion was used as a chapel, where the religious services for the dead were performed, the humbler tenement, which nestled under the shadow of the sanctuary, was the abode of the living. It was a strange and lonely spot in which to build up a home, with the world of life thus shut out, and the mouldering dead lying around; nor were there wanting persons who wondered that a man should be willing to dwell amid these melancholy memorials of mortality.

But the occupant of this quiet abode had become too familiar with the grave to shrink from its proximity. For more than forty years Jonas Mayberry had been a sexton, and even as a garden to other men, so was a grave-yard to him; for his own hands had planted there the seeds which were to bear amaranthine blossoms by the river of the waters of eternal life. He was a man of melancholy temperament, with a face furrowed by deeper wrinkles than those planted by the hand of time, and a head whitened by the frosts of grief more than age. His pursuits had made him thoughtful and contemplative, for he had held frequent communings with himself in the chambers of death, and the solemn presence of the king of terrors had early checked the mirthful fancy and the cheerful thought. Jonas Mayberry was a silent and, as many supposed, a stern man. The little children looked askance at the hoary-headed sexton, and trembled at his glance if, perchance, during regular worship the buoyancy of youthful spirits overcame the restraints of decorum. Yet he was neither a severe nor ill-tempered man. His profession had made him silent, and his bereavements had made him sad, but his cold exterior concealed a heart filled with warm affections and friendliness. Like all persons of his peculiar temperament, he possessed strong feelings, and perhaps these secret emotions wrought for themselves a deeper channel within his bosom because rarely allowed to overflow their bounds. But, one after another, the objects of his love had been taken from him. Within the limits of that cemetery, in sight of the little window by which was placed his great leathern arm-chair, were seven hillocks, planted with fragrant flowers, and shaded by a spreading elm. There lay his gentle wife, who had once been as light to his eyes, and the six fair children whose voices had once been music to his ear. Some of his children had died in early infancy, some in joyous youth, and one in the bloom of early manhood. Last of all, the mother, the silent mourner of the dead, joined the departed, and Jonas Mayberry was left alone with his youngest, and now only child. Who can wonder that the shadow of a mighty grief settled on the brow of the desolate old man? Who can fathom the depth of the unutterable love with which he regarded this youngling of his flock, the only relic of his former happiness?

But far different was the character of this cherished child. She was too young at the time of those afflictions to remember them with sadness, and never did a sweeter face or merrier heart than her's light up the quiet precincts of an humble home It was a strange thing to see that fair creature sporting in all the joy of her young life amid the grassy mounds where lay concealed the hideous form of death, A strange, yet pleasant sound had her cheerful song, an old worlds ballad, as it was borne on the gale which stirred the grass on many a mouldering breast. Strangest of all seemed the echo of her merry laughter among the dark trees which shadowed the graves of many as young and fair as herself. A gay, and happy, and beautiful child was Lucy Mayberry. Often would her father pause in his work, and leaning on his spade in some half finished grave watch her sports and listen to her voice, as if he drew from thence all the joy and music of his life.

Lucy was her father's only companion; he had taught her all she knew, for her first lessons in wisdom had been learned from his lips, and her first ideas of duty had been imparted by his precepts. She loved him with a deep and earnest affection, yet there was a degree of awe mingled with her love which checked its spontaneous expression. She could not fathom the depths of his heart, she could not look into the recesses of his bosom and behold her image in all its living, breathing beauty, enshrined beside the unfaded forms of the departed. She could not associate his calm, cold manner with her ideas of ardent tenderness, and therefore, even while she loved him better than any earthly being, she did not pour forth into his ear the fulness of her affectionate nature. Nor was this timid reserve confined to the days of her early youth. The awe with which he had unconsciously inspired her childhood still existed when she verged towards womanhood, and she was conscious that there dwelt within her bosom emotions compared to which filial love was but as the whisper of the summer gale to the voice of the wild tempest.

The seclusion in which Lucy lived was little suited to

her joyous character. In childhood she had found exercise for her active mind in her studies, the care of her pet birds, and the various amusements which her home afforded. The flowers which sprang up beneath her feet, the breeze which played in her long curls, the blue sky which smiled above her head, all were sources of enjoyment to her. But as she grew older, and her feelings became more developed, Lucy was sensible of other desires. The hum of the busy world beyond the walls of the silent burial-place came to her ears with a sweeter sound than the voice of the summer bird or the autumn wind. Rumors of life's gay enjoyments were brought to her seclusion by the few young friends who visited her; and the fascinating page of the novelist awakened her imagination to new delights, which could only be realized by the scenes of yet untried existence. She became restless and unhappy. Her cheek lost its bloom and her voice its ringing tones of mirth; yet, ignorant of the mystery of her own nature she knew not the meaning of the melancholy which was consuming her, until her father, alarmed at her altered looks, proposed that she should pass the Christmas week with some distant relatives in the city, and then her joy discovered to her how much she had pined for some such change. Had she known how greatly her father suffered from this sacrifice of her society, perhaps she would have shrunk from purchasing her own gratification at such a price. But, deceived by his habitual gravity, she discovered not that her presence was essential to his comfort. With a joyous face she imprinted a kiss upon his cheek, and while her glad farewell struck a pang to the heart of the lonely parent, it awoke the idea, which he cared not to indulge, that the time must come when his darling Lucy would find her happiness in other scenes, and Love would deprive him of the treasure which Death had spared.

To one who had lived in such utter seclusion, every thing in the gay world seemed enchanting. Lucy's friends were in the lower rank of life, active, honest, industrious, and with ideas of enjoyment which, though perhaps somewhat deficient in refinement, were very attractive to one who had never before tasted the pleasures of society. The theatre, the merry dance, the evening walk, the social party, are amusements shared by the thriving mechanic in his sphere as well as by the opulent merchant in a loftier station, and if the restraints of etiquette are less understood in the lower circles, the boundaries of virtue and delicacy are perhaps more clearly defined than in the commoner code of fashion. Lucy Mayberry's extreme beauty rendered her an object of attention to every one, for even those who lacked the cultivation of eye and mind, which enables us to estimate symmetry of feature, could appreciate the sunny cheerfulness which illumined her face. For the first time in her life she listened to the voice of adulation, for the first time she learned that she possessed the precious gift of beauty, and the seeds of vanity were sown in a not ungenial soil.

But there was a degree of refinement in Lucy's nature which elevated her above her companions, and her good taste frequently interposed when her sense of propriety was at fault. The coarse pleasantries of some of her half-educated admirers offended her, and the somewhat free manners of others disgusted her; yet still she could not summon courage to tear herself from the gayeties which were so new and so delightful. The world was not all she had fancied it, yet it was a pleasanter place than the old burial-ground, and, day after day, she sent excuses to her father for prolonging her stay. Perhaps she would scarce have acknowledged to herself the secret motive which detained her. Accident had made her acquainted with a young midshipman, whom a love of frolic had led into society very inferior to that which he was entitled to enter. He had accompanied some wild and giddy friends to one of those public balls where the company is made up of rather heterogeneous materials, and while pursuing only the whim of the moment, had been attracted by the fresh glowing beauty of Lucy Mayberry. A little management soon placed him at her side, and she became the object of his marked attentions throughout the whole evening. Lucy's utter ignorance of the laws of propriety in such matters, rendered the task of continuing the acquaintance by no means difficult; and her relatives, proud of a visitor who wore gold lace, seemed to have no idea of their own imprudence. Harry Mildmay became the constant attendant upon Lucy, and she found in him the qualities which had been wanting in her more honest, though less polished admirers. There was a peculiar charm in the frank manners and merry temper of the young sailor. His tales of the wild and wonderful, the grotesque and the pathetic, were full of interest to her, and as she listened to the adventures of the wandering youth, she felt that like Desdemona

"She loved him for the perils he had past."

But at length a peremptory summons from her father recalled her to a sense of her duty, and taught her the nature of her own feelings, for the keen regret with which she thought of parting with her new friend first made her sensible how deeply her happiness was involved.

Harry Mildmay knew too much of the world to be in doubt respecting the interest he had awakened in her bosom. Older in experience than in years, he had passed, not unscathed, through the ordeal which the young and inexperienced sailor must undergo. The natural propensity to evil which exists in the hearts of all, and the bad example of others older and wiser than himself, had rendered fatal aid to the allurements of temptation, until, at five-and-twenty, Harry Mildmay was an adept in the school of vice. But he was not quite hardened in sin. The remembrance of the mother who had watched over his childhood, and of the blue eyed sister who had been the companion of his infancy, often came to his heart with a restraining influence. Both had long since gone down to the grave and left him lonely and friendless, yet for their sakes he could not but revere the loveliness of female purity. He had yielded himself to the impulse of ungoverned feeling in his admiration of the artless Lucy, he had not allowed himself to reflect upon the consequences of his avowed

admiration of her, and a bitter pang of self-reproval mingled with his pride and pleasure in her ardent attachment. His life was destined to be one of wandering and privation. Neither his habits nor his poverty allowed him to think of marriage; and he was now conscious that in winning Lucy's affections he had obtained a treasure which must necessarily be useless to him. Besides, had no other obstacle existed, he would have considered her humble birth an insurmountable barrier between them. He was poor, it is true, dependant entirely on the pittance which is so grudgingly dealt out to the defenders of our country. But the blood of one of the proudest families in "Old Dominion," ran in his veins, and he would have spurned the thought of such a degrading alliance. His first determination was to bid Lucy a careless farewell, and forget the whole affair in some more piquant excitement; but the truthfulness and simplicity of the poor girl frustrated this plan. Her agitation betrayed her tenderness, and in the madness of the moment, Harry Mildmay poured forth the ardent feelings of his passionate nature. Ere they parted they were plighted lovers, and Mildmay had extorted from Lucy a promise of secrecy until such time as he should deem it proper to acquaint her father.

Lucy was pained at the necessity of concealment, but her habitual awe of her father, and a secret misgiving as to his approval of her lover, together with Mildmay's wishes, induced her to promise secrecy. She returned to her quiet home with a blooming cheek and bright eye, but the dove of peace no longer nestled in her bosom. The affection which she nursed within her heart was not the calm and hallowed feeling which alone was worthy to inhabit so pure an abode. Restless and troubled in her very hopes, she well knew that her father would not willingly resign his only child to the roving and unsteady sailor; and, therefore, she could not but feel that there was guilt and deception in cherishing such an emotion. But the influence of her lover was paramount in the mind of the inexperienced girl. He hovered near her, and many opportunities occurred of enjoying stolen interviews, which gladdened the heart and brightened the hopes of Lucy in despite of her better impulses.

At length the ship to which Harry Mildmay was attached received orders for sea. Lucy was overwhelmed with grief, and her lover seemed to share her sorrow, though it may be doubted whether he did not hail, with a sense of relief, this necessity for separation. He thought not of making her his wife, he respected her pure feelings too much to meditate wrong towards her, and as he recovered from the first intoxication of passion he felt that it would be better for both if they never met again. He trusted that time would efface his image from Lucy's mind, for he had seen enough of the world to have lost all faith in devoted constancy. He had read the volume of human nature by the discolored light of his own passions, and he had learned many an evil lesson from its pages. But he shrunk from explaining to the affectionate girl the true state of his feelings. He had not sufficient moral courage to confess his folly, and by the infliction of present disappointment, rescue her from future suffering. While inly resolved never to behold her again, he vowed eternal fidelity, and promised that on his return her father should be made acquainted with his wishes. They parted in secrecy and in sorrow. A ring on the finger of the drooping girl and a tress of jet-black hair folded in a locket which lay upon her bosom, were the only visible tokens of her bewildering dream; but the memory of her lover, and her hope of his return were entwined with her very life.

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Oh! would I were a spirit bright,
Dwelling above yon clear blue sky,
And winged, to sport in golden light,
Or on yon rosy clouds to lie;
To worship each sweet star that there
In changeless beauty might arise,—
Yet no,—for I should feel they were
Far, far less dear than earthly eyes.

Oh! would I were a spirit, free
From worldly cares of little worth!
More blest than angels I should be,
An unseen habitant of earth;
Then would I hover round the spot
Where my beloved might chance to dwell,
And, not forgetting if forgot,
Breathe o'er his heart affection's spell.

Then I would show him bright revealings
Of all his noble mind has dreamed,
And bless the high and holy feelings
Whose light has o'er his spirit gleamed;
Then might I shield from every grief
The heart, whose darkest errors are
But passing shadows, like the brief
And fleeting cloud across a star.

Such was the song—the passionate effusion of some heart as love-lorn as her own—with which Lucy Mayberry was beguiling the hour of twilight, one evening in the early autumn. Nearly two years had passed, since she parted with her lover, and many a weary month had been spent in lonely dreariness of spirit since his last kiss was imprinted on her throbbing brow. But she now knew that the ship in which he served, had been ordered home; she learned from the papers that it was daily expected to arrive in port, and her heart grew lighter with the thought that Harry Mildmay was now returning to claim her as his bride. Had she known with what rapid steps the young midshipman had been travelling the downward path of sin, during the time he had been absent—had she known that his love of the social glass had already degenerated into gross intemperance—had she known that the evil habits which had been so carefully concealed from her sight were now the master passions of his nature, she would have had as little hope as joy in the anticipation of his return. But she thought of the gay and jovial sailor as she had last beheld him; she remembered the passionate words, the love-fraught looks that had bewildered her young heart, and she looked forward to a reunion with feelings which sent the rich glow of happiness to her cheek, and the light of joy to her eye.

On the evening of which we have spoken, Lucy sat in the little porch, and the melody still lingered on her lips, when a funeral train, headed as usual, by the old sexton, entered the broad avenue of the cemetery. Lucy immediately rose, and retired into the house, but she had observed that few persons followed in the mournful procession, and, when she saw the corpse borne to that corner of the ground usually appropriated to strangers, she knew that it must be the body of some unfor-

tunate being who had died without the presence of relatives or friends. But the sight of death was too familiar to awaken more than the passing sigh of sympathy. Lucy stood at her window, which commanded a full view of the spot, and witnessed the burial with serious but untroubled feelings. As the attendants of the funeral slowly straggled out of the cemetery, she carelessly wended her way to the place where her father still remained, directing the labors of a little deformed negro who had recently been employed as grave-digger, by the now infirm old sexton.

"This seems to have been a stranger, father," said Lucy, "but the grave shall not lack the offering of sympathy. As she spoke, she stooped to plant a tuft of violets on the little hillock, which the negro was now shaping with his spade.

"There are some who deserve no such offering, Lucy," said her father, in a grave tone; "if all tales be true the rank weed were a more fitting memorial than the sweet violet, of him who lies beneath your feet."

Lucy looked up inquiringly, but the old man merely said, "He was hurried into the grave in order that no questions might be asked about the business: all I know is, that he was accidentally killed in a drunken brawl."

The girl shuddered with mingled disgust and horror as she turned from the grave, and busied herself with the flowers which grew over the head of an emigrant's babe.

That night, after Lucy returned to her apartment, which, like all the rooms in the house, was on the ground-floor, she was oppressed by the close and heated atmosphere of the chamber. Her sleep was disturbed and broken—the horrors of nightmare startled her several times from her slumbers, until, at length, in the hope of changing the current of her excited fancies, she arose from her bed, and seated herself at the window. She threw open the casement, that the chill autumn air might cool her fevered blood. A young moon was faintly struggling through the clouds, and its dim light only served to define the limits of some of the swelling hillocks, or to discover some tombstone lying white and ghastly in the distance. The scene was one little calculated to quiet the feelings of most females, for the silent presence of *Night* and *Death* might have awakened an awe almost amounting to fear even in the boldest heart. But familiar with these objects from her infancy, Lucy had never known those weak terrors which are usually implanted in childhood, and often remain uneradicated in old age. She had no fears of the supernatural—she had lived too long among the dead to dread their presence, and though tales of sheeted ghosts and flitting corpse-candles often reached her ears, they had made little impression upon her imagination. Indeed, Lucy was remarkable for her courageous character, and one of her most decided traits from childhood, had been presence of mind. These qualities were now to be tried to their utmost, for as she still sat by the window, leaning her head upon her hand, she descried a light, apparently in the direction of the stranger's grave. While she gazed, the light began to move, with an irregular, jerking motion, yet seeming scarcely to rise above the surface of the earth. She traced it from the grave to one angle of the wall, then creeping around the enclosure, but still with the same uncertain flicker, it seemed to advance towards the house. As she watched, a feeling of awe and dread took possession of her heart, but at this moment, the light stopped, its position was, for a moment, changed, and she discovered that it proceeded from a dark lanthorn, borne in the hand of the lame and dwarfish negro. This at once accounted for its irregular movement, and the truth suddenly flashed upon her mind. The stranger's grave had been rifled, and they were bearing away the lifeless body. For an instant Lucy hesitated. The party, whoever they were, already approached the avenue. To awaken her father, would be a work of some minutes, and would probably afford time for the robbers to escape with their prey. Besides, she feared lest her father's infirmities might make him only an easy victim to their superior strength, and she was tempted to suffer the sacrilege, rather than risk his life in such a struggle. But another recollection reassured her. She remembered the superstitious terrors of the negro, and she determined to alarm them from their attempt. Enveloping herself in a large white shawl, she climbed out of the low window, and winding her way among the trees, in such a manner as to escape observation, stationed herself behind a high pyramidal monument, which stood on the border of the avenue. As she cautiously peeped forth from her hiding-place, she could just discern that the black fellow and his confederate seemed bearing a heavy body between them. They paused and rested their burden on a square stone at a short distance, while Lucy distinctly heard their murmured conversation, from which she learned that a large bribe had tempted the poor negro to overcome his fears, and assist the plans of his brutal companion, who was but too much accustomed to such unholy gains. Taking up the body, they again proceeded with stealthy steps when a wild unearthly cry echoed in their ears. Startled at the fearful sound, they paused—a low and prolonged moan followed, and at the same instant the tall white figure of the courageous girl stood in the shadow of the trees, sufficiently distant to avoid recognition, but so near as to be distinctly defined against the dark foliage. With a terrific yell, the negro dropped his burden and the light together, and took to his heels, followed by his scarcely less alarmed companion. The loud clap of the great gate which fell from their grasp as they bounded through it, startled the old sexton from his slumbers, and, as he started up in bed, his daughter glided into the room. The tale was soon told, and bidding Lucy go to bed, lest the night air should have chilled her delicate frame, he went forth to lock the gate. But Lucy, fearing that they might have returned, and would, perhaps, meet her father, silently followed him. As the old man was drawing the bolts of the gate, a watchman, who had witnessed, at a distance, the flight of the robbers, approached to make some inquiries. But ere the sexton could reply, a

shriek which seemed to rend the very sky, echoed through the silent air. Another and another and another followed, until the blood of the horror-stricken hearers curdled in their veins. Nor was the sight which met the eyes of the two old men, less frightful. The lanthorn which the negro had thrown from him in his terror, lay beside the exhumed body, shedding its light full on the ghastly features, while, leaning over the shrouded corpse, and uttering those awful shrieks, was the sexton's daughter!

She was borne to the house, the whole neighborhood was aroused, and medical aid was immediately procured. The excitement of her previous boldness, and the shock which her nerves sustained, when thus suddenly brought face to face with the body which her courage had rescued from sacrilegious hands, were the causes assigned by science, for this frightful attack of illness. "No, no," murmured the wretched father, "I know my child too well to believe this. If she had courage to frighten the robbers from their prey, she would not be terrified by the mere sight of death; there is something more than that."

The old man was right. When the fearful convulsions had been stayed—when the distorted mouth ceased to churn the white foam from the blue and rigid lips—and when speech returned to the paralysed tongue, then did the wild and disjointed ravings of the maddened girl shadow forth the secret. In the features of the disfigured corpse she had recognized her lover. The victim of a drunken brawl, whose lifeless body had not been suffered to rest in its dishonored grave, was indeed the poor relic of Harry Mildmay. But the broken fragments of her shattered mind furnished the only materials for building up her history; and her father only learned her long-cherished love from the incoherent revelations of insanity. The light of reason never more illumined her darkened mind. Violent mania succeeded her first convulsions, and when this subsided, it was succeeded by almost infantine imbecility. All change of place or scene proved utterly useless; and, at length, when it was found that her restlessness rather increased when she was removed from the familiar scenes of home, she was allowed to return to her father. But she appeared to recognize no one, and never voluntarily uttered a word. She would sit for hours in the porch gazing wistfully as if for some expected object, and when a funeral train entered, she would shudder as if some painful association was connected with the mournful scene. But she gave no other evidence of interest in the world around her. She would laugh and weep from the impulse of her own wild fancies; but nothing save these could excite her either to mirth or melancholy. With folded arms and head bent down upon her bosom she would sit just wherever her attendant placed her, and seemed gradually yielding to the fatal torpor which was stealing over her physical powers. At length death stood beside the pillow of the poor imbecile girl, and then, while a smile of radiant joy for an instant replaced the idiot vacancy of that once lovely face,

she sighed,
And, smiling, as if her lover whispered, died!

Brooklyn, L. I.

Original.

THE OAK OF CROISSEY.

BY ROBERT HAMILTON.*

"I will tell you, comrade, why I love to come here every evening to smoke my pipe under this oak. It is a singular story, but I think it will amuse you. One thing, however, you must promise me before I begin."

"What is that?" I asked.

"That you will keep silent 'till I have finished."

"I promise it most sacredly."

"Enough, comrade," and shaking the ashes from his pipe and replenishing it afresh, he spoke as follows:

In the year 1812, when Buonaparte, to further his ambitious designs, commanded the conscription law to be so strictly enforced, a young man of a respectable family in the province of Marche, who had been enrolled in it, contrived to elude the officers who were ordered to secure his person, and escaping to the neighborhood of Croissey found a refuge in the house of an only uncle, a country curate, where, assuming the clerical dress, and officiating in the duties of the chapel, he found himself comparatively safe and happy. In this state of rural seclusion it was his frequent custom to wander into the woods of the neighborhood, and occasionally clamber up some tall monarch of the forest, where he could gaze upon the glorious landscape around him, or quietly peruse some volume free from interruption or observation. One beautiful moonlight night, clear almost as day, he had strayed into the forest, and ascended into the branches of a noble oak. Not a sound broke upon the ear, scarcely the wandering zephyr disturbed the drooping leaves; the moon rode in unclouded beauty, in a sea of ether, surrounded by myriads of stars. It was a scene to lull the heart to peace and raise the spirit in devotion to the Giver of all good. Suddenly the sound of voices was heard, and the figures of three persons were seen approaching in the direction of the oak where Charles Rambert was seated. Nearer and nearer they came, 'till at length they stood beneath its umbrageous foliage. The party consisted of two females and a young male peasant. The hour, the place, and the sobbings that came from the females, strongly excited the feelings and attention of Charles, and resolving to remain undiscovered, he witnessed the sufferings of a young conscript who was shortly to depart for the army from his sister and affianced love.

"Hast thou not a Colonel?" said the sister—"I can go and see him; I will fall upon my knees, and tell him that you cannot quit your home, that you have a sister and a betrothed who owe their existence to your exertions. You he may cast into prison, may doom you to the severest punishment—but my brother will not and cannot leave us."

The young peasant smiled at the spirit of his sister. "Christine," said he, "your resolution is in vain, it is the command of the Emperor and I must obey it. One only way can I escape, it is, by procuring a substi-

* Partly from the French.

tute; and that, my good girl, you know is impossible, we are too poor to accomplish it."

"Why not," cried Christine, "I will willingly give all that I possess—my golden cross, my buckles, my earrings, nay, my silken shawl and tippet—yes, all, all that I own, to him who will supply your place, Eugene."

"Still all this is not the price of a man, Christine, and—"

He was prevented from proceeding by Christine, who, seizing his arm and reflecting for a few moments, said, quickly, "No?—well, well, we shall see. I am worth a man, surely. I know there are many who would willingly make me their wife, and surely among these I will find one sincere heart who will win my hand by going in your place. Yes, I swear upon this cross of gold, in which are enshrined the grey hairs of my mother, that I will give my hand and heart to him who will go in your stead, Eugene." The poor girl fell weeping in the arms of her brother, who, supporting her and Louise his betrothed, departed from the spot, and were soon obscured from the view of Rambert by the thickness of the forest.

That night, as they were seated at their frugal supper in their humble cottage, unable to eat, and regarding each other in sorrow and silence, a loud knocking was heard at the door.

"Enter!" cried Eugene, quickly drying his eyes, and the next moment an old sergeant of the guard appeared before them.

"Is it here that the conscript Eugene resides?" he asked,—at the same time making a military salutation.

"Yes, sergeant," answered the young man.

"Behold, then," cried the soldier, casting a letter upon the table.

Eugene took it up, and slowly opening it cast his eyes upon the contents; it was the document of his exemption! He was confounded, and could only gaze upon the old soldier speechless and doubtingly.

"Ah! ah! you stare, do you? and well you may, my *coquin*, you are a fortunate fellow; it is not every one who can escape the decrees of Napoleon. But never mind, if the government is satisfied, that is every thing. Good night!" and bowing to them was about quitting the cottage, when suddenly recollecting himself, he continued, "Oh! confound it! one must not forget their duty. You have a sister, have you not? called Christine Leven; where is mademoiselle, pray?"

"She is here, sergeant," answered Eugene, bringing forward his sister by the hand, who was pale and trembling at the unexpected, welcome intelligence.

"A pretty girl, comrade. This, which I had nearly forgotten, is for you, madame," and he threw a second letter on the table.

"Soldier, will you drink a glass of wine with me?" asked Eugene.

"To be sure I will; I am thirsty with my walk, and I should think I ought to be made welcome for bringing such glorious news—a dozen, if you please, comrade." And while Eugene was about demanding some explanation from the sergeant, Louise was full of joy, running about and embracing Christine, speaking at random, filling the glasses and handing them in rapid succession to the old soldier, who as rapidly despatched their contents.

"She will make a capital soldier's wife," muttered the sergeant, winking wickedly with his grey eyes at Christine—a glorious camp companion—just the creature for a bivouac. To your health, madame, I hope we shall be better acquainted." But Christine took no notice of the remark, but stood terribly agitated, trembling, and crumpling the letter in her hands, with her eyes fixed steadfastly upon the table.

"What is the matter? what is the matter?" said Eugene, alarmed at the appearance of his sister—"Christine, beloved girl, give me that letter—what are its contents, that they thus agitate you? Why do you not speak—give it me—and taking the letter from her unresisting hand, he glanced rapidly over it.

"Read it aloud, read it aloud," cried Christine, half choking with her smothered feelings. It is all one to me now. It is just—I have merited it." Eugene obeyed and read aloud.

"Mademoiselle Leven,—I exact nothing; I depart without enforcing any conditions; I take the place of your brother. *You* require him as your protector and support—*I* have no tie, no claim upon me in the world. But I love you sincerely. Unseen to you, I overheard your conversation this evening beneath the great oak of Croissey; your oath I have recorded in my heart; I send you a ring which belonged to *my* mother. If you are sincere in your resolution you will take the cross of gold which contains the hair of *your* mother, and on which you swore two hours since, in the holy moonlight, and place it in the fissure of the great oak close to the lower branches. To-morrow morning I shall look for it, and if I find it there I shall understand that you are willing to wait for me two years, when, if I am not dead I will return it to you and claim the fulfilment of your oath. Remember you swore it on the cross. Adieu!"

"What does all this mean?" said Eugene. How has this been known? Do you know aught respecting it, sergeant?"

"Not a word," said the soldier, "I delivered but the orders of my officer."

"Why does not your officer then frankly come forward and avow himself?"

"Ah!" said the sergeant, "he is young and bashful, and he imagines you would have contemned him for being a listener, therefore he thought it better to write than personally reveal his sentiments. This is the truth, my young *coquin*."

Eugene shook his head, saying, "Soldier, I am unwilling that my sister should be thus sacrificed for my exemption. It shall not be; I will go with you—hold!" and seizing the document he was on the point of destroying it, when Christine caught his arm.

"Eugene!" she said, "if *I* am willing, why should you oppose it? Yes, yes, it shall be so—this very night I shall carry the cross of gold myself to the appointed

spot. But one thing I wish to know: tell me, sergeant, do you know the author of this letter?"

"I suspect so."

"Is he hump-backed or crippled?"

"What!" shouted the sergeant, his blood rising to his cheek. No, madame, he is as perfect in figure and face as I am!" *Sacre bleu!*

"And his *honor?*" asked Eugene.

"Without a speck upon it." *Ma foi!*

Well, well," cried Christine, taking the cross from her pretty neck,—suspended from a black riband. "Tell him that I am willing to abide by my oath. Take this cross, and place it in the fissure of the great oak. Such a commander, at least, deserves to have good soldiers under him. Eugene, my dear brother, you shall not avail yourself of the exemption. I am willing that you enrol yourself in the ranks of your country. Tell the officer, sergeant, I only ask that he will, if possible, protect my brother, and return him to his betrothed Louise and myself, and, although I have never seen or known him, I promise to fulfil my vow."

Eugene, Louise and Christine, looked at each other unable to speak. Their tears flowed freely—the sergeant took the cross of gold, touched his cap—wiped a tear from his eye, and departed.

Two days after Eugene had joined the conscript company, and departed to add to the numerous army of Buonaparte. Christine and Louise contrived to support themselves by incessant labor, but a change had come over the spirit of the former. She was now serious and circumspect, and when Louise ventured to rally her upon her manner, she would reply, "I am also affianced, Louise; I have given my promise, and must abide by it."

A year after this, a new aspect was given to affairs—the enemy had conquered, and entered France. At the battle of Montereau, the life of Eugene had been preserved by a Lieutenant of Carbanniers, who, on the establishing of peace, and receiving orders for the disbanding of his troops, happened to hint to Eugene, that, like many others who had given up all for the vain glory of acquiring a name, and supporting the selfish views of Napoleon, he was now without a home or friends. The gratitude of Eugene induced him at once to invite the officer to his humble home, and together they departed for the cottage of Croissey.

Charles Rambert which was the name of the officer the moment he beheld Christine, betrayed unusual emotion—on the least attention bestowed upon him, his eye would involuntary meet her's, and a reciprocity of sentiments and feelings at once sprung up between them. If Christine had to leave the cottage for a short distance, Charles was certain to proffer her his attendance—if she had to go into the garden to fetch some favorite vegetable or fruit, Charles was certain to forestall her by bringing it himself—if the clouds betokened a storm, Charles was certain to caution her against exposing herself to its fury; in short, it was easily discernible that his heart was in the keeping of Christine, and her's in his.

One evening they were seated together in a beautiful arbor in the garden, the sun was declining in the west in a sea of amethyst and gold, the hour was most propitious to the sympathy of soul, and Charles, in a moment of enthusiasm, could not help venturing to tell Christine that he loved her; the blush of innocent affection mantled on her cheek, she durst not reply, but the big tears rolled through her silken eyelashes, which trembled like the silver leaves of the willow, surcharged with the summer dews. "Christine! Christine!" he said, passionately, "tell me that you love me; my life, my heart, my—no, fortune I have none—but my life shall be devoted in achieving, to your comfort and happiness."

"Impossible, Charles," she answered. "I dare not own that I love you, however dearly I may do so, for I have sworn an oath, that I shall espouse that man who nobly proffered himself for my brother's exemption, when, by the conscription decree, he was doomed to leave us, and although Eugene did join the army, still it was voluntarily; yet my oath I still hold sacred, and shall redeem it whenever the generous and brave man shall demand it of me."

"Before whom did you swear?" asked Charles.

"Before God—Eugene and Louise!"

"And on what?"

"On a cross—the gift of my poor mother, in which was enshrined a lock of her grey hairs, cut by my own hand from her temples, on the evening before she died."

"And that cross—where is it?"

"In the keeping of the gallant stranger, who proffered himself in lieu of Eugene in the conscript army, a year since. Alas! I fear he has fallen."

"Would you know it again, asked Rambert.

"Would you mock me?" replied Christine. Would I know *you* again, Rambert? Ay, as certain as I would know that there is a sun in the heavens, in the summer's noon."

"Behold it, then!" said Rambert, drawing it from his bosom where it had remained from the night when she had sent it to be placed, by the old soldier, in the fissure of the great oak, in the wood of Croissey.

A scream was her only reply, and she fell senseless in the arms of her lover.

The sequel is brief. Charles Rambert was the individual who was seated in the branches of the oak on that night when Christine, Eugene and Louise, were mourning the inflexible law which doomed the young peasant to depart from his home, and when Christine, in the exuberance of feeling, had vowed that she would espouse the man who would proffer himself as a substitute for her brother. For some months Rambert had seen, and, unknown to her, loved her, and he resolved to avail himself of the oath which escaped from the lips of Christine, in thus making her his bride. The moment they had left the spot, he descended from the tree, and, making his way to the village, offered himself to the officer of the recruiting company in place of Eugene. His offer was accepted, and in two months after the departure of the conscripts, Rambert was appointed a lieutenant in their body, when, accidentally, (as we have already remarked,) at Montereau

he saved Eugene. His promise was therefore fulfilled —the oath of Christine was also, and the youthful couple, the next morning, stood at the altar in the little chapel of Croissey, (where, one year before, Rambert had helped his uncle to officiate in the sacred ceremonies of religion, but who had since fought the battles of his country,) husband and wife.

"What became of the old Sergeant?" I asked.

"Poor fellow, he was killed at Waterloo. Since then, Christine and myself have supported ourselves by honest labor. We superintend the manufactures of Monsieur Le V., and in yonder pretty red and white cottage, which you see shrouded among the trees, we reside contentedly and happy, and ev ry evening, when the seasons permit, I come to smoke my pipe under this old oak, where I first received the vow of Christine—*The Oak of Croissey.*"

Original.

THE RUINS OF UXMAL.

BY REV. J. H. CLINCH.

Where is your history written,
Monarchs of other days?
Ye have no page of history,
No poet's glowing lays—
And though the sculptured stone remain,
We scan its mystic marks in vain.

The letters traced on water—
The words engraved on sand—
The tale to winds entrusted,
May e'en, perchance, be scanned;
One ear might catch, *one* glance be cast,
E'er rolled the wave, or sped the blast.

Your tale, departed monarchs,
Hath gone and left no trace;
E'en long Tradition's memory
Hath found for it no place,
Save the brief page of bloody hue,
Traced by the Spaniard's greedy crew.

We gaze upon your ruins,
Defaced, but lovely still—
With eye amazed we traverse
These proofs of wondrous skill;
All that they tell us does but make
More keen the thirst it cannot slake.

We read upon these tablets,
Your natures soft and mild,
Yet bowing to your idols,
With human blood defiled
Whence this strange blending of the two,
The vulture and the dove in you?

Amid your piles of splendor,
A stranger sits alone,
And when *ye* sat within them,
His nation was unknown,
And while your fame has passed away
Her's shall remain 'till Earth decay.

How can the dark enigma,
So long by ages sealed,
Without some wise interpreter,
Be now to us revealed?
Stephens, the world depends on you,
To find the long forgotten clue.

Original.

EMILY; OR, THE ORPHAN.

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform,
He plants his footsteps in the sea
And rides upon the storm."

The attentive observer will find the above sentiment, penned by one of nature's sweetest poets, exemplified through all the vicissitudes of our mortal career, from its commencement unto its final close. Circumstances apparently the most adverse, as if by some unseen agency, resulting in the full fruition of all our hopes, affording us even more real happiness than our most ardent fancy could devise. As a paraphrase on the above, and a preface to this narrative, we must introduce our readers into the family circle of a venerable Revolutionary patriot, bearing the name of Hubert. This little group consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Hubert, two sons, Augustus and Edward, and their adopted daughter, Emily. The latter, descended from poor, but respectable parents, was, at their decease, kindly selected by the benevolent Mrs. Hubert, to fill the void in their domestic relation occasioned by the death of a beloved child, bearing the same name. Their magnificent residence was unrivalled in costly grandeur, or exquisite taste, and rose majestically amid a cluster of neat but far more rustic dwellings, all of which appeared to the passing stranger to form a boundary line to the southern margin of our lovely Rhode Island. Mr. Hubert inherited from his ancestors an ample fortune, which large investments in commercial enterprize had increased to princely opulence. At the age of forty-five he found himself a *millionaire* and the admiration of the community in which he lived, for his correct deportment and moral worth. Not only was he distinguished for just dealing and rectitude of conduct among his business cotemporaries, but in all his intercourse with society, which was necessarily very extensive, he manifested an untiring zeal for the promotion of its best interests. Unlike many of his rank and fortune, he fearlessly adhered to the unerring principles of the word of God, which had been implanted in his memory and enforced by the example of pious parents in his early years. The poor ever found in him a benefactor, the sick and afflicted a comforter, the erring a counsellor, and the humble, devoted follower of Jesus Christ, a brother and a friend. In short, he was considered by all who were blest with his acquaintance, a paragon of excellence. We would not be understood as ascribing infalibility to his memory, for in common with us all, sin and imperfection marred his best attainments. Mrs. Hubert was the exact counterpart of her husband. Her humane exertions and christian charities were not limited to her own sphere, but extended to every object her philanthropy could benefit. Her's was not the heartless gift of a few pence, coldly bestowed to lull a reproving conscience, but like her divine redeemer she went about doing good. No tottering mendicant went unrefreshed from her gates; no lonely dying pillow but her hand smoothed, while her tender sympathies alleviated the woes of the suffering, and with a prayerful heart and a tearful eye she warned the im-

penitent to flee from impending wrath, or "in strains as sweet as angels use," imparted heavenly consolation to the ascending spirit of the dying believer. The little orphan, Emily, and their own dear offspring, afforded Mr. and Mrs. Hubert an ample field for the developement of their christian character. At the first dawn of intellectual day, these little immortals were placed in the Sabbath school, or week-day seminary for the acquisition of useful knowledge, while their parents manifested the most untiring assiduity in confirming, by precept and example, the rudiments of education imparted unto them by faithful teachers. Emily Wharton's parents died when she was only two years of age, but their last moments were cheered by the kind assurance of Mrs. Hubert, that the little friendless Emily should be adopted into her own family, not as an inferior being, but sharing in all respects with her children; and accordingly on her admission to her new home, she was taught to call her benefactors by the endearing title of parents, while the same mode of treatment was pursued in her education, as with their sons. Emily soon learned to cherish an almost filial attachment for her adopted parents, while her artless prattle, added to extreme personal beauty and amiability of disposition, won their warmest regard. Sometimes while gazing on her brilliant face, they almost imagined their own lost babe restored to them, but soon the thought would forcibly recur, that that loved one was far beyond the reach of mortal ken, her soul enlarged to angels size, and clothed in spotless purity, while her infant voice, attuned to celestial melodies, warbled anthems of praise unto him who "taketh the lambs in his arms, and carrieth them in his bosom." It was to this afflictive dispensation of Providence, through the mercy of God, that Mr. and Mrs. Hubert attributed their conversion to christianity. Possessing naturally an affable temperament, added to refined taste and highly cultivated mind, it was not surprizing that they were already regarded as models for imitation. Like most children of pious parents, they had frequently been the subjects of religious impressions, but these soon passed away, like the "morning cloud and the early dew." A few years after their marriage a family of three interesting children presented an object on which to lavish the energies of their immortal minds. Three years after the birth of their youngest son, their hearts were gladdened by adding a lovely daughter to their little number, another idol, at whose shrine they unconsciously worshipped. After passing two years of unalloyed happiness, this little gourd of their own rearing was seized with sudden illness, which, in the course of a few hours, terminated in her premature death. These agonized parents were now utterly inconsolable. The world appeared entirely changed to them. Society in which they had mingled so freely, was bereft of all its charms, and their former course of gayety and pleasure, tasteless and insipid, while their awakened, inquiring minds called imperatively for more enduring happiness. Now they felt their fabric of good deeds and innate righteousness totter and fall, while the long neglected bible and almost forgotten parental prayer, rose as swift witnesses against them. At this important crisis a circumstance occurred which, to the casual observer, would appear scarcely worthy of notice, but of what momentous import the countless ages of eternity alone will disclose. A few days previous to the death of their little one, Mr. Hubert had employed James Wharton, (the father of the little Emily whom they afterwards adopted) as a gardener, where he found constant employment in decorating the ornamental lawn which surrounded their tasteful abode. James was consequently a frequent caller at the house, in order to receive directions relating to his daily avocation. During one of these visits, when he was admitted to the presence of his employers, he was led to appreciate the vital piety which glowed in his own bosom, by contrasting himself with these broken-hearted, comfortless parents. Although of rustic appearance, he could boast of noble alliances, for he felt the peaceful assurance that he was an heir of God and joint heir with Jesus Christ. He could look abroad upon the varied field of nature, teeming with verdant beauties, and exclaim, "My father made them all." On entering the drawing room he beheld these bereaved ones gazing with intense interest upon an exact portrait of their babe, which had been recently completed, the outlines of which were taken when she was in perfect health, therefore it presented an almost speaking resemblance. As James first viewed this memorial of his little favorite, he felt the tear of sympathy rush quickly to his eyes, and for some moments not a word was uttered, but at length, as if drawing a simile between his employment and his thoughts, he calmly and sweetly said, "Oh, sir, she is only transplanted from the cold atmosphere of earth, where she shone the convolvalous of a day, to bloom a perennial in the paradise of God, she cannot come to you, but you can go to her." This unpretending remark fell as a balm of heavenly consolation upon the wounded spirit of the sufferers, and regardless of the barrier which society had placed between themselves and the humble laborer, they mutually requested him to guide their darkened minds to the same unseen source from which he seemed to draw such unspeakable comfort. It was delightful to look upon this little assembly, convened under such novel circumstances. Master and servant now stood upon a common level, while the latter in broken accents pointed to the word of God, which he said would ever prove to them a safe directory, and serve as a lamp to their feet and a light to their path through all the changing scenes of time. After a few moments the gardener withdrew. The family bible was soon taken from its resting place, where it had remained unmolested for a long period, and as our students first beheld the untarnished beauty of its crimson and gilding their hearts were smitten with deep remorse, but this only inspired them to more assiduous study, which their seclusion from society gave them ample time to pursue. It was not long ere they trusted they had found the pearl of great price, and could "read their title clear to mansions in the skies." They now felt how sinful had been their idolatry, and saw the justice of God's dealings towards them. From that time they exhibited the christian character decked in its most attractive charms. The humble gardener and his wife were soon removed

by death, which circumstance, connected with all that we have related concerning him, accounts for the adoption of Emily Wharton by these benevolent persons. As their three children grew in years they became the subjects of anxious solicitude, but of the most judicious parental discipline. At a proper age the boys were sent to the most popular universities, while Emily was placed under the care of suitable instructors, who constantly attended at her own house. At this juncture the war of '76 commenced. The energies of the indefatigable Hubert were now directed to the welfare of his injured country. Not only did he aid her cause by personal influence, but his purse was ever open to administer to the wants of her suffering defenders. His active benevolence soon gained him enemies among the haughty subjects of British despotism, and ere long his sumptuous residence, with all its attendant beauties, was completely demolished by a deputation of English soldiery. Although much attached to Rhode Island, Mr. Hubert resolved to remove to a southern metropolis, which he effected the following year; and though his pecuniary losses had been considerable, his circumstances were but little affected, so ample was his fortune at the commencement. Mr. and Mrs. Hubert were soon extensively known in the city where they resided, as well for their philanthropy and exemplary deportment, as the vast amount of their worldly riches. At the age of seventeen Emily was introduced into society, the beau ideal of all that is interesting, lovely, and beautiful, and far exceeded the most sanguine wishes of her friends. To a matured intellect, richly stored with every useful and ornamental acquirement, she united a person of matchless beauty, while her bland and courteous behavior won the hearts of all who knew her. Augustus, the eldest son soon returned from college, laden with its honors, the well earned laurels which his close application had procured; but his stay beneath the parental roof was to be short. During his collegiate course he had been taught the insufficiency of temporal good to satisfy an immortal mind, and had thus early consecrated himself to the service of the redeemer. He now wished to gain his parents' approbation previous to entering a theological seminary, with the intention of preparing himself to proclaim the "glad tidings" of salvation to his benighted fellow men. He received the sanction of his parents, joined with their most ardent prayer for his success, and soon commenced his preparatory course. Edward returned a finished scholar, and a proficient in fashionable life. To him religion was gloomy and unattractive, and he soon engaged in the profound study of the law with all the ardor of his natural temperament. Augustus became an approved clergyman, and was early established as pastor of a flourishing church, where his services were in constant requisition, and his labors duly appreciated by the people of his charge, among whom he shone a star of the first magnitude. It was observed by the ladies, those scrutinizing observers of the movements of unmarried gentlemen, that Emily Wharton often accompanied the youthful pastor in his parochial visits; and not unfrequently was she seen on the Sabbath leaning on the arm of Augustus, wending their way towards the church where he officiated in "holy things." As she gracefully entered its venerated walls, many an anxious, if not an envious glance was exchanged throughout the large congregation, while very many suspected, and perhaps not erroneously, that Augustus cherished more than a brother's love for her. Unknown to any individual, and almost unconsciously to themselves, these persons had regarded each other with reciprocal attachment from early youth. Augustus now saw the propriety of choosing a companion to share with him the arduous, but delightful work in which he had engaged, but he was at no loss to make a selection. Ere long all rumors respecting them were confirmed by the announcement of their bans of marriage. In a few days he led his lovely bride to the sacred altar, before which they pledged their hymeneal vows. As their parents bestowed upon them their heartfelt benediction, and beheld their daughter, now more closely allied to them, they fully realized the truth of the promise "Cast thy bread upon the waters and it shall return unto thee after many days." As they gazed upon her intelligent countenance, beaming with heavenly radiance, they felt amply rewarded for their parental solicitude, as well as every pecuniary aid which had been profusely bestowed upon her. The union of this happy pair proved a lasting blessing to the people of their charge, and the community in which they lived, where they shone as "lights in the world." We feel that it is impossible to close before endeavoring to deduce a moral from this little essay. How eloquently do these events, trivial in themselves, plead the importance of early religious instruction, and how cogently do they enforce the truth of the proverb, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it," which, if parents fully realized, how soon would the vacant seats of our Sabbath and week-day institutions of learning, (which, in our happy land, are gratuitously provided for the humblest individual,) be filled by attentive occupants, intent on acquiring useful instruction? But, under present circumstances, how reversed the picture! which clearly proves a painful deficiency in the moral culture of our rising generation. The Sabbath school teacher leaves her home, where she could pass the interim of public worship far more pleasantly, in the retirement of her own room, and goes forth to seek her class, composed indiscriminately of little immortals from the mansions of the rich and the hut of the way-side traveller, whom her own personal exertions may have induced to turn aside from the haunts of vice, to spend an hour in acquiring the elementary principles of learning and religion. After every nerve has been excited to its utmost intensity in endeavoring to impart information adapted to the abilities of her pupils, what recompense does she receive for all her self-denying efforts? She requires none, yea, wishes none, and often returns home weary and dejected, feeling herself amply rewarded, if at most she gain an approving smile or a well-recited lesson from her youthful audience; but she does not entirely despond. She remembers the biblical injunction, "Take this child and nurse it for me and I will pay thee thy wages;" and

every returning day of "holy rest" finds her bestowing her voluntary labors upon her little charge. Perhaps after passing years of anxiety and apparently of unrequited exertion, one after one of her scholars are separated from her, and enter upon the duties of active life, but the seed which has been sown in their hearts has taken deep root, and exerts a powerful influence upon their conduct. Often when the syren voice of wordly pleasure allures to vice, the well remembered warning of their Sabbath teacher, whose voice may then be silent in death, restrains their sinful course, and as they arrive to maturity, and become parents themselves, they are generally proverbial for aiding, by every laudable effort, all institutions which have, for their object, the well being of society, by the advancement of morality and religion. Although much depends on scholastic instruction, far more devolves upon parental influence, and though we have discoursed so freely respecting the former, we would not detract a single iota from the weighty obligation resting upon every parent to train his infantile charge in "wisdom's way." In early years, our pliant minds easily imbibe lasting impressions, which no future events can effectually eradicate. Thus, every child draws an inference from example. The little prattler, early inured to the contaminating atmosphere of vicious parents, will assuredly addict himself to the same course, unless restrained by the mighty machinery of moral and religious instruction. In like manner, one reared amid the prayers and Heavenly example of christian parents, will, in the same ratio, follow in their footsteps, thus yielding an invincible argument, in confirmation of our theory—

Though seed be buried long in dust
It shan't deceive our hope,
The precious grain will ne'er be lost.
For grace ensures the crop.

A RHODE ISLAND LADY.

Original.

AN ODE TO COPERNICUS.

Translated from the Polish.

BY WILLIAM G. HOWARD.

May glory environ thee, Pride of the Earth!
The goddess of Science rejoiced at thy birth;
Thy keen eye surveyed the bright orbs, that sweep
In their trackless career, the ethereal deep:
The winged winds have wafted thy praises abroad,
And thy virtue has reaped an enduring reward.

Oh, bountiful Planet!* spread o'er him thy rays,
And ye stars, that burn brightly, sublime mysteries!
Whose motions he measured with exquisite skill,
As onward ye roll, God's behest to fulfil;
Like some gem-spangled chaplet encircle his head,
And o'er it the light of your loveliness shed!

May all nations, in one loud chorus, proclaim
Copernicus' brilliant and undying fame!
Embalmed in our hearts may his memory survive,
While Science, and Virtue, and Justice shall live!
All glory to thee, honored son of the Earth!
And glory to Poland, the land of thy birth!

* The Sun.

Original.

LET ME DIE AT AN INN.

BY WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

Let me die at an Inn; I'd be free
In the day of departure from care;
At home, 'twould be busy with me,
Abroad, 'twould my last moments spare.

Let me die at an Inn; I'd not know
Of tumult, when taking that sleep;
The thoughts that of Earth had let go,
Something earthly might linger to keep.

Let me die at an Inn; the strong calls
Of bliss, which I then must forsake,
Old comforts, old hearts, and old halls—
Retirement might weaken or break.

Let me die at an Inn; I'd not see
Friends watch the inaudible beat
Of a bosom whose pulses were free;
Nor farewells receive and repeat.

Let me die at an Inn; children, wife,
Away, in my anguish might smile;
This heart, they'd not know of its strife;
'Twould break—their's be placid the while.

Let me die at an Inn; I'd be calm
When fording the waters of death;
Eyes keen, to discern the kind Arm,
Ears quick, for the harmony's breath.

Let me die at an Inn; I'd bethink
Me of what I've forgotten, that I
Am a weed on eternity's brink,
Whose business is only to die.

Let me die at an Inn; I'd deem rather
That the principle, passing away,
Is a child going home to his Father;
World! ask not the sufferer to stay.

Let me die at an Inn; there were need
Of reflection, repentance, and love,
Unwonted, when soon to be freed
From chains, to take garlands above.

I must die, and that soon; why regret
The years that are lost in the flood,
While moments of mercy may yet
Remain, to prepare me for God?

I must die, and that soon; what avails
That the bark, to eternity driven,
Was terribly tost, or by gales
Of favor was wafted to heaven?

I must die, and that soon; *here* my grief
And trials have meaning in them;
In my coronal *there*, shall the chief
Of these shine the greenliest gem.

I must die, and that soon; then if so,
My spirit! thou'st nought to prepare,
And art waiting the summons to go,
All ready—what matters it where?

Let me die at an Inn; in my nest;
In solitude, city, on sea;
By sickness, in health,—'twill be best
As ordered, my Maker, by thee.

Original.

LIGHT READING, AND THE EMBROIDERED CAPE.

A SKELCH.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

"AUNT NORTON will be absent two hours, and I can spare one of them for reading," thought Emily Ashton, as she looked at the cambric handkerchief which her aunt had expressed a wish she would finish hem-stitching by the time she returned. It was a warm afternoon in July, but the windows of the apartment were so delightfully shaded with rose-bushes, sweet-briars, and honey-suckles, that only now and then a stray sunbeam quivered upon the carpet, while the fresh breeze, that seemed cooler for rustling the green leaves as it passed, had free admission. This air of quiet, shady seclusion, made it a most charming retreat for reading, and Emily abandoned herself to the fascinating pages of the book she had selected, with an interest those only can feel who have a great fondness for reading with comparatively but few opportunities of indulgence. Mr. Norton, Emily's uncle, who had a taste for reading, had a small, but well-chosen library, and frequently deposited a few volumes of the lighter literature of the day, upon the centre-table; besides which, Emily, from her allowance of spending-money, furnished it with several of the periodicals and annuals. Mrs. Norton was not fond of reading, and few things made her so restless and fidgety as to see her niece with a book in her hand, it being almost sure to remind her of half a dozen pieces of work, which she wished to have finished. It was, therefore, only when her aunt was out, or when her uncle had an evening to spend at home, when he frequently requested her to read aloud, that she attempted to look into a book. She had, consequently, been unable to finish "Master Humphrey's Clock," although it had been lying upon the table several weeks. Five minutes of the hour had passed, and little Nell had just gone forth in the still evening, to watch, with yearning heart, the meeting of the two sisters, and to hold communion with the orbs of heaven, that seemed gazing down upon her with looks full of gentleness and love, when Augusta Wingfield, a girl about her own age, entered with the familiarity of an old acquaintance.

"Always reading," said Augusta—"pray what have you that so deeply interests you?"

"Master Humphrey's Clock—have you read it?"

"No, I hope not—I don't approve of light reading."

As she spoke, she unrolled a muslin cape, which she was working from a very beautiful and elaborate pattern. Having taken one or two stitches, "do oblige me with your emery-ball," said she, "I forgot to take mine, and this warm weather is so very annoying when one has such fine work to do."

"Why don't you rest a few minutes; you are now flushed from walking in the sun."

"I know I am, but I am in such a hurry I have not a moment to spare. I could hardly spend time to come in to see you this afternoon, but I saw your aunt pass, and I thought you would be so lonesome, I told mother I would run in and sit with you a little while."

"You were very considerate," replied Emily, as with a sigh she again consigned her book to the table.

"I should not have come, as it was," resumed Augusta, "only I know that you can keep a secret. I would not have Matilda Thompson and Louisa Lomas know that I am working this cape for anything, for I wish them to think it is French work, and they will never detect the difference, if they are not told. I am working it like Cousin Isabel's, which is the most elegant and expensive one I have ever seen."

After sitting silently a few minutes, "Do Emily," said she, "if not too much trouble, favor me with a little rose-water to bathe my eyes. This fine work is *so* trying to the eyes, and I sat so *very* late last night, for I was determined to work a hundred leaves after I went to my chamber, if it took me 'till morning."

"Surely, Augusta, there can be no necessity for you to risk impairing your eyesight, and endangering your health, on account of this beautiful cape," said Emily, handing her the rose-water.

"I hope that I shall not seriously injure either, but I am determined, at any rate, to have it done before I go to the Springs, for Matilda Thompson, who is going at the same time, has bought one, which she supposes will outdo anything of the kind, which I am able to purchase, and it will do me so much good to see how surprized and envious she will be, when she finds I have one superior to her's."

"Uncle and Aunt Norton talk of going to the Springs, and wish me to accompany them, but I suspect that I shall have no article of dress that will excite any person's surprize."

"But you might have, did you not spend all your money in purchasing books, and all your leisure in reading them. Now what you pay a year for the "Ladies' Companion," which I see upon the table, would more than procure the materials for a cape like this, and the time you spend in reading that and other frivolous books would be amply sufficient to work it. Excuse me, Emily, but I must say that you spend quite too much money and time upon light reading."

"You class all works of the imagination, whether poetry or prose, under the head of light reading, I suppose."

"To be sure I do."

"And as such, you of course condemn them?"

"I do."

"Will you give me leave to ask why?"

"I have several reasons. My first objection to novels and tales, is because they are not true."

"The incidents may not be, but the spirit of them is, if the writer be equal to the subject."

"I care nothing about the spirit—I take a plain, literal view of the matter. If I tell a falsehood, however I trick it out in the seductive colors of the imagination, it is a falsehood still, and I see little difference between speaking and writing one."

"Or in acting one, you might add," thought Emily,

as the little *ruse* of Augusta, with regard to the cape, suggested itself to her mind. She however repressed the momentary inclination which she felt to express what she thought, and requested her to name her principal objection to poetry.

"It gives," she replied, "too much scope to the imagination—a faculty, which, in my opinion, should be checked instead of being indulged, and this objection may be added to the one I have already given against novels and tales."

"If the imagination luxuriates amid scenes of innocence and purity, or if it portrays those which are vicious and corrupt, only to expose and condemn them, I can see no harm in its indulgence."

Mr. Norton, who had entered some minutes before, unperceived by the girls, when Emily ceased speaking, came forward. If you will permit me to take a share in your conversation," said he, "I would remark that if the imagination be properly regulated, there are few evils to be apprehended from its indulgence. On the contrary, much good may, in many instances, accrue from it, as I might easily point out, were I not fearful of too severely taxing your patience, I will content myself with observing, that it abundantly multiplies the sources of enjoyment, especially to the cultivated mind. I think, when I entered, that you were expressing your disapprobation of light reading, or rather that part of it which is fictitious.

"I was," replied Augusta, "although, for my own part, I don't pretend to rely altogether upon my own judgment. I have heard very worthy and sensible persons remark, that the time spent in reading the tales, novels, and even poetry, with which we are at present flooded, was worse than thrown away."

"They object to them, I suppose, on the ground that they instil romantic notions into the minds of young persons, which can never be realized, but many of the more recent works of fiction are not in the least objectionable in that respect. A tale may be, and is, frequently, made an agreeable vehicle for reproving folly and vice. It is true that many of the earlier novels represent the principal characters as models of perfection. It is supposed therefore, that a young lady, given to reading them, should she chance to have a suitor, would invest him of the same exalted qualities, and that, as the bright veil, woven by Fancy, is gradually withdrawn, she would experience disappointment and even disgust."

"Do you think, uncle," said Emily, "that such instances are of very frequent occurrence?"

"I think not," he replied, "so frequent as has been imagined. I once heard a young girl, by no means remarkable for her personal or mental endowments, declare, that if she ever married, the person whom she honored with her choice, must be a "Thaddeus." Three months afterwards, she accepted an offer—the first she ever had—from a man, who, although worthy and industrious, was plain in person, and coarse in manners. The match was considered a very eligible one, and I never could find that she made herself unhappy by drawing comparisons between her husband and Thaddeus of Warsaw. Do dot suppose, however, that I would have light reading, especially works of fiction supercede that which is more solid. I would have it resorted to as a relaxation, instead of the foolish tittle-tattle with which many fill up their vacant hours, who have no fondness for reading. Emily, go get Humboldt's Travels, and Cunningham's Lives of the Painters and Sculptors. As they are true as well as interesting, I think Augusta will be pleased with them."

"I believe I lent you the Lives of the Painters and Sculptors, last winter, did I not, Augusta?"

"Yes, I believe you did."

"And did you not find them interesting?" said Mr. Norton.

A slight color suffused her cheeks as she replied, "I have not read much of them yet—I have not had time. But to change the subject, have you heard what is said about Mary Wheatley?"

"I have heard nothing except that she has gone to a celebrated seminary to finish her education."

"Yes, that is what her friends give out, but most people think that she has eloped with young Waterbury, as it is known that he left town the same day that she did, and some person saw them take seats in the same car."

"It can be nothing more than an idle report," said Emily, "for I am intimately acquainted with Mary, and received a letter from her yesterday, in which she wrote me very particularly respecting the seminary, and the studies she was pursuing.

"And I," said Mr. Norton, "can bear testimony in favor of Mr. Waterbury, of whose character and conduct I have had the best opportunities of judging, and I esteem him as being one of the most worthy and honorable young men I ever knew."

Augusta smiled in that peculiar manner, which is expressive of incredulity, and the subject was dropped.

By working early and late, she succeeded in finishing her cape in season for the proposed excursion to the Springs. Being in the same party with Mr. and Mrs. Thompson and their daughter, Matilda, she managed so as to ascertain when the latter intended to wear her cape, that she might exhibit her own at the same time. Matilda, as Augusta had anticipated, was certainly surprized at the sight of so elegant an article, which fairly outdid her's, but she contented herself with passing a few encomiums upon its beauty. Not so, Mrs. Thompson, whose curiosity led her to pry to the bottom of all such important matters.

"That cape of yours is very handsome," said she; "may I ask where you purchased it?"

"At Mrs. Wilson's," replied Augusta, and she did purchase the muslin there.

"You don't say so—that is where Matilda bought her's, and Mrs. Wilson wouldn't own that she had any that were more elegant. What price did you give?"

"You know the price of Cousin Isabel Waldron's," replied Augusta, evasively," and mine is, as you may see, just like her's."

"So it is, but I did not mind that it was, at first. Her's cost more than twice as much as Matilda's."

"Did you say that you purchased your cape of Mrs. Wilson?" said Louisa Lomas, who, a few minutes before, had joined the group.

"Yes," replied Augusta.

"What could Mrs. Wilson mean," said Miss Lomas. "I called at her shop when she was opening her fancy goods, for the express purpose of selecting a cape, and there was not a single one to be compared with this. She assured me, for I inquired particularly, that she had reserved none for a favorite customer. She will hear from me when I return."

Augusta, desirous to put a stop to a disagreeable subject, could think of nothing better to resort to, than the rumor respecting the elopement of Mary Wheatley with young Waterbury, forgetful that Mary was Mrs. Thompson's niece. The annoyance she had suffered from having been so closely questioned, caused her to infuse a good deal of bitterness into her remarks, while she became so absorbed in the subject, that Waterbury and Emily Ashton, who had just returned from a walk, approached near enough to hear all she said, without her perceiving them. A peculiar and significant look, which she saw Mrs. Thompson direct to Miss Lomas, as an animadversion more severe than any of the preceding escaped her lips, induced her to look round, when she encountered the full gaze of Waterbury. Shame and vexation suffused her face with crimson, and after standing a moment with eyes fixed on the floor, she precipitately withdrew to her own room. Emily Ashton, from motives of commiseration, followed her.

She found her in a paroxysm of tears. "What will Mr. Waterbury think of me?" said she. "What did he say?"

"He merely remarked that he was sorry that Miss Wingfield should take the trouble to repeat such an idle rumor, for, as some might set it down as true, it might be the means of injuring Mary Wheatley. For my own part," added Emily, "I thought his presence at the Springs, was, of itself, a sufficient contradiction to such an idle report."

"That was his very course—so I have heard it remarked—to raise a mist before people's eyes," said Augusta, with vivacity, for the moment forgetful of her vexation. A faint smile that flitted over the features of Emily, recalled it.

"Well," said she, "I suppose I have Waterbury my enemy, as well as Mary Wheatley, for there will be enough to repeat to her what I have said. This odious cape, too, that has nearly cost me my eyes, I wish it were in the Red Sea. I am sure that I can never think of wearing it again.

Emily ventured to suggest that an ingenuous explanation respecting it, was the only means by which she could escape the meshes which subterfuge had already woven around her. Augusta was the more readily induced to listen to this hint, from being fully persuaded that Miss Lomas, acccording to her promise, would let Mrs. Wilson hear from her about it, which could hardly fail to awaken conjectures that would give worse color to the affair, than if she anticipated the intended investigation by a voluntary explanation.

We will only add that the lessons which Miss Wingfield received while at the Springs, had, subsequently, a salutary effect, and that Emily Ashton returned home as the affianced bride of Waterbury, who, in his future intercourse with the world, proved himself to be influenced by those high-toned moral principles, ascribed to him by Mr. Norton.

Original.

SEMINARIES OF ANGELS.

BY RUFUS DAWES.

The sceptic wonders why those myriad orbs
That roll through the immensity of space,
Were formed,—and while he thinks of this small earth,
Is troubled, lest the infinity of worlds
Were made for that alone. Know, then, the truth:
Those countless spheres, "the poetry of Heaven,"
Were made for tribes, unnumbered save by Him,
Whose fiat gave them birth, and each apart
Is but a temporary school, to train
The immortal soul for Heaven. Love divine
Wills and intends his creatures for that home,
So they co-operate with Him in willing,
And thus receive his blessing; for mankind
Is free to chose or not, and as the choice,
So is the lot of each. Who then can gaze
On this delightful nursery of angels,
Our beauteous earth, with all its lovely forms—
So lovely, that the merely natural eye
Drinks in delight with gazing—and not feel
Joyous that he is sent here as to school,
To learn the way to Heaven? As for me,
I've learned to look on man with better thoughts,
Since I have known this truth; and while I mourn
O'er his infatuation, and despair
Of his democracy, knowing it to be false;
And while I grieve at the dark drapery, hanging
Between his spiritual and natural being,
By which his inward senses are fast lock'd;
Yet do I know his march henceforth is onward,
Not, as the petty politician thinks,
Amidst the sudden ruin of the system
In which he lives; but in a gradual progress
From natural science up to spiritual light,
Even to angelic brightness. Thus our earth,
With every other earth through boundless space,
Will be the birthplace of angelic choirs,
Their schools and seminaries. Would that men
Might even now believe it, and put off
Their evil loves as sins against high Heaven,
Then would their eyes be open, and the truth
Rush on their hearts; then would the Word appear
Bright as the midday sun, and under it,
Man would stand shadowless.

Original.

LEAVES FROM A TABLE-BOOK.

BY NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

"Ope on his table lay a large-leav'd tome
Like astrologic chart, bedight with blots;
And here are caught the bubbles which up-come—
Vagaries, fancies, hearsays and what-nots.
For all that haps of note in this he jots,
And often writes for lack of friends to list—
For, willing sleeps the ear, but loth the tongue, I wist."

* * * * * *

The breaking of the silver cord is the first tone from the life-strings of genius, which is answered only in vibrations of affection. This truth, indeed, is touchingly shadowed forth in the accompaniments of death. The dark colors in the drapery of life, are dropped in the weaving of the shroud. The discords of music are rejected in the melody of the dirge. The praise upon the marble is the first tribute written without disparagement, and the first suffered without dissent. It is this new relation of the public to a great name—this completed and lucent phase of a light in literature—which seems to make a posthumous recast of criticism one of the legitimate departments of a review. Like the public feeling, the condition and powers of criticism toward an author's fame, are essentially changed by his death. His personal character, and the events of his life—the foreground, so to speak, in the picture of his mind, are, 'till this event, wanting to the critical perspective; and when the hand to correct is cold, and the ear to be caressed and wounded is sealed, some of the uses of censure, and all reserve in comparison and final estimate, are done away.

It is time for the reviews to take up, on this ground, the character and writings of Hillhouse. The author of Hadad, the most finished and lofty poem of its time, should have been followed, within a year after his death, by a new and reverential appreciation, and living, as he did, in a learned and literary circle of friends, a biography, at least, was looked for, out of which criticism might shape a fresh monument to his genius. Such men as Hillhouse are not common, even in these days of universal authorship. In accomplishment of mind and person, he was probably second to no man. His poems show the first. They are fully conceived, nicely balanced, exquisitely finished—works for the highest taste to relish, and for the severest student in dramatic style to erect into a model. Hadad was published in 1825, during my second year in college, and to me it was the opening of a new Heaven of imagination. The leading characters possessed me for months, and the bright, clear, harmonious language was, for a long time, constantly in my ears. The author was pointed out to me, soon after, and for once, I saw a poet whose mind was well imaged in his person. In no part of the world have I seen a man of more distinguished mien, or of a more inborn dignity and elegance of address. His person was very finely proportioned, his carriage chivalric and high-bred, and his countenance purely and brightly intellectual. Add to this a sweet voice, a stamp of high courtesy on every thing he uttered, and singular simplicity and taste in dress, and you have the portrait of one who, in other days, would have been the mirror of chivalry, and the flower of nobles and troubadours. Hillhouse was no less distinguished in oratory. There was still remembered, at the time of the publication of Hadad, an oration pronounced by him at the taking of his second degree—an oration upon "the Education of a Poet," gloriously written, and most eloquently delivered. His poem of "the Judgement," delivered before the "Phi Beta Kappa Society," added in the same way to his renown, as did a subsequent noble effort of eloquence, to which I listened myself, with irresistible enchantment.

Hillhouse had fallen upon days of thrift, and many years of his life which he should have passed either in his study, or in the councils of the nation, were enslaved to the drudgery of business. His constitution seemed to promise him a vigorous manhood, however, and an old age of undiminished fire, and when he left his mercantile pursuits, and retired to the beautiful and poetic home of "Sachem's Wood," his friends looked upon it as the commencement of a ripe and long enduring career of literature. In harmony with such a life were all his surroundings—scenery, society, domestic refinement and companionship—and never looked promise fairer for the realization of a dream of glory. That he had laid out something of such a field in the future, I chance to know, for, though my acquaintance with him was slight, he confided to me in a casual conversation, the plan of a series of dramas, different from all he had attempted, upon which he designed to work with the first mood and leisure he could command. And with his high scholarship, knowledge of life, taste and genius, what might not have been expected from its fulfilment? But his hand is cold, and his lips still, and his light, just rising to its meridian, is lost now to the world. Love and honor to the memory of such a man.

I will transcribe here, from a poem called the "Elms of New Haven," (trees planted by the father of Mr. Hillhouse,) some closing lines, in which I attempted to throw a flower upon his grave.

* * * * * *
* * * Years have fled,
And once again, oh, loved and murmuring trees,
We breathe the coolness of your grateful shade!
Wiser, by much unlearning are we all;
And some, perhaps, have smiled or sighed, to-day,
Counting the golden promises unkept—
The gay delusions of these haunted trees.
Silent to us seem all their voices now,
And few are here to summon them again.
They have not come, who, with licentious thought,
Tempted unhallow'd voices from the trees.
The pall'd voluptuary looks not back
To say his fruit was ashes. The fierce boy,
Loose'd like a human wolf upon the world,
Sees but a sleeping scorpion in the past;
But they who in these classic shades have heard
Whispers from better angels—who, in winning
The upward steep of life, have stayed their hearts

With the remembered counsels, ponder'd well
Beneath the trees bent over us—these come
Joyfully back, as to the soul's "pure mother,"
And in the shade, with grateful memory,
Call up the past. Tell us, oh, whispering leaves!
What of the shining spirits who were here,
Walking the shadows with us! What of him
THE POET, who, in summer's twilight hours,
We met upon his solitary way,
And, at the bidding of your airy tongues,
Linked our hearts to him—tell! oh, tell us, ye
Whose errand was to link this throbbing chain,
Whose viewless wings were ever on his path,
Compelling love to him—why, why are they,
Whose names are written to be earliest called,
Knit to affection closest? He is gone,
With all our hopes bound to him. We had given
Our hearts into his hand like mystic books,
And look'd to see their sorrows writ with tears.
His native land leaned on him for its fame,
The Arts, Religion, Eloquence, had left
Their secrets at his lips, and on him hung,
Waiting impatient for his burning words!
Tell us, oh, answering voices from his grave,
Why was this chain, so link'd, so early broken?

Methinks I hear them answer! "Not to us
Look for the compass of the lofty soul
Fled into Heaven! Our ministry is brief—
The span between the cradle and the grave—
The guidance thro' the little stage of life
Of souls, from far wayfaring, and bound on,
Still, to eternity. The poet's path,
It was our errand here, to sow with flowers.
The trees his sire had planted were our home,
And from the leaves we sang to him, while rock'd
His cradle in the shade. The infant's *mind*
Was an archangel's loftier watch—but we
To his fine senses minister'd, with care,
Ceaseless and subtle, fanning him by night
With our ærial wings, and whisp'ring dreams
That made his blood run lightly in his sleep.
By day we hover'd o'er him, prompting ever
The eye that saw him to suffuse with love,
And, as he grew, we breath'd into his frame
Beauty and grace, and wrote upon his brow
The lofty language of the mind within.
So round his lyre we brooded—blest to watch
The spher'd vibrations, widening louder on
With the receding circles of his fame—
Blest with the incense of admiring love,
Breathed in bright clouds around him—blest to be
The ministers of God's best gifts for ever,
To the rapt poet and the honored man.
Ask him not of us! We have sat, in tears,
Lonely and lost, at the relentless door
Shut on us at his grave—but there have come
Spirits communing with us, who have heard
His lyre of music struck amid the stars—
Who tell us, that, while walked the lord of song,
Still in the dark paths of the sorrowing world,
A glorious troop, of loftier wing than ours,
Hover'd unseen above him, wafting on,
With a celestial echo, to the sky,
His strains of wonder, and like us—like us!—
Bid to bind to him, with a golden link,
Each heart in Heaven that heard him!"

Lov'd of us,
But more beloved of angels, was the bard
Mourned in these feeble numbers. Down to earth
Draw me the mighty spirits whom we love,
Loading their swift wings with our joys and fears;
But as the sun calls home the dew for ever,
The angels, as they watch, draw Heavenward still;
And all they find ethereal upon earth,
Follows with sweet compulsion to their track!
What wonder, when the angels upward draw,
Our chains should break, and loose the bard to Heaven.

* * * * * *

In accordance with an economy of pen and ink, discussed on a previous page of this table-book, I will transcribe here a letter to a faithful ally, touching the Erie Railroad in its bearings on one of my belongings:—

Glenmary, January 22, 1842.

DEAR JACK:—

In an unguarded moment, over a broiled oyster at Florence's, sitting in the box graced by the portrait of myself, about to sneeze, "engraved expressly for the New-York Mirror"—in that unguarded moment, I say, Jack, you committed yourself in an offer of friendly service for the execution of city commissions at my rustic need and requisition.

As the request I have to make, hinges somewhat upon the internal improvements of the State, I must preface it by a slight sketch of the change in my relations with my black hat, effected by the opening of the western railroad to Albany. From Owego, (the nearest post-office to Glenmary—three miles off,) there are three routes to New-York; one by stage, to Newburgh, at two miles and a half an hour; the second, by the same mode of conveyance, at the same exhilarating pace, through Pennsylvania and Jersey; and the third by Cayuga Lake and Albany, steamer and railroad—two hundred miles farther, but arriving in rather less time. Now, though Albany is farther north-east from this place, than New-York is south-east, yet my quickest route to the city has, hitherto, been by way of Albany, two hundred miles out of my way, and *now*, my nearest way is *by Boston*, which is four hundred miles out of my way!—a change in my diagram of travel, which, as I shall show you, seriously affects my relations with my black hat.

It is my practice, as you know, twice a year, to "cast my slough" of seclusion, and air my manners for a week on the pavement of town—in March, when I can clear my Astor House bill by economy in the purchase of tools and seeds, and in November, when my corn and potatoes have gone down the river with the first "fresh," and I can draw for a small advance on the consignee at Columbia. (I may mention, here, by the

way, that we have had a meeting of lumber-men and sa'ce farmers, to petition the Susquehannah to run in the other direction, and float our potatoes to Boston, "Pennsylvany Money" not being worth much in these parts.) Of course, this semi-annual flourish involves, for the time being, a complete change in my sumptuary arrangements—for within the limits of the county where I farm, I should be looked upon as "cutting it rather fat," with either straps to my trowsers or black hat, and there would be a general smile in the "meetin'us," if I should sport any thing smarter than three shilling mittens, ("knit by the Brown gals in Barkshire valley.") My stuff for trowsers is manufactured a mile above me, on "the drink," and in all other particulars, I dress up to my farm, which, in the matter of "top-dressing," and "bottom-dressing," is, as yet, any thing but "the dandy." It won't do in these diggins, Jack, to keep up "great pretences and rotten log-fences."

In the city, now, all this is quite the other way. Every body dresses beyond his means, and so do I. It costs me less, to-be-sure, for, with a fortnight's wear in a year, clothes *last;* and since some of my London friends have taken to sending for Warnock's hats, that enterprizing "tiler" has put me upon a "mole-skin" annuity. And this brings me round to my subject.

It was obviously an unnecessary wear and tear, besides an extra article of baggage, to bring home a new hat lay it up in lavender for six months, and take it back again. Better ensure it a *long nap* on some friendly shelf in the city. I therefore "appointed a receiver,"—a courteous ally of my townish days, living in the neighborhood of the Astor, and in his essenced custody, untroubled by the changes of Congress or the weathercocks, stands, in unblemished privacy, at this moment, my holiday tile.

You see at once, my dear Jack, the nature of my request. Boston has slipped in between me and New-York, and the latter can no longer serve me as a deposit. If I must pass through Boston, I must have a hat! That is not a town (nobody knows better than myself,) in which an indigenous "prophet" can take liberties with the public eye. My old cap, or a new cap—any thing, indeed, but the "sober livery" of the Insurance Offices—would damp the sale of my books, (set down to me as an "affectation,") and though, abstractly, I might "cock my bonnet" to please myself, yet my pocket has the bump of approbativeness *a faire sauter le diable!* Please send your imp, therefore, to my friend B——— in Vesey Street, and forward my hat to meet me half way from the Susquehannah to New-York—in Boston!

All this time, you see, Jack, we are but one hundred and eighty miles from the city, and, like the rest of the southern counties of New-York, Tioga has hitherto leaked into Pennsylvania by the Delaware and Susquehannah. The Hudson being *locked* up in the winter, every thing from this section went to market by "the fresh, feeding the country two hundred miles *south* of New-York City, and now, to feed the country two hundred miles *north* of New-York city, half of our produce will find its way by Albany to Boston, for the "lock" of the Hudson is picked, and the key stolen by the Yankees. For the present, therefore, old Diedrich Knickerbocker sits upon the ground between two stools, or, to use a figure more in my line, *he has fallen asleep under his cow, and his neighbors are milking her over his back.* The ERIE RAILROAD, now, would not only milk Diedrich's cow into his own pail, but the best teats of the big Pennsylvania cow into the bargain!

Of course, should this same Erie railroad be completed, I shall go straight to New-York after my pigs and potatoes, and station my black hat once more in the neighborhood of the Astor. Please mention this provisorily to my friend B———, and oblige me, by executing my commission with your usual despatch. Believe me dear Jack,

Yours, very truly.

N. P. W.

Original.

THE WARRIOR AND HIS PLUME.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

THE young warrior hastily brushed the warm tear
That hung on his eyelid, away,
As he turned from the home to his bosom so dear,
To join the stern battle's array.

But each tear was exhaled, and his falcon eye flashed,
As light to the saddle he sprung:
His steed snuffed the wind, and as onward he dashed,
The ground 'neath his glancing hoofs rung.

O'er the warrior's bright casque, as it pressed his pale brow,
The plume waving lightly and free,
Was bathed in the glory of morning's first glow,
As it broke over mountain and lea.

Once he paused and looked back—'twas to wave an adieu,
To the wife he left weeping and pale;
Then nerving his arm, the reins firmly drew,
As he sped from his home in the vale.

Again he looked back, for the voice of his boy,
Sweet as notes of the blue-bird thrilled by,
Who shouted and laughed with infantile joy,
As the white dancing plume caught his eye.

List! borne on the air from the far distant field,
Peals the bugle-note faintly but clear:
Speed onward—the breast of the freeman's the shield,
For the home and the country held dear.

In the van of the battle was seen once again,
His plume tossing wildly and high:
It sunk—and a courser with loose flowing rein,
Without rider, rushed franticly by.

Once more it was seen when the battle was o'er
And the groans of the dying were hushed;
Oh, then, soiled and broken, and clotted with gore,
With its wearer it lay in the dust.

Original.

BEETHOVEN.*

A TALE OF ART.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

PART II.

THE YOUTH.

The first emotions of chagrin and mortification soon passed away in the bosom of young Beethoven, but he did not soon recover his vivacity. His warmest feelings had been cruelly outraged; the spring of love was never again to bloom for him; and it seemed, too, that the fair blosoms of genius also were nipped in the bud. His self-confidence, so necessary to the developement of the artist, was shaken; nay, had nearly deserted him.

The wings of his spirit had unfolded joyously in the sunshine of love; and were spread for a bold flight into the upper regions of Art, where the every-day world could not follow him; as in after life he was entirely indifferent to the applause of the multitude, and never sought it. What he thought and felt he expressed in his enthusiastic inspiration; his best reward was the consciousness of having aimed at the best, and deserved the approbation of true artists.

If, however, the cultivated taste of the present day fails fully to appreciate him, it will not be wondered at that the critics of the time, fettered as they were to the established form, should have been shocked at his departure from their rules. Even Mozart, whose fame stood so high, whose name was pronounced with such enthusiastic admiration, what struggles had he not been forced into with those who would not approve his so called innovations!

The youth of nineteen had struck out a bolder path! What marvel, then, that instead of encouragement, nothing but censures awaited him? His master, Neefe, who was accustomed to boast of him as his pride and joy, now said coldly and bitterly, "his pupil had not fulfilled his cherished expectations; nay, was so taken up with his new fangled conceits, that he feared he was for ever lost to real art.

"Is it so, indeed?" asked Louis of himself in his moments of misgiving and dejection. "Is all a delusion? have I lived 'till now in a false dream? Oh! where is truth on earth? I wish I were dead, since my life is worse than useless!"

—

Young Beethoven sat in his chamber, leaning his head on his hand, looking gloomily out of the vine-shaded window. There was a knock at the door: *piano—pianissimo; crescendo,—forte,—fortissimo!* Still, wrapped in his deep despondency, he heard it not, nor answered with a "come in."

The door was opened softly a little way, and in the crevice appeared a long and very red nose, and a pair of small, twinkling eyes, overshadowed by coal-black bushy eye-brows. Gradually became visible the whole withered, sallow, comical, yet good-humored face of master Peter Pirad.

* Concluded from page 269.

Peter Pirad was a famous kettle-drummer, and was much ridiculed on account of his partiality for that instrument, though he also excelled on many others. He always insisted that the kettle-drum was the most melodious, grand, and expressive instrument, and he would play *it* alone in the orchestra, *partoutament*, as he said. But he was one of the best hearted persons in the world. It was quite impossible to look upon his tall, gaunt, clumsy figure, which, year in and year out, appeared in the well-worn yellow woollen coat, siskin colored breeches, and dark worsted stockings, with his peculiar fashioned felt cap. Without a strong inclination to laugh, yet ludicrous as was his outward man, none remained long unconvinced that spite of his exterior, spite of his numerous excentricities, Peter Pirad was one of the most amiable of men.*

* It may be interesting to the readers of the above sketch to know something of this remarkable individual. Peter Pirad was born in Hamburg; his father was a dealer in grain and distiller; his business, though coarse, was lucrative, and Peter, his youngest son, was destined to follow the same. The son had, however, little inclination thereto; his whole heart and mind were bent to the science of music; and his father resolved, when he was but eight years old, to bind him apprentice to a town musician, since he was firmly persuaded that "nothing better could be done with the young rascal."

His master soon discovered Peter was not so dull as seemed at first; and after a course of instruction, when Telemann, a director of music in the city, heard him play on the viol and horn, and beat the kettle-drum, he became so much interested in the boy that he devoted several hours to giving him lessons, in recompense for which kindness Peter assisted whenever Telemann's compositions were performed, playing the kettle-drum in a manner that astonished all who heard him.

When Telemann died, Peter was about twenty-four. He remained a year longer in Hamburg, and prosecuted his higher studies under Philip Emanuel Bach. His father died in 1768; he had buried his mother a year before. He now left Hamburgh for the first time in his life, to obtain a knowledge of the world. After some adventures he turned his course to Vienna, thence to Salzburg, where he became acquainted with the court trumpeter, an intimate friend of Mozart's family. Schachtner was master not only of the trumpet, but also of the *viola di gamba*, a now forgotten instrument. Pirad became warmly attached to him; without doubt the excellence of Schachtner stimulated him to higher proficiency as a kettle-drummer, for he ascribed his enthusiasm on that instrument to the impressions received during his stay in Salzburg. From Salzburg he went to Vienna; from Vienna to Prague, Dresden, and Berlin, where he made himself personally acquainted with all the great masters then living. The year 1788 found him at Bonn, where he beat the kettle-drum in the electoral chapel. He always looked upon Bonn as his home, 'till the outbreak of the French Revolution, when he became alarmed, and then there was no rest for the sole of his foot. In the later years of his life he used to speak with great emphasis of a bedstead, painted red, in which he had been often frightened from sleep for the space of half a year, because it reminded him of the guillotine.

In Copenhagen, where he drew breath quietly after his terror, he applied himself to his favorite science. Naumann's Orpheus so moved him that he was obliged to keep his bed several days. Except Hoffmann, and the excellent violin player, Rolla, in Dresden, I know of no artist on whose physical constitution the hearing of delightful music produced such violent, even pernicious effects, as on that of Peter Pirad.

'Till this time Peter had known little or nothing of love; here he became enamored of his landlady, the widow of a Danish ship lieutenant, a dame of goodly proportions, being about as tall and twice as thick. He married this colossal fair one. His first son, even in his sixteenth year, was taller than his father. If I am not mistaken, he is yet living, a painter, in Riga.

In the last years of his life Pirad settled at Hamburg, whence he made frequent and long excursions. At length his journeyings ceased at Flensburg, where, in 1822, he died, peaceful, happy, and full of years. As a performer on the kettle-drum, he has seldom or never been surpassed. He had also the most thorough knowledge of counterpoint; played on many instruments with skill and precision; and was perfect on the organ and double bass. But his kettle-drum was every thing to him. He was incessantly occupied with it. He kept it in as perfect tune as the most devoted violin virtuoso ever kept his instrument. Not an indent was to be seen in it; the parchment was so fine and transparent it looked as though it would burst at every stroke, and yet Pirad would play without injuring it

From his childhood, Louis had been attached to Pirad; in later years they had been much together. Pirad, who had been absent several months from Bonn, and had just returned, was surprized beyond measure to find his favorite so changed. He entered the room, and walking up quietly, touched the youth on the shoulder, saying, in a tone as gentle as he could assume, "Why, Louis! what the mischief has got into your head, that you would not hear me?"

Louis started, turned round, and recognizing his old friend, reached him his hand.

"You see," continued Pirad, "you see I have returned safely and happily from my visit to Vienna. Ah! Louis! Louis! that's a city for you! May I be hanged if 'tis not a noble city! Something new every day; something to please all tastes. Such living! Oh! 'twas admirable! and as for taste in art, you would go mad with the Viennese! As for artists, there is Albrectsberger, and Haydn, Mozart, and Salieri,—my dear fellow you *must* go to Vienna." With that Pirad threw up his arms as if beating the kettle-drum, (he always did so when excited) and made such comical faces, that his young companion, spite of his sorrow, could not help bursting out a laughing.

"Saker!" cried Pirad, "that is clever; I like to see that you can laugh yet; it is a good sign; and you shall soon give care and trouble to the winds; ay, ay, where old Peter comes, he banishes despondency; and now, Louis, pluck up like a man, and tell me what all this means. Why do I find you in such a bad humor, as if you had a hole in your skin, or the drums were broken? You know me, lad, for a capital kettle-drummer; there is not another such in the land. I warrant you there are plenty of ninnies who fancy they can beat me; but every body who is a judge laughs at them. You know, too, I have always wished you well; so out with it, my brave boy, what is the matter with you?"

"Ah!" replied Beethoven, "much more than I can say; I have lost all hope, all trust in myself. You, perhaps, will not understand me, Pirad; you will censure me if I have been doing wrong; yet you have always been a kind friend to me, and I will tell you all my troubles, for, indeed, I cannot keep them to myself any longer!" So the melancholy youth told all to his attentive auditor: his unhappy passion for his cousin; his master's dissatisfaction with him, and his own sad misgivings.

When he had ended, Pirad remained silent awhile, his fore-finger laid on his long nose, in an attitude of thoughtfulness. At length, raising his head, he gave his advice as follows:

"This is a sad story, Louis! but it convinces me of the truth of what I used to say: your late excellent father—I say it with all respect for his memory—and your other friends, never knew what was really in you. As for your disappointment in love, that is always a business that brings much trouble and little profit. Women are capricious creatures at best, and no man who has a respect for himself will be a slave to their humors. I was a little touched in that way, myself, when I was something more than your age, but the kettle-drum soon put such nonsense out of my head. My advice is, that you stick to your music, and let her go; my friendship will be a truer accompaniment for you; and I need not assure you, will never fail. For what concerns the court organist, Neefe, I am more vexed; his absurdity is what I did not precisely expect. I will say nothing of Herr Yunker; he forgets music in his zeal for counterpoint; as if he should say, he could not see the wood for the tall trees, or the city for the houses! Have I not heard him assert, ay, with my own living ears, slanderously assert, that the kettle-drum was a superfluous instrument? Only think, Louis, the kettle-drum a superfluous instrument! Donner and—. Did not the great Haydn—bless him for it!—undertake a noble symphony expressly with reference to the kettle-drum? What could you do with "*Dies irae—dies illa*," without the kettle-drum? I played it at Vienna in Don Giovanni, the chapel-master, Mozart himself, directing. In the spirit scene, Louis, where the statue has ended his first speech, and Don Giovanni in consternation speaks to his attendants, while the anxious heart of the appalled sinner is throbbing, the kettle-drum thundering away—" Here Pirad began to sing with tragical gesticulation. "Yes, Louis, I beat the kettle-drum with a witness, while an icy thrill crept through my bones: and for all that, the kettle-drum is a useless instrument! What blockheads there are in the world! To return to your master,—I wonder at his stupidity, and yet I have no cause to wonder. You are perhaps aware that many wise and sensible people take me for a fool and a ridiculous fellow, because I disagree with them on certain subjects; nevertheless, I know much that wise and sensible people do not know. Now my creed is, that Art is a noble inheritance left us by our ancestors, which it is our duty to enlarge and increase by all honest and honorable means. There are those among the heirs who think the capital already large enough; talk of the impossibility of bettering it—a bird in the hand being worth two in the bush, etc. But such spiritless persons only waste what they know not how to use to advantage. He who has a soul for art will not spare his labor, but consider how he may best do justice to the testator, and render useful the good gift of the Almighty, surely not bestowed for nought! No, my dear boy, I tell you I hold you for an honest heir, who would not waste your substance, who has not only power, but will, to perform his duty. So take courage; be

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from the highest pianissimo to the deepest forte. He suffered none else, however, to meddle with it; and I verily believe notwithstanding his characteristic timidity and gentleness, would have murdered any body outright, who should have spoiled his instrument.

It may readily be conceived that his peculiarities caused him many vexations. He lived continually in disputes with his landlord and neighbors; for it was not unusual with him when, in the middle of the night, a new idea came into his head, to spring out of bed and beat his kettle-drum 'till the whole neighborhood was in an uproar.

His language was a mangled mixture of almost all the different German dialects, varied with broken phrases of Italian, French, and Latin. With his wife he murdered Danish, which he understood as imperfectly as she did German; so that each seldom comprehended all that the other meant to say, yet they always agreed.

Many amusing anecdotes might be related of Pirad, but the space allotted to a note is already filled up with this brief account of the leading incidents of his life.

not cast down at trifles; and take my advice and go to Vienna. *Himmeltausend!* whom have you here above yourself? but there you will find your masters: Mozart, Haydn, Albrechtsberger, and others not so well known, but well worthy your emulation. One year, nay, a few months in Vienna will do more for you, than ten years vegetating in this good city. You can soon learn, then, what you are capable of, and what not; only mind what Mozart says, when you are playing in his hearing."

The young man started up, his eyes sparkling, his cheeks glowing with new enthusiasm, and embraced Pirad warmly. "You are right, my good friend!" he cried, "I will go to Vienna; and shame on any one who despises your counsel! Yes, I will go to Vienna."

When he told his mother of his resolution she looked grave, and wept when all was ready for his departure. But Pirad, with a sympathizing distortion of countenance, said to her, "Be not disturbed, my good Madame de Beethoven! Louis shall come back to you much livelier than he is now; and even if he does not, why, the lot of the artist is always to suffer some privation, that he may cling more closely to his science. And, madame, you may comfort yourself with the hope that your son *will* become a great artist!"

Young Beethoven visited Vienna for the first time in the spring of the year, 1792. He experienced strange emotions as he entered that great city; perhaps a dim presentiment of what he was in future years to accomplish and to suffer. He was not so fortunate this time as to find Haydn there; that artist had set out for London but a little before. He was disappointed, but the more anxious to make the acquaintance of Mozart.

Albrechtsberger, Haydn's intimate friend, undertook to introduce him. "But we must not be out of patience, Beethoven," said he, good humoredly, "if we have to go frequently to the master's house without finding him. Schickaneder has got him in his clutches at present—for Mozart has written an opera for his company, there are some new and difficult scenes in the piece which the manager wants to arrange, and he gives our friend the master no rest, with his suggestions and contrivances. It is a shame that Mozart has to work for such a man, but he must live, you know, with his wife and children, and I heard Haydn say his place here has only brought him in eight hundred gilders for the last year."

They went several times, in fact, to Mozart's house before they found him at home. At last, on a rainy day, one that suited not for an excursion with the Impressario, they were so fortunate as to find him. They heard him from the street, playing; our young hero's heart beat wildly as they went up the steps, for he looked on that dwelling as the temple of art.

When they were in the hall, they saw through a side door that stood open, Mozart sitting playing the piano; close by him sat a short, fat man, with a shining red face; and at the window Madame Mozart, holding her youngest son, Wolfgang, on her lap, while the eldest was sitting on the floor at her feet.

"Stop, my good sir," cried the fat man, seizing Mozart's hand, "I do not altogether like the last! You must alter it, you must indeed! Look you, this is what occurs to me: that slow adagio may stand, if you like, the people do not care about listening to it, they lean back in their seats and gaze at the doors swinging; but that allegro, it does not suit—"

"I believe you are a fool outright, besides having no conscience!" interrupted Mozart, rising angrily from the piano. "I have yielded you far too much, but the overture you have nothing to do with; and I wish I may be hanged if I alter a single note in it for you! I would rather take back the whole opera and throw it into the fire!"

"If you will not write popular music," grunted the other, "you cannot expect me to have your pieces represented."

"Very well," said the master, decidedly, "then we owe each other nothing, and I need plague myself no more about it."

"Nay, nay," pursued the fat man, who changed his ground when he saw the composer was really in earnest, "you may leave the overture as it is, it is all the same to me; I only wanted to give you my ideas on the subject."

"I would not give much for your ideas," muttered the master; and he turned to receive his new visitors. His face soon brightened up; he greeted Albrechtsberger cordially, and looked inquiringly on his young companion.

"Herr van Beethoven from Bonn," said Albrechtsberger, presenting his friend; "an excellent composer and skilful musician, who is desirous of making your acquaintance."

"You are heartily welcome, both of you, and I shall expect you to remain and dine with me to-day," said Mozart; and taking Louis by the hand he led him to the window where his wife sat. "This is my Constance," he continued; "and these are my boys; this little fellow is but three months old"—and throwing his arm round Constance's neck, he stooped and kissed the smiling infant.

Louis looked with surprize on the great artist! He had fancied him quite different in his exterior; a tall man, of powerful frame, like Handel. He saw a slight, low figure, wrapped in a furred coat, notwithstanding the warmth of the season; his pale face showed the evidences of long continued ill health; his large, bright, speaking eyes alone reminded one of the genius that had created Idomeneus and Don Giovanni.

"So you, too, are a composer?" asked the fat man, coming up to Beethoven; "Look you, sir, I will tell you what to do, lay yourself out for the opera; the opera is the great thing!"

Louis looked at him in surprize and silence.

"Master Emanuel Schickaneder, the famous Impressario," said Albrechtsberger, scarcely controlling his disposition to laugh.

"Yes," continued the fat man, assuming an air of importance, "I tell you I know the public, and know how to get the weak side of it; if Mozart would only be led by me he could do well! I say, if you will compose me something,—(I have written half-a-dozen operas myself)—by the way, here is a season ticket; I shall

be happy if you will visit my theatre; to-morrow night we shall perform the Magic Flute; it is an admirable piece, some of the music is first rate, some not so good, and I, myself, play the Papageno."

"You ought to do something in that line," said Mozart, laughing, "your singing puts one in mind of an unoiled door-hinge."

The Impressario took a pinch of snuff, and answered with an important air, "I can tell you, sir, the singing is quite a secondary thing in the opera, for I know the public; however, I have some good singers; and as for myself, even you, Mozart, will acknowledge my merit one of these days." And he went on to tell them of an ingenious and comical arrangement he had devised in the dress of the new part.

They were all much amused with it; and the Impressario continued to repeat, "I can tell you, I know the public."

Here several persons, invited guests of the composer, came in; among them Mozart's pupils, Sutzmayr and Wolfl, with the Abbe Stadler and the excellent tenorist, Peyerl. After an hour or so spent in agreeable conversation, enlivened by an air from Mozart, they went to the dinner table. Schickaneder here played his part well; doing ample justice to the viands and wine. The dinner was really excellent; and the host, notwithstanding his appearance of feeble health, was in first rate spirits, abounding in gayety, which soon communicated itself to the rest of the company.

After they had dined, and the coffee had been brought in, Mozart took his new acquaintance to the window, apart from the others, and asked, "Did you come through Leipzig?"

Beethoven replied in the affirmative.

"Did you remain long there?"

"I merely passed through."

"That is a pity! I love Leipzig; I have many dear friends there; the dearest, my good old Doles, is dead some time since; yet I have others, and when you return thither you must stay longer, I will give you letters to them. But now, I beg of you, tell me how it stands with yourself, and what you have learned? If I can be of any service to you, command me."

Louis pressed the master's hand, which was cordially extended to him, and without hesitation gave his history, and informed him of his plans, concluding by asking his advice.

Mozart listened with a benevolent smile; and when he had ended, said, "Come, you must let me hear you play." With that he led him to an admirable instrument in another apartment, opened it, and invited him to select a piece of music.

"Will you give me a thema?" asked Louis.

The master looked surprized; but without reply wrote some lines on a leaf of paper and handed it to the young man. Beethoven looked over it; it was a difficult chromatic Fuguetheme, the intricacy of which demanded much skill and experience. But without being discouraged, he collected all his powers and began to execute it.

Mozart did not conceal the surprize and pleasure he felt when Louis first began to play. The youth perceived the impression he had made, and was stimulated to more spirited efforts. As he proceeded the master's pale cheeks flushed; his eyes sparkled; and stepping on tiptoe to the open door, he whispered to his guests, "Listen, I beg of you! you shall have something worth hearing."

That moment rewarded all the pains, and banished the apprehensions of the young aspirant after excellence. Louis went through his trial piece with admirable spirit, sprang up, and went to Mozart, seizing both his hands and pressing them to his throbbing heart, he murmured, "I, also, am an artist!"

"You are, indeed!" cried Mozart, "and no common one! And what may be wanting, you will not fail to find, and make your own. The grand thing, the living spirit, you bore within you from the beginning, as all do who possess it. Come back soon to Vienna, my young friend—very soon! Father Haydn, Albrechtsberger, friend Stadler, and I will receive you with open arms; and if you need advice or assistance, we will give it you to the best of our ability."

The other guests crowded round Beethoven, and hailed him as a worthy pupil of art! even the silly Impressario looked at him with vastly increased respect, and said, "I can tell you, I know the public,—well, we will talk more of the matter this evening over a glass of wine.'

"I, also, am an artist!" repeated Louis to himself, when he returned late to his lodgings. Much improved in spirits, and reinspired with confidence in himself, he returned to Bonn; and ere long put in practice his scheme of paying Vienna a second visit.

This he accomplished at the Elector's expense, being sent by him. He did not, indeed, see Mozart again, nor could he even find the grave of his deceased friend. But the spirit of the illustrious master was with him; and the world knows well, how Father Haydn honored the last request of his friend.

And thus I close this brief account of the early years of the greatest master of modern times. His boyhood was not free from care and suffering; his youth was troubled; and we who are familiar with the events of his life, know how much he endured as a man, even while his hours were passed in preparing "Joy, pure, spiritual joy" for us all. But he was a true artist; he fulfilled his noble mission; and that consciousness, and his earnest longings after the pure and the good, gave him strength to bear the woes of life, strength to pass through the dark valley of death, whither he went down "rejoicing, as a conqueror to victory."

His first disappointment is immortalized in his song of "Adelaide." In his opera "Leonore," he has loved to remember Truth, while forgetting the deserts of Faithlessness; and while his great symphonies paint the strifes of humanity, does not his "Egmont" proclaim the victory of the falling hero? But to still deeper and higher feelings has he appealed—exalted devotion, joy heavenborn; hope eternal; faith in Infinite Love. Never shall his sacred compositions cease to awaken the purest and loftiest emotions that can sway the human heart.

Original.

BIDDY WOODHULL;*

OR, THE PRETTY HAY-MAKER.

A TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'LAFITTE,' 'CAPT. KYD,' 'THE QUADROON,' 'BURTON,' ETC., ETC.

PART VI.

MORRIS' blooded bays dashed along the turnpike towards Harlem, at a rate that soon brought him to the stage-inn door. The red headed Scotch ostler, leaving a horse that he was rubbing down, sprung to their heads, while all the loafers that usually lounged in the bar and about the door, crowded up to see what had occasioned such a hurried arrival, and to gaze at the foaming animals.

"Wull I gie them a cule sponging, sir?" asked Jamie; "it's a warm day for sic fat cattle to be on the road."

"No, no! I shall not stop," said Edward with impatience, and looking angrily around upon the crowd of loafers who stood staring at him and his horses. "Were you here when the Chester stage came in, ostler?" he asked him in an under tone, "and did you notice a pretty young woman in it?"

"I dinna aften tak, notice o' bonny lasses i' stage coaches, gude frien," said Jamie, affecting an indifferent tone. "What, now, would ye be willin' to gi'e a body for the ienformation?"

Morris could not help smiling at the Scotchman's shrewdness, and handed him a quarter of dollar. Jamie took "the siller" in his bonny palm, tried it between his teeth, inspected closely the stamp, and then, as if satisfied of its currency, deliberately took from his trowsers pocket the thumb of an old leather glove, and added it to a small store of coin which it contained. Then returning his treasure to the receptacle from which he had drawn it forth, he looked shrewdly yet coolly up into Edward's face, and said in his characteristic dry tone—

"Sae, it's a bonny lass ye're speerin after, maister?"

"Yes; did you notice one in the stage?"

"Perhaps I did. Had she black een?"

"Yes, very dark black eyes!"

"Was she aboot saxteen or thereaway?" interrogated the deliberate Jamie.

"Yes. I want to know if she continued on with the stage, or got out here."

"Had the lassie a wee bundle wi' her?"

"Yes—I dare say—yes;" at length replied Edward, with an impatience to which the philosophical Jamie was quite insensible.

"Weel, then, I believe that I did see the lass, mon! I mind her bonny black een, weel! She wouldn't alight, but sat quiet i' the coach 'till Deck the coachmon changed the cattle. I mind her weel, man."

"Then she kept on to the city?" said Morris, making a sign to John to start forward.

"At to hersel' keepin' on to the ceety, I wunna just answer to aver to ye," replied Jamie, stepping aside from the horses' heads, as he saw John was about to move, "but she left the inn, inside the coach, and doubtless kept her seat 'till she got to the toon."

Edward was twenty feet off as the last words reached his ears, and moving at the rate of twelve miles an hour towards town. Whoever has had the happiness to drive a pair of fast trotting horses on that delightful pleasure course, the Third Avenue, will easily form an idea of the fleetness with which our hero, having an object so important in view, was whirled over it towards the city. If his horses did not fling the miles behind them "like paving-stones," as his Irish ostler promised they would, they seemed to fly over them with winged hoofs! At length they approached the great city with its hundred graceful spires, towers and gothic turrets, and soon afterwards turned from the avenue into that great artery of the city, the thronged and noisy Bowery! It now, for the first time, occurred to Morris, that he had, in his impatience to proceed, neglected to inquire at Harlem, where the West Chester stage put up. This he now felt was very important for him to know, as from that point his search for the lovely runaway was to commence.

"John," he said abruptly, as his servant guided the horses along the intricate and devious passages formed by the numerous vehicles moving in every direction.

"Sir," answered John, touching his hat with his whip hand.

"Stop at the first stage office where I can inquire where the West Chester stage puts out its passengers."

"Oh, I can tell you that, sir," said John, who, until they reached Fordham, had wondered what had caused his master to start so suddenly for town; and who, since he had learned his object by his inquiries, had been puzzled to learn why the moral and staid young Edward Morris should be thus openly engaged in pursuit of a young girl "with a bundle." Morris, however, had not seen fit to make John his confidant, and so the valet continued in his mystification, though with a very natural curiosity to know in what this extraordinary pursuit was likely to terminate. "It's No. 21, Bowery, sir," added John.

"Then drive thither without delay," said Morris, his mind very much relieved.

What with the detentions caused by omnibusses and rail-cars, it seemed a long time to the impatient young lover before John at length drew up before a low, straw-colored wooden building, just below the theatre on the east side of the way, with "No. 21, Bowery," painted in large letters on the front. An awning stretched over the sidewalk, and beneath it. Round a door leading into a bar-room, sat several loungers and loafers, and idle stage-drivers. Edward's dashing equipage and fine horses instantly drew the attention of two or three of the latter, and they got up to look at it with professional admiration and curiosity. Without heeding them, Edward sprang out, and entered the low bar-room which was also used as a stage-office. Two or three women and an old farmer were seated there, waiting for stages.

* Concluded from page 208.

He glanced round upon them as he entered, as if he expected to see there the object of his pursuit; while instantly his thoughts revolted at the idea of finding her in such a place. A stout man, with a "mine host" like look, was writing on a scrap of paper at a little desk behind the bar.

"Does the stage from West Chester County stop here, sir?" he asked of this functionary.

The man neither lifted his eyes nor his pen, and replied mechanically, "Yes."

"Can you tell me, sir," continued Edward, whose own ardor of feeling was chilled by this indifference to his solicitous inquiry, and he spoke now with a respectful deference, that he thought would draw a more civil reply from the absorbed agent or landlord. The man's ear was not insensible to the gentlemanly tone of his voice, and looking up, and seeing Morris, laid down his pen, and said with an apologetic smile—

"Beg, pardon, sir, what did you wish?"

"Can you tell me if a young person—that is, a young lady, came in the Chester stage this morning?"

"Well, I cant, as I was to breakfast when Dick Sherwood got in; but I can see Dick, and let you know, sir."

"I'm sorry to put you to any trouble, sir."

"Oh, none at all, sir! Dick's just at the door. Ho, there, boys, is Chester Dick there?" he hallooed to those on the side-walk, looking at, and commenting upon Edward's horses.

"What's that, Mister Corney?" officiously asked a ragged fellow with a watery eye, a round rubicund face, and one of those good-natured smiles one often sees on the features of those wrecked whole-soul'd fellows, who have been ruined by being such "devilish good hearted chaps." It was Tom Conklin, who had a heart like a baby, and would drink with any body that would kindly ask him. Tom had a sort of tenancy for life, of the bar-room by day, and a bed in the stable at night, through the summer months; but in winter, he sought the shelter of the almshouse! Tom was always about the door, and always contrived, when any one came in to drink, to say a civil word to him, tell him that "his pocket ha'kerchief was out, and the boys might pick it," or that he might lose "that paper in his waistcoat pocket;" or he would see, or pretend to see a little flour or dust on the comer-in's coat behind, and offering to brush it off. So, as men who go to bars to drink, always prefer drinking with somebody than drinking alone; poor Tom Conklin got many an invitation between sunrise and sunset. Thus Tom got along with the drinking part of his living; and by keeping on good terms with the cooks of one or two taverns near by, he got a plate now and then, of cold meat and bread. Tom, however, was always obliging, and ready to do any service for any body that needed it! bring a pitcher of water for the bar, clean the "agents'" boots; get the milk from the yelling milkman, and bring it to the maid in the door, and other such little matters. Sometimes he would hold a horse, or do some other service for a gentleman, and get money instead of rum. But Tom was one of those "whole souls," and he had a great deal rather have had a drink with, and from the one he served, than take money; for he loved social feeling to which, alas, for poor Tom, he had become the pitiable victim! Tom had twenty thousand dollars left him at twenty-one, and what with his "social feelings" and dissipated associates, he had not a dollar left at twenty-five. So he became the poor creature that he now was! Poor Tom! poor devil! equally to be despised and pitied, would that thou wert alone in thy sad and degraded estate!

"Vot's vanted, Mister Corney?" asked Tom, who, on seeing Edward enter the office, had followed him. "Can I do any thing for you, sir?" he added, touching his ragged beaver, and smiling insinuatingly.

Edward glanced at him with an emotion of pain and commiseration, as he replied, "No, poor fellow."

"I *am* a poor fellow, that's a pos', mister," said Tom, with his best-humored smile, "a d—n poor fellow. S'p'ose we take a drink, coz I likes your looks! I knows vot a gent'leman is, havin' been one myself, you see; but it's a d—n loafer I've got to be now! But happy go lucky! Vot'll you drink, master?"

"I never take any thing quite so early," said Edward, with a smile of pity.

"I don't keep no watch, now, and liquor is liquor at all sorts o'clock! I likes it vhenever I can get it! Come, let's take a little som'at for old acquaintance."

"I don't recollect that I ever saw you before," said Morris, staring.

"That's nothin' here nor there! God put us all into this world strangers to one another, for us all to make each other's acquaintance! Come, Mr. Corney, hand down the 'canter."

"Don't pester the gentleman, Tom. You know you can't pay if he would condescend to drink."

"Pay! Think I'd drink with a gen'leman and he'd let me pay? The gen'leman will not let me pay if I axes him to drink!"

"Is Dick Sherwood out there, Tom?" asked the agent.

"No, he's jiss gone home."

"Did you see the stage stop here?"

"Yes. But now, Corney, if you want to pump me," said Tom, humorously, "put some liquor into me first, or I'm d—d if the pump won't suck!"

The bar-keeper laughingly poured him out a dram, which Tom took off after nodding and touching his hat to Morris, who, from a fixed principle which it is to be regretted did not more generally influence gentlemen in such cases, resolved not to pay for any thing for him to drink. Doubtless Tom thought him only half-souled, and the bar-keeper, avaricious, if not mean!

"Well, that's good liquor. Yes, I seed Dick when he druv up to the curb-stone!"

"Did all the passengers get out here?" asked Edward, eagerly.

Tom squinted at him out of one corner of his eye as much as to say, "No go, young un! You don't come the catechism over Tom Conklin." Edward very quickly understood him, and placed a *douceur* in his hand, that produced a magic effect upon Tom's aspect.

"That's the right tongue-oil, master!" said Tom, sticking it in his mouth for want of a sound pocket;

"Now fire away!"

"Was there a young lady got out here?"

"I seed a young vooman as vould ha' been a lady if as how she hadn't a bundle," said Tom.

"That is the one. Where did she go?"

"I seed Dick tell a nigger to take her bundle, and show her some place she wanted to find."

"Did you learn what place?"

"No, but I guess Dick could tell."

"And she went with the negro?"

"Not cozactly with him, coz he went ahead, and she behind," replied Tom, with a gravity that made Morris smile, notwithstanding his anxiety to discover his pretty hay-maker.

"What direction did she take?"

"Down Bowery."

"Where is this driver to be found, sir?" inquired Edward of the bar-keeper.

"At his house, I expect, but I don't know where it is."

"I knows, sir," said Tom, "if the gentleman'll follow me. It's number five, Bayard Street—a ricketty wooden house, with the up-stairs all tumbling down stairs, that would a been burned up long ago, if the fire had not been ashamed to be seen burnin' sich a hedifice."

"Thank you," said Edward, leaving the bar-room; and hastily crossing the side-walk, he sprung into his buggy, and bade John drive down to Bayard Street, which was the next corner.

"There goes a rum un," said one of the stage-drivers; "he thinks horseflesh is made o' Ingy rubber and whalebone. I never see horses druv that devil-behind-catch-me way! It makes me mad to see good animals abused so, jiss for a fellow with a strait coat and kid gloves!"

"He's got som'at to drive for," said Tom, making his appearance. "He's after a young vooman as is run away, I reckon, and come to town in Dick's coach."

"I saw the girl, and a fine pretty one she was, too," said another of the men; "and she was poor, too, I guess, for Dick give a nigger a sixpence for showing her some place she was after."

"Them horses is worth all the young women in York," said the first stage-driver; "I wouldn't drive 'em so for any on 'em, I'll be blest!"

"Not even for Jane Bailey, Barney," said Tom, winking round.

Barney's red face looked more crimson still, and he levelled a blow of his whip at Tom's head amid the laughter of his companions. But Tom dodged it from long practice, and it descended obliquely, with all its force, upon the shins of the rascally negro who had guided Biddy to the Intelligence office. He set up a yell of pain, and danced round on the side-walk, for a few seconds, as if he had stepped in boiling water.

"Keep it up, darkey! that's y'er sort! jump Jim Crow," cried Tom, with delight, as much at his own escape as at the other's suffering and antics. "When you get tired, nig, come in and take a drink! D——n me if I'm ashamed to drink with a nigger who's prove so good a friend, if he is black! I'm no abolitionist though! Come along, Cuffee! I've got the brass! Here, Corney, go in and give us a dram! Hullo, boys, come along! I've got a quarter, and so let's have a treat all round! Hang the expense! What's money for, if it a'nt to spend! Come, boys, step up, and let Tom Conklin treat!"

Scarcely one present declined the invitation to drink, and so Morris' generosity contributed to the inebriation of half a dozen, instead of one, as would have been its limit, had he paid for a drink for Tom, which he would have been as well satisfied with as with the quarter. But this does not affect the principle by which he was governed. In one instance, though the evil would have been less, he would have been morally culpable; in the other, though the evil was greater, he was blameless! Uprightness and integrity of principle and action, are always safest; the effects must be left to themselves!

Passengers in the street, and neighbors from the opposite window, gazed with surprize and curiosity to see a handsome equipage, with a man in livery, draw up in Bayard Street, before No. 5, and a fashionable young gentleman alight, and survey, with some hesitation, the premises, previous to entering them. Tom's description of the old wooden cluster of houses was not exaggerated; and those who have seen them, will not think it surprizing Edward should pause. They were an old wooden row, black, and out of repair, with broken steps and windows, and inhabited, seemingly, by a dozen tenants. At No. 5, which was about the midst of the buildings, was a sort of stoop, over which hung a dirty sign, with a boot painted on it.

"Is this the house of Mr. Sherwood, the stage-driver?" asked Edward of a woman, sitting with a child on her lap, in one of two doors which seemed equally to lay claim to No. 5.

"No, yer honor," she screamed; "it's number fave he lives, the nix' door up stair! Go right up them little steps on the stoop, yer honor, and thin ye'll see the stair right afore ye! Is't washin' doon ye want?"

"No," said Edward, and turned to obey her direction; but the stairs before him were so one-sided, that he hesitated to ascend them, and he knocked on the wainscot with his knuckles. A little girl, cleanly and neatly dressed, came to the head of the stairs, and he asked her if Mr. Sherwood lived there.

"Yes, sir. Papa," she called, "here's somebody come to see you."

"Ask him to come up," answered the voice of honest Dick, as if his mouth was full of his breakfast; "tell 'em to mind and not break their necks on the stairs!"

Edward thought the caution was very necessary, and carefully ascended to the landing, when, through an open door, he saw the stage-driver seated at his breakfast. He stopped in doubt, whether to advance or not, when Dick, turning round, and seeing him, instantly got up from the table, while his wife bustled about for a chair.

"Oh, sir, I beg pardon; I thought it some of the

boys from 21. Walk in, sir. It's a poor place for a gentleman to come into—but it's the best I can afford these hard times, sir! These railroads and steamboats destroy the poor coachman, sir! Please to sit down! Wife, dust the chair for the gentleman!"

Edward entered the room, which was neat, and better furnished than the outward appearanne of the house promised, and took a chair, which the tidy Mrs. Sherwood wiped out for him with her check apron.

"I fear I am an intruder," said Morris, "but I called to ask about a young woman, who came down from the country in the stage this morning."

Oh, yes! Wife! and I was just this minute talking about her! Didn't I tell you, wife, how I thought after she left the stage, she was a respectable young person, as run away from her home—she was so pretty and lady-like! You know'd her, sir?"

"Can you tell me any thing about her?" asked Morris eagerly.

"Well, all I know, sir, is, that seeing as how she was alone, and a stranger like in the city and being so gentle and pleasant, I took a liking to her, and asked her where she wanted to go, and she said to some Intelligence office!"

"Good Heaven! I may then be too late!" exclaimed Edward with a sudden energy, that surprized them.

"She is your relation, sir, perhaps," ventured Sherwood.

"No—but I feel an interest in her welfare."

"So would any body, I'm sure, sir."

"What Intelligence office did she go to?"

"I can't tell that, as I couldn't go with her myself, as I would ha' liked to, she was sich a young and innocent thing, and so paid a nigger to show her one, as she, poor thing, hadn't any money but a short shillin', which I wouldn't take from her. She paid me four ten cent-pieces, instead of a half a dollar, but then I'll gladly make this up to the company, out o' my own pocket."

"You are very kind, sir," said Morris, with grateful emotion. "She—that is, I—will yet remember your disinterested generosity. Can you give me no clue to find where she went?"

"I can if I see that nigger, Jim Johnson, that went with her, and carried her bundle for her."

"Could you not find him, sir? Think! I will amply reward your trouble."

"I don't want to be paid, sir; I'd do any thing for her I thought would benefit her. Sam is always loafin' about the stage office, sir, when he han't money; but just as sure as he gets a sixpence, he streaks it off to Five Points to spree it out! I'll go up with you, sir, to Twenty-one, and see if he is about there. If I can find him, you can easily find out where she is!"

"I am very sorry, sir, to interrupt your breakfast," said Edward; "but if you will go up there with me, I will make it worth your while."

"I don't mind the trouble, sir, for I'd like to have the young woman found, and better taken care of than with her pretty face she can take care of herself, in this wicked city. Betty, wife, just put my breakfast to the fire; I'l be back in a quarter of an hour. Come, sir, I will go with you, and if Jim's to be found, I'll find him!"

Morris thanked him for his readiness, while he felt grateful to him for the honest and kind-hearted interest he took in the lovely fugitive, who, as he learned more and more of her trials, grew more and more dear to him.

"John, you may drive back to No. 21," he said, as he regained the street; "I will walk there with you, Mr. Sherwood."

When Dick saw the fine establishment in which our hero drove to his dwelling, and saw with a practiced eye the blood of the horses, he, insensibly to himself, showed more alacrity to serve him. Dick liked a good horse, and from the animal, always felt disposed to his admiration to the owner.

"Sam Johnson, however, was not to be found about the stage office, nor in the precincts! He had left, Tom Conklin said, after his drink, and taken the direction towards Chatham Street.

"He's gone to the Five Points, sir," said Dick;" but if you was willing to go there, you might as well expect to find a fat horse in an omnibus, as find Sam, once he gets into them dark holes there!

"I would willingly drive there, and make the search," said Morris, with a look of disappointment.

"No, I'll tell you the best course to take," said Dick, brightening up at the idea; "I know the nigger is too lazy to go far for an Intelligence office, if he could find one near; besides, I know he wa'n't long afore he came back to me for the sixpence I promised to give him, if he took the young woman safely to one. So I think the best way'll be to go to the nearest one, and so on, 'till you find the right one. This can be sooner done than finding the nigger."

"You are right, my good friend," said Morris. "I will do so."

"You'll find a directory in the office, sir," said Dick, "and it'll show you the number and street of all the 'telligence offices. Look for them as is in the Chatham Street direction, for that's the course Jim took her. Perhaps she may have gone to the "benevolent" office, in Broadway, near Canal."

In a few minutes, Edward had pencilled down in his pocket-book the number of a dozen offices, and returned to his buggy.

"I thank you for your kindness," he said to Sherwood, who stood patting the off horse on the neck; "do me the favor to accept this," and he thrust a five dollar note into his hand.

"No, I am obliged to you, sir," said Dick, bluntly; "I never likes to be paid for doing any body sich a service as this; I'd rather you'd give me a good hearty shake o' the hand, if it's the same to you."

"I'll do both," said Edward, laughing, and grasping his hand. "Good bye! I'll not forget you, though, for all that."

Thus speaking, he got into his buggy, bade John drive first through Walker Street to the office founded by a

benevolent society, to assist, gratuitously, servants to situations. On alighting before the door, which was thronged with persons of both sexes, who looked at him as he entered the thronged room, anxiously, as if he might have come for one of themselves. An old, benevolent gentleman, with rough but kind manners, presided at a little desk like the patriarch of the promiscuous and motley flock.

"Sir," said Edward, "is there a young woman here by the name of Woodhull, who came to town in the morning stage?"

"Woodhull?" said the old gentleman, looking round, and then lifting up his voice so as to reach into the farther of the two rooms into which his office was divided; "is there a young woman here by the name of Woodhull? What's her other name, sir?"

"Biddy or Bridget," answered Morris, with embarrassment.

"Bridget Woodhull, answer to your name?" added the old man.

There was a deep silence provailed through the office, and Edward began to despair! There was, at least, fifty females, of all ages and varieties of appearance, seated on benches along the sides of both rooms; perhaps Biddy might be there, and afraid or ashamed to answer to her real name.

"Shall I look through the office, sir?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, to be sure! Take off your veils, and show your faces, all you that have honest ones," said the old gentleman, smiling; "this person wants to see if any of you an't Bridget Woodhull. Edward walked through the rooms, and gave a hasty glance at each countenance, some of them smiling, some cross, others saucy, and others anxious and expecting, but he saw no one there that looked like the pretty hay-maker.

"Should such a person call here," he said to the director, "I would be obliged to you to send me word, and detain her. Here is my address."

Certainly, Mr. Morris; I will do so. Are you a subscriber?"

"Subscriber?

"Yes, to the society. Every subscriber can have the choice of servants 'till they are suited for a whole year, without additional expense; and all warranted good and faithful domestics."

"Oh, yes, I understand you! but I don't want a servant just now."

"Oh, very well—if you take this Bridget, of course you'll subscribe?"

"Certainly, sir, in that case," said Morris, confused. Good morning, sir."

"Good morning, Mr. Morris; I will look out for her. Do you want her for a nurse, or chambermaid?"

"Confound the old fellow," exclaimed Morris, getting into his buggy, with a heightened cheek! "Am I really in love with, and in pursuit of a possible chambermaid! Well, I will not stop to think about it—for I feel afraid of reflection upon my present pursuit! I must fulfil my destiny, and since it is that this sweet hay-maker hath involved it in her's! See her—find her I must!"

"Where shall I drive now, sir?" asked John, with a covert smile, which the sensitive young man instantly understood; he hesitated, colored, and then said sharply—

"To the stables, and put up your horses; but be ready to leave town at any moment. I will walk the rest of the way I have to go."

With these words, Morris sprung to the ground, and John drove alone off in the direction of Crosby Street. "And am I really engaged in a pursuit that I am ashamed to confess to my valet?" he asked of himself, as his horses turned down Grand Street. I will persevere, however. If she be all my memory and dreams have made her, she is well worthy all my efforts to rescue her. She is lovely, spirited, and all innocence! I will not delay another moment, but seek her through every Intelligence office in town, but what I will find her!" With this generous determination he proceeded down Broadway to Walker Street, and stopped at a neat little office with No. 68 over the door. A young, pleasant, smiling man, of genteel appearance, stood at the desk, laughing and talking with a fine-looking English girl, while three or four others were seated. Every eye was upon him, and the girls put on their best looks; while the one with whom the office-keeper had been conversing, perhaps to while away the time, wreathed her face in her finest smile, to attract Edward's regard, as if she meant to get a place through the recommendation of her good looks. Edward, however, paid no attention to her; but slightly glancing round the office, and not seeing her whom he sought, turned and asked the gentleman at the desk, if she had been there.

"No, there has been no such person here, sir," said Mr. Scudderford, politely, and with a look as if trying to recollect.

"I would thank you, if such a young woman should come, you would instantly send me word," he said, giving his address to him.

"I will certainly do so," said the obliging proprietor, and Edward left the office.

After visiting three other Intelligence offices with equal success, he believed he should have to give up the present pursuit of her, and go in pursuit, with Dick Sherwood's assistance, to recognize him of the negro, Jim Johnson. While deliberating whether to take this step or not, he looked at his list, and found that there were but two more offices to be visited. One of these was in so obscure and disreputable a street, that although it was not far from where he then was, he thought impossible, and shuddered at the idea that she could have gone there; the other was in a more respectable portion of the city. "It is possible," he thought to himself, "that a negro who frequents the Five Points, would, from congenial taste, guide a person to this low place, rather than to the more respectable one. I will try there! Am I indeed in my senses? Am I Edward Morris in person—to be seeking through the purlieus of infamy for a girl, whom I have seen but twice, with the intention, if I find her, of making her my wife! I will suppress thought and act, and leave the issue to time, and the result of my research."

He now entered this street, disgusted with the filth and the squalid poverty and unkennelled vice of the occupants of its hundred cellars and miserable chambers. At length he saw before him the flashy tenement of Beal Tucker, with the sign of Intelligence office swinging above the door, the first sight of which, two hours previous, had filled Biddy's thoughts with instant hopes of "places." So long had Morris been engaged in his indefatigable search, that it was already nearly two o'clock when he finally came to this office. Beal Tucker had, but ten minutes before, despatched Biddy from his room, up stairs, to Chamber Street, with her ragged, freckled, saucy little rascal of a guide. He had eaten his dinner, and already re-opened his shop, where however, but two or three girls had appeared, who had not been there in the morning, and so did not hear him say he should not be open 'till two. But Beal had succeeded in his little business affair with Mr. Fitz Henry Barton, sooner, and more successfully than he had anticipated he should do before he left his office to call on that interesting young gentleman. He was now shut in his latticed desk or "counting room," as he dignified it, engaged, alternately, in thinking on his fifty dollars *in esse*, and anticipating his fifty, perhaps hundred and fifty, *in posse!*

"Good day's job!" he said, rubbing his hands together! "Ah, here's a customer! Not a family man, I see, by his looks! He don't want any women folks! Don't look as if he wanted a mistress, neither, he, he, he! Perhaps he wants a man servant! Sir, your most obedient! Fine day, sir!" he said, as Morris entered the low room.

"Yes," said Morris, coldly and haughtily, at once taking a decided dislike to him.

Beal wasn't much gratified by his manner, and his heart reciprocated Morris' antipathy. The causes of impulsive dislike between strangers, at first sight, is a theme that deserves to enlist the ablest writer on metaphysical philosophy. Swedenborg, we believe, has accounted for every emotion and impulse of the human mind but this! Is it connected, remotely, with animal magnetism? Will Mr. Dawes or Doctor Collier answer? There might have been some secret spring upon which the sympathies of their knowledge of Biddy —the one for evil, the other for good, met on common ground! But we stop, for we feel we are encroaching upon the mystic regions of transcendentalism, and plunging into its abysses of metaphysical obscurity!

"Can you tell me?" asked Edward, with as much grace of speech as his dislike for Mr. Tucker would let him use, "if a young woman, calling herself Bridget Woodhull, has been here to-day, seeking a place?"

Instantly Beal Tucker's keener faculties were set, for he felt he had a part to play. Edward's appearance, and the gravity with which he made the inquiry, showed him that he was the young girl's friend, and would be, if he was not already, her honorable protector. Perhaps a cousin, or some poor distant relation, thought he. Perhaps a real young lady disguise! A hundred surmises ran through his active mind in the interval between Morris' question, and his reply; but his determination to conceal his knowledge of Biddy, remained firm as it had been instant in its formation!

"Biddy Woodhull," he repeated, in a doubtful tone, looking round his office, and seeing that those present had not seen her when she was there, "let me see, I think there was some such person here yesterday."

"No, to-day, sir."

"Oh, to-day. Well, perhaps it was to-day! I'll look at my books and see!" And the cool and studied hypocrite turned over the leaves of his books of entries, and seemed to be thoughtfully humming down the list of names, at intervals repeating, "Biddy—Biddy!—Woodhull—Woodhull!" At length he stopped, making a place with his finger. "The name is Woodhull, you said, I believe?"

Edward's heart was in his mouth! He believed he had now found her! Beal Tucker meant he should believe so! his looks, manners, and tone, as he put the question, were intended for deception! "Yes," gasped Edward.

"Ah, then this can't be it! this is Woodford—Betty Woodford," said Beal, with a quiet, malicious smile, as he shut the book, which contained no such name as he had represented. He saw from Edward's change of countenance, how deep had been the disappointment to the hopes he had raised, and he felt very happy—for another's misery always was gratifying to Beal, especially if he himself was in any way instrumental in producing it. His sagacious penetration gave him also a pretty correct clue to Morris' anxiety to find her! but his own impure nature led him to do injustice in his suspicions to the purity of Morris' intentions! Yet if Morris had offered him down two hundred dollars, to find Biddy, he would have betrayed Barton, and produced her, if he could have done so without implicating himself in the previous villanous transaction in which the two had been mutually engaged.

Morris was turning to leave the office, when his eye glanced through the lattice upon a card carelessly laying upon the desk. On it he saw written, "*Bridget Woodhull.*" There were other words beneath, which he could not read at a glance.

"By Heaven, sir, there is the very name!" he cried, fixing upon Beal a look of angry suspicion.

Beal Tucker had seen his eye fall on the name he had taken down, and instantly, though quietly, took up the card, lest he should also read the minutes below: viz: "*West Chester County—aged about sixteen—very beautiful—with black eyes and hair—never in the city before, and never lived out!*

"Biddy Woodhull, I think it was, you asked me for, sir?" said Beal, coolly, tearing in pieces the card which he had forgotten to take with him to Barton.

"Biddy and Bridget both are one and the same name," answered Morris, warmly.

"If you wish, then, for a Bridget Woodhull, why that is a different matter altogether, sir! Gentlemen should be accurate when they inquire for names!"

Morris felt like knocking him down, but restrained the impulse, knowing that he had to do with a clever vil-

lain, and that he could only effect his ultimate object by being calm.

"Can you then tell me any thing about Bridget Woodhull, whose name you had taken down on that card?" he demanded,

"Why, there was a young woman who gave me the name you mention, to get her a place, some time this forenoon, but as she had no money, I did not enter her name in my books, 'till she could bring money to pay me. My price, sir, is half a dollar in advance. So after sitting here awhile, she got up and went away."

Morris looked at Beal Tucker earnestly while he spoke, and as his voice was even, and his face without any particularly marked expression of deceit, and as the story he told was plausible, he could not but give credit to it. He now became distressed at her probable fate. He then prepared to quit the office, but turned back to say that he would give him ten dollars, if he could obtain any intelligence of her. Beal smiled, for ten dollars was not one hundred! Morris then bade him good day, and was going out, when a ragged little imp, who had been waiting on the doorstep for some time for Beal to get through with Morris, now came in impatient of his delay, and said, in his coarse saucy manner—

"I say, Beal Tucker, I have seen your young miss to Chamber Street! I know'd the figurs soon as I seed 'em! Numb—"

"*Hu-s-s-sh!*" said Beal, menacingly, and glancing at Morris, who was in the act of going out.

"*Sh!* I'm hanged if I'll *Sh.!*" said the boy, impatiently. "I axed the girl to fork over a shillin' and the kritter said she hadn't a red cent! Now fork over, old 'un!" and the boy thrust his dirty paw through the slats of the desk.

"If you don't hold your tongue, I'll give you nothing," said Beal, alarmed lest in some way Morris should discover the identity of the person the boy had guided, with Biddy Woodhull.

Morris, however, saw in the boy's entrance and language, nothing that could lead him to suspect him in any way linked in the puzzling chain that intervened between him and her, and only glancing at the boy, he passed out, with a heart sinking with disappointment, and without possessing any further probable clue to her discovery. He slowly took his way up the street, looking in every face he met, with faint and dreary hope of possibly seeing that he so ardently and passionately sought.

"I won't take less than a shillin'" said the boy, as Beal reluctantly handed him a five cent piece! "Come, old Tucker, out with your dust!"

"I'll kick you into the street, if you ask me for more," said Beal, between anger and avarice.

"I guess you won't," said the boy, decidedly. "Come, pony up!

"Get out o' my office," roared Beal, taking a rattan, and shaking it at the boy.

"I say, Beal Tucker," said the boy, not at all intimidated, "I know a thing or two!" and he put his thumb to his nose, and made a rapid and significant movement with the fingers of his open hand!

"Know, what do you know, you young rascal?" asked Beal, his voice falling.

"That gemman wan't in here for nothing, I guess," answered the boy, mysteriously.

"Here, my lad, here's a sixpence for you," said Beal, coaxingly.

"I doesn't take less than a quarter," said the boy. "I axes the extra shillin' for being called a rascal. I al'ays axes a shillin' for that."

"A quarter! you young scoundrel, I'll flog you!"

"Well, if you won't pay me for the gal, I know who will; if he'd give you ten dollars to know where she is, he'd give it to me, I reckon. I heard all your talk afore I come in."

"Hush, boy!" said Beal, becoming pale. "Look here! there's a quarter now—and two cents more to it! Take it, and go! You don't think the young woman he was asking for, that one you showed into Chambers Street, do you?" said Beal, trying to laugh.

"I does'nt think it, but I knows it," said the boy, stoutly; I read her name on her pocket handkercher what her bundle I carried was tied up in."

"The devil you did! Well, well, I did'nt want him to think it was the person, because I know'd he was mighty anxious to see her, and I knew he'd offer something. It was the ten dollars I was waiting for, Bob! I'll get it, you see, for I mean to send him word by and by, and I'll give you half."

"Oh, cricky!" said Bob, affecting to be highly pleased, "I take!" But he saw with the acute penetration characteristic of New-York boys of his class, at the bottom of Beal's subterfuge at once. But wishing not to betray to Beal that he was too deep for him, he pretended that he was blinded, and pocketing the money he went out of the office whistling Jim-a-long Josey.

"The infernal rascal!" said Beal, as Bob went out of sight, "He like to have suspected, and he then would have made a pretty mess of it! But I have gulled him this time; lost a twenty-two cents by it, for I did'nt mean to give the scamp more than five pence. I wonder what the devil this young man wanted with her! Not for the same purpose Barton does, I am sure, for he looks like a different sort of person. I should liked his ten dollars; but never mind: Barton has feathered my nest soft enough for one day! Hush that jabber-jabber there, girl! don't you see I'm thinking?" And Beal Tucker resumed his thoughtful, scheming attitude, with his hand on his forehead and his elbow on his desk.

Edward Morris took his way at a slow, uncertain pace along the street in which Beal Tucker's Intelligence office stood, towards Broadway. The more he reflected on the conduct of Beal, the more convinced he became that he knew more about Biddy than he revealed. But the plausibility of the story he told him, that she was without money, and he would'nt get a place for her 'till she paid, recurred to his mind, and he became undecided and perplexed. He was just entering Broadway, his thoughts dwelling on the sad and hopeless subject, when he felt his sleeve pulled; looking round he saw and

recognized the same little freckled face urchin that had entered the office and demanded a sixpence of Beal as he was coming out of it.

"I say, mister, wa'nt you axing after a young 'ooman down to Beal Tucker's 'telligence office?"

"Yes, my man," replied Morris, with a kindling of hope. "Do you know any thing about her?"

"Don't be too quick, mister! What I knows I knows, and knows how to keep, too!" answered the boy with shrewd caution.

Edward placed in his hand half a dollar, and at the same time asked eagerly, "Now tell me what you know about her?"

"Wan't her name Biddy Woodhull?" asked, or rather asserted the lad.

"Yes; you know where she is to be found, by your looks and manners."

"So does Beal Tucker," said the boy with a grin, for all he namb'd you off with a cock and bull story.

"Did he lie to me, then?" asked Morris, with angry surprize.

"Like an auctioneer! You don't know Beal Tucker I guess, mister."

"But the young woman?"

"He knew all about her when you was there pumpin' him! There's something green in your eye, I reckon."

"There's nothing green in yours, or about you," said Morris, laughing at the forwardness of a boy hardly eleven years of age. "What motive could Mr. Tucker have in deceiving me?"

"That's his own look out, not mine; you're too hard for me there. But vot'll you give me if I'll tell you where she is this blessed minute?"

"Five dollars, if you will show me the house, so that I can see her."

"I'll show you the house, but as for seeing the young 'ooman, vy you'll have to use your own eyes, and not look to me for a pair. I just came from showing her where she is, where Beal Tucker told me to."

"Good heavens! and it was for this service you came in and demanded a shilling as I was leaving!" exclaimed Edward with astonishment.

"Yes; and I made him fork out a quarter and two red cents, coz I told him I know'd what you were a'ter and I'd call on you and make you pay for showin' the young 'ooman the way."

"Infamous villain! Show me instantly, my boy, where you left her, and I will give you five dollars," said Edward, wondering why the Intelligence office keeper should so deceive him without any apparent motive for so doing. Edward, however, had got to come to the knowledge of one avenue of iniquitous guilt in New-York, of the existence and practice of which he had not the remotest conception. His suspicions, therefore, in the present instance, though active, were wholly at fault.

"Five dollars ain't enough, mister; give me what you promised Beal Tucker and it's done."

"Ten dollars; well, I will give it to you. Conduct me at once, and you shall receive the money at the door."

"Half down is fair play," said the boy, extending his open hand.

Morris placed a five dollar note in his hand, and then impatiently motioned him to proceed.

The boy looked sharply at the bill, as if he could decide by his instinctive sharpness whether it were a genuine note, and then, apparently satisfied, he thrust it into some unknown region of his tattered garments, and darted up the street into Broadway.

Morris followed him at a rapid pace along the iron fence of the Park until they came to Chambers street, down which the boy turned, looking round to see if he was in the track. The sight of this street reminded him of his relative, Barton, and he hesitated lest he might possibly fall in with him, and he did not feel in any mood for being stopped by any of his acquaintances. He, however, followed the boy down the street twenty or thirty numbers, and as he approached Barton's rooms he drew his cap over his brows and walked at a quick step, that he might pass the house without being recognized. But judge of his surprize when the boy suddenly stopped at Barton's very door, and pointing, with a jerk of his chin, at the number, said,

"Here's the place, mister! I'd know the figures if I seed 'em in Jerusalem!"

Morris was thunderstruck! He stood for a moment transfixed with surprize and incredulity! He looked steadily and inquiringly at the boy, in whose face was a sort of dogged certainty and assurance of there being no mistake, that convinced him there was none.

"And did you leave that young woman here?" he asked, in so deep, earnest, and severe a tone that the boy shrunk from it and the gaze of his eyes.

"Yes, I did, sir, and I seed her go in after I'd got to the head o' the street. She could'nt find the bell knob, and a man going by ringed for her."

"And she went in, you are sure?"

"I seed her with my own eyes, to make sure she was going to live there, coz I meant to get that sixpence for carryin' her bundle out on her some day, when she got flush. There's a manty-maker lives there, Tucker said!"

Morris was not a fool, though ignorant of the numerous ways and means of villany and vice. A moment's reflection, with the knowledge he possessed of Barton's character, gave him a full explanation of Beal Tucker's motive in deceiving him.

"Yes," he said to himself, "Barton has made her his victim. Boy, here is your pay," he said, giving him another note for five dollars; now go.

The lad did not require to be told twice, and bounded off in the possession of greater riches than he had ever before been the honest possessor of. Morris looked again at the number lest he might have been mistaken. It was that of Barton's house. He knew it well, for he had often visited him, especially before Barton had become so dissipated. Indeed, he had been so intimate as to hold a pass key, both to his outer door and to his library. Neither of these he had now with him. Once the idea struck him that possibly Barton had moved, and that a mantua-maker lived there. But a glance at

the blinds at the windows showed him that Barton's over curtains hung there. There was, then, no error. Biddy was decoyed beneath the libertine's roof!

"Yes, I will rescue or avenge her!" he said, with determined energy, "Barton is a scoundrel! and he shall die by my hand if he has injured her!"

His first thought was to ring the bell, but this he saw at once would defeat his purpose of surprize, even if it should be answered. He therefore sprung over the iron railing into the area, to force open the basement door. To his delight and surprize it was on the latch, Frid having been too anxious to avail himself of his permission to be absent to stop and secure it. Entering the lower passage he lightly and rapidly ascended the stairs. All was silent on the first floor, but he heard the quick, rapid movement of feet above him. He flew up the other stairs, and as he did so, heard a shriek, a crash, and then a fall, accompanied by a loud cry, in a man's voice, of mingled terror and pain! He sprung to the upper landing with fearful foreboding! The door of the library stood open torn from its lock. He bounded forward into the room and beheld a scene that filled him with amazement and terrific surprize. In the middle of the floor lay Barton prostrate on his back with a huge ban-dog holding him fiercely by the throat. He was pale as death, and struck with mortal fear. Near the bed-room door stood Biddy Woodhull, her hair dishevelled and her kerchief torn from her neck. Her attitude was one of mingled terror and gratitude. Her dark eyes were flashing with fire which streaming tears could not quench. Her virgin bosom heaved with quick and strong feeling; her whole beautiful person was eloquent and instinct with indignation and womanly emotion! How beautiful, how touchingly beautiful she looked at that moment! She instantly recognized him and uttered a cry of joy! He rushed forward and caught her in his arms, and then pressed her to his heart!"

"Thank God you're safe!" he cried with mingled indignation and gratitude.

"Yes, sir," said Biddy, whose full heart was gushing through her eyes, "I am safe. Bruin is my preserver! Oh! sir, heaven hath sent you here as I was wishing you!"

"Wishing for me?" repeated Morris, with delight; then you have not forgotten me!"

"Forgotten you?" she repeated with warmth, "Oh, no, sir!" and her face was suffused with lovely confusion.

Mr. Fitz Henry Barton, the while, lay on the floor upon his back, with Bruin's teeth fastened in the delicate bow of his neckcloth, much to the derangement of that exquisite part of his costume. When Biddy fled from him and found herself in the bathing room instead of in an avenue of escape, she turned back and encountered him in the chamber. He threw his arms around her! She struggled in vain, and uttered shriek on shriek. Appalled by her outcries, Barton released her, when she flew back into the library. He waited an instant to restore his courage and confirm himself in his purpose by a tumbler of brandy, and then seized her as she had raised the window and was springing out! She uttered a piercing cry of despair, when suddenly she heard it answered by Bruin's loud bark on the outside of the door.

"Bruin! Bruin! Oh, Bruin!" she shrieked, with difficulty as he laid his hand firmly upon her mouth. The dog heard and answered by fierce whines, and at length dashed himself against the door with such strength that he forced it from its bolt and bounded at a leap into the midst of the room. With a furious bark he sprang at once at the astonished and horrified Barton's throat, who had Biddy in his arms bearing her from the library. He released her with a cry of terrible fear, and fell, dragged bodily to the floor by the huge mastiff. It was at this crisis that Edward Morris made his appearance. Biddy related all this to Edward in a few eloquent words.

So soon as the prostrate roué could articulate, he cried in an imploring tone,

"Oh, Morris! dear Morris! for the love of heaven take off the dog! He will suffocate me! he will! Oh, he will! I shall die of strangulation!"

"Infamous scoundrel," muttered Morris, looking down upon him with pity and contempt.

"But, oh! I shall certainly die here! Do, good Miss Biddy, call off the dog! Oh! oh! oh! God—oh!"

Morris, seeing that he was really in danger of being strangled by the revengeful animal, and that he could speak with great difficulty, and was rapidly turning black in the face, he asked Biddy to call him away from him. The dog instantly obeyed, and releasing his hold came and licked her hand with mute affection.

Mr. Fitz Henry Barton got to his feet with difficulty and staggered to an ottoman. Morris looked at him a long time in stern silence. At length he turned to Biddy, in whose little heart indignation and terror had been displaced by gratitude and love. Was it indeed the noble young man whose image she had so long cherished in her heart in whose presence she now was! And did he really regard her with tenderness! His looks, ay, and manners, all told her the deep and tender interest he took in her. He looked with the deep gaze of impassioned devotion into her dark eyes, and said, while he pressed her hand,

"Sweet girl! this is a happy hour to me. I heard of your flight from home, and have been seeking you all through the city. Heaven has directed me hither to protect you and to offer you my heart and fortune. Say I am not indifferent to you!"

"Oh, no, no! Indeed, sir, I have thought of you every day since I saw you," said she, artlessly. "I think I care for nobody else in the world but you. Indeed, sir, I never was so happy in my life as I am now. I have wondered very much where you were, that you did not come to see me after that pleasant hour beneath the apple tree."

Edward's soul drank the words of her frank and ingenuous confession, and he felt that he was indeed loved!

A few words, by way of summary, will close this tale. Morris took Biddy home to his father's that day, and

told the old gentleman her history. He was deeply interested in it, and took a decided fancy to her. She remained there three days unknown to her family, and then Morris, after being satisfied of her pure attachment to him, sent her to Madame Canda's fashionable boarding school, under an assumed name, as he wished to keep all knowledge of her from her mother and sisters. At the end of two years, that is last May, he took her to his father's house and made her his wife. Never lovelier bride stood beside an altar to pledge her troth to him of her virgin heart's choice. This summer they have been to Saratoga and the Falls; and every where the lovely Mrs. Edward Morris has been the cynosure of all eyes. The cross mother and envious sisters heard that the beautiful young lady at Woodburn about to be married to its heir was Biddy. But they were not invited to the wedding, nor would Edward allow his wife to recognize any of the family except honest old David Woodhull, her father, who was at the wedding, in a new blue suit, presented by Morris as a bridal gift. A chapter might be written on the envy and mortification of Biddy's mother and Miss Euphrosia; but the limits of a magazine are already trespassed upon. Mr. Fitz Henry Barton left town the next day after his disgrace for the White Sulphur, and thence he went to Europe, from whence he has recently returned with his hair growing all over his face, after the Parisian fashion, and with a great antipathy to dogs, which he disrespectfully anathematizes as "demnition brutes." Beal Tucker fled to Texas to avoid a prosecution with which Morris threatened him for his villany. Bruin, the faithful old ban-dog may be seen any day in summer lounging at gentlemanly leisure about the lawn and portico at Woodburn, or in winter taking his comfort on the hearth rug beside old Mr. Morris' foot-stool. One of Morris' first acts, after sending Biddy to Madame Canda's, was to call on honest Dick Sherwood, and offer him the tenancy of one of his farms near Fordham, rent free for five years. Dick has, therefore, left the road and taken to agriculture. He says he never knew "four short bits" turn out so well in the long run, and it is his favorite maxim, that a man never loses any thing by being generous. Tom Conklin was, until last week, still patronizing No. 21, Bowery, with his presence, and managing to keep just half and half through the day. But last week one of the committee of the Washington Temperance Union got wind of Tom, and took him up to the Temperance Hall. Tom was, therefore, suddenly seized with a love of temperance and signed his fist to the pledge. He has not drank a drop since, and after his month's probation is up he has the promise of being promoted to drive a cab—he has fixed on No. 179, as it has four wheels, and he thinks looks more respectable. Jim Johnson is become second boot-black to Peter Kobash, boot-black, No. Elebenteen, Jim Crow Alley. Freckled Bob made his ten dollars, the capital for a "root beer" speculation, and has made it so profitable that he intends removing from his present stand at the lamp-post opposite the Astor, into a snug shop corner of Centre and Duane, and increase his stock by confectionary, pies, and apple tarts. Thus having disposed of the several characters in our tale, after the approved method recommended by Mrs. Radcliffe, and adopted by the novelists, we beg leave to subscribe ourselves, the reader's very humble servant,

J. H. I.

Original.

THE UNRIFLED CABINET.

BY LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

"Then we shall no more look into our cabinet, and miss its treasures."—*Baxter.*

When shall that time be?—when?—
So many buds
We hid, within the casket of our love,
And ere their young sheaths open'd to the sun,
They curl'd their leaves, and died—we shrink to fill
Their vacant places, lest the same sharp grief
And trouble, come upon us. Life doth seem
With all its boastings of felicity,
Like the deceptive* alcove of the bard,
With painted seat, on which none ever sat.

In the mind's casket, gold we had, and gems,
Gather'd from many a tome. The key we gave
To Mercy, and she hath betray'd her trust.
For when we ask of her—she saith that years
And sleepless cares, did crowd her from her place,
Bidding her toil for them, until she lost
Our stewardship of thought. When shall it be
That we may hoard for intellect, nor find
The work-day world a thief?
When, Master, when?

Leases of tenements upon the sands,
And in the clouds, papers and bonds we had,
Of the world's writing,—all endors'd and seal'd
By smooth-tongued Hope. They're gone! The lock
is forc'd!
The cabinet is rifled! All are gone!
And only a brain cobweb marks their place,
Spun by the mocking spider. Yet, ye speak
Of a sure fortress, that may still be reach'd,
Where our most precious cabinet can hoard
Its treasure safe.
When shall that time be? when?

When Heaven's pure gate unfoldeth, and thy soul
Glides like a sunbeam through. Then shall it be.

* The Rev. Edward Young, author of the Night Thoughts, kept ever in his mind a sense of the instability of earthly happiness. In order to impress it on others, he built at the extremity of his garden, an alcove, with the appearance of a bench, so well painted as to seem at a little distance, like reality. On approaching, the fallacy was discovered, and the following inscription read,

"Invisibilia non decipuent."

The things unseen do not deceive us.

Original.

ANNA LESLIE.

BY MRS. EMELINE S. SMITH.

"WHY don't you marry, Ned?" said Frank Wilson, a dashing young dandy, to his more dignified and intellectual-looking friend, Edward Harley. "The loveliest girls in the world greet you with their brightest glances, and yet your icy heart never melts beneath the genial influence. And what is more, that young and beautiful heiress, Emma Clay, always welcomes your approach with a smile of delight, and yet you return her civilities with as stately a bow, and as cold a tone, as you would those of the most portionless girl in creation. Now do tell me, Ned, why you are thus proof against the united attractions of youth, beauty and wealth?"

"Merely," was the reply, "because youth, beauty, and wealth, are not, in my estimation, so *very* irresistible. If I am not fortunate enough to find a woman with more than these to recommend her, depend upon it, Frank, I shall live and die a bachelor."

"But what more could you expect—what more could you desire?" asked Frank, with a look of astonishment.

"I should desire one endowed with a soul."

"A soul! Why, how strangely you talk, Ned. I positively never heard any thing so shocking! Are you a Mahomedan, that you dare for a moment harbor such a monstrous idea? Now who ever saw a pretty woman destitute of a soul?"

"I have, often," replied Harley. "I see such miracles every day. Many of those lovely girls you speak of, who spend their days in fluttering around the shrine of fashion, seem to me as destitute of souls, as the butterflies that flit around a summer flower. Even that Miss Clay, whom you deem so bewitching, is not gifted by nature with the necessary appendage."

"That cannot be, Ned. Does she not play and sing divinely? Does she not dance and waltz exquisitely? Does she not enter and leave a room with a most fascinating grace? Does she not dress more fashionably than any woman you ever saw? In short, does she not captivate all hearts, and are not these qualifications evidences of a soul—a soul of the most brilliant and bewitching kind?"

"I think not," said Harley, very quietly. "Miss C's acquirements appear brilliant to you, no doubt, because you look through the shining medium of her gold, but in my estimation, they are very superficial, and no more indications of a soul, than the hues of a flower are the promise of its fragrance. Why, it was only a few days since, that I heard her tell a female friend, she wondered how people could read Shakspeare; that she had often attempted it, but his writings always had the effect of putting her immediately to sleep! Talk of such a woman having a soul! Why, you might as well tell me that a sunbeam could emanate from a clod of earth! No, no, Frank, you have often banterd me about that lady, and I now tell you, once for all, that I would not marry her, were she ten times richer than report says, and a hundred times more beautiful than Nature has made her."

"Well, I am glad to hear you say that, Ned, for I have long had thoughts of offering myself to the lady, but did not like to make the attempt while I considered you a devotee at her shrine. It would not have been altogether generous, seeing you have done me many a good turn, to attempt to carry off a prize which you had marked as your own."

"No doubt you feel certain that success would have crowned your efforts," said the other, smiling.

"Oh, yes. I was always a prodigious favorite with the ladies, God bless them for their good taste. It is true I never received any *very* particular marks of favor from Miss Clay, but that was only because I never brought all my powers of attraction to bear against the citadel of her heart. I have heretofore avoided, when in her presence, making use of those nameless little attentions which are so fascinating to the ladies, and which I was afraid might injure your prospects with the fair one. But as I am now at perfect liberty to act, you shall soon see what a conqueror I am in the campaigns of Love. I shall be off to commence the attack immediately, so farewell. But one word more, Ned—how am I looking this morning? Are not my whiskers a thought too much curled, and my neckcloth a shade too dark?

"No, no," said the other, "you are perfectly irresistible. The lady will never be able to withstand your powers of attraction. Success be with you. Good morning."

The above conversation may give the reader some knowledge of the characters of the two young men, but lest it should not, we will describe them in as few words as possible.

Frank Wilson was one of those anomalies in creation, called exquisites, who, with the ordinary attributes of humanity, seem a degree below mankind, and are, probably, designed for a connecting link in the great chain of being. He had passed his days, exclusively, in a city; his mind had become as narrow as the contracted street in which he dwelt, and his thoughts never soared beyond the dull atmosphere which surrounded him. He lived but in the world of fashion. He had no ambition beyond it, and no hope, or dream, or thought of any other realm. It must be confessed that he made himself "a bright particular star" in his own hemisphere, and that all less perfect exquisites had to "hide their diminished heads" when he chose to shine forth in his glory. His apparel was ever of the finest material, and made in the most approved style. His hand was delicate, and jewelled like a lady's. His gloves were of the softest texture and neatest fit. His neckcloth was ever arranged in the most perfect manner, and his snowy pocket 'kerchief always fragrant with the costliest perfumes. In short, his whole person would have served as a model for a—modern tailor. But his whiskers—patron saint of dandyism, pardon us for neglecting them so long!—his whiskers were his

peculiar pride and ornament. Indeed, it might almost be said—

"In them he lived, and moved, and had his being."

They were his first care in the morning, and his last consideration at night. Even in his dreams they had a "local habitation," and every midnight, vision was brightened with some new discovery for the improvement and embellishment of these cherished appendages. One hour in the morning was devoted to the pleasing task of combing, curling, and arranging them in "killing style," and another at night, to the important duty of embalming them in some odoriferous compound, which was to preserve their pristine freshness and beauty. Such was Frank Wilson.

His companion, whom we erroneously styled friend, was as different a person as it is possible to imagine. Endowed by nature with a fine mind and an excellent heart, his education had been such as to strengthen all the energies of the one, and to foster all the lofty emotions of the other. He had read much, and his memory was stored with the treasures of literature; he had travelled a great deal, and his mind had gathered a knowledge of all that was beautiful in nature and art. He had mingled often in society, and his manners had acquired a polish and refinement which rendered them peculiarly attractive. He was devotedly fond of intellectual pursuits, but circumstances rendered it necessary that he should, to a certain degree, be a participator in the gay scenes of fashionable life. He was a lawyer, and his profession obliged him to make some sacrifices, and, as he was desirous to become rich, that he might live according to his taste, he was willing to endure what he considered present evil, for future good.

It will be asked how such a man could be on terms of intimacy with one like Wilson. His own father and Frank's had been college companions, and life-long friends. When children, he and Frank had been almost constantly together, and shared each other's joys and petty griefs. It was the remembrance of this early friendship, and a belief that beneath the dross of foppishness some sterling worth existed, that induced the high-minded Harley to tolerate the company of the exquisite. But in his intercourse with Frank, his mind was a "sealed book." He listened to the dandy's soft nothings with seeming interest, and sometimes replied in the same strain. Habit had rendered it easy to appear the thing he was not, and to seem, to a casual observer, a fitting companion for one like Frank. Thus the latter had learned to think his "friend Ned," as he called Harley, a being of the same class with himself, and, judging him by his own characteristics, he wondered much that he should neglect the many favorable opportunities he had of marrying a rich wife.

It is true Harley was admired and flattered by the wealthiest and the most beautiful fair ones of his acquaintance, but notwithstanding all these temptations, his thirtieth birth-day had found him still a bachelor. This was not owing to a preference for a single life, for no man had a more ardent desire for the quiet of domestic happiness, but his standard of female excellence was so elevated, that he had never yet found one approaching his ideal. He had sometimes met, in the gay circles he frequented, radiant young beings, whose beauty awakened his admiration, and almost fascinated his heart, but when he had sought the companionship of mind, the illusion had vanished like mist before the morning sun, and he had turned from the beguilers with a feeling akin to pity. So often had he been disappointed in this way, that he resolved to spend his days in celibacy, and seek no more for a being, such as he began to think existed only in his imagination. But the time was coming when this stoical resolution was to be broken.

One morning, in going from his lodgings to his place of business he met a fair young girl (or rather woman, for she had passed the age of girlhood,) whose appearance attracted his attention. She was dressed in a plain and humble suit of mourning. She had a timid and modest air, which pleased our hero, and he noticed her particularly. The next morning, at the same hour, he met her again—the following day was also marked by the same event, and so for a number of days in succession. At length Harley began to feel a singular interest in the unknown. She was not beautiful, if regularity of features constitute the charm of beauty, but her countenance had that mingled expression of sweetness and mournfulness which we often see in the beings who visit us in dreams, and who render the hours of sleep so radiant, that we regret the waking which follows. Her's was one of those faces which seen once, cannot be forgotten, but becomes, ever afterwards, in imagination, the standard of beauty. Her cheek was pale, and her form slender, but this rather added to the charm of her appearance, and rendered the spiritual style of her loveliness more perfect.

Day after day, as Harley caught a passing glance at the fair stranger, his admiration increased. Who could she be, and what business could take her in that same direction at the same hour every morning. She was very punctual to the time. If her admirer was a few moments earlier or later in his walk to his office, he was sure to miss of seeing her. The first intimation he had of the deep interest he felt in the unknown, was the disappointment he experienced whenever this was the case, and his invariable practice, afterwards, to leave his lodgings exactly at the moment which would ensure the meeting. At first, the young lady had shrunk from his gaze as she did from all others, seeming embarrassed and pained by notice, but, by degrees, she became accustomed to his respectful look, and returned it with a timid glance.

Months passed away in this manner, and then Harley had become so fascinated by the fair stranger, that the idea of meeting her seemed now the chief pleasure of his life. If any unexpected circumstance prevented his walk at the usual hour, he would feel the keenest pang of disappointment, and await the return of that hour the next day, with an anxiety and impatience which he could not control, and which influenced his every thought.

He had never asked himself where this affair would end, nor what would be the result of his singular infatu-

ation. He knew that his heart was entwining itself about one whose name, residence, and character, were totally unknown to him, and yet he strove not to break the spell that was every day binding him in more enduring bonds. The love, (for it was plain he *did* love the stranger,) which had dawned upon his spirit, was the brightest sunbeam that had ever flashed across his pathway, and he dared not call reflection to his aid, lest that new-born radiance should be dispelled.

At length he saw her no more. Regularly as ever, he went forth at the accustomed hour, but the star that had so long illumined his path, shone not. Each morning awakened a new hope that she would come to-morrow, and every to-morrow brought its bitter disappointment. Then fears, which he strove long to keep away, came and darkened his heart. She was ill—perhaps dead. How much anguish that thought awakened, and how bitterly he reproached himself for not having sought an opportunity of addressing the stranger, and learning her name and residence. But that opportunity was now lost for ever.

So long and so constantly did Harley brood over these sad reflections, that he became moody and unhappy. He neglected his business, deserted his friends, and avoided society.

One day, while sitting alone in his office, indulging a train of gloomy thoughts, he was suddenly aroused from his revery by a low rap. Without looking up, or changing his position, he called, "Come in." Slowly and softly the door opened; a light timid step advanced, and then stopped in the middle of the apartment. Harley raised his eyes, and beheld the object of his thoughts. What a moment! He could have knelt to thank his visitor for dispelling his gloomy fears. He could have greeted her with words of fondness, like a long-lost and long-loved friend. The lady's face was paler than ever, her brow wore the shadow of care, and her manner was timid and agitated. She sought to speak, but her trembling lips refused their office, and would only utter sounds that did not syllable themselves into words. With as much calmness as he could command, Harley requested her to be seated, and, in the gentlest tones, begged her to wait until she was composed, ere she communicated her business. His manner seemed to re-assure her, and in a low sweet voice, she began to unfold the purport of her visit.

"You may think it very singular, sir, that a young female, who is totally unknown to you, should apply to you for professional advice, but circumstances have rendered it necessary that I should seek the assistance of some one, and being a stranger in this place, I have taken the liberty to appeal to one whose kind and benevolent face had interested me, and awakened my confidence."

This compliment, from the artless girl, was almost too much for the stoical resolutions of our hero. He lost his presence of mind, and gazed with such an expression of love and admiration at his fair visitor, that her cheek reddened, and her eye sunk beneath his ardent look, as a delicate flower would droop beneath the glowing ray of a summer sun. There was a momentary pause, and when she raised her eyes again, they were filled with tears, and her voice was sorrowful as she said, "I hope, sir, you will not abuse the confidence I have manifested, or misconstrue my motives, and render the task I have undertaken more difficult and disagreeable than even my fears had pictured it."

This recalled Harley to his senses. How he despised himself for the shadow of disrespect he had unintentionally shown. He hastened to retrieve his conduct—thanked his visitor for the confidence she had reposed in him—assured her it was not misplaced, and entreated her to proceed. With a little more dignity and coldness than she had first manifested, the young lady continued—

"My name is Leslie. I am dependent upon my own exertions for support. The only relative, friend or acquaintance I have in this city, is an invalid mother. About six months since, we left my native village, and came here to reside, that I might have the benefit of good medical advice for my parent. Immediately after our arrival, I hired apartments suited to our humble circumstances, in a quiet and respectable part of the city. As the small amount of money we possessed would only insure us the bare necessaries of life, I was desirous of obtaining some employment, that I might have the means of bestowing more comforts upon my mother. It seemed scarcely probable that my desire would be gratified, but when I had been here a few days, I saw, in a daily paper, an advertisement for an assistant teacher in a small school. I applied for this situation. They asked me for reference. I told my circumstances in a few words—they hesitated, at first, about taking a stranger with no recommendation, but after awhile they began to investigate my qualifications. The result was satisfactory, and by singular good fortune, I secured the situation. The compensation was moderate, but to persons accustomed to live economically, it was a very desirable acquisition. It was a trial to me to be obliged to leave my invalid parent alone for so many hours, but her illness was of such a a nature, that she did not require constant nursing, and by being careful to arrange every thing for her comfort until my return, I was able to attend regularly to my duties. Thus we lived—and when the first three months of our residence here had passed away, I arranged with our landlord for his rooms three months longer. This last term expires to-morrow, and to-day, without any previous warning, he came and told us that he had rented our rooms to other persons, and we must make preparations for departure. I was pained to hear this, for I knew my mother, though slowly improving, was still too ill to be removed with safety, and beside, I knew not where to seek another habitation. I besought the landlord to rent me the rooms three months longer—said I would pay him in advance—give him a higher price than he asked, and tried every inducement to make him change his purpose. But he replied that he had made the bargain with the other tenants, that it would cause him much trouble if he did not keep his word, and that we *must* leave. I represented the cruelty of removing my sick parent, and entreated him,

with tears, not to rob two friendless females of their home: but my entreaties were vain; he said if we did not leave the rooms by to-morrow, at noon-day, he would be under the necessity of putting our furniture into the street, and sending us after it. These were his very words—and now, sir, to bring my long story to a close, I desire to know of you whether this man can put his threat in execution?"

Was ever lawyer blest with so fair a client, and so plain a case? During the latter part of the narrative, Harley had felt a strong desire to express his indignation at the landlord, but fearful of losing one tone of that sweet voice, he had restrained himself, and kept silent to the close. He then hastened to assure the lady that she need give herself no more uneasiness, that, as she had not had legal notice, she was not obliged to remove, and that he would immediately see the landlord, and arrange the matter with him. While it was possible to do so, Harley prolonged his fair client's stay, by asking her numerous questions relative to her statement, but at length, even with her slight knowledge of law, she perceived that it could not be necessary for him to learn more, and she rose to depart. As he attended her to the door, Harley again asked her address, saying he would call in the evening, and inform her of the result of his interview with the landlord.

For many minutes after the lady's departure, our legal hero stood gazing upon the spot where she had disappeared, his mind lost in thought, and his face radiant with hope and happiness. He then went back to his desk, seated himself, and endeavored to compose his thoughts, so as to proceed with some business that required his attention; but he felt such an expansion of heart, and loftiness of spirit, it seemed impossible for the narrow bounds of his office to contain him. Obeying the impulse that controlled him, he arose, and set out for a walk. As he emerged into the open air, he seemed under the influence of some strange and delightful spell. Could it be that he was treading upon the same senseless stones he had plodded over so often, and breathing the same dull atmosphere which had so long surrounded him? No! he was moving over a buoyant medium that lifted him above the common earth, and inhaling an air, pure and fragrant as that which wandered over the first flowers of Eden. And could it be, that the light which fell around him, was only the common sunlight that he had seen and felt so often? Oh, no, it was the smile of universal love, brightening and beautifying the earth, and awakening the hearts of her children to delight!

Thoughts something like these flitted across the mind of Harley, as he darted through the busy streets, heedless alike of friend or foe, and unconscious of all that surrounded him. So deep was his revery, that he passed through the crowd smiling and moving his lips, as though he was holding a very pleasant conversation with some invisible being. It was fortunate for him that he finished his walk without having met any intimate friends, as such persons, alarmed at his singular conduct, would doubtless have thought him under the influence of a sudden fit of insanity, and insisted upon seeing him safely at home. This would have broken one of the most delightful reveries that ever blessed the spirit of man.

In the evening of that day, Harley, after paying far more attention than usual to the duties of his toilet, and looking at his watch impatiently for a number of times, found the desired hour had at last arrived. With rapid steps he proceeded towards the residence of his new client, and in a marvellous short space of time, arrived at the place he sought. The house was in the gloomiest part of a gloomy street, and, as our hero was ushered through a low, dark hall, and up a steep, unlighted stairway, he began to fear that Miss Leslie had a home very unworthy of her own fair self. But when he entered that beautiful girl's apartment, and received her graceful greeting, those fears were all dispelled, and he felt as if suddenly transported to a fairy region. It is true there were no evidences of luxury, and few of comfort, and true that quiet home was *very* humble, but to the eyes of Harley, every thing wore a bright and beautiful appearance. This might have been owing to the sudden change from a dark street and a gloomy hall, into a lighted apartment, or it might possibly have been, that Anna Leslie's radiant eyes had some share in diffusing around the place such a cheerful and smiling aspect.

Mrs. Leslie, the invalid mother, was reclining in an easy chair in one corner of the room. After being introduced by the daughter, Harley gave Mrs. L. an account of his interview with the landlord, and said he had made an arrangement with him, by which the ladies were to remain in their present home so long as they chose. Both mother and daughter were happy to hear this, and expressed their grateful acknowledgments in such a manner, that our legal friend felt himself more richly repaid for his professional services than he had ever been before. After the "business matters" were all talked over, Harley still found many subjects for conversation, and many good reasons for prolonging his stay. He was not slow to perceive that the mother was a very lady-like and agreeable woman, and that the daughter's naturally good mind had been improved and cultivated by an excellent education. It is true she had not quite so many accomplishments as it is now the fashion to bestow upon a young lady, but of these, she was not entirely destitute. A few exquisite landscapes ornamented the room, and a guitar, with some music books lay upon a side-table. Harley learned with delight, that the former were the productions of Miss L., and that, upon the instrument just mentioned, she could "discourse most excellent music." He was not surprized at these evidences of taste and refinement, when he came to hear that it was only since the death of Mr. Leslie, which happened two years before, that the mother and daughter had been in such reduced circumstances.

Mrs. L., with the pride that most unfortunate persons retain in their altered and humbler condition, related the history of their "better days." "We were not wealthy, sir," said she, "but we had enough to render life comfortable and pleasant, and to bestow upon our only child an education such as we desired she should possess. She had grown up all we could wish her, and

we were *so* happy. But, alas! it is ever at such moments we should expect a change. My poor husband, by some unfortunate understanding, lost his little property, and we were reduced to poverty. And when I had just begun to learn that want and privation were no ills, so long as the treasures of the heart remained, my revered partner was taken away, and we were indeed miserable. It was a sad, sad trial, when first my gentle Anna, she whom the 'winds of summer had never visited too roughly' in our season of prosperity, was obliged to go forth among cold hearted strangers, to earn the means of supporting that life which had become almost a burthen. But even this I have at length learned to bear with fortitude and resignation, and now, so long as my excellent child is spared to me, pain and poverty have no power to afflict."

How deeply was Harley affected by this little narrative, and how he longed to offer, at that very moment, both mother and daughter, a home. But fearing such a precipitate measure might mar his plans for the future, he restrained his enthusiastic feelings of benevolence, and after a little more conversation, finding it was getting late, he rose to depart. In taking leave of the ladies, he asked permission to call again, and entreated them, if they had any more difficulties of any kind, to accept his advice and assistance. Warm were the thanks he received, and pleasant were his thoughts as he wended his way homeward.

It is needless to say that our hero found frequent occasions for visiting the widow and her daughter. At first he always had some good excuse, such as a book for Anna's perusal, that he might have her opinion respecting it, or a piece of music which he was very anxious to hear, or something equally important, but by degrees he began to go without any excuse at all, and, strange to say, at this, no one seemed at all surprized! Weeks passed delightfully away in this manner, and then, Harley becoming satisfied that the attachment so romantically awakened in his heart, was pure, ardent and enduring, as any that ever warmed the spirit of man, declared that attachment to its fair object, and received a promise of return. At his earnest solicitation, an early day was appointed for the marriage, and then his visions of happiness were unclouded.

Returning home one evening just after this important era in his life, Harley found Frank Wilson at his lodgings, waiting to see him on business. The dandy had not changed in any respect since we first introduced him to our readers, and consequently they will not be surprized to learn that his "business" with Harley was merely the account of his rapidly increasing favor in the eyes of the beautiful Miss Clay. After expatiating largely upon his "privileges," as he styled them, of being allowed to pick up the lady's handkerchief, adjust a stray ringlet, or carry her well-filled purse upon her shopping excursions, he said, "And now, Ned, in the name of all that's wonderful what have you been about of late."

Like all other persons when their hearts are brimful of happiness, our hero was just in the frame of mind to be communicative. For the want of a better hearer, he determined to make a confident of Frank, and entrust him with the secret of his approaching marriage. This may appear rather singular, but the reader must recollect that there are certain subjects upon which the wisest lose their wisdom, and the most learned are as ignorant as possible. Love is one of these.

Harley revealed all—his meeting with Anna Leslie, his love for her even as a stranger, her application to him, his visits to her humble home, and finally, his determination to marry her as soon as the necessary arrangements could be made. To all this, Wilson listened with the greatest astonishment, and at the close of the recital, he broke forth in a strain of exclamations like the following: "Who would have dreamed it? A poor girl, country bred, working for a living, and knowing nothing of fashion and refinement! Well, Ned, you have the strangest taste in the world!" But after he had, in this characteristic manner, expressed his surprize, he sincerely and warmly congratulated the other upon his prospects of happiness. Harley enjoined the strictest secrecy respecting it, which Frank, as he took his leave, promised faithfully to observe, at the same time feeling a great desire to impart the astonishing information, in a confidential manner, to Miss C.

This Miss Clay was the only child of very wealthy parents. She had been spoiled by indulgence in her childhood, and she had grown up haughty and imperious, and as unlovely in mind as she was beautiful in person. Caressed and flattered by all who surrounded her, she was accustomed to look upon herself as an immaculate being, and to consider her will a law as immutable as that of the Medes and Persians. But despite her bad qualities of heart, her beauty and wealth attracted a host of admirers, on all of whom she smiled just sufficiently to keep them followers in her "train attendant." Among all of those who offered homage at the shrine of her gold or her beauty, not one interested her heart. But there was one individual who had awakened in her bosom as much affection as she was capable of feeling. That individual was Edward Harley; and when the proud beauty found her fascinations powerless over the only heart she cared to win, she suffered a pang of disappointment and mortification which none but those who have been accustomed to have every desire gratified can experience. This pang was rendered more sharp and severe by the reflection that she had once, when Harley paid her some trifling attentions, manifested her preference in such a striking manner that he could not fail to read the feelings of her heart. These tokens of partiality, instead of being met in the way she anticipated, were received with demonstrations of the most perfect indifference, and the haughty fair one had never forgotten or forgiven the affront. Often had she brooded over it, and solemnly had she vowed to have revenge. There is nothing more fearful and more determined than a slighted woman's vengeance. If the love that once warmed her heart turns to hate, it is a hate of the most bitter and dreadful kind. Years may roll away, and every thing else change, but that feeling of animosity lives on for ever the same, and sooner or later it will cross

the path of its object, and seek to destroy every flower of happiness that blossoms in his heart.

With such feelings as these, it is not surprizing that Emma Clay watched with interest every important event in the life of Harley. It happened one day, soon after our hero's last conversation with Wilson, that she questioned the latter respecting his "stately friend." The answer that Frank gave to this question was a betrayal of the confidence that had been reposed in him. Without any fixed principles of right, he thought he had done all that was required of him when he revealed Harley's secret in the confidential manner in which he heard it, and enjoined upon Miss C. the necessity of confining the knowledge to her own bosom. As she listened to the relation, the lady's eyes flashed with unnatural brilliancy, and the color of her cheek changed rapidly and repeatedly. For a few moments she seemed under great excitement of feeling, but by the time her admirer had exhausted his store of information, she was calm and collected. The first words she spoke were,

"And Edward Harley, the elegant, the fascinating, and the gifted will marry this low-born, illiterate, and portionless creature?"

"Even so," said Wilson, "he told me the thing was settled. He spoke with exultation of her beauty and gentleness, and is all impatience for the happy day."

Miss Clay's brow was a shade paler than it had been yet during the conversation, and her lip trembled slightly as she said, "That day shall never come."

Then with a sudden and almost startling change in her manner, she turned to her companion, bent her head to his ear and whispered,

"Wilson, you have haunted me for months with a devotion and servility that deserve some recompense. Aid me immediately in a design that I have formed, and you shall be rewarded with my hand and my fortune."

"What aid do you require?" said Frank, startled by her serious earnestness of manner to such a degree that he scarcely noticed the latter part of her speech. "What can I do to serve you, Miss Emma? Any thing within the code of honor I will readily do for one whom I have so long adored."

"Nonsense about the code of honor," said the lady, "all I require of you is to use some stratagem to induce Harley to tear himself from his plebeian charmer, and absent himself from the city for a few days. Do this, and leave the rest to me."

There was some trace of real feeling on Wilson's usually artificial face, as he said, "But Harley is a noble fellow; he has done many a good deed for me, and it will be a severe task to practice deceit to one so open and so generous; will Miss Clay condescend to inform me why his absence is necessary to her plans?"

"No!" was the reply, "if you do not act as I require promptly and perfectly, I will banish you from my presence and never look upon you again."

This threat had the desired effect. The dandy's fickle mind was won to the lady's purpose, and all his effeminacy of manner returned, as he said, "Will Miss Emma please repeat the promise she so graciously made a few moments since."

"Yes," said the lady, with energy, "I solemnly promise to be yours as soon as this affair is ended to my satisfaction; now leave me."

Obsequiously the fop kissed the hand she coldly extended, and then reluctantly retired.

That same evening as Harley returned at a late hour from the home of his betrothed, he found upon his writing desk a letter, in a strange hand, informing him that his mother, who resided some distance from the city, was lying ill—so ill that her life was despaired of. The letter purported to be from her attending physician, and entreated him, if he had a desire to see his parent again in life to hasten with all possible speed to her bedside.

Poor Harley was shocked beyond description at this intelligence. He loved his mother with the fondest affection, and the news of her approaching dissolution was so sudden and unexpected that it almost deprived him of reason. For a time he sat with the letter in his hand, his eyes fixed on vacancy, and his face pale as marble. As soon as he regained his presence of mind he began to reflect what it was best to do. He could not commence the journey 'till dawn, as the steamboat by which he should have to go to the place of his mother's residence did not start until that hour. Perhaps his revered parent would be dead before he could reach her, the thought was agonizing. And Anna, his beloved, he must leave her without saying farewell! It was too late to think of seeing her again that night, and he must content himself with writing a few lines, to explain the cause of his sudden departure. He seized a pen and rapidly traced the following:

MY DEAREST ANNA:

Intelligence of the most painful nature compels me to leave you, and to leave you without even the blessed privilege of saying farewell! My mother, my only remaining parent, lies at the point of death. I must hasten to her bedside to receive her last blessing, and close her dying eyes. I am distressed beyond measure at this intelligence, and deeply afflicted at thoughts of parting with you. I shall return as soon as fate permits. Until then may all good angels watch over and preserve you to

Your faithful and devoted

EDWARD.

When Harley had finished this letter he began to reflect upon the best means of sending it. As Wilson was acquainted with all the circumstances respecting his approaching marriage, he determined to enclose Anna's letter in one to him, with a request that he would see it safely delivered. After he had done this Harley proceeded more calmly to prepare for his journey. He had a number of arrangements to make, and by the time they were all completed it was dawn. He departed immediately for the boat, which he reached in season, and which soon bore him rapidly from the city. His thoughts were sad enough as he looked back to the fast fading home of his beloved, and forward to the scene of grief that awaited him.

A few hours after Harley's departure, Wilson entered the stately habitation of Miss C. to inform her of the success of his stratagem, and to show her the letter he had been commissioned to deliver to Miss Leslie; what more passed at that interview it is not necessary to mention, but about twilight in the evening of that day the proud heiress, wrapped in a large coarse shawl and wearing a close bonnet, stole from her elegant mansion and hurried swiftly away. With trembling and unsteady steps she sped along until she came to the head of a dark, narrow street, and then casting a timid glance around, as though fearful of being observed, she darted down the lane and was lost to view.

Harley reached the house of his parent, and his surprize may be better imagined than described, when he found her in excellent health, and learned that she had been so for months past. He could scarce believe the evidence of his senses when he found himself clasped in her arms in the heartiest manner, and receiving from her demonstrations of delight at his sudden appearance, that assured him of her health and strength. He tried again and again to convince himself that he was not in a dream, and asked a multitude of questions without waiting for an answer to any of them. At length he was made to understand that his mother had not been ill at all, that there had been no letter dispatched to him for a number of weeks past, and that, in short, he had been most cruelly and shamefully deceived. As soon as he became satisfied of this he began to feel much alarm and anxiety respecting Anna. He could not doubt that some enemy had sought to do him an injury, and he had an indefinite fear that some misfortune was about to befal his betrothed. Influenced by this fear, he determined to return immediately. His poor mother, who had scarcely had time to rejoice at his sudden arrival ere she was called upon to bid him farewell, used all a mother's eloquence to induce him to remain long enough to take food and rest, but her entreaties were vain, and he departed without delay.

After three days absence, Harley found himself again in the city. He proceeded directly to that part of the town where Anna resided. It was evening and the weather extremely oppressive. He had been in a state of nervous excitement all day, and as he turned down the street which led to the well-known dwelling, he took off his hat and wiped the drops of perspiration from his brow. The night air seemed to cool his feverish brain and calm his turbulent thoughts. He slackened his rapid pace and moved in a more deliberate manner. "I am weak minded," said he "to allow myself to be governed by these fearful apprehensions. But three days have elapsed since I saw her, surely nothing evil *could* have happened in that short space of time." Ah! how he deceived himself; many changes can take place in "that short space of time." Mighty things have been done,—revolutions have been accomplished,—kings dethroned, and empires overthrown in the short space of three days. It is a term of time long enough to destroy the hopes of the happiest mortal that ever lived!

Harley reached the house; he fancied it wore a darker and gloomier aspect than usual; he entered and bounded up the well-known stairway; with a rap not much more audible than the beating of his own heart, he knocked at the door which had so often admitted him to happiness. He paused,—no sound greeted his ear, no ray of light met his anxious gaze; he rapped again, louder than before; a dull, mournful echo like that from sounds made in an empty room was the only response. He tried the door, it yielded to his touch, but all was darkness within the apartment which had ever before been to him more radiant than the day. In a voice husky with apprehension, he called the name of Anna several times, but there was no answer save the same mournful echo, which sounded now to his excited imagination like a knell for the departed. Unable longer to endure his feelings of suspense, he flew up the stairs which led to the second story of the dwelling, to ascertain, if possible, from the other tenants what had become of his friends. There was a merry party of humble persons assembled in the room to which he proceeded, and their merriment changed to alarm when a strange pale face was thrust suddenly in at the door. But Harley soon made known his business, and asked in the most earnest manner, what had become of the ladies who so recently occupied the lower part of the house, They could only tell him that they had left the day previous, and gone, they knew not whither.

"Then," said Harley, breathing a little more freely, "there was no sickness, no death—you are sure there was no death?"

"Oh, yes, sir, quite sure!" replied a woman who lived in the house, "I saw the ladies yesterday morning before they left. Mrs. Leslie was better than usual, and the young lady, God bless her sweet face, was as well as ever."

Harley then asked the privilege of taking a light to examine the rooms, adding, as he was a friend of Mrs. L. and her daughter, they had probably left some token of farewell. The woman who had before spoken offered to accompany him, and they proceeded together to the desolate apartments. Desolate indeed they were to the eye of the lover, with nothing in them to tell of the departed, and nothing to remove his anxiety of mind. He leaned against the wall for a few moments, and gave way to reflection, but could divine no cause for the sudden removal. He turned to his companion and asked if she knew whether the ladies had received any sudden intelligence previous to their departure.

"No, sir, not that I could find out, but I was afraid they had heard bad news as Miss Anna was more pale and trembling like, than usual, and I saw when she turned back to take another look at the empty rooms, that her eyes were filled with tears."

This information, as may be supposed, only increased Harley's anxiety, and his distress of mind was so evident that the good woman sought to offer consolation. She at last awakened a gleam of hope by suggesting the idea that the landlord might know where they were gone. Harley grasped at this slight chance, and slipping a piece of money into the woman's hand, instantly left the house. He knew that it was a great distance to the landlord's residence, and he felt that he was very weary,

"But what matters that," thought he, "I must learn this night what has become of her." And with that he sped more rapidly along. Almost exhausted with fatigue and anxiety he reached the place. To his earnest inquiries the landlord could only give the same unsatisfactory replies he had heard before. "The ladies sent me no previous intimation of leaving my house," said he, "and the money due me for rent was remitted by post in a note merely stating that circumstances had rendered it necessary for them to seek another habitation." Disappointed and sick at heart Harley turned his footsteps homeward. As he was proceeding slowly along another hope flashed across his mind—she might have sent an explanation to his lodgings. "How careless I was not to think of that before," he mentally exclaimed, as a thrill of happiness animated his frame and invigorated his mind. Arrived at his boarding house, he flew up to his rooms, there were many letters lying upon the table, one after another was opened, with trembling hands, but each brought a disappointment. Tortured in mind, and worn out by fatigue, Harley threw himself upon his bed, hoping a little rest might restore his mind to a state of calmness, and remove the strange feeling of weariness that oppressed him.

The next morning he was found extremely ill, and unconscious of every thing around him. A physician was immediately called in, who pronounced the patient suffering under a severe and serious attack of fever, and said that only the most careful and constant attention could save his life. After prescribing for the sick man, and learning that he had no relative or attendant in the house, the doctor went himself to procure a nurse. About two hours after his departure, a neatly clad, modest looking woman entered the invalid's apartment. Poor Harley! he was in a sad condition, truly. His room fronted a public and noisy street, the rays of an unclouded July sun were streaming in through the uncurtained windows. The articles of furniture were covered with a thick coating of dust, the air was close and suffocating like that of an apartment which has been long closed, and books and articles of clothing were scattered around in sad disorder. The patient lay upon a bed, the coverings of which were dusty and soiled, and altogether the room and its appurtenances presented that comfortless aspect which a bachelor's apartment so often wears.

A few hours after his first visit the doctor called again. After examining the patient he looked around with an air of surprize and satisfaction at the change which had been wrought in the room. The shutters were closed and the windows veiled by a soft looking white drapery. The dust was carefully wiped from the furniture, the books and all other articles were neatly arranged in their proper places. The air was cooled and sweetened by a sprinkling of some delicate perfume. The invalid's pillow was covered with snowy linen, and nicely smoothed, and by his bed-side was a table containing a glass of cooling drink, and other necessaries for his comfort. Not the minutest thing that could in the least alleviate the sufferings of the sick man, had been forgotten by the considerate nurse, and the altered aspect of every thing around spoke eloquently of woman's gentle care and attention.

For many days poor Harley lay in that burning fever, his head racked by pain and his mind wandering without the aid of reason. The name of Anna Leslie was ever on his lips, and his allusions to her contained evidences of the purest and fondest affection. Now he would seem to be seeking her in the deserted home, and call upon her in the most imploring accents. Then he would appear earnestly searching for a letter or other token of farewell, and murmur all the while at the singularity of not finding what he sought. No one could hear his ravings without feeling the deepest sympathy for the suffering invalid, and the compassionate nurse was often seen to turn away her head and weep.

At length he grew worse; the crisis of his disease approached. There was to be a fearful struggle between health and sickness, life and death. All feared the latter would gain the mastery. It was twilight; the weather was excessively warm; the windows of the invalid's apartment were thrown open, but the air that floated in was hot and oppressive. The sick man lay with the drapery of his bed drawn back and his neck and chest bared that he might have the full benefit of the air. His cheek was crimson with the burning flush, but his brow was pale as marble, and covered with a cold moisture like the dew of death. His eyes were closed, but at intervals the lids were lifted heavily and disclosed the orbs beneath swollen and inflamed to a frightful degree. His breathing was labored and painful, and sometimes it seemed to cease. The doctor sat with his finger upon the fluttering pulse and his eye fixed upon the changing face. The nurse, with her head buried in the drapery, knelt at the foot of the couch. The solitary lamp that burned in the room gleamed with a faint and fitful ray, and seemed itself a type of approaching dissolution. On the heavy night air the sounds of busy life floated up from the street beneath, offering a striking contrast to the silence and gloom of that sick chamber, where death seemed already to be doing his fearful work.

Moments, that seemed hours, passed thus, and then, in a whisper, the doctor spoke. The nurse sprang up and moved noiselessly to his side. "The crisis is over," said he, "his breathing has become more free, and he is sinking into a gentle sleep. You have but to watch him carefully, to see that no sound disturbs his slumber, and he will awake free from pain and danger." With a low "good night, nurse," the doctor then departed, and she who had been thus addressed, sank on her knees and lifted her streaming eyes to heaven. The prayer of gratitude breathed at that moment of thankfulness was as heartfelt, pure, and fervent as any that ever ascended to the throne of Grace.

All through the silent watches of that night the untiring nurse hung over her patient. Not a moment did she slumber, not an instant did she forget her charge. Morning came at last, and with its first faint light the invalid awoke. As had been expected, he was calm and rational. He looked wonderingly around, and said in a faint voice, "How is this? Have I been long ill?"

The nurse went to the window and shut out the little light that came through the closed shutters, and then returned to the bed-side. "Hush," said she in the lowest whisper, "you have been very ill, you have only just eluded the grasp of death, and my orders are not to allow you to speak a word. Soon after, the doctor called, and while he was expressing his gratification at the favorable change in his patient, the nurse stole out of the room, and returned no more.

Harley gradually grew better, but his recovery was greatly retarded by his constant anxiety respecting Anna Leslie, and his passionate desire to learn where she had gone. Seeing that this was preying upon his mind to a serious extent, the doctor informed him, what the reader has no doubt long since suspected, that the gentle and patient nurse who had attended him through the most alarming stage of his illness, was no other than his beloved Anna. Harley's astonishment at the disclosure may be better imagined than described. After that had in some degree subsided, he insisted upon seeing Anna immediately. This, he was told, was impossible, as she had left the house the moment he was pronounced out of danger, and would not return to it again. The doctor then, as he saw no other means of calming the agitated feelings of his patient, gave him the following explanation.

On the evening when Miss Clay stole like a criminal from her home, she proceeded directly to that of Anna Leslie. She there, with falsehoods such as none but the malicious and sinful could invent, represented herself as one who had been long betrothed to Harley. To corroborate this statement she showed the letter which she had procured from Wilson, and which she had basely unsealed, and so adroitly altered that it was made to appear as though intended for herself. The reader may recollect that that letter contained nothing save the single word "Anna" which could prevent the deception. That word had been so easily and successfully altered into "Emma," that only the most minute investigation would have detected the fraud. Poor Anna was pained beyond description at this intelligence, and, for a few moments, it nearly deprived her of reason; but when she began to reflect upon the matter, many doubts arose in her mind respecting the truth of her visitor's statement. But then, again, she was a stranger in the city. Harley had been totally unknown to her until within the short term of a few weeks. He might have had other attachments, and been bound by other engagements, for aught she could know to the contrary, and despite the pure and almost reverential love with which she regarded Harley, she began to fear he had most cruelly and heartlessly deceived her. Was not his leaving the city without sending her a word of explanation, and his fond, fervent letter to another, proof of this?

When Miss Clay had awakened in Anna's mind the belief of her lover's deceitfulness, her heartless task was nearly accomplished. She then, with tears and entreaties and representations of misery, *seemingly* the most truthful and sincere, so wrought upon the victim's generous feelings, that she won from her a promise that she would never see Harley again. This promise was made partly under the influence of wounded pride, but more because the noble girl had formed a lofty resolution to be no longer a bar to the happiness of her to whom she believed her lover had given his first vows of affection. It was this generous motive that induced her to remove without leaving any trace by which Harley could find her new abode.

It happened singularly enough that the physician who had been called in to attend Harley was the same one who had been employed by Mrs. Leslie. During his first visit, the doctor had been much surprized to hear the unconscious invalid breathing the name of Anna, in mingled terms of love, regret, and sorrow. Suspecting that some misunderstanding had arisen between the young pair, and desirous for the happiness of each to have the matter explained, the benevolent doctor went immediately, after leaving his new patient, to the residence of Mrs. Leslie. His statement of the dangerous situation of Harley was received by Anna with demonstrations of the deepest sorrow. For a few moments she was tortured by a tide of contending feelings, but at length, forgetting all save her pure and holy attachment, she formed a generous determination to do all in her power to aid in preserving that valued life. With an eloquence that could not be resisted she gained her mother's permission to watch over the suffering invalid and minister to his wants. Disguising her features as well as she could, she proceeded without delay to Harley's residence. The reader already knows how well she performed her task, and how much her tender care and untiring vigilance aided in preserving her lover from an untimely grave.

After this long explanation had been made to him, the invalid recovered very rapidly, and was in a few weeks, entirely restored to health. His indignation at those who had endeavored to destroy his happiness was at first excessive, and he constantly threatened the most summary revenge; but Anna, with the generosity of a truly noble and excellent nature, pleaded so eloquently for her enemies, that he at last consented to forgive them.

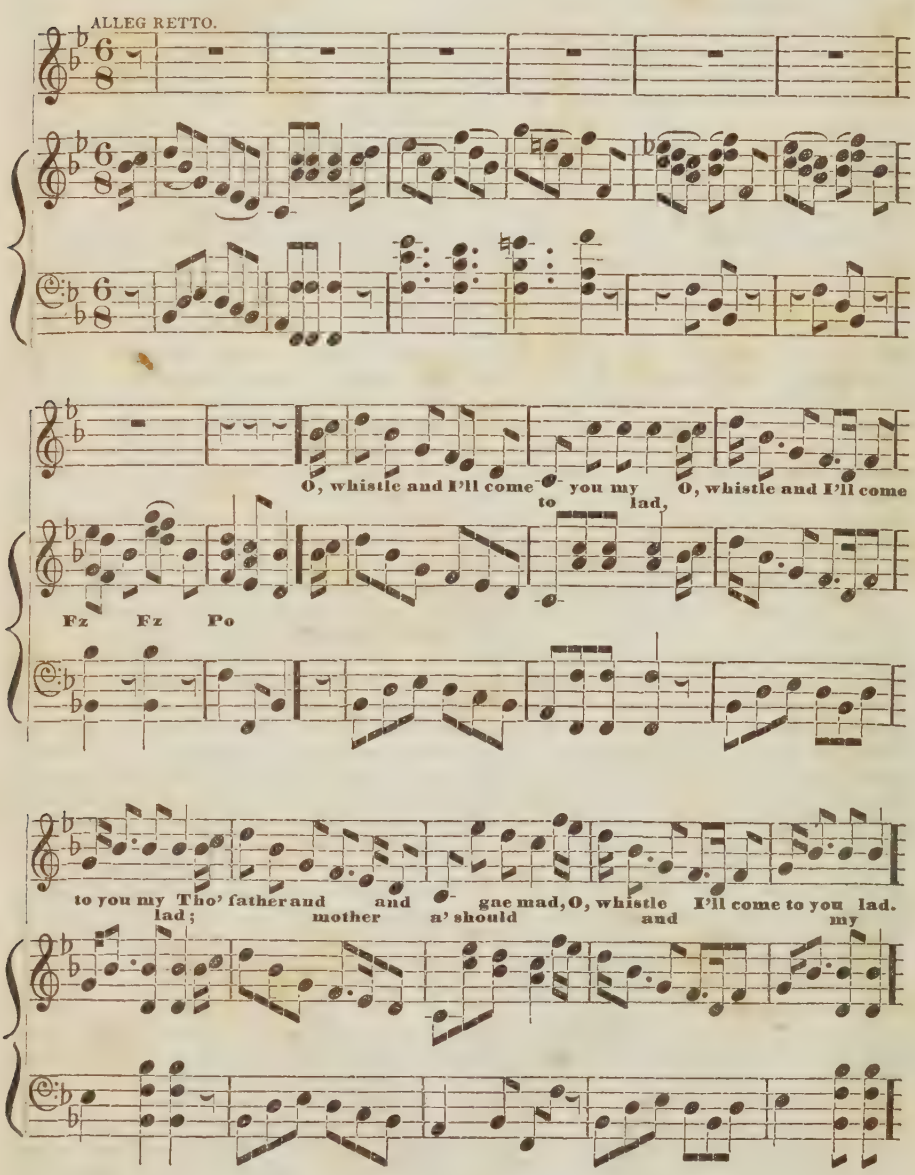
But they escaped not the punishment that ever waits on crime. Wilson lost his standing in the fashionable circles where he had before held what *he* considered such an enviable station, and was long afterward shunned and despised by all who heard the dishonorable part he had acted. And after making public his engagement with Miss Clay, and boasting to all his associates of his expected marriage he had the disappointment and mortification of being discarded for another. With the want of principle that characterized her, the heiress broke her plighted faith, and refused to fulfil the promise she had so solemnly made. But her "deeper sinning" was punished by deeper sorrow. She married, after a few weeks acquaintance, a stranger, who represented himself a foreign gentleman of great wealth and distinguished birth, but who was soon after discovered to be a penniless impostor of the most dishonorable character.

Of course, Harley consecrated the life she had saved to Anna Leslie, and that gentle being received the happiness her virtues merited, and ever enjoyed that sunshine of the heart which none but the good can know.

OH, WHISTLE AND I'LL COME TO YOU MY LAD.

A popular Scotch Ballad.

WORDS BY ROBERT BURNS—MUSIC BY L. KOZELUCH.


ALLEG RETTO.
O, whistle and I'll come to you my lad, O, whistle and I'll come to you my lad,
Fz Fz Po
Tho' father and mother and a' should gae mad, O, whistle and I'll come to you my lad.

But wa-ri-ly tent, when ye come to court me, And come nae un-less the back yett be a jee; Syne
up the back style, and let nae body see, And come as ye were na coming to me, And come as
ye were na coming to me.
Fz Fz Po

SECOND VERSE.

O, whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad,
O, whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad;
Tho' father and mother and a' should gae mad
Thy Jeany will venture wi' ye, my lad.
At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
Gang by me as tho' that ye cared nae a flea;
But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black e'e,
Yet look as ye were na looking at me,
Yet look as ye were na looking at me.

THIRD VERSE.

O, whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad,
O, whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad;
Tho' father and mother and a' should gae mad
Thy Jeany will venture wi' ye, my lad.
Ay vow and protest that ye care na for me,
And whyles ye may lightly my beauty a wee;
But court nae anither, tho' joking ye be,
For fear that she wyle your fancy from me,
For fear that she wyle your fancy from me.

THEATRICALS.

Press of matter this month, compels us to dewote but little space to the drama. At the Park, several sterling English comedies have been produced in a manner deserving every support, but which, we sincerely regret to say, they have not received. Among these, were The School for Scandal, The Rivals, She Would, and She Would Not. In the former Mr. Placide won for himself nearly the whole applause, and in She Would, and She Would Not, Mr. Chippendale, as Don Manuel, added another laurel to his brows. At the Bowery, the comedy of the Hypocrite has been enacted, introducing to a New-York audience two excellent performers, in the persons of Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert of the Boston theatres. Mr. Gilbert is a chaste and intellectual actor, and at once made himself a favorite with his audience. Of Mr. Gates, we are compelled to withold our praise, he appeared to have given no study to the character of Mawworm; it was a caricature, not a personation. Mrs. Herring again displayed her great utility in playing the character of Charlotte; if it was not exactly the Charlotte of the author, it was a natural and pleasing performance. The Old Lady Lambert of Mrs. Gilbert was remarkable for its characteristic costume, looks, and sensible acting. Mrs. Shaw has returned from the South, and in conjunction with Mr. Hamblin, has been performing a round of our best tragedies. Various other performers have been added to the company, and some judicious changes made. We will now look speedily to behold, at this house, a succession of legitimate pieces, produced in a style that will challenge comparison with any theatre extant. At the Olympic, amusing vaudevilles with good acting continue to fill the treasury. At the Chatham, Mr. Thorne is doing a sure business.

A new comedy, by Park Benjamin, Esq., entitled The Fiscal Agent, has made what is technically termed a *decided hit*. The language is chaste, piquant, and racy, the characters are naturally drawn, and the plot is in every respect *probable*, a quality not too common among the modern play-wrights. We trust Mr. Benjamin will again favor us with "a taste of his quality" in this department of letters, in which, judging from this sample, we think he is destined to excel.

EDITORS' TABLE.

The sixteenth volume of the Companion closes with the present number in the full tide of popularity, and with the most cheerful prospects of success. At the commencement of the volume, it will be remembered, we informed our readers that we had entered into arrangements with authors of high standing to strengthen the literary portion of the work. This promise, it will be perceived, we have to a considerable extent fulfilled, in the publication of original papers of N. P. Willis, Esq., T. S. Fay, Esq. and various others. Still we mean not to relax in our efforts in procuring the best writers of our own country, as well as those of the olden one, while the united talents of our regular contributors who have hitherto so brilliantly illumined our pages will be retained to add to their literary lustre. The Pictorial branch of the Companion, so highly esteemed among the connoissaurs of art, shall, if not always in quantity, at least in excellence, defy all competition, and to accomplish which, we have secured the services of the first engravers, many of whom are now busy in executing plates from the designs of the very best painters. Among these will be given several beautiful subjects in that delightful and admired style of art entitled *mezzotinto*. The musical part of the work will always be selected from the most popular composers, and occasionally embrace original meritorious productions. The series of Fashion plates, so much approved of, will be engraved after the very latest modes of Paris and London, with descriptive text, so as to impart to ladies whom distance may prevent from associating with the fashionable world, a correct knowledge of the prevailing costumes of the *beau monde*. When, therefore, it is considered that a publication comprising such a quantity of valuable matter is within the reach of every lady and gentleman pretending to taste and accomplishment, it is not to be wondered at that the *Ladies' Companion* should have attained so high a character among the literary periodicals of our country, and so extensive and, we may add, increasing circulation. To those subscribers who have hitherto honored us with their support, we tender our respectful acknowledgements, and at the same time beg to call the attention of the American community to the work, as one having for its object the inculcation of pure morals and refined taste; in brief, a literary, instructive, and fashionable miscellany, suited to all ages and classes of society. One addendum to all this we beg, however, to make. It is, as we have promptly fulfilled our contract, will our subscribers who are in arrears to us as promptly fulfil theirs?

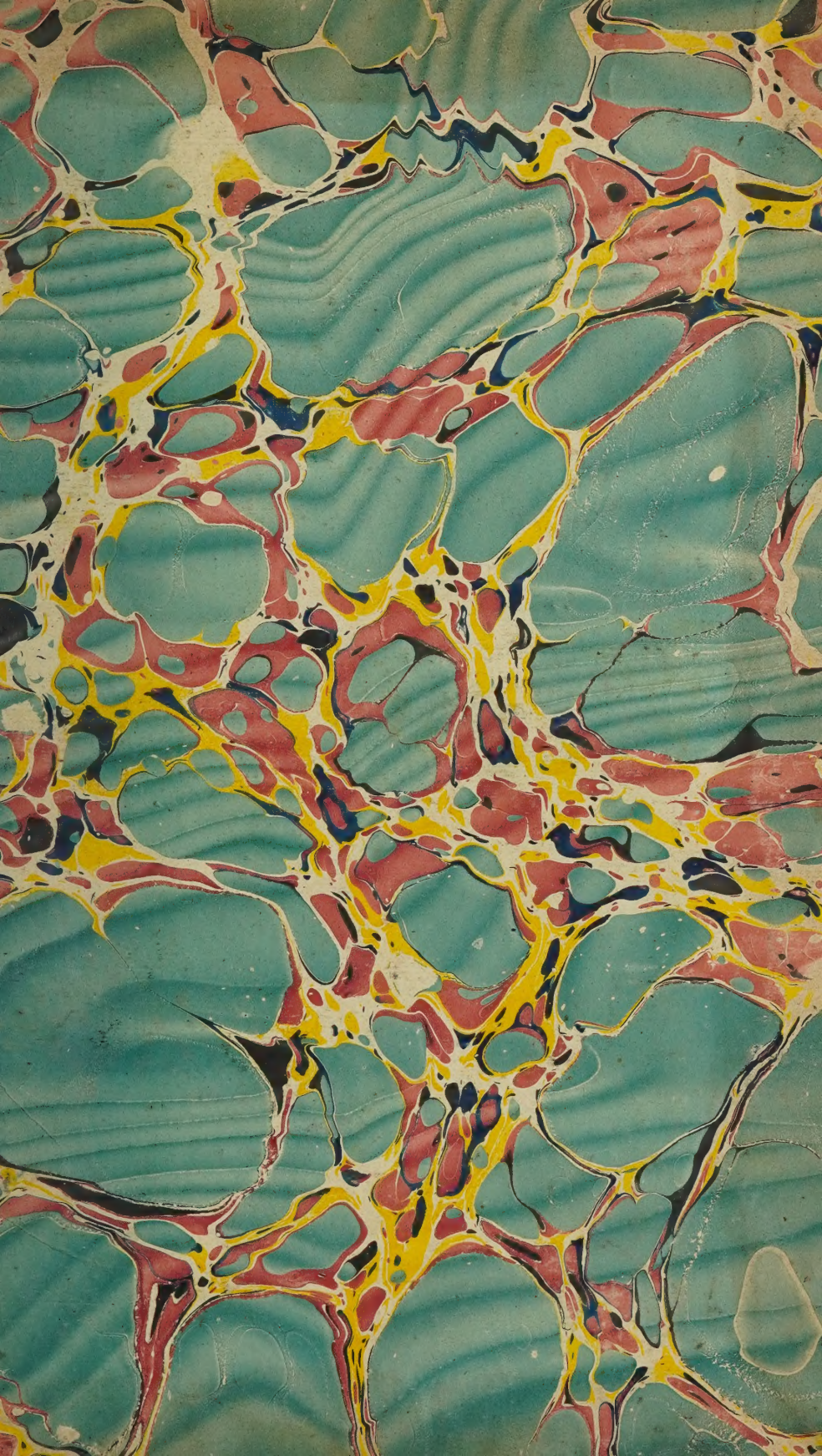
Tecumseh.—This is the title of a poem by a young graduate of Yale College, and now in the progress of publication. It is fraught with all that constitutes true poetry. "The shaping spirit of imagination," vigorous expression, delicacy of sentiment, and great sweetness of versification. We venture to predict it will place the author among the first of our native poets.

Concert.—The best concert of the season came off at the Apollo Rooms on Friday, the 11th March, for the benefit, and under the direction of Signor De Begnis, when some of the choicest *morceaux* were given by himself and several distinguished professors; indeed, so great was the satisfaction evinced by the audience, that a repetition of the concert took place at Niblo's room on the following Wednesday. Among the new candidates for fame appeared a Mademoiselle Melizet, of Philadelphia. This young lady is prepossessing in face and person, and possesses a voice of sweet tone and considerable compass, experience, however, is lacking before can be conceded to her a first position in her profession. The ever pleasing Madame Otto was welcomed with enthusiasm and sung delightfully. Signor De Begnis needs no praise of ours, standing as he does on the very pinnacle of fame in the world of music. The instrumental department, which was full and effective was ably conducted by Mr. Penson.

New Music.—We have received the following pieces of new music from Mr. Dubois, 285 Broadway, executed in a very tasteful style of art. We have also listened to most of them, and can say they are of a very superior order: *Gallenbergs Waltz*, by F. Burgmuller; *Inspruck Waltz*, by H. Herz; *Furioso Gallope*, by Joseph Labitzky; *Les Echos Quadrilles*, by Musard; *The Duet of List Dearest List*, by W. M. Balfe; *My Native Woodland Dell*, by J. P. Knight; *Summer Morn*, by N. J. Sporle; *Beautiful Valley*, by J. L. Hopkins; *The Exile to His Native Land*, by F. W. Rosier; *My Father's Home*, by S. Nelson; *The Song of the Lute*, by F. W. Rosier. To those persons desiring a variety of the best and most popular music, we would invite their attention to the store of the publisher.

Spring Fashions. *Walking Dress.*—Robe of silk or muslin, with a full skirt, tolerably low waist, body fitting close, tight sleeves; two or three rows of lace extend from the shoulder to the bottom of the skirt. Bonuet rather open, plainly trimmed; hair braided in front, and ringlets falling on each side of the face.

Carriage Dress.—Robe of silk, fashioned as above, but with a very deep flounce; a cape of the same material is worn; open shirr, or silken bonnet richly ornamented with flowers; white lace veil, etc.

Evening Dress.—Plain silk robe, with a tight body, low on the shoulders, five plaits running across the breast, sleeves extending only to the elbow, with bows, and edged with lace. From the waist to the bottom of the skirt descends a festoon of lace; hair braided on the brow, and short, thick, clustering ringlets on each side of the face intermingled with lace and flowers.

Bridal Dress.—Of white satin, tight body and rather long wnist, sleeves close at shoulder but very full otherwise, skirt full, with three deep rows of rich lace; hair very plain, around the head is worn a wreath of roses; a rich flowing veil descends from the head, enshrouding the figure.